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FIRST SCREEN MAGAZINE—FOUNDED 1911

MOTION PICTURE

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Robert Taylor

WHY GIRLS CAN'T RESIST JIMMY STEWART

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EXCLUSIVE WITH THIS ISSUE

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That is why the magazine REAL LIFE STORY met with instant success on its first appearance, only a short time ago, and has won an ever-increasing audience since. That is why you will find stories on the pages of this magazine that will hold you spellbound from beginning to end.

The February issue of REAL LIFE STORY is now on sale at all newsstands for 10 cents. A magnificent reading thrill awaits you!

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Real Life STORY
MAGAZINE

NOTE: Because of the overwhelming demand for the first several issues of REAL LIFE STORY—a response far beyond the publisher's expectations—newsdealers were soon sold out and many readers were unable to obtain copies. Sufficient numbers of the February issue have been printed to insure a copy for every purchaser. Get your REAL LIFE STORY today. 10c at all newsstands.

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IN
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MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LIX. No. 1 FEBRUARY, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

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HOW TYRONE POWER TAKES MARRIAGE

The Tyrone Powers are still honeymooning—they're that much in love. And they've found a honeymoon cottage where they can be by themselves far removed from the gay whirl of Hollywood. In the March MOTION PICTURE you will read about Tyrone and how he takes his marriage—how it affects his screen future. You will also be entertained with stories about Henry Fonda, Doug Jr., Jane Bryan and other headliners—plus a compelling fiction version of one of the top-ranking screen plays. There will also be a colored insert of one of your top favorites. And a rich assortment of portrait studies of the stars. Place your order with your newsdealer for March MOTION PICTURE—NOW!

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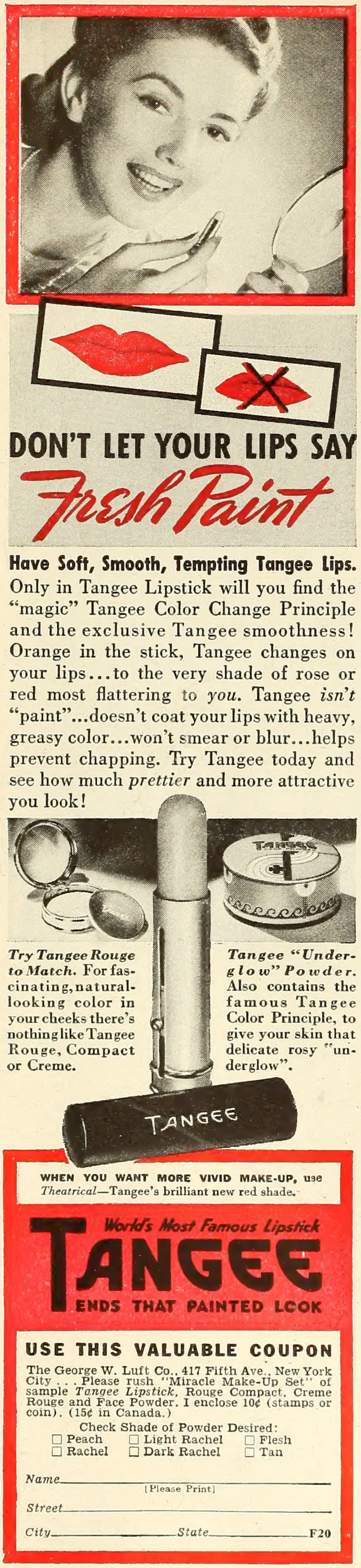
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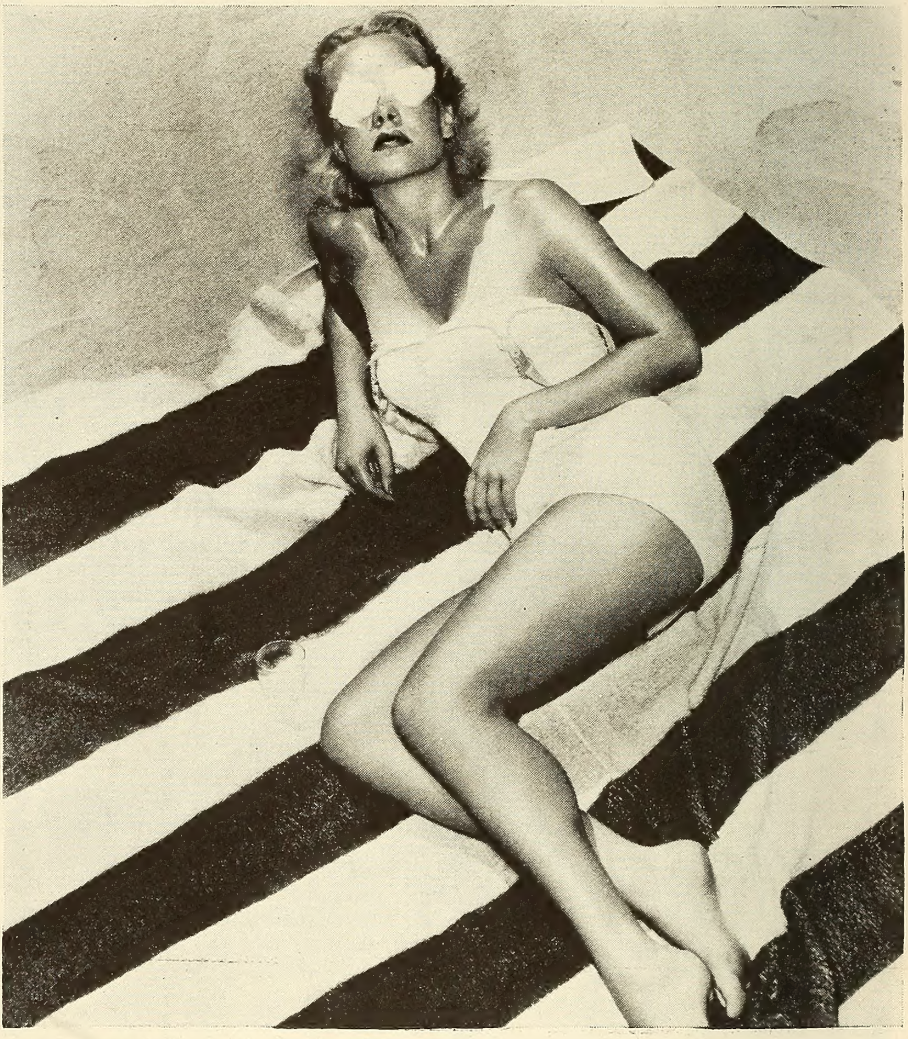
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

By HARRY LANG

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS



Jane Wyman, determined to keep her summer tan through winter, finds a spot south of Hollywood to carry on. She protects her eyes with cotton patches and lets down her shoulder straps so the sun will eradicate those horrid white stripes, brown evenly

THE Hollywood Way: When the Director Willie Wylers celebrated their first wedding anniversary, they threw a little dinner for only their dearest, closest, most intimate friends. . . .

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Leland Hayward. And what makes it so Hollywoodish is simply this: Mrs. Leland Hayward is Margaret Sullavan—who USED TO BE Mrs. Willie Wyler not so long ago!!!

Gee, mam; ain't Hollywood wunnaf'l?

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Anne Nagel and Vic Orsatti—
Cupid's got 'em simply batti!

■

IT REMAINED for Reggie Gardiner, who never HAS been the same since Hedy Lamarr married Gene Markey, to develop the newest romantic technique around town. . . .

Reg, who's no slouch with the Hollywood-

[*Continued on page* 8]

HERE COME THE BRIDES!

JUST MARRIED!

SOMETHING OLD!
The lovable cast of "Four Daughters"!

SOMETHING NEW!
New laughs, new thrills, new joys!
SOMETHING BORROWED!
The same gay charm of their last hit!

SOMETHING BLUE!
A tear... even while you're laughing!

PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE

The 'Four Daughters' are now the

"FOUR WIVES"

(It's a Four Belle Picture)

with **CLAUDE RAINS**

Jeffrey Lynn • Eddie Albert

MAY ROBSON • FRANK McHUGH
DICK FORAN • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein and Maurice Hanline • Suggested by the Book, "Sister Act," by Fannie Hurst
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Directed by
MICHAEL CURTIZ

The Character of
'Mickey Borden'
as He Appeared in
'Four Daughters,'
is Portrayed by
JOHN GARFIELD

Produced by
WARNER BROS.
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Put Yourself in this Picture

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THAT'S FIBS*– IT'S THE KOTEX* TAMPON

The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features*, is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!* A Kotex product, Fibs merit your confidence!

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

Three diner-outers of a party of six—Claudette, Gary, Annabella are caught at Beverly-Wilshire. Miss C's hubby, Gary's Sandra and Annabella's Ty are dancing

things like her recent crack about "why should I jump out of the frying pan into the fire?"

■

NANCY KELLY'S heart may be 3,000 miles away, but Hollywood is certainly not overlooking the rest of her. Anyway, not Lee Bowman and Ken Murray—for while Nancy's Edmund O'Brien is 'way back East, Lee and Ken have been squiring Nancy around the Hollywood nite-spots. . . .

BUT—she sees to it that they always get her home in time for the O'Brien long-distance call.

■

OH, HO, hummmmm—Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan have just made it official, and everybody's just as surprised as though Christmas came on December 25 this year!

Jane and Ronald formally announce they're

[*Continued on page* 12]

By wearing slipover sweaters, school and college girls can say they dress just like their favorite Nancy Kelly

Since Marlene returned to Hollywood, one of her favorite escorts is Erich Maria Remarque, author of *All Quiet On The Western Front*. They're at the Horse Show

Try this ACTIVE lather facial for 30 days

THE **ACTIVE** LATHER OF **LUX SOAP** GIVES THOROUGH CARE. PAT IT GENTLY INTO YOUR SKIN
NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL. **ACTIVE** LATHER LEAVES SKIN **REALLY** CLEAN
THEN DRY THE FACE BY PATTING LIGHTLY. REMEMBER MEN ADORE A LOVELY COMPLEXION!
BARBARA STANWYCK
LUX
LUX

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "REMEMBER THE NIGHT"

Women everywhere find this bed-time Beauty Care really works!

Everywhere clever women are following the screen stars' lead—are enthusiastic about ACTIVE-lather complexion care. Hollywood's Lux Toilet Soap facials take just a few moments—yet they give your skin protection it needs. ACTIVE lather leaves skin fresh and glowing, *really* clean. Try ACTIVE-lather facials regularly for 30 days—at any time during the day, ALWAYS at bedtime. Prove what this care the screen stars use can do for *your* skin.

Use cosmetics all you like, but don't risk Cosmetic Skin

It's foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, enlarged pores, little blemishes that spoil good looks. Because Lux Toilet Soap has ACTIVE lather, it removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. Give your skin the protection of *perfect* cleansing. Use Hollywood's beauty care regularly!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING

NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter—sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara (Cake or Cream), Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in the new Pink packages are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

FOR LOVELY EYES
Winx Cream Mascara
FOR LOVELY EYES
SOLID-FORM MASCARA

New WINX Mascara, flexible cake, will not break.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

Your lips look youthful, moist... *the appeal men can't resist!* 4 tempting colors. Non-drying. STAYS ON FOR HOURS. Raspberry shade is fascinating with Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Try it! At 10¢ stores, *today!*

MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

Virginia Gilmore, 21, of San Francisco and now bit player with Goldwyn, wins cup for most perfect legs in Hollywood. Howsabout Marlene? She finished fourth!

Boris Karloff, Monogram star, gives up being terrifying bogeyman long enough to learn the w.k. American string game from leading lady—Marjorie Reynolds

going to be married—some time after January 1.

And now that that's settled....!

■

WHAT'S Lana Turner's big idea? Trying to make Greg Bautzer jealous, or sompn? Anyway, she's turning the charm all over Hollywood, these nights—she practically barbecued Davie Niven just before he hopped off for Europe; and the other night, she was two-soming it calorically with Bill Hunt. . . .

However, Greg's still No. 1 Guy in the Turner life.

Or is he?

■

AND, by the way, it's Lana who got the month's most entertaining proposal in her fan-mail—

It was from a chap who lives on a little island down in the South Seas, and in a letter he signs Judd Britton, he writes Lana:

"I've seen your picture in magazines, and I've also read pieces about college boys who pick the favorite actress they'd like to share

[*Continued on page* 56]

the sea, where they can spread good will to friendly nations . . . Niven may return with Jacqueline Dyer, who has been keeping the home fires flickering, waiting for Davie to get tired of bachelorhood . . . Niven was concerned over the condition of Leslie Howard who was badly hurt in an automobile accident during a London blackout....

FUN FOR THE FAMOUS: At El Morocco . . . Norma Shearer in a party with Spencer Tracy just before returning to Hollywood . . . Simone Simon and Burgess Meredith . . . no romance in this twosome . . . just dancing partners . . . At Fefe's Monte Carlo: Joan Blondell and sister Gloria joined by Dick Powell after his last show . . . Joan looked up all her old stage pals . . . even the least of them . . . She is the least celebrity-conscious of the stars . . . She'd like to do a play . . . is thrilled that Dick is getting so many offers from the studios after being ignored for a year while sitting on his doorstep waiting for his agent to ring up . . . Dick's enjoying the victory of his sensational personal appearances, and is determined to keep in intimate touch with the public in the future . . . All stars whom Hollywood labels "Through" should go in for personals . . . The Bob Taylors at Fefe's brushing up on their rhumba . . . They had taken in the Missouri-N. Y. U. game that afternoon . . . The Dick Powells were giving them a party at the Stork the next night . . . They like Twenty-One for lunch . . . and more football games . . . At La Conga . . . Eight nights in a row . . . Martha Raye, whooping it up . . . Lili Damita taking a fling at New York night-life while Flynn is locationing . . . Lili insists that all is well with the Flynns . . . That she and Errol understand each other and believe in personal freedom . . . That her Flynn must have his little spree after each picture . . . He departs with her blessing and deluges her with flowers while he's away . . . That's what Lili *says* . . . At Leon and Eddie's: Al Jolson, admiring the dancing of Gloria Cook . . . He left for the Coast the following morning to get Ruby to appear with him in a Broadway musical . . . This may settle the career problem in the Jolson family, if Ruby agrees . . . Gail Patrick watching Sam Levene and Lief Ericson, not long ago a fellow player on the Paramount lot, in *Margin for Error* . . . Gloria Stuart, sporting leopard spats at the same performance . . . swell fad, for those who can afford them . . . Gloria will remain in the East until after Christmas, filling in her time with radio engagements. . . .

BACKSTAGE AT "THUNDER ROCK": Sylvia Sidney embracing Luther Adler after the opening night performance . . . It was Sylvia's first appearance since the birth of her son . . . She's prettier than ever . . . has lost pounds and pounds and is still oblivious to Hollywood . . . As is Frances Farmer, receiving friends with a cold cream-smeared face, and Clifford Odets beaming at her side . . . Sylvia and Frances are two Hollywood rebels who turned their backs on fame and fortune for the ideology of the Group Theatre. Later at *Ralph's*: Lief Ericson and his new heart interest, Bunny Walters, listening to a radio revue of the play . . . Lief didn't look any too happy . . . But Bunny, an International Casino pretty, is a grand consolation prize . . . Luise Rainer watching the Helen Hayes show twice . . . Luise is looking less wistful since her trip abroad . . . She refuses to admit that she and Odets have come to the parting of the ways again . . . But they haven't been together publicly . . . and the playwright makes no secret of his devotion to Frances Farmer.

CHARLIE LAUGHTON PLANED in to glimpse *The Man Who Came to Dinner* which he will screen . . . Jane Bryan arrived to meet the press and be elevated to official stardom . . . Plain Jane, who lets her freckles show, has outdistanced those highly-publicized Warner beauties who are absent from the contract lists this season . . . Just by being a darn good actress and refusing to be glamorized . . . *Kiss the Boys Good-Bye* will be screened by Mary Martin who fooled a lot of us by making a sock screen debut . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald reports to her studio this month . . . Ann Rutherford had to cut short her visit to retake a single scene . . . was she mad! . . . Alexander Korda hopped a plane West immediately upon arrival from England, plenty burned up over the separation rumors . . . he says (blankety blank) it isn't so . . . Jean Parker will talk it over with George MacDonald and come to some agreement about a divorce . . . Zorina rebeled on being loaned to Twentieth Century for *I Married an Adventuress* . . . She was all for pulling a sit-down strike because she wanted so much to do that Rodgers and Hart musical . . . But her lawyers advised against it . . . So meekly, Zorina and her Balanchine, trained out . . . George will do the choreography . . . Tired of gypsying, Bette Davis left Ham Nelson behind, and made up with the Warner Bros. . . . She won't make so many pictures each year and plans to vacation in the East between roles . . . There can never be a reconciliation with Ham while their careers separate them.

"*For loveliness all over* — try my **Beauty Soap, Camay!**"

SAYS THIS CHARMING NEW YORK BRIDE

It's a treat to use Camay for my beauty bath as well as for my complexion. Its thorough, gentle cleansing makes it a grand beauty aid for back and shoulders.

New York, N. Y. (*Signed*) MARIAN BROWN
May 15, 1939 (*Mrs. Boyd Paterno Brown*)

NOWADAYS, it isn't enough to have a lovely complexion! Back and shoulders must look attractive, too! "Why not help them to stay lovely by bathing with your beauty soap?" asks Mrs. Brown. "I always use Camay!"

Camay gives you a priceless beauty cleansing combination — *thoroughness* with *mildness*. We have proved that mildness with repeated tests against a number of other famous beauty soaps. Time after time, Camay has come out *definitely* milder. You'll find Camay helps keep skin *lovely!*

So try Camay. Notice how refreshed you feel after your Camay bath — so dainty and fragrant you *know* others will find you attractive! Get three cakes today. It's priced so low.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

BAKED BEANS GO DOGGY

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

BAKED BEANS WILL MAKE THEIR SOCIAL DEBUT THIS SEASON. WHY NOT BE THE FIRST TO INTRODUCE THEM TO YOUR SET AT THAT SUPPER PARTY YOU'RE PLANNING?

BAKED beans and catsup!
Baked beans and brown bread!
Baked beans hot, baked beans cold!
Baked beans in the pot and every guest is sold!

Yes, the good old-fashioned and familiar can of baked pork and beans has moved right upstage on to the smartest buffet tables in town! Scan a list of menus for winter sports suppers, for house party suppers or holiday entertaining, (*Three* Major Party Events in February, remember!) and you'll find baked beans acting in a star role.

Tops in suggestions for using baked beans as a buffet hot dish is the following tangy recipe featuring them in a most flavorful soup. And has this got "umph!" Just try it and see! Grand for the informal party, it is of course just as appetizing and hearty on the home supper table. Here is:

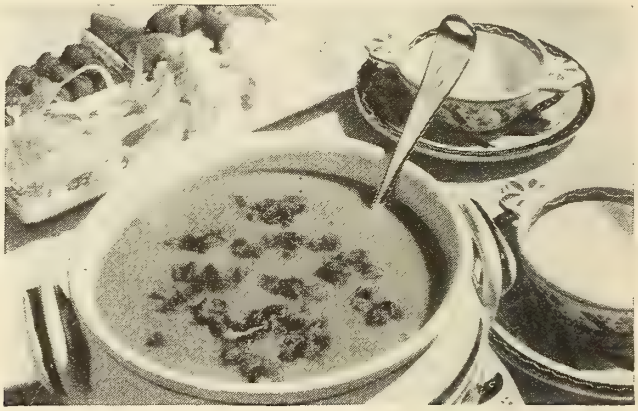
BEAN SOUP, SPANISH GARNISH

16-ounce can baked pork and beans
1 stalk celery, chopped
1 teaspoon minced onion
2 cups water
1 can condensed tomato soup
salt and pepper
2 strips bacon, diced
2 tablespoons minced onion
2 tablespoons minced green pepper

Combine beans, celery, onion and water, and simmer 20 minutes. Strain, add tomato soup, and season. Sauté bacon dice, and remove. Add onion and peppers to bacon fat and cook, turning frequently, until soft but not brown. Heat soup thoroughly. Add bacon, onion and pepper garnish, and serve immediately, very hot. Serve with hot rolls or brown bread sandwiches, pickle relishes, and a cake dessert, for sports or Sunday night supper. (Serves 4.)

Another clever trick for party service is to combine beans with frankfurters and then offer this brace of rugged he-man flavors in smart individual pottery bean pots. These are real honest masculine victuals—watch the boys dig into the pots! It's an economical choice too, and yet nothing could be more attractive when set out on the buffet table. (There's a variation of this, equally good but made in a single large casserole. It's called Weiner Bean Roast Casserole, and the recipe for it is included in the leaflet offered free with this article.) Bermuda onions stuffed with baked beans is still another snappy novelty, fine by itself as a hearty dish, or as a side-car to roast pork. (Recipes for both these high-hat bean dishes are [*Continued on page* 87]

Baked Beans really go doggy! Serve these individual bean and frankfurter casseroles at your winter buffet table



Bean soup with Spanish garnish is grand for the informal party or the home supper table. It's appetizing and hearty

Onions are natural pals of the bean pot and provide a delicious variation—like Baked Beans over Bermuda onions

A family favorite is baked bean casserole with vegetables. And it's a meal in itself

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

THAT gal Rosalind Russell is the answer to any fashion snooper's prayer . . . Whenever I want to know what clothes Hollywood is wearing and what they are wearing *with* them, I hunt up Roz . . . That's the reason I wandered over to Columbia studios the other day and talked to the gal . . . Good day I picked, too. Because Robert Kalloch, who designs the clothes there, had just finished two striped ensembles for Rosalind . . . And let me tell you right now that if you think you haven't the right figure or height for striped material you're crazy! . . . "The color of the fabric, width of the stripe, and most important of all, the way the material is used, make stripes adaptable to any figure," Rosalind told me . . . She's tall, you know . . . About five-feet-seven-inches . . . So the material in the grey-and-white two-piece ensemble is treated to make her appear less tall . . . The stripes in the skirt run up and down, giving a slim silhouette, while the bolero jacket is cut so the stripes run diagonally, thus breaking the illusion of height . . . When I told Rosalind I was writing to you she said to be sure and tell you about the crocheted belts she had made to pep up her plain-colored wool dresses . . . These belts are crocheted of chenille in brilliant colors . . . Rosalind has one in a vivid jade green which she wears with a gray sheer wool . . . For cooler days she has a smart bolero jacket, of the same jade chenille . . . Just between you and Chic, if you weren't so lazy, there are dozens of tricky belts you can make for only a few cents which will add color to the dullest day . . . There are so many wool and cotton yarns to be had and so many long evenings ahead that you should be ashamed of yourself if your wools aren't livened with a bit of bright colored belt, little bolero jackets, or even a crocheted envelope handbag . . . With turbans all the rage now (remind me to tell you of the ones the gals wear for evening) Rosalind suggests crocheted turbans trimmed with a gold clip, or better still for sportswear, a metal monogram which you can buy for practically nothing.

THIS mention of gold clips takes me right into the subject of costume jewelry, and just as I told you last month, the Hollywood fashion-wise are still wearing the currently popular heavy jewelry with their street and evening clothes . . . I dropped in for lunch at the Derby the other midday and saw Isabel Jewell all dressed up in a black crepe dress . . . Her only touch of color was a heavy necklace of coral, turquoise and gold beads . . . The dress itself was worth noting because it was made with the new *long* bodice and a *double*-swing skirt . . . That "double" business may sound vague to you, but if you remember the swing skirts of about eight months ago, then you'll know what I mean, because Isabel's skirt was about twice that full . . . It was a pretty raw day, so Isabel and I naturally got to talking about Palm Springs . . . She told me that she had just had some new play suits made to take down to the Springs with her—and that most of them featured a full short *skirt* over the traditional shorts . . . Of course Isabel's suits are all brand new but I couldn't help planning to have some bright print skirts made to wear over my old plain-colored short-and-shirt suits from last year . . . Joan Bennett came into the Derby looking like a school-girl in her blouse and skirt of checked sheer wool . . . The blouse was of a small chartreuse and beige check, made with a little Peter Pan collar, short sleeves and buttoned down the front with large brown suede buttons . . . But here's the trick that took Joan's dress right out of the ordinary class:—the skirt was of the same pattern, but the checks were *larger* . . . Smart? A wide brown suede belt accented her waistline . . . It gave me the thought that you could make a new outfit out of your old black-and-white skirt by making a blouse of a smaller check. And how about red accessories?

IRENE DUNNE stopped to talk to us . . . She had just come in from a morning of golf, and if her game was as good as her costume, she must have broken all records . . . Of moss green suede (there's that material again) the short skirt was made with many tucked gores . . . The smart little boxy jacket had very broad shoulders and large patch pockets . . . A round neck, brown cashmere sweater and sport hat of the same green suede trimmed with a bright orange quill made Irene the smartest-looking golf player I've seen outside a fashion show . . . But then Irene always looks just right, no matter whether it's a golf game or a dinner party . . . I saw her that same night at the Cocoanut Grove in one of the smartest of the new dinner gowns . . . The material was a rich, emerald green faille, fashioned with a *long* waist and full skirt . . . Remember last season it was *short* waist and full skirt, but now the trend is toward the lower waistline, probably because it gives more opportunity for the appearance of a slim waist . . . Irene's gown also featured short sleeves which were really a continuance of the softly draped shoulder . . . Her only ornaments were two topaz, amethyst and pearl clips which accented the square neckline . . . Now that winter is creeping up on us, you see a lot of these luxurious rich-looking fabrics like faille . . . Dotty Lamour was dancing in an ice-blue gown of heavy brocade . . . The back fullness suggested a bustle, while the draped bodice and small waistline gave the whole costume the appearance of something out of a Godey print . . . The blue of the gown was repeated in the color of the small feathers she wore in her hair.

I NOTICED that night that a lot of the girls wore hair ornaments or some kind of hair covering with the informal gowns . . . Alice Faye wore a cute little Juliet cap of gold sequins which matched the sequin trim of her green velvet gown . . . But the most popular head covering of all was the turban . . . And I mean *covered* . . . Anita Louise, Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner and Joan Crawford all wore turbans which completely covered their heads with no hair showing at all . . . It's a hard style to wear—most of us need some sort of softening around our faces—but no one looked quite as stunning as Joan Crawford in her all white outfit . . . Her dress was of white jersey, made along draped lines, her jacket was white fox, and her turban was of the same jersey as her dress . . . The only color accent was a ruby clip and ruby earrings . . . Now I'm off for another month of snooping, and I wouldn't be a *bit* surprised if I had to go all the way to Palm Springs just to see what Hollywood wears when it plays away from home . . . In the meantime, why don't you get a large pouch bag? Then you could carry your Pekingese around shopping with you like Lupe Velez does.

Mlle. Chic.

MYSTERY STORIES
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT PACKING CO
BEECH-NUT BRAND
CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
CANAJOHARIE, N.Y.
TO OPEN USE TAB
BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED

WHEN NERVOUS TENSION
GETS YOU DOWN
JUST USE THIS GUM
FROM FLAVOR-TOWN

It is always refreshing and restful. Your choice of Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies (candy coated)—Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin. Below is the famous "flavor" town of Canajoharie, N.Y.— known for Beech-Nut quality and flavor.

Beech-Nut Gum

One of America's GOOD habits

Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr., popular in Delaware society, sponsors Wilmington's spectacular charity ball—the Society Follies.

Miss Bette Miller helped found the Kansas City chapter of Railway Business Women. The club's winter dance is a gala function.

Delaware Society Favorite—Kansas City Secretary

—but BOTH follow the same famous Skin Care

A Southerner, titian-haired Mrs. du Pont is very hospitable, and her historic old home on the Delaware is the scene of many gay social affairs.

Mrs. du Pont arrives by private plane at the airport near her New Castle home, looking fresh and unwearied after a quick shopping trip to New York.

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Southern women are famous for their complexions, Mrs. du Pont. Do you have any particular method of skin care?

ANSWER:
"Yes. I don't believe in taking chances with my complexion—I always use Pond's 2 Creams. Pond's Cold Cream is perfect for cleansing my skin—keeping it soft and supple at the same time. And for powder base and protection against weather, Pond's Vanishing Cream is ideal!"

QUESTION TO MRS. DU PONT:
Do you feel that using 2 creams helps keep your make-up fresh looking longer?

ANSWER:
"I'm sure it does! That's why, before powder, I always cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream. This gives my skin a finish that takes make-up so well it looks fresh for literally hours!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When a girl works all day, Bette, is it hard for her to find time to take good care of her skin?

ANSWER:
"Not if she follows my system. It's quick, thorough—and economical! I just use the 2 Pond's Creams. First Pond's Cold Cream to get my skin really clean—give it the clear, 'glowy' look that I like. And then I never fail to smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder foundation—it seems to make make-up so much more attractive!"

QUESTION TO MISS MILLER:
When you're outdoors for hours at a time, don't you worry about sun and wind roughening your skin?

ANSWER:
"No—why should I? Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths away little skin roughnesses in only one application. I usually spread on a light film of Vanishing Cream before I go outdoors, too. Just for protection."

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S
COLD CREAM FOR Cleansing
POND'S
VANISHING CREAM FOR Finishing

Pond's, Dept. 6-CV-B, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and five different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name________________

Street________________

City________________State______

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Off to work. After graduation from high school, Bette got a secretarial job in the Gulf, Mobile and Northern Railroad freight office.

Bette and her companion share the local enthusiasm for bicycling. So popular is this sport in Kansas City that traffic regulations became necessary!

Fred ASTAIRE

No male in or out of Hollywood can look so dashingly well-turned out in white tie and tails as Fred, the snappy dresser in *Broadway Melody of 1940*

OTHER LONE WOLVES AREN'T IN THE SAME CLASS AS GEORGE BRENT. AND IT'S NOT AN ACT—HE COMES BY IT NATURALLY. WHAT'S HIS LONE WOLF LIFE BUILDING TO? HE WANTS FINANCIAL INDEPENDENCE

HOLLYWOOD'S CHAMPION LONE WOLF

By
JAMES
REID

THERE are a few other stars who have been accused of independence. But they aren't in it with George Brent. He's the champion.

For example, George knows that one of the quickest ways *not* to get anywhere is to argue with a certain producer—let's call him Mr. X. It's useless to try to shake Mr. X.'s belief that he knows better than his actors, what they should do. Suppose you don't like something about your part. You go to Mr. X. with your objection, and this is what happens: He talks too fast for interruptions, and he talks to the air directly above your head, as if he doesn't want to see *you,* much less hear you. Pretty soon all you're thinking about is how uncomfortable it is to be ignored, and you're sorry you came, and all you want is to get out of there.

In short, people who work for Mr. X. just don't argue with him. Not only because he makes it difficult; the box-office reports on his pictures also make it difficult. Nevertheless, when George was invited to do a certain picture for Mr. X., the first thing he did was to have an argument with The Boss.

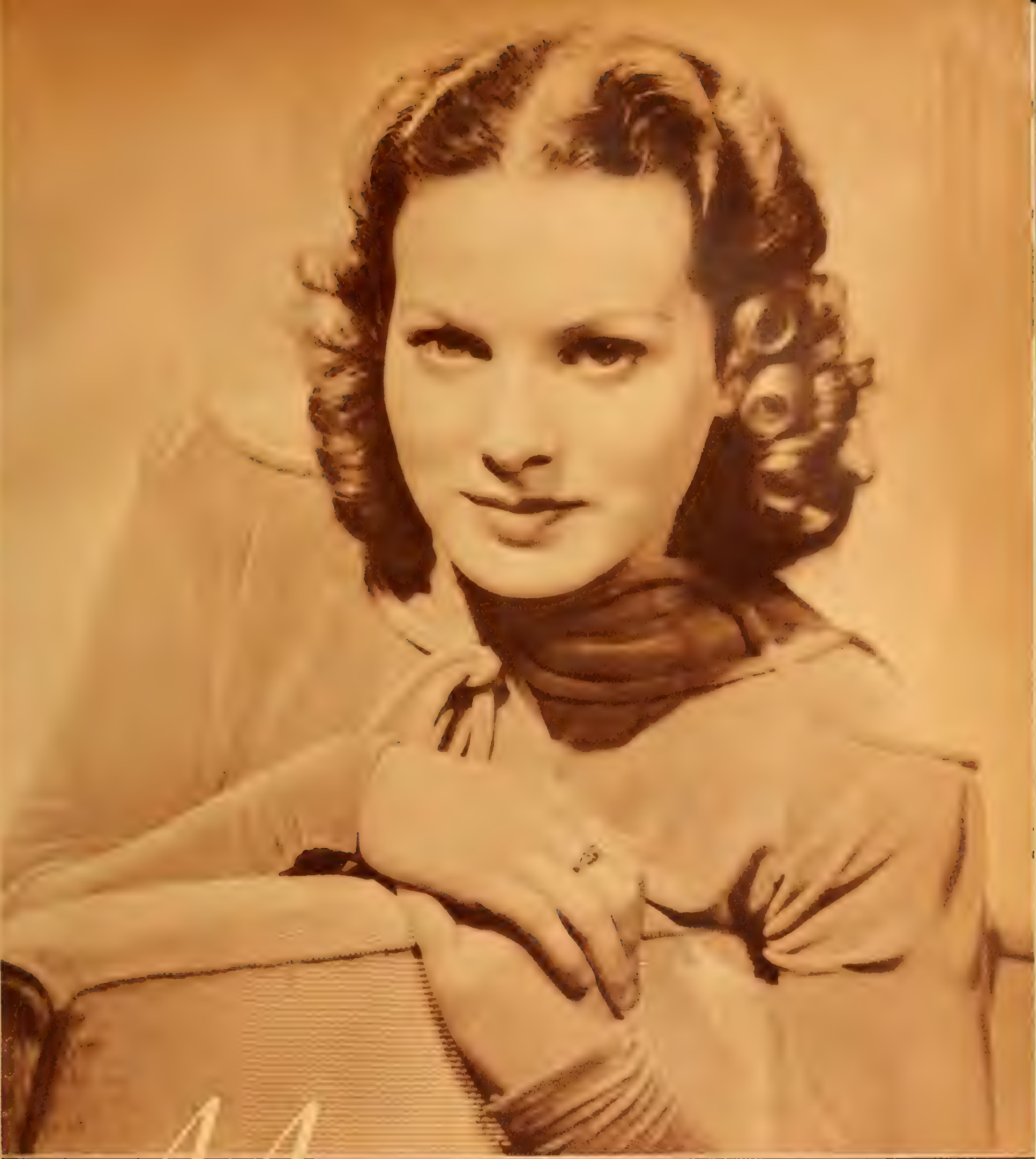
The script called upon George to play an Englishman gone stale, world-weary, under the searing sun of the tropics. It was a meaty part—the best he had had in several ages. But he objected to one thing. Strenuously. The script called upon him to look unkempt, slovenly. George's point was that the man's disintegration was something subtle; something not seen at first glance; something you discovered only after you knew the man a while. Whatever else he might be, the character was an Englishman with a little money, and that was what he would look like, out of habit.

That point was important to George. He wasn't going to skip it, just to be amiable. He was going to fight about it, at the risk of annoying The Boss . . . and losing the role. He said as much to Mr. X. "If you want a beachcomber for the part," he suggested, "why don't you hire Charles Laughton? He already has the wardrobe."

[*Continued on page* 86]

George likes people but has to know 'em well to be chummy. His closest pal is his Kerry Blue Terrier. George's next, *The Fighting 69th*

M. Marigold



Maureen O'HARA

Seeing her in *Jamaica Inn* you won't be after forgetting her. Protege of Laughton, she plays his lead in *Hunchback of Notre Dame*

SWEDISH SURPRISE

By
FRANC
DILLON

NOT USED TO STARS WHO DON'T PUT ON ACT, HOLLYWOOD GOT SHOCK OF LIFE IN INGRID BERGMAN

IT HAS been said so many times that it has become almost axiomatic in Hollywood that in order to make a success, an actress must do the "right" things. By the "right" things is meant that she must entertain and be entertained and be seen at the popular night clubs and parties with, of course, the "right" people. And usually it is an advantage to have a generous dash of romance dished out with her publicity.

This all might be true nine times out of ten, but, inevitably, there is a tenth time. If you have seen *Intermezzo*, a new picture starring Leslie Howard and featuring a Swedish star, Ingrid Bergman, you have seen the perfect illustration of the "tenth" time, the exception that proves the rule.

Unheralded, Ingrid came to Hollywood; went quietly about her work; finished her picture, and, without seeing the inside of a night club or attending a Hollywood party, departed for her home in Sweden. Her only American appearance was on the screen, but that was enough to cause a general unrest among male audiences, who agreed to a man that this was the time when right shouldn't have prevailed.

Leslie Howard must have been a bit touched in the head to have left such delightful company to return to the home fires, they thought. Even the critics were enthusiastic and gave out with a double dose of adjectives over the slim, young actress.

Audiences were particularly [*Continued on page* 67]

WHY GIRLS CAN'T RESIST HIM

BY GENE SCHROTT

JIMMY STEWART IS LIKE THE BOY WHO GAVE YOU YOUR FIRST KISS. HE'S YOUR FIRST CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART GROWN UP. HE IS THE GUY THAT EVERY GIRL WANTS TO MOTHER

WHEN it comes to love and matters that concern the heart, you simply can't fool the ladies. They know what they want. And they generally know why they want it. But when it comes to Jimmy Stewart, it's another matter entirely. For Jimmy, like his female counterpart, Garbo, has them completely stumped.

"With women," some wise old brain-truster once said, "love is a vocation but with men it's an avocation." And even before he ever uttered these words of wisdom, women had been taking men apart and trying to find out what makes them go. In all the thousands of years of civilization, the process hasn't changed one bit.

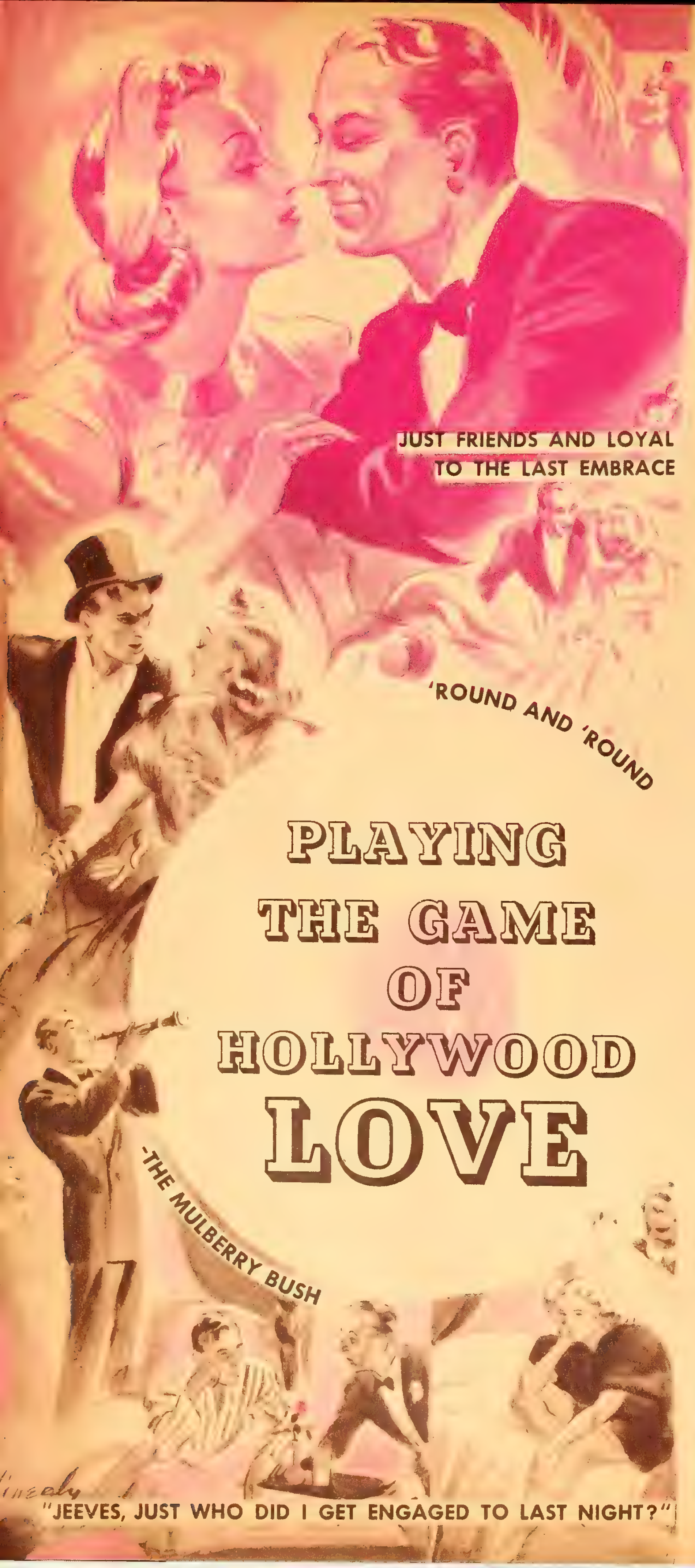
Women are still busily engaged in their favorite occupation and have been carrying on with considerable success. But now, for once, they suddenly find themselves confronted with an entirely new kind of man. A man who was never destined to be a heart-throbber or pulse flutterer. And it looks like something has gone wrong in their figuring. For Jimmy Stewart is the one man who has them puzzled. They simply can't figure him out. They don't even know why they like him. All they do know is that they just can't help liking him.

If you give the ladies half a chance, they'll go into raptures about Gable's physique—about his virility—about his passionate and overpowering ardor. They'll explain why Boyer's suave, smooth love-making immediately wins them over and how his dreamy eyes bring up latent memories of romance and stolen kisses and promenades in the garden. They'll rave endlessly about the strong, silent manliness of Gary Cooper or the flashing, impetuous brand of love that Tryone Power signifies. But when it comes to Jimmy Stewart, for once you'll find the girls speechless.

Of course they will admit that he has all the qualities of a fine actor. They may even confess that his boyishness, his charm and his seeming indifference make him appealing. But after that, their fair brows will wrinkle in deep and silent concentration; their luminous eyes will glow with that distant, dreamy look. But that's all the explanation you're apt to get.

When you meet Jimmy for the first time, you'll immediately see that he's far from the ardent romantic type that sweeps a woman off her feet. Nor is he the languorous, dreamy kind who brings to

[*Continued on page 83*]


JUST FRIENDS AND LOYAL TO THE LAST EMBRACE
'ROUND AND 'ROUND
-THE MULBERRY BUSH
"JEEVES, JUST WHO DID I GET ENGAGED TO LAST NIGHT?"

PLAYING THE GAME OF HOLLYWOOD LOVE

By HELEN BEATTY

THE individual who contributed to a stunned world the statement that love is a funny thing, committed the prize misstatement of all time as far as Hollywood is concerned.

Love is not a funny thing in Hollywood. Love is a serious, complicated series of maneuvers, complex as the festival rites of Borneo head-hunters, and just as clear in meaning to civilized onlookers.

But never under any circumstances is it funny. Hysterical, maybe — yes. Funny? No.

Love in Hollywood is an intangible something that happens to people who behaved as everyone else, as far as emotions and social decorum were concerned, before they landed in Hollywood. But the minute the travelers swing down the mountain grades and behold the orange groves of California, something happens to them. They suspect the change immediately. They are almost certain of it when they get a load of the snow capped mountains behind the oranges (three dozen for a quarter). By the time they glimpse Catalina on a clear day, they don't even stop to think about it at all.

They're in it up to their ears. Hollywood love, I mean, not Catalina.

The thing that renders the Hollywood variety of the well known emotion so different from the species found elsewhere is, that in Hollywood things only begin where they leave off elsewhere.

If it sounds a trifle confusing, don't let it throw you. The truth is, it *is* confusing and to the breaking point half the time. In fact the natives who participate in the game of Hollywood love are often themselves confused to the point where they can't distinguish their wives from their fiancees or their husbands from their fiances.

For instance, now, the normal course of romantic procedure for a young man in Detroit, say, is to meet a young lady, fall in love, court her, propose and if lucky, marry. That, I say, is the usual order of events leading to Marriage in Detroit or even Pittsburgh. Or was last time I was there.

But things don't happen that way in Hollywood. Out here, before the gentleman ever begins his courting, he quite often gets married to someone else and then hops to his courting like a wild man. Roses by the arborfull are sent. No, no,

THE MINUTE TRAVELERS SWING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN GRADES INTO HOLLYWOOD THEY'RE UP TO THEIR EARS IN LOVE. THEY BECOME LIKE THE NATIVES WHO, PLAYING THE GAME OF HOLLYWOOD LOVE, ARE CONFUSED TO THE POINT WHERE THEY CAN'T TELL THEIR WIVES FROM THEIR FIANCEES OR THEIR HUSBANDS FROM THEIR FIANCES

not to his wife (who is busy elsewhere) but to the lady of his choice. Dinners are bought, nightclubs are attended, rhumbas are rhumbed, bottles are thrown (at each other), engagements announced and then, after the engagement, the divorce *and after the divorce, the wedding.* Which leaves the gentlemen eligible to begin all over again.

WE ADMIT, the whole business is a trifle involved. But there's one thing you've got to admit—it's different. A Hollywood bachelor may ask of his Jeeves, after a night out, "Jeeves, just who did I get engaged to last night?" And Jeeves will answer, "Engaged? Why, sir, you're not even married."

Take the romance of a big star and his lady love. Before they could marry, the star first had to be divorced. Elsewhere, it seems, a married man seldom marries another woman, even in print. In Hollywood they hardly ever do anything else. Which is why a national publication felt no qualms in announcing a gay fellow's engagement to his leading woman, disregarding the minor fact that the gay dog is already married—and well does he know it.

Take Whoozis. Now his romance with Pale Orchid is one of Hollywood's grandest disturbances. If Whoozis weren't already married to someone else, according to Hollywood standards, he would be completely ineligible for courtship, at all, and Hollywood would be compelled to miss one of the major skirmishes in the battle of love. For make no mistake, it is no picnic, this game. The players are deadly serious and sometimes just plain deadly and will brook no jesting or interference from the sidelines. Neither do the players necessarily need to be completely delirious to play. But it helps.

Again, would it be possible for John Heartbreak to pay such devoted attention to this or that beauty if he weren't already married to Yellow Tulip? Oh, well, yes, it might be possible but who would care? That's the point!

Now, see how it goes. And the nice part of it is, it works both ways. A wife is just as eligible for courtship as a husband.

"When does your fiancee get her divorce?" is a far from uncommon query in Hollywood. Far from it. As a matter of fact a girl in Hollywood who hasn't a divorce somewhere ahead of her, is pretty sure not to have a wedding, either.

"Will Barbara Stanwyck marry Bob Taylor?" was the printed question for months before Barbara received her divorce from Frank Fay, although Barbara's courtship did not begin until after Barbara and Frank's separation, remember. But now that Barbara has her divorce, as well as her Bob, the whole thing has become routine news. Before she married Bob, Barbara had made herself slightly ineligible for romance by having a divorce behind her instead of before her.

Another nice thing about it is that Hollywood ladies are treated to the novelty of being 1. engaged; 2. married; 3. divorced, all at once and the same time which removes a lot of the monotony of just being one of the things at a time. The California law which keeps divorced people married for a whole year, contributes its share to the fracas. They tell of the none too bright little thing out here who got so mixed up trying to figure out whether she was more engaged than she was married, or more married than she was divorced, that she grew positively childish and they had to put her in the Our Gang Comedies till she finished her contract. She was going with "Buckwheat" last I heard.

Heigh-ho!

They tell of the executive just out from New York, some months ago, who sat reading the morning gossip columns. A look of pained bewilderment passed over his face as thought struggled for birth in that confused brain.

He rang for his secretary.

"Have you been reading about Dietrich and Doug, Jr.?" he asked, breathlessly waiting her answer. (This was before Doug had married Mary Lee Hartford.)

"Oh, yes, ain't it swell?" she replied.

"I—but, see here," he said, "isn't Dietrich a married woman?"

"Oh, sure. Happily married."

The gentleman leaned back and closed his eyes.

"Wait a minute, please. I'm a—I'm a little mixed up. Doug, Jr. isn't her husband?"

The secretary scanned the white face of the executive. "Are you nuts?" she asked.

"Yes—no—I mean yes—wait," the executive begged. "If she's married to someone else, how come the papers carry all the details of their fervent romance and no one, not even Dietrich cares? Explain that."

"Why, Mr. Guptel, that's just it," the secretary said, "out here Dietrich would have to be married to someone else before she could be eligible for courtship, engagements and marriage. You see?"

The executive opened and shut his mouth three times in a row without uttering a sound. He left for New York on the next train. Still speechless. In fact, after Doug's recent marriage to Mary Hartford, the executive went into a rapid decline from which he'll never recover.

ANOTHER feature that makes love in Hollywood a unique process, is the little game called "I pass."

Instead of cards, one shuffles partners. Partners in romance. It's very simple really once you get on to it. The catch is to keep from dizziness after you get into the whirl, so swiftly does the game move. In Japan, I believe, they have a similar game and play it with a soft ball that keeps popping them in the eye. Over here it's played mostly with any harmless playboy with practically the same result.

A man player, for example, may wake up in the morning (depending on where he's been the night before) under the impression he's engaged to one girl only to have it turn out he's engaged to an altogether different young lady by nightfall and his former fiancee is now the wife of a director and is being assiduously courted by Jimmy Stewart.

See how it works?

Now please don't think the dancers in this grand passion waltz who gaily swing from one partner to another to the tune of "Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush," take the game of "I pass" lightly or coquettishly. Quite the contrary. Love, even quickie love, is considered a serious proposition not only by the participants but by the grandstanders as well.

Hardly anybody laughs. Let me swing away from the rules of "I pass" a moment to say that even comedians, no, especially comedians, once they are caught in the whirl, become serious minded contenders in the fray.

Stan Laurel liked to die when it hit him. And Hardy didn't laugh. He couldn't. He had lumbago.

When Harry Ritz, the funny one in the middle, became entangled in the glooming net, the two brothers on either end didn't laugh. True, they made unfortunate noises but no one could actually prove it was laughter. To be frank, the whole thing has practically made a different man of Chaplin. It's got far and away beyond him. [*Continued on page 62*]

Betty FIELD

It took a clever actress like Betty to play the provocative charmer in Hal Roach's picture *Of Mice and Men*

HOW LONG WILL MICKEY ROONEY LAST?

By JACK HOLLAND

MICKEY MAY BE SITTING ON A PLUSH CUSHION, BUT HIS FUTURE DEPENDS ON MICKEY ROONEY AS MICKEY ROONEY—NOT AS MICKEY ROONEY, THE ACTOR

MICKEY ROONEY is undoubtedly the most popular young star on the screen today. He's resting on a plush cushion after his terrific performance in *Babes in Arms*, and his work in the *Hardy* series have built him an enviable position. Yet he's a lucky kid.

Unlike other child stars—though Mickey is hardly a child any more—he has managed to pass the danger period—that stage in a career when youngsters outgrow their appeal and begin to show all too obvious signs of the awkward age as it begins to assert itself. Yet, Mickey has never had to worry about this. And all because he was given parts in the *Judge Hardy* series that carried him gracefully through the impressionistic era of youth. In fact, *Andy Hardy* has been a life-saver to Mickey, and they have a lot in common.

Mickey has been lucky in other ways too. For the last few years, he has been credited with many escapades. He has been touted as the man-about-town type, and he has been accused of trying too strenuously to be a man before he was ready for manhood. Yet, in some strange way, he managed to retain his popularity despite devastating publicity.

All that, however, is past history. This story is concerned only with the Mickey Rooney of today as he shines through the pages of a peculiar past, the Mickey Rooney who's looking ahead and taking a slant at himself and his career that is at its climax.

Mickey came from a family that breathed and lived in the atmosphere of the two-a-day or even the six-a-day. Since he was able to toddle on a stage, grease-paint has surged through his blood. Still it was an atmosphere that intrigued the youngster and sent him out in the world as a trouper [*Continued on page 81*]

Jimmy CAGNEY

After a cold, muddy night in trenches with *The Fighting 69th* (N. Y.'s own) Jimmy takes to a dug-out for rest and safety

YOUNG ENOUGH TO KNOW BETTER

By BEN MADDOX

IDA LUPINO PICKS HERSELF TO PIECES, THEN PICKS THEM UP AND PUTS HERSELF TOGETHER. SHE COMES UP A NEW LUPINO

"IF EVER a modern girl started out foolishly, *I* did," admitted Ida Lupino. She continued, equally candid, "When I look back today at that adolescent I was, look back at my distorted outlook, I'm—I'm honestly appalled.

" 'Flighty blonde,' they may still be muttering, 'just dizzy, just dumb!' . . . if those youngsters who are determined to get out in the world while young, would only pause and get a line on themselves soon enough—realize how hard it's going to be to fight down some of those early impressions—well, we wouldn't make so many foolish mistakes!

"I caught up with myself two years ago. I stopped dressing and fixing up like a candy-box cover longer ago than that. I deliberately turned myself inside out and discovered I liked the real me a lot better than the surface me. It was a pretty drastic alteration—but it had to be done. You see, when a young ambitious steps out, as I did, with a headstrong determination to 'knock 'em dead'—well, I found that the competition was not only unwilling to be dragged out feet first, but that unless I minded my cues *I'd* be the one that got the knocks. I learned this in the nick of time.

"Today, I'm ashamed of having been such a ridiculous kid. I refused to grow up slowly—to mature wisely. I hated school. I only had a faint glimpse of everyday girlhood. But it was enough for me! I had no sense whatsoever, and I wanted none given to me. I had a comfortable home, but I couldn't wait to leave it and be my own boss. I got to Hollywood and embarked upon the most fabulous misdirection of energy. How I fell for the 'flash!' I couldn't see the cake for the [*Continued on page 64*]

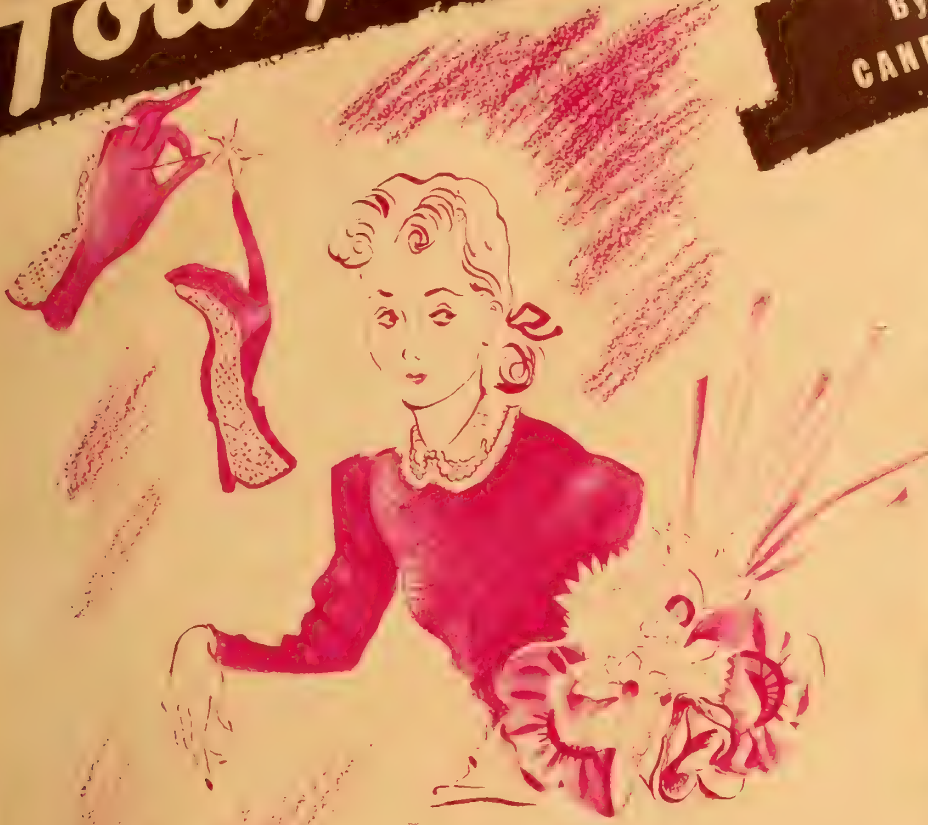
Send a stamped envelope to Candida for her free booklet getting down to "Facts and Figures." It tells you how to choose girdles to correct your figure faults. If you want to know where to buy the "fresh" fashions shown here, send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York

To transform her black dress, Anita Louise alternates Silson's Snood Bib with Goddard & Haines' pink camellia

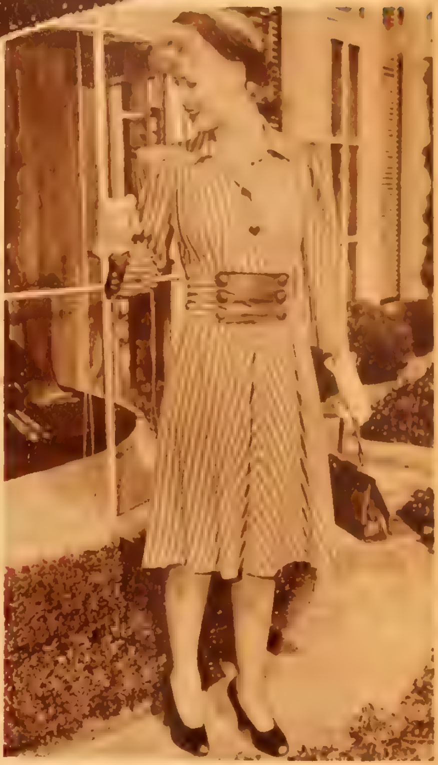
Anita can wear this shell pink Spool Cotton sweater day or night. Send Candida a stamp for free crocheting directions

How Fresh!

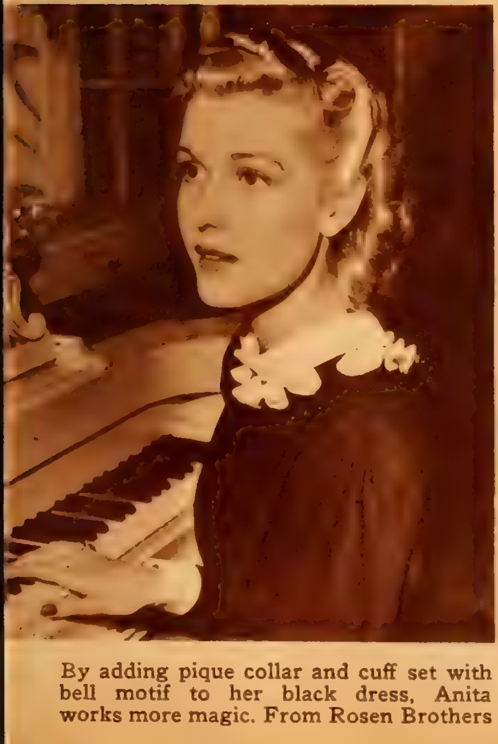
By CANDIDA



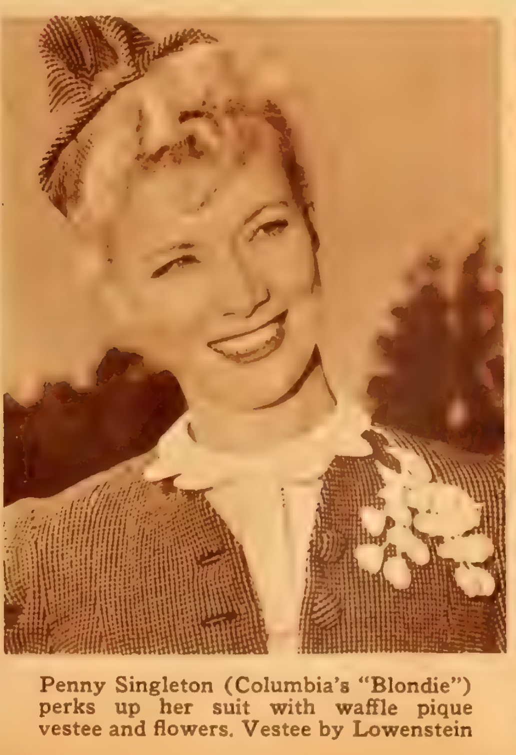
Sketched, Hansen's new Costume Gloves with white lace insets; Berman's Puritan collar and Kleinert's boutonniere



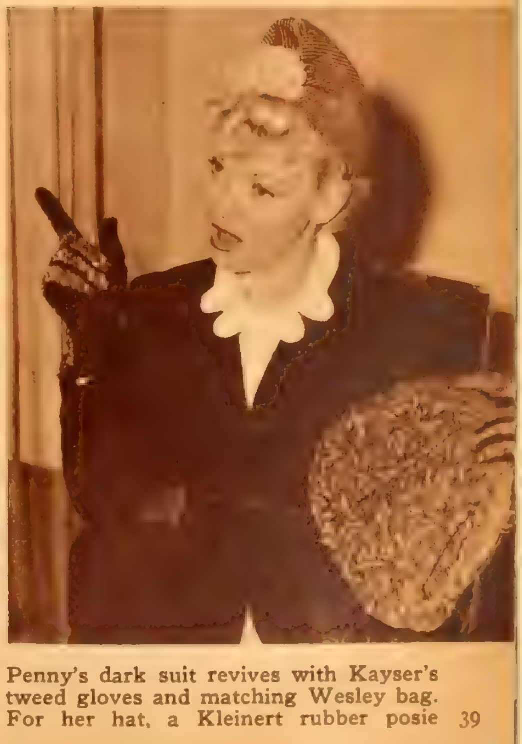
To banish that end-of-winter feeling Penny picks a striped dress by Kitty Fisher. Note the soft classic lines



By adding pique collar and cuff set with bell motif to her black dress, Anita works more magic. From Rosen Brothers



Penny Singleton (Columbia's "Blondie") perks up her suit with waffle pique vestee and flowers. Vestee by Lowenstein



Penny's dark suit revives with Kayser's tweed gloves and matching Wesley bag. For her hat, a Kleinert rubber posie

COULD HOLLYWOOD

HOLLYWOOD COULDN'T DO WITHOUT MEN, BUT WHAT IT DOES WITH THEM, HOWEVER, MAKES IT A WOMAN'S TOWN. THE FEMININE RULE IS THERE FOR KEEPS. MEN WON'T REBEL—THEY LIKE IT THAT WAY

By JOHN TENNANT

WHEN Marlene Dietrich was made star of *Destry Rides Again,* movie males realized their last sanctum had been invaded by the all-conquering females of filmland. Until then, the Western picture was their one little haven in woman-dominated Hollywood. Even when it turned tuneful and lovey-dovey, and singing Gene Autry became top man, they didn't suspect the day would come when two-gun Dietrich would muscle in and (swinging her famous legs to the rhythm of a three-piece cowboy band) warble "Joe the Wrangler."

But this isn't about Westerns, except to note that they, too, have been taken over and redecorated with chintz curtains. This piece proposes to reveal how women run Hollywood, and tell some of the odd and amusing effects on favorite stars.

Who modified Gary Cooper's taste for flashy cars? Whose frowns restrain various actors' passions for loud clothes? Who condemned Jack Oakie's once-famous sweat shirts to the ash can? Who gets all the breaks in film divorces? In marriages? In endings of romances like Ty Power's with Sonja Henie? Who can have extra-curricular love affairs without blame? Who picks (so wisely!) handsome young men such as Bob Taylor and Richard Greene, for future stars? Who (not so wisely) recommended that Clark Gable's virile phiz be remodelled by make-up, to "soften and glamorize him"? That he be given "less brutally dominant and woman-scorning" roles?

The feminine rulers of Hollywood, of course!

These important women range in position from studio secretaries, script clerks and hair-dressers to celebrated stars, and wives, sisters and daughters of the industry's influential men. Before we get down to actual cases involving stars everyone knows, let's see how studio top men explain woman's power in filmtown.

The cigar-smoking Big Shots admit, surprisingly enough, that they are ruled by women. But there's a catch to the confession. It's the feminine fan who tells them what to do, they say, not the local ladies! They point to the success of films like *The Women,* with nary a man in the cast, and pictures of almost wholly feminine interest such as *The Old Maid.* These scored bigger hits, they say, than others aimed not so frankly to please the women and let the man fall asleep where they may!

"It's like we're manufacturing brassieres," quipped one movie mogul. "I mean, our product is mostly intended for women."

They contend that in movie-going, man follows where the girl-friend leads. Often enough, he likes what she likes. At other times, he can't even understand a plot that chills and thrills her. So what?

Granting all that, how do the film producers, directors, scenarists and so on, being men, know what will please women? There you have them, whether they'll admit it or not. They must rely on the advice of their women. And that accounts for some of the power the ladies wield, and the special privileges they enjoy. The rest is due to a very special, semi-secret power. It has been hush-hushed, for fear the "blue noses" (professional "reformers" who plague every creative art and industry) might misunderstand it.

SEX appeal is the secondary power that helps keep Hollywood a woman's town!

Because the film industry wholesales sex appeal, its capital is one of the world's most sex-con-

[*Continued on page* 84]

ANNABELLA

JOAN CRAWFORD

CAROLE LOMBARD

DO WITHOUT MEN?

MARLENE DIETRICH

NN SOTHERN

SHIP MATES

1. Joy Hodges' ship mate has a dual personality . . . the front half of her swim suit is citron yellow, the other half is violet. It's of pure silk Lastex

2. A calling of the clans brings out Joy in an authentic McBurnie plaid of navy blue and red. Accessories are navy blue, excepting a red calf belt

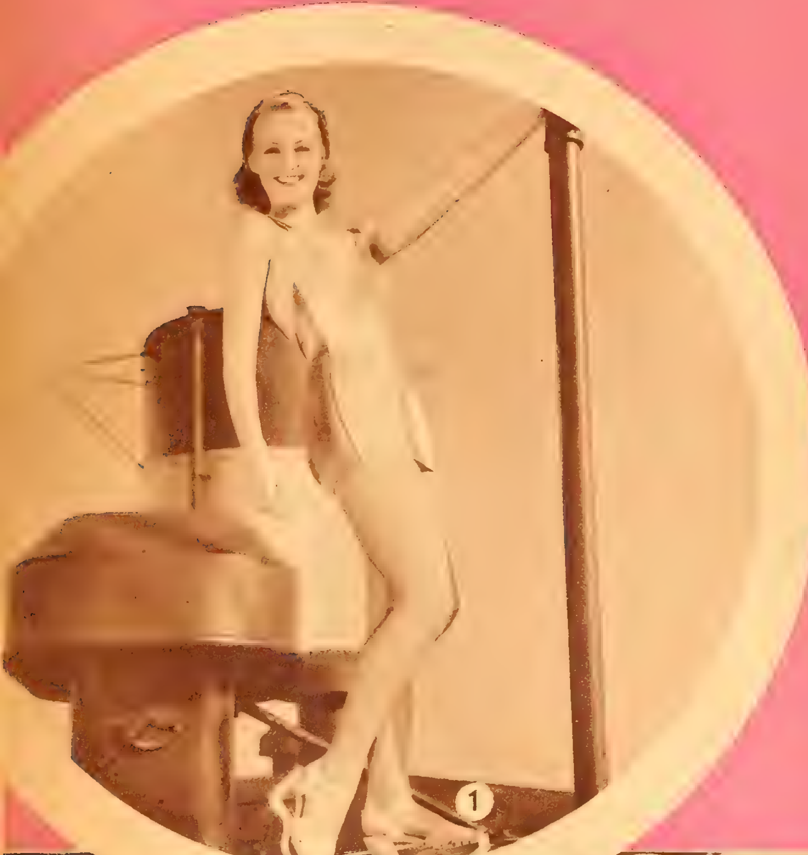
3. Joy's ship mate for dinner also has a split personality . . . it's of dark and light blue chiffon. The draped bodice is dark, the crushed girdle light

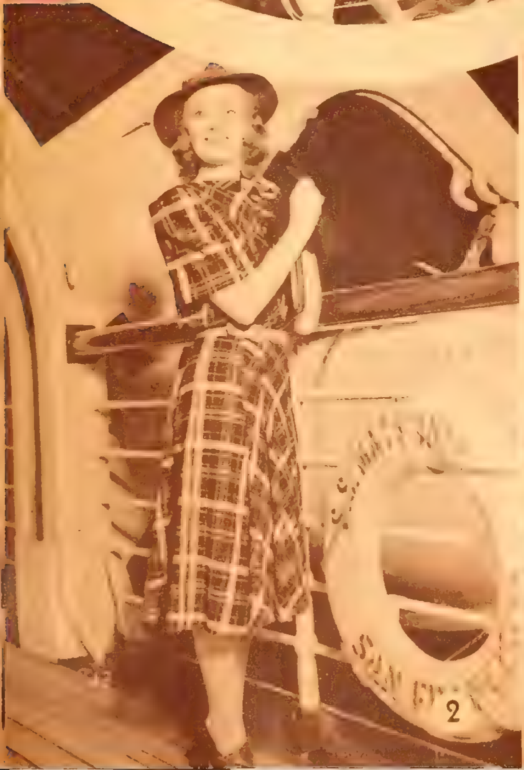
4. A three-piece suit of pale yellow hand-woven silk linen is Joy's play mate. It is stitched in blue and the braces, skirt hem have bands of embroidery

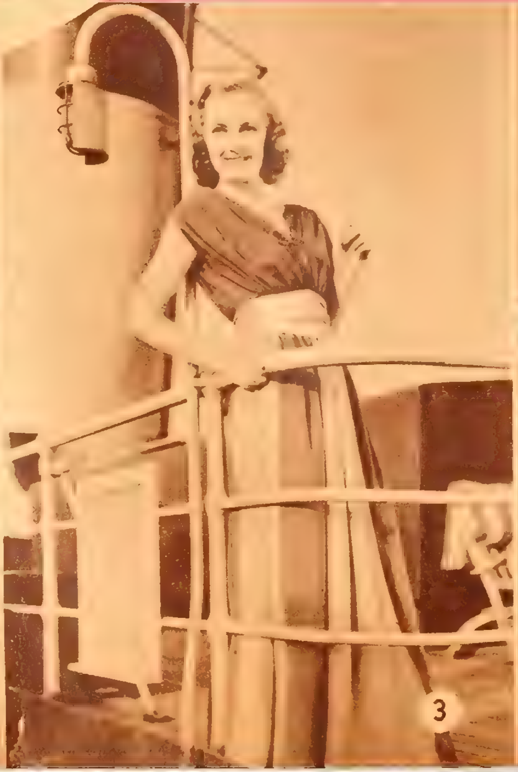
5. When those sea breezes start to blow a real mate aboard ship is Joy's light beige polo coat with attached hood of dark brown. It keeps her snug

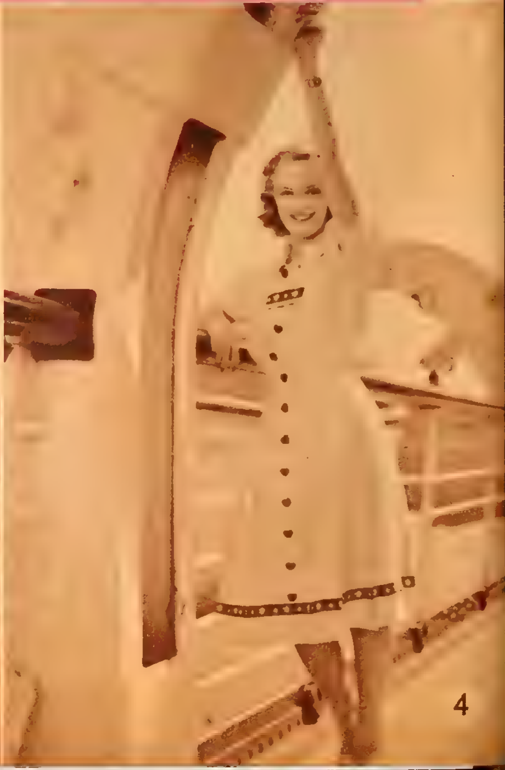
6. Joy's ship mate on the sun deck turns out to be a love match . . . a two-piece white rayon satin Lastex bathing suit. Huge sun hat is of natural straw

7. Joy's traveling companion—and ship mate—is a three-piece wool ensemble . . . a solid grey blue jacket and skirt, a fingertip box coat of blue plaid









6

5

7

WOMEN WITHOUT

"Oh, Mac," Joyce wailed, "why can't we take our love outside with us? We're innocent. Tell me, why can't we make them believe us?"

CAST

Joyce	ELLEN DREW
Fred MacNeil	ROBERT PAIGE
Peggy	JUDITH BARRETT
John Marlin	JOHN MILJAN
Warden Rynex	FRANK THOMAS
Ferris	JOHN MACGUIRE
Hugh Gilman	CHARLES WILLIAMS
Pete	TOM DUGAN
Detective Sergeant Reardon	TOM JACKSON

A Paramount Picture

Copyright, 1939, by Paramount Pictures, Inc. Story by Ernest Booth. Directed by Robert Florey. Produced by Paramount

NAMES

HAND in hand, Joyce and Mac strolled along the main thoroughfare of the Amusement Park. They didn't talk. They didn't have to. It was enough to feel the vibrancy of their intertwined fingers, to sense the deep surge of happiness they'd found in each other since that first day, two weeks back. But all at once, Joyce spied the clock. Heavens, where had the afternoon gone? Her fresh, young mouth curved regretfully. "You know, I really should get back. Pete expects me at the diner. The supper crowd'll be there soon."

"What!" Mac drew her to the gate of a little boathouse. "You mean you're not going on this cruise with me?"

She wrinkled her little bunny nose at him. "Will it take long?"

"Well, that all depends on where we decide to go—Honolulu, the South Seas, Paris—"

The wanderlust sparkle lighted her hazel eyes. "*Paris.* I've always wanted to go to Paris."

Yes, the clerk at the window informed them, they certainly could charter a yacht here for Paris. All depended on their imaginations. A radio in the boat? Sure—and the whole thing would be a total of just seventy cents.

Mac brought out his money grandly. "There you are, my man," he said.

Joyce was smiling delightedly, when all at once her heart missed a beat. Those detectives outside—they were watching her. She had come to know one of them by sight. Reardon. He was the big fellow. She caught her lips between her teeth and turned away. Well, her three years' probation would be up in a few weeks. Then, maybe, she could forget all about the marriage that had ended so disastrously in divorce and grief.

She and Mac went to the boat dock and pretty soon they were skimming over the lake in the small electric craft. The radio was playing some haunting fragments of melody. "Joyce," Mac said suddenly, "I've got to start for Tennessee by tomorrow. They've wired me."

She felt all squeezed up inside. Ah, Mac, she thought, I'll never hear you laugh again, I'll never be able to rumple that thick mop of curls, I'll never be able to tease you about that cleft in your chin. Ah, Mac. "Well—well anyway, we've had this day together."

"We could have a lifetime, Joyce."

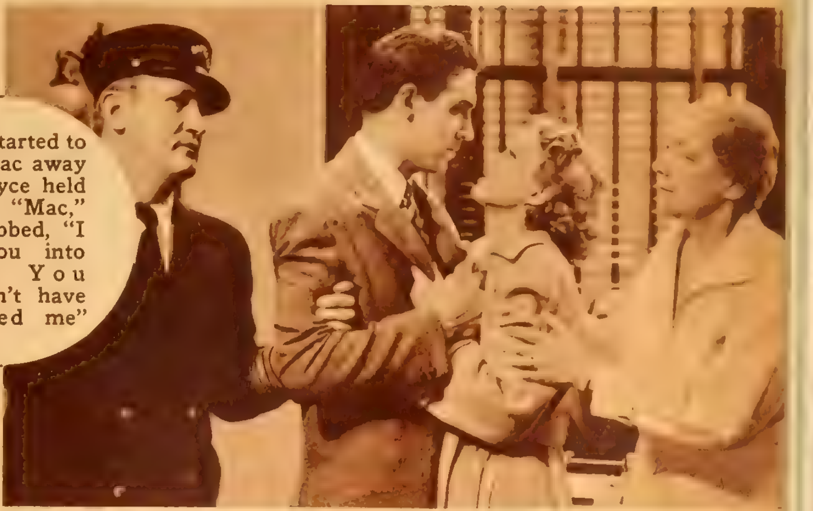
He had said that before but she had evaded it. She couldn't now. He was too dear, too important to her. Funny that such a short time ago they'd been strangers. He'd come into Pete's Drive-in Stand one night, ordered two of everything, hamburgers, coffee and pie, and insisted that she eat with him.

Then, as blithely as you please, he'd told her about himself. He was Fred MacNeil, a road construction engineer on his way to a job in Tennessee. And he was lonely. What could she *do* about it? In spite of past experience with "mashers," Joyce couldn't resist him. And now she was glad she hadn't. It had been such a grand evening, going to the movies, and dancing afterwards. And when they'd come back she had made coffee

LECTRIC BOATS
AND
CANOES
Hour
5 10

Mac drew Joyce to the gate of a little boathouse. "You mean to say you're not going on this cruise with me?"

Oh, they mustn't suspect them, they mustn't, Joyce wept wildly. "Mac, Mac, tell them how it was. As we came in the door—"



They started to lead Mac away but Joyce held tight. "Mac," she sobbed, "I got you into this. You shouldn't have married me"

"All I want," Peggy grated, "is a chance to get you alone." Then she leaped at Joyce like a wild animal

"Isn't it wonderful, Mac?" Joyce said softly. "We're free—and together again." Then the moon, the sky faded as Mac took her in his arms

in her kitchenette and they'd talked some more.

She moistened her lips. "Listen, Mac," she said faintly. "You may change your mind when I tell you that I've been married before—"

He twisted the dial of the radio. "But you're not married now?"

"No, I divorced him." He was intent on the radio. "Please listen." The very memory of it was like a terrible ache. Walter Ferris had been at a party given by a school chum and been attracted by Joyce's delicate, flowering beauty. Of course, she thought, remembering back, when your parents are dead and you're on your own there's no one to warn you against a handsome stranger with a background that won't stand probing. "You must know, Mac. He was a thief, a gangster. He was arrested. We both were. They sent him to prison. The jury acquitted me."

The announcer's voice came over. "Have you tried Cotters Tipless Shoelaces?"

"No, and I'm not going to," Mac declared. He switched the dial to some music and pulled Joyce into his arms. "By the way, have *you* tried Cotters Tipless Shoelaces?" He glanced at his watch. "Listen, we can still make the marriage license bureau if we hurry."

She gave him a helpless smile. "Mac, you haven't listened to a thing I've said."

"You haven't answered me."

Her eyes misted over and then her arms crept around him. "Of course I'll marry you, darling," she said huskily, "if you really want me." . . .

They had just sixty seconds to spare when they got to the License Bureau and the marrying justice tied the knot with one eye on the clock and the other on the door. But the words, "And now I pronounce you man and wife," still echoed beautifully in Joyce's ears as they drove back through the city in Mac's roadster. They had stopped off at Pete's to tell him the news but now she asked, "Where are we going, Mac?"

"Just be patient, Mrs. MacNeil."

She chuckled. "So I've married one of those strong silent men." Then she stared as they drove into a wooded glen and a man, standing beside a shiny brand new trailer, stepped forward and greeted them.

"Good evening, Mr. MacNeil. Just as you ordered it, sir. All ready to pull up anchor and roll. A pleasant honeymoon." He nodded and left.

Joyce gasped. "Oh, it's a *gorgeous* trailer." Then a thought came to her. "But, Mac, how did you know I was going to marry you?"

He grinned and swung her into his arms. "I wasn't sure, Mrs. MacNeil. If we didn't

[*Continued on page* 58]

"HOLLYWOOD SCARED ME SILLY!"

SAYS

BRENDA MARSHALL

TO

GLADYS HALL

A PHILIPPINE GLAMOR GIRL VIA BROADWAY, BRENDA WAS SCARED OF HOLLYWOOD, ITS BIG NAMES AND GLAMOR GIRLS. NOW CAUGHT UP WITH IT SHE WANTS TO STAY

HOLLYWOOD was a big Bogey Mans to Brenda Marshall, whose name, given in baptism was Ardis Ankerson, whose married name is Ardis Gaines. Hollywood, the mere idea of it, *her* idea of it, scared the slim, dark girl "silly."

First, she told me, there was the Bigness of it. There was the formidable fact of so many people in it. Or rather, they were not *people,* not the kind of people one knows, working people, plain people, flesh-and-blood people who can look tired and sweaty and stringy-haired and occasionally dishevelled . . . the kind of people you may see, for instance, back-stage in some midnight theatre after a day and night of gruelling work. No, the people in Hollywood, thought Brenda, are all so Poised, all so Successful, all so Beautiful and Smooth. All the girls, she fancied, look just like Marlene Dietrich, Ann Sheridan or Joan Crawford; all the men just like Clark Gable, Robert Taylor or Tyrone Power. Their clothes, their cars, their homes, their gardens, their parties were, she gloomed, of a sinister Perfection which sprang, full-bodied at birth, from the loins of the Great God Studio, itself a mammoth epitome of the Machine Age functioning with inhuman perfection. . . .

"It didn't seem a human place," Brenda told me, "I thought I'd feel like a mortal who had stumbled into Oz. . . ."

The Glamor Girls scared Brenda. . . . "I never had any idea of being glamorous," she said, "until I knew I was coming to Hollywood. Then I wondered what I could do about it and decided there was nothing I could do about it, or would if I could" . . . (what Brenda, an extremely modest young lady in her own esteem, didn't take into account was that Ma Nature had already "done it"

[*Continued on page* 78]

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

New Type of Hiccups

■ Holly-wise Crack-o'-the-month—was Ken Murray's description of a gal dancer he was eyeing in that Sunset Boulevard nite-spot, the other dawning. Lipped Ken: "When that gal rhumbas, her lips hiccup!"

Appeasement

■ Disappointment smacked down all the let's-be-there-when-it-happens gang, who under one pretext or another managed to clutter up the sound stage on the first day of shooting for M-G-M's *Strange Cargo.*

That's the picture in which, you know, Joan Crawford and Clark Gable share top billing. And for weeks, the rumor has hottened Hollywood, that Joan and Clark were about as friendly as a couple of strange cats, and that when they got together, the temperamental fur would fly all over the set.

So what happened?—so Joan smiled at Clark, and Clark smiled at Joan, and it remained for Joan's famous dachshund "Puppchen" to provide the only warfare. The dog took one look at Gable, growled a bit, and then tried to bite off one of the Gable ankles.

England's Muriel Angelus likes U.S. so well, she'll become citizen. Won laurels in B'way musicals. Now with Paramount and *The Light That Failed*

While Charles Boyer was first Hollywood star to go to war, the French Army sent him home. Can do more good here. American girls agree.

After waiting two years for big role Ilona Massey comes through with Nelson Eddy in *Balalaika*

Radio vocalist Ruth Terry won screen test, but waited two years for decent role like one in *Send Another Coffin*

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Joan made up for it—and completely dampened all onlookers' hopes for open warfare, when she invited Clark into her dressing-room, for coffee. . . . And Clark went.

Snicker

■ Snicker of the month is at the mordaunt sense of humor of whomsoever it was who cast Melvin Douglas, of ALL people, in *Ninotchka,* the picture that laughs at Communism!

Tease

■ Bill Powell seems to be stealing some of John Barrymore's stuff. It's John, you know, who's famous for those utterly outrageous things he says and does in the presence of such nice ladies. Well, look what Bill Powell did—

The other day, Bill strolled out from his house to take his daily sunbath. He was wearing an ankle-length bathrobe, to be sure.

And on the back lawn, Bill came upon three of those pests who clutter up Hollywood no end—the uninvited tourists who, somehow or other, manage to invade the privacy of stars' estates [*Continued on page* 73]

Triple-threat dancing triangle Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, George Murphy put over *Broadway Melody of 1940*

Best-seller *Rebecca* reaches screen. Joan Fontaine plays the second *Mrs. de Winter*, Laurence Olivier as hubby

Gloria Dickson, one of the best of the younger actresses, turned on talent and charms in *On Your Toes*

In that race for top glamor girl most of Hollywood agrees Lana Turner out-oomphs all

THEY FOUND HER AMONG THE ADS

By E. J. SMITHSON

BRENDA JOYCE WOULD STILL BE POSING FOR PRETTY GIRL ADS IF PRODUCER ZANUCK HADN'T FOUND HER DECORATING A SHOE AD IN A MAGAZINE. BUT IN TRIUMPHING OVER 60 GIRLS WHO WERE TESTED FOR "THE RAINS CAME" SHE HAD TO SHOW TALENT AS WELL

THE first time we ever saw Brenda Joyce she was in a boat and paddling her perilous way through a California mist that apparently had gotten delusions of grandeur and decided that it wasn't going to play second faucet to a cloudburst.

We could see with half an eye that Brenda wasn't any too happy about the predicament she was in and we couldn't blame her because every so often, pop, would go another plug from underneath a raincloud and down would come this ambitious "mist" harder than ever.

It kept right on pouring. And Brenda, wetter than a tubful of Pacific Ocean, kept right on paddling, steering her leaky craft through and around debris that ranged from chicken-coops to dead pigs until she finally arrived at a house that stood almost porch-deep in the raging waters.

We were mighty thankful when George Brent managed to pull her to safety because the boat sank a moment after she left it. We were mighty thankful, too, to see that Brenda was so well taken care of after her rescue. Two nurses and a doctor packed her off to her dressing-room where she was given a check-up, a change of clothing and, we hoped, a pat on the shoulder for her acting efforts in what had been the first sequence in the first day's shooting of *The Rains Came*.

That sequence likewise marked the first time Brenda ever had stepped before a movie camera to take part in the actual filming of a motion picture. It was, as Director Clarence Brown said later, a tough assignment to give a beginner, but he wanted her to register horror without being coached, and giving her the works right off the bat was just the medicine.

Brenda attested to that when we saw her at lunch. She said she was never so frightened in her life as when she set out on that initial boat ride. Director Brown had occasion to register a little horror himself when Brenda casually informed him that she couldn't swim a [*Continued on page* 76]

By
CRAIG
BUNKER

WHAT'S DAVIE NIVEN UP TO NOW?

DAVIE'S OFF TO WAR BUT BRITAIN DOESN'T WANT HIM—YET. HE MAY RETURN WITH A BRIDE—JACQUELINE DYER—WHICH'LL MAKE HOLLYWOOD MAMAS HOPPING MAD

HILARIOUS Davie Niven, Hollywood's most charming clown, is "off to the wars"—ta-ra-ra-ra-tiddle-ti-dum-tra-rumdeay!

At least, that's what they'd like you to believe—Davie and his press-agents and his palsie-walsies. Maybe, even Davie himself believes it; I wouldn't be surprised, because Dave's the sort of fiendishly ingenuous lad who persists in believing all about Santa Claus and storks and things like that, because life is cuter, that way.

BUT—unless they watch it very, very carefully, this latest high-sounding adventuring of Davie's assorted career is very likely to fizzle like a wet firecracker. Because—if you MUST have the truth—despite Davie's fanfare departure for the colors, England hasn't the slightest wish to have him there! And as a matter of fact, Davie's flying off to London in the face of the British consul's own advice that England'd much rather have him stay in Hollywood . . . !

And—if we may step beyond the fact into the realm of not badly-founded probability—there lurks the further probability that when Davie gets to London, he won't join the colors at all—but instead, will quite probably marry Jacqueline Dyer, that little English gal-friend of his who's [*Continued on page* 80]

William

HOLDEN

When Bill won his battle in *Golden Boy* rival studios ganged up on Paramount for his services. Warners grabbed him for its *Invisible Stripes*

Lady Esther says

"You can't expect to win NEW LUCK if you wear an Old Shade of Powder!"

It's really important to find your lucky, most flattering face powder shade!

Is the powder shade that flattered you once . . . spoiling your charm today? Find the one shade of my powder that's lucky for you *now!*

HOW MANY MONTHS have passed since you *checked up on your face powder?* Can you be sure that *right now* you're not wearing a shade of face powder that is robbing you of your charm, perhaps ruining your chance for popularity?

The shade you wore as little as four months ago can be *all wrong* for your skin as it is *today.* For your skin tones change with the seasons—and the one right shade will flatter you, but the wrong shade can make you look older—*years* older.

That's why I make my powder in ten lovely and lucky shades. This year my new Rachels are particularly flattering. And in every one of my 10 shades you will see not the dead grey of a coarse, dull powder... but only the opalescent film that lets your own true beauty come shining through.

LADY ESTHER POWDER

Find your lucky shade. Send for all ten of my shades which I am glad to send you *free.* Perhaps my new Champagne Rachel will be your lucky one—perhaps Brunette—or Natural. Compare all ten—don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade for you.*

Make the "Bite Test". When you receive my ten shades, make the "Bite Test," too. Put a pinch of the face powder you are now using between your teeth and grind your teeth slowly upon it. If there's the slightest particle of grit in the powder, this test will reveal it.

Next, make exactly the same test with Lady Esther Face Powder. *And you will find not the tiniest trace of grit.* Now you'll understand why Lady Esther Face Powder never gives you that flaky, "powdered" look and why it clings so perfectly for *four full hours.*

So write today for my glorious new powder shades. Find the one that transforms you into a lovelier, luckier *you!*

Men's eyes will tell you when you've found your Lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (52)

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ State________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

ROUNDING THE CURVES

By DENISE CAINE

WHETHER YOU HAVE TO PUT WEIGHT ON OR TAKE IT OFF TO GET THE RIGHT FIGURE TAKE ELEANOR POWELL'S GOOD ADVICE ON ROUNDING THOSE CURVES

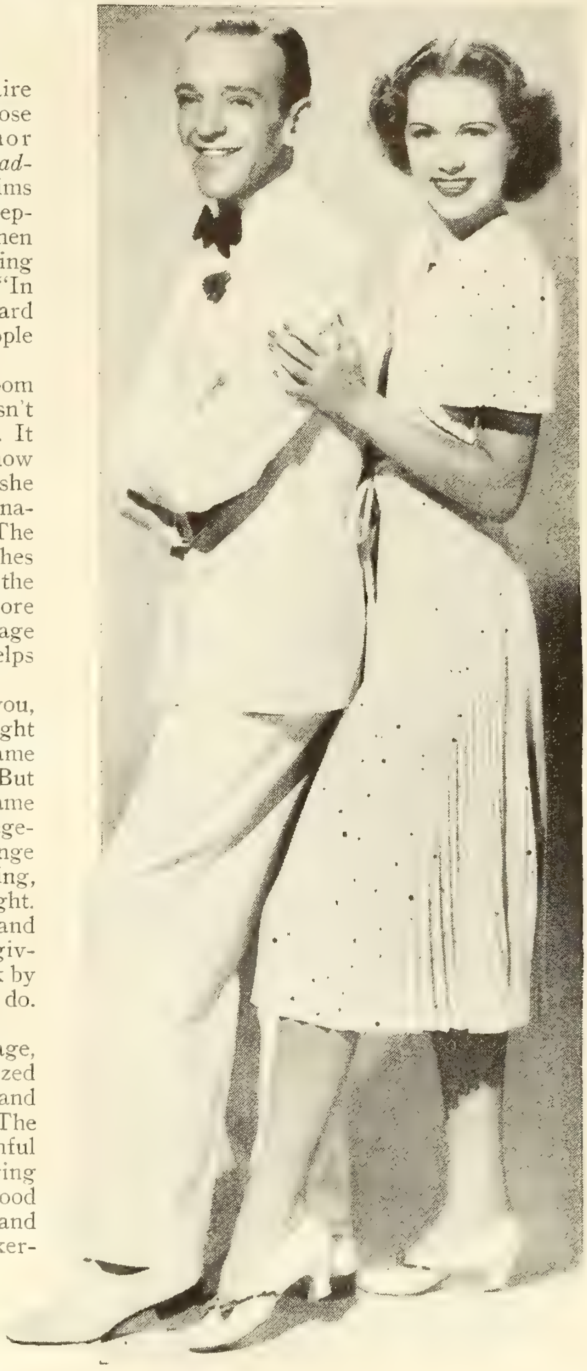
DANCING with Fred Astaire shouldn't be anything to lose weight over—but Eleanor Powell, his partner in *Broadway Melody of 1940,* claims that she has a hard time keeping her precious pounds when she dances. "And it's no fun trying *not* to lose weight," she told me. "In fact, I have to work every bit as hard to gain a few pounds as most people do to lose ten."

Eleanor's backstage dressing-room was filled with roses—but it wasn't their perfume that filled the air. It was carnation! When I asked "how come," Eleanor explained that she always had a rubdown with carnation cologne after dancing. The cologne cools her off and refreshes her, and the massage relaxes the muscles of her back and legs. More than that, the specialized massage stimulates the circulation and helps build up her weight.

You wouldn't think, would you, that someone trying to keep weight up would go about it in just the same way you should to lose it? But Eleanor does. She follows the same type of diet—plenty of fresh vegetables and fresh fruits, with orange juice plus beaten egg in the morning, lemon juice and hot water at night. She eats lots of rare roast beef and steak for their energy and blood giving qualities. And she drinks milk by the quart—just as you should do. Milk is not fattening!

Beside that body building massage, Eleanor does exercises, specialized ones that help her add pounds and inches where she wants them. The deep knee bending she is so faithful to, keeps her legs from acquiring dancer's muscles and is equally good for paring down large hips and slimming waistlines. Another exercise she has done ever since she started dancing is as good for reducing bulgy thighs as it is for limbering up Eleanor's lissome limbs. She lies flat on the floor, with her legs held down tight—from hips to heels. Then, still keeping her knees flat on the floor, she stretches her toes as far forward as possible, holds them there for a count of ten, then back to the first position. You'll feel the pull all down your legs when you repeat this simple exercise. Remember, don't lift your knees!

I could go on from now to doomsday describing exercises, but you're probably much more interested in some of Eleanor's other beauty tricks. So I suggest that you write me personally about your figure problem—I'll be glad to prescribe exercises to build you up—or wear you down! Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter.



Fred Astaire and Eleanor Powell step out together in *Broadway Melody of 1940*

Have you ever noticed, when you exercise, how strained your throat and facial muscles become? Eleanor suggests that you apply a liberal coat of lubricating cream, patting it gently into your throat and face, before you go into your routine. Then when you stretch and pull you won't stretch the dry skin dangerously.

Of course you should exercise in front of an open window—you won't feel even mid-winter cold after you've gone through a few bends and twists. And don't skip a warm, relaxing bath after exercising. Your tub isn't only a cleanliness measure to get rid of the oils and perspirations your workout has brought out on the body. The warm water soothes your muscles and prevents their becoming stiff and sore from the unaccustomed labor. Try leaving that film of cream on while you're in the bath—the warmth from the water increases its lubricating action. Wipe the cream off with tissues, after stepping from the tub, and pat on an astringent or skin freshener to firm the skin and tighten the pores.

YOU can have a rubdown after your exercises just as easily as Eleanor Powell can after her dancing. And you can get just as much good out of it as she does. Slap cologne all over your body—and I mean slap. Pat it into your skin vigorously. Then rub it down your legs—keeping those toes pointed the while. Pinch it into your thighs and hips, with a lift, squeeze and roll off that extra flesh there. Do the same to any spare tire at your waistline—the new fashions call for curves, not rolls!

Eleanor parts that curly honey blond hair of hers in the middle—so it will [*Continued on page* 63]

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Do you need exercises for your figure or a new hairstyle especially designed to flatter your face? Do you need advice on the winter care of a dry skin? Tell Denise Caine your troubles, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply. The address is: Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

I had the Spotlight Jitters

I don't know how it is in your town, but in ours "Amateur Night" is a real event. Everybody goes. Anyone who has a talent tries for a chance. I practiced my song-and-dance act for weeks and then . . .!

When the big day came it proved to be one of my "difficult days." Not only was I frightened to pieces to wear a white costume before all those eyes, but chafing made dancing a torture. So . . .

I decided I'd give up the whole idea—when my singing teacher came to the rescue! "Little goose!" she laughed, after hearing my woes. "Haven't you heard about Miracle Modess with that wonderful new feature—'Moisture Zoning'?" And . . .

In less than a minute she had rounded up some Modess and was showing me why "Moisture Zoning" is the grandest comfort-discovery in years—because it acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad, leaving the sides dry and soft longer than ever before! I certainly was impressed, but she wasn't through.

"Just look at this Modess filler," she went on. "It's a *fluff*-type filler—so different from layer-type napkins. Just as downy as a powder puff! And see, Modess has a moisture-resistant backing—it's *safer*, too!" She sprinkled some water on it and not a drop passed through. Well, *that* was enough for me!

Thanks to her tip, I went out there before that crowd as self-possessed as you please and sang and danced my best. And when school's over, I'm to try my act on a larger stage. Maybe I'll never be a big-time star, but anyway I got my chance, thanks to teacher and that wonderfully comfortable Miracle Modess!

Now—New Miracle Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning"

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 12]

When old Tarzan mans steps out of picture, Lupe Velez gets new Tarzan *queek.* She lights pipe of Art La Shelle, new Tarzan Toots, at Roosevelt Blossom Room

Rosemary Lane presents Buddy, her Irish terrier. He was left like an orphan on her doorstep by anonymous admirer—probably Buddy Westmore. Dog is named for him. And he may be marrying Miss L.

a desert island with. Well—my island isn't desert, and I'll share it with you any time you say the word. What say?"

Lana say no.

■

MOST eyebrow-raising gesture of the month, in the Hollywood merry-go-round, is the classified ad put in a New York paper by Dan Topping, advertising to the world that he'll not be responsible for any debts incurred by his wife—Arline Judge, to you.

And that comes right after Hollywood gasped when Dan made that half-million-dollar settlement on Arline, as part of their marital bust-up!

Meantime, from New York comes whispers that Mary Brian, the perennial gal-friend of Hollywood, is helping Topping forget Arline.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Johnny Myers and Steffi Duna—
Two hearts beating right in tune-a!!

■

AFTER a half-year's continental separation, Jean Parker and her newspaperman-hubby George MacDonald, are seeing each other again, in the East, as Ol' Man Tattler writes this.

And all Hollywood is holding its fingers crossed for a reconciliation between these two!—despite the reports that all they're going to do is settle the details, so that Jean can take it into court.

■

AND so, at long, long last, Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler are further apart than the quarter of a century, or so, which lies between them in years. . . .

After endless repetitions of the good old Hollywood denials, the Jolsons finally made it official with the separation which was followed, without a moment's waste of time, with Ruby's divorce suit.

"Cruelty" charged Ruby. "Ruby and her family just went too social," replied Al. And then Al flew East, with his heart as heavy as a ton of lead, because no foolin', he did and still does love that cute Irish gamin he married. And with all the sentimental emotionalism that makes Hollywood what it is, Ruby and Al, with that divorce suit between them, staged a necking act at the airport that left the crowd limp. Four successive times Al came clambering back out of the plane to grab Ruby and get another good-bye-forever kiss. And when the plane finally did roar off, Ruby's eyes were wet with tears, and Ol' Tattler'll lay a dime to a doughnut that Al was bawling like a baby for its ma-a-a-a-ammy in that plane.

It ended an eleven-year marriage—and one of the things Al said about that was: "I'd rather have been married eleven years to Ruby than any other gal a whole lifetime!" Last September, they filled the whole Trocadero with their tenth wedding anniversary party.

The financial settlement which Al made for Ruby and their adopted baby, runs into the five-figure numbers.

■

MOST Tiresome Romance-Item of the Month:

Sonja Henie and Alan Curtis are reported that way.

Next?

■

HOLLYWOOD wisenheimers are grinning wryly over columnists' predictions that Betty Grable is going to marry Art Shaw, the tootle-leader. The inside boys with the wise money are willing to bet that —of ALL things!—she'll be remarrying Jackie Coogan before a year's gone by!

Meantime, they're both putting up a smoke-screen to hide their heart-ache. Jackie

[*Continued on page* 68]

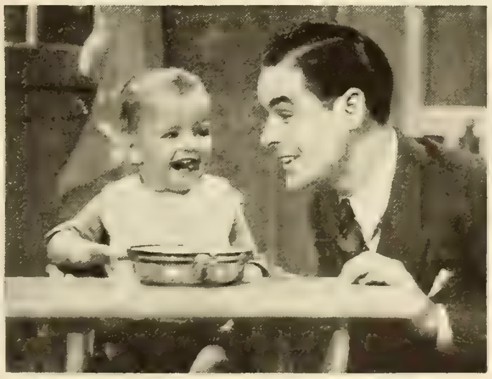
It was church wedding at Del Monte for Andrea Leeds who became bride of Bob Howard, California socialite and son of Seabiscuit's owner. They kiss, cut cake

"Shall we give it to Daddy? . . . Look—look, Daddy loves it! He'll take it all, if you don't eat it up quick!". . .

Silly, eh? That's what a baby thinks, too. *You don't need tricks if he likes the taste!* He's bound to like Clapp's and thrive on them. You'd like them ever so much better yourself!

Cut the comedy and try Clapp's . . .

BABIES TAKE TO CLAPP'S!



There's no mystery about it really. Clapp's are garden-fresh when canned. That's one thing. They're ever so lightly salted according to doctors' directions—that's two. And years of plant-breeding and soil selection have made them rich in the minerals and vitamins that go along with appetizing flavor . . . Open up several different kinds of Strained Spinach, for instance, and taste them. You'll be astonished at the extra freshness and goodness of Clapp's!

Here's another point you might not notice—but babies do. Clapp's have just the right texture to give a baby's tongue real exercise without getting it into trouble. Babies appreciate that. So do doctors—they've been giving us tips about what babies like in texture and flavor for 19 years. For Clapp's is not only the oldest baby foods house—it is the only one of any importance that makes nothing *but* foods for babies and young children.

Clapp's
CARROTS
Clapp's
CHOPPED
VEGETABLE SOUP

17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.

12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Junior Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apple Sauce • Prunes • **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice with Raisins.

Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

Women Without Names

[*Continued from page* 46]

show up by six, the man was going to take it back and tear up the check." Then he crushed her warm, soft lips in a long, yearning kiss.

Since the trailer had an ice-box, simply bursting with food, Joyce fixed dinner there. Afterward they started out for her place to pick up her things and, as Mac said, "Then Tennessee or bust."

At the door of her room, Mac stopped and lifted her over the threshold. "It's the custom," he said, "even if we're not going to live here."

But suddenly, a shot rang out. Then another. It was from the kitchenette. Joyce went icy cold.

Mac switched on the lights and she rushed forward. There, in the doorway of the kitchenette, Sergeant Reardon was slumped over. No one else was there. She looked around wildly. One of the bullets had sent the Sergeant to his death. The other had smashed the glass of her little cupboard where she had mended it with adhesive tape last week. "Mac," she cried, "do something."

His face was white. "I'd better call the police—"

But all at once the door burst open and the roomers all stood there. An excited buzz went up. One of the men stepped forward. "Well," he sneered looking at their bags, "so you was all ready to leave town."

"Yes," Joyce panted, "we—" she stopped short. Oh, they mustn't suspect *them,* they mustn't. "Mac, Mac, tell them how it was. As we came in the door—"

He put his arm around her. "Don't get excited, honey." Then he held up the gun and said to the others, "I found this on the floor in the kitchen. We were just coming in the door when suddenly we heard—"

He stopped talking. Everyone was facing him with tightly pressed lips and stony eyes. But their thoughts seemed to come through in a rasping whisper. "Guilty . . . They did it . . . Guilty . . . They shot him. Guilty. . . ."

EVEN in her worst moments of nightmare, Joyce couldn't have believed that this terrible thing could happen to her and Mac. All through the first hours when they were taken into custody, even afterwards, while the trial was in progress, it didn't seem possible that they'd be convicted. But slowly, inexorably, the trap closed. There was Joyce's background, her marriage to Walter Ferris, the fact that she was out on probation.

It all built up into an airtight case. She had never told MacNeil about her part, thundered District Attorney Marlin to the jury. And when Sergeant Reardon came to her house, seeking Ferris, she so inflamed her new husband against the officer, that he attacked Reardon and murdered him.

Joyce's head swam with it and her ears pounded with the dread verdict that she could hear on all sides, "They killed him."

Then too, there were the other factors that contributed to the conviction. Hugh Gilman was a powerful political leader who knew how to steer his proteges right. And he had assured Gilman that a conviction on this case would be surefire in his coming campaign for District Attorney. No, though Joyce and Mac never really understood it, they were helpless cogs in a political machine that was out to grind them into dust. On a terrible grim day of rain and sleet the jury brought in its verdict of guilty and Joyce and Mac, handcuffed to each other were driven off to prison.

At the Warden's office, they started to lead Mac away but Joyce threw her arms around him. "Mac," she sobbed. "I got you into this. You should never have married me. I should never have let you." Warden Rynex looked away. He was a not unkindly man and the plight of these two lost souls brought moisture to his eyes. Mac grasped her slim shoulders. "Joyce, darling, don't. Everything's going to be all right. We're not guilty and we know it. When our case is appealed we'll be freed."

She put her lips to his then in a long, feverish kiss. "You've got to forgive me. You've got to tell me you forgive me."

In his eyes blazed all his eternal love. "You mustn't say that honey." He drew her close against him. "*I* don't know why we're here, so how could it be your fault?" Then he smiled down at her. "And we did have an awfully good time, those few weeks together. That almost squares this—"

Quietly, brokenly, she said, "Goodbye, Mac. . . ."

He shook her, a little roughly. "Don't say goodbye, dear. Just say—so long."

She smiled wanly. "So long—Mac."

Matron Inglis took her to the dormitories. There she would stay, she was told, unless her conduct made it necessary for her to be transferred to a cell. "All right, Ivory," the Matron called out to a large, smiling Negress, "Have MacNeil outfitted right away."

When the matron had left, Joyce's strength flowed from her limbs and she fell to her cot in a torrent of tears. Then she saw Ivory sitting beside her, weeping a little for her, too. "I'm sorry," Joyce sobbed, "I—I—"

Ivory patted her head. "Oh, dat's all right, honey," she sniffled, "Ah've been to jail 'bout nine times mahself and ev'ry time Ah arrives Ah turns on de rain like you done. But you gets used to it."

Joyce's eyes filled again. "I didn't kill him. Honestly I didn't."

"Neveh you mind, honey. Maybe you didn't. Me, I kinda believe you."

Joyce went to the tiny window. "Where—where are the men's cells?"

Ivory joined her. "Ovah here, honey, 'way 'cross de yard—but you can't see much." Joyce strained her eyes through the ventilator fan. "You never sees de men, honey, 'cepting now an' den when dey takes one up dem stairs, 'way ovah dere. See?"

"Yes, I see the stairs," Joyce said wonderingly. "Where do they go?"

Ivory shuddered. "To de death house. De fellas dat climb dem stairs don't nevah come back, honey."

And then Joyce's eyes dilated. Some one *was* climbing those stairs now. He was wearing a prison uniform and two guards were on either side of him. Her mouth twisted with horror. "Mac . . . Mac," she whispered and sank to the floor.

The deadly weeks passed and still there was no word of hope from their attorney. Joyce had been "taken up" by a group of the girls, each one rather nice in her own way. There was the Countess, the one with the sharp tongue and the soft heart who queened it over all the others because she had once been an international jewel thief. Pert little Ruffles, another new-found friend, was already planning her next blackmail coup when she got out. And then there was Susie dumb but honest in her own peculiar way, despite the fact that she was in for shoplifting.

One day, a new girl sauntered into the recreation room and some of the others greeted her like a long lost friend. "Hi ya, Peggy. Well, if it ain't Athens. Say, how's tricks, kid?"

All at once, though, Peggy's lips set in a thin line as she saw Joyce. She walked up to her and stood there, arms akimbo. Joyce backed away and the girl sneered. "Well, why don't you say something?"

"Why, what have you got against me?"

"Plenty."

"But—but I don't understand it. I never saw you before."

"Just the same," came Peggy's low, impassioned retort, "I hate you."

Ivory bustled up. "Heah now, why don't you pick out somebody else to hate, 'stead of this gal?"

Peggy swung on her and snarled, "Aw, sew up your face. She and I have got a lot to settle and she better not forget it. If it wasn't for her I wouldn't be here now."

JOYCE avoided the girl as much as possible. She was too heavy-hearted, too sunk in despair to wonder much about that strange hatred. Nothing really existed in the world but Mac—and what might happen to him.

And then one night they sent for her and she was taken into the reception room. She couldn't believe her eyes. "Mac!" she cried, running to him. She threw her arms around him. The guards were holding him tight. "Mac, Mac," she cried over and over again. "Mac, darling."

He tore himself loose from his captors and brought her into his embrace. "Joyce, dearest."

"Oh, my darling."

But all at once there was the flash of some exploding flashlight bulbs. Joyce couldn't believe it. Photographers. They'd brought them here for the newspapers. "Oh, Mac, it's a trick," she cried. Pain lanced through her like a red hot blade.

Burton, one of the trustees rushed in to separate them. He was smiling sardonically. "All right, you'll have to go now."

But Mac suddenly wheeled away from him, and dived at one of the photographers. In a trice he had grabbed the camera and smashed it to the floor. Instantly, one of the guards pulled a gun, but Burton hastily stopped him. "Put that gun away. Don't shoot him."

"Oh, Mac," Joyce wept, "why did they do this to us?"

One of the photographers spoke to the other. "This is the dirtiest job I ever covered. If Marlin wants publicity for his campaign he ought to think of something else."

Mac was trying to get to Burton. "They paid you for this, didn't they? You're not a man. You're not human."

"Shut your face."

"You won't shut my face until you get me on the end of that rope."

Back in the dormitories everybody set up a yell. Just wait till the Warden found out about this. There wouldn't *be* any Burton here any more. Matron Lowry, she was in on it too, only *she* wouldn't be found out so quick, she was such a tricky snake.

It was after supper one night and the girls were all in the recreation hall. The Countess beckoned to Ruffles and Peggy. Then she counted out the others and called, "Joyce,

[*Continued on page* 60]

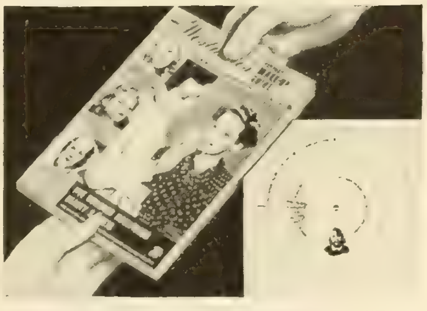
Glamour Makeup by Westmore
Ann Sheridan

STAR OF
"YEARS WITHOUT DAYS"
(A WARNER BROS. PICTURE)

When asked for a statement she wrote: *"Dear Perc—For outstanding beauty and color I'll take your make-up in preference to anyone else's under the sun."*

TAKE A BEAUTY HINT from Ann Sheridan—Above, Perc Westmore creates street make-up for Ann Sheridan with Westmore cosmetics, used exclusively in Warner Bros. pictures. Created by the four Westmore brothers, the screen's leading make-up experts. One secret of this glamour make-up is the wonderful Westmore Foundation Cream.

NOW YOU CAN HAVE this wonderful foundation cream . . . essential ground tone for a perfect make-up, as used by Hollywood stars! It's lasting, water proof, covers tired shadows, blemishes. Gives your complexion a youthful glowing look in bright day or evening lighting. In four glowing tones with powder to blend!



HERE'S YOUR AID TO BEAUTY..."Perc Westmore's Perfect Make-up Guide," with measuring wheel to show you your face type. Tells how to make up each type for more glamour...how to play up good features, play down poor ones. Gives make-up rules the Westmores use for the stars. At drug and variety stores everywhere, 25¢.

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Women Without Names

[*Continued from page* 58]

darling, I say. Get one more and make up another bridge set."

"Count me out," Peggy muttered. "I'm not playing bridge with—" she glared at Joyce, "—*that.*"

"I must say," the Countess drawled, "your actions are most peculiar."

Peggy's eyes were ablaze as she advanced on Joyce. "Every time I see you, I could. . . ."

"Cut it out," someone yelled.

Joyce flattened herself against the wall. Why, the girl must be crazy. "What's the matter with you?" she asked fearfully.

"All I want," Peggy grated, "is a chance to get you alone somewhere. You—you wonderful woman. Why, you—" Then, like a wild animal she leaped. Sick at heart, Joyce defended herself as best she could from the clawing, shrieking woman before her. But there was a scratch on her face and her hair was all pulled apart when Mrs. Lowry suddenly appeared. Peggy sprang away.

"What's going on here?" No one answered. "Well, MacNeil, what is it?" Mrs. Lowry turned to Peggy. "Did you start this fight?"

"Me?" Peggy asked brazenly. "Why should I start a fight? I just come here, didn't I? I don't want no fights."

Mrs. Lowry turned on Joyce. Her malicious eyes were narrowed. "Why did you pick a fight with her?" Joyce was silent. No use in answering. Mrs. Lowry had been ugly to her ever since that night of the—the photographers. And besides, the law of prison, she had discovered, was that you didn't squeal.

"Very well, MacNeil," the Matron snapped, "you lose your dormitory privilege for a month." She motioned to one of the others. "Take her to the cell block."

Ivory stepped forward. "Honey chile, why—"

"Shut up. Get going." At the door Mrs. Lowry turned. "And if there's any more trouble here, you'll all lose your privileges."

It was during her first week in the cell that Joyce realized the loyalty of her prison mates. One by one they came to her and assured her Peggy was getting hers.

Then, on the eighth day there, Mrs. Inglis came to her door. For a moment, Joyce's heart soared high when she saw her take out a paper. But as the woman's sympathetic gaze met hers, a tremor of fright went over her. Mrs. Inglis read the paper and her fears were reality. The appeal had been refused. Mac—was going—to die.

She was like a woman in a trance when she was summoned to Mrs. Inglis' office the next day. Briskly, the matron spoke. She had sent for MacNeil at the request of Athens. "She has something to say."

Peggy looked away sullenly. "I ain't got much to say—except, like I already told the matron, I started that rumpus last week. It—it wasn't your fault."

Mrs. Inglis nodded. "You've done MacNeil a great injustice, Athens, but you've partly atoned for it by coming here and telling the truth. Because you did that I won't administer punishment. I'll leave that to MacNeil." She spoke to Joyce. "MacNeil do you want Athens to finish your term in the prison cell block?"

Joyce's lids lifted heavily. What did it matter? What did anything matter but what was going to happen to Mac? It was soon—soon. Only three more nights. "No, ma'am."

Outside, Peggy looked at her curiously. "Why didn't you make me take that rap in the cell block?"

Joyce spoke wearily. "What good would that have done me?"

"Well," Peggy pointed out, "when you hate somebody and you do something to them, don't that do you some good?"

"I don't know." Why shouldn't she let her alone. "I've never hated anyone."

"Not even me? For framin' you?" Joyce turned away and shook her head. "Maybe," Peggy said, very softly, "that's what he meant—when he said you was diff'rent."

IT WAS just one more night now and then Mac would be gone. Anguish was a knife twisting in her heart. She couldn't bear it, she couldn't. He mustn't go like that, without her seeing him just once more.

They brought her to his cell that night and when she was in his arms she ran the tips of her fingers over his face. "Darling," was all she could sob through her tears.

He tilted up her chin. "You look swell, Joyce. Like a million dollars. I've been all right too."

But she *couldn't* be brave. She buried her head against his chest. "Oh, Mac, it's all my fault. I wish you'd never met me."

"I don't. I'm mighty glad to have known you, Mrs. MacNeil." He made her look up at him again. "Of course we haven't really spent much time together—"

She tried to play the game. "But how c-could we, with you away building roads and bridges?"

Now it was he who broke the pretense. "It seems like a million years ago."

"Don't, Mac, don't."

"I can't help it. I've tried not to think about those days when you and I found each other but it's no use. They were the happiest days of my life."

"Yes," she said softly, "I've lived them over too, minute by minute, a thousand times. Oh, Mac," she wailed, "why can't we take that love outside with us? We're innocent. Why can't we make them know it?"

His face twisted queerly. "I think," he said in an odd hushed voice, "If we could get out into the world, in a crowd of strange people and tell them who we were, we'd convince them we're innocent and they'd help us. But that's only a crazy dream."

Suddenly and for no real reason, new life surged through her. Her eyes shone. "Mac, somehow I'm not afraid any more. We're just having a talk, you and I—"

He nodded. "Until the next time."

"Yes, until the next time. Hold me tight, dear. . . ."

But all her exultation vanished as she had turned down her own corridor a bit later. It was easy being brave in Mac's arms. Now, all she could think of was, "He'll be gone. He'll be gone. . . ."

She looked up as Peggy barred her way. "Joyce! I want to talk to you."

Her eyes were dull. "Not now, please."

"Your husband goes tomorrow night, don't he?" Joyce looked away. "Yes, yes he does," Peggy shrieked. "I saw the ropes from the window. And I can't stand it, I tell you."

Joyce stared at her. "What do you mean?"

"Listen," Peggy said tensely, "you never knew why I hated you. Well, it was account'a Walt."

Joyce drew in her breath. "Walter Ferris? You knew him?"

"Yeah. Your ex-husband. I—I was his girl."

Joyce felt something surge over her. Could it be hope? "But what's it got to do with me—and my husband?"

"Plenty." Peggy was rigid with tension. "Listen. I didn't want to talk. I don't want to talk now but I've got to. I can't keep it bottled up inside me no longer." Then, as if the secret were killing her she began to speak in short, jerky gasps.

Did Joyce want to know the truth about Reardon's murder? Well, Walter had done it. He had come to Joyce's apartment to see her. "Couldn't stay away from you," Peggy said bitterly. "Said you were the most wonderful woman in the world." She had followed him. In the midst of their quarrel Reardon had come in and Walt had pulled a gun. Then she had beat it with him out the kitchen door. Their tough luck though, was that a few weeks ago she and Walt had been picked up for passing forged checks. Seems Walter was so busy thinking about Joyce his hand had gotten shaky.

"But I didn't want a man to die that was innocent," she ended, "so—there it is."

And there it was before Warden Rynex a few minutes later. And even when the warden explained to Peggy that she would be held as an accessory to the murder, she said stubbornly, "The guy's innocent. He oughtn't to die."

Immediately, Marlin was sent for, but there was a little delay. After all, the assistant district attorney was campaigning. What did a man's life matter compared to that? With considerable heat the Warden told him just how much it mattered. Then, when he was certain that Marlin was on his way, he told the matron to bring up the girls. "And have them dressed properly," he said. "They may have to go outside right away."

Marlin arrived about an hour later and Rynex left the room.

"Now," Marlin said harshly, confronting the two girls, "what is this silly story your friend is telling, Mrs. MacNeil?"

Joyce stared at the man. Why, he didn't want to believe the truth, right from the start. "It isn't silly," she cried. "Let her tell you about it."

Peggy stepped forward and recounted the details of the night of the murder.

In the midst of it, Marlin interrupted. "But Mrs. MacNeil, she hasn't given me one iota of proof that she was there. And if you think I'm going to make a fool out of myself—"

"But she can prove it," Joyce said feverishly, "She can describe a crack on the glass door of the dish closet where I mended it with adhesive tape—"

"Nonsense. Now look, Mrs. MacNeil, there's nothing personal in this but you're giving me nothing to go on except the story of this girl, a criminal. Don't you see?"

She sank into a chair at the desk and put her head into her hands. "No, I don't see," she sobbed. "I see only that you won't do anything. No one in this prison will believe. There's no hope for us inside these walls."

Peggy ran to her. "Gee, kid, don't take on like that."

Tears were streaming from Joyce's eyes. Then suddenly she saw something through them. In a half-open drawer of the desk was a revolver. Her fingers moved and closed across it. "If we were outside," she said slowly, "we'd be believed." That's what Mac had said. "If we went to a newspaper office and told our story, thousands of people would be convinced." Now she brought the gun up. "Mr. Marlin, you're going to take us out with you and we're going to tell our story to the world. And if you refuse I'll kill you."

Marlin's eyes bulged. "Put down that gun, you little fool."

But Peggy let out a delighted yelp. "You think you can get away with it, Joyce?"

"Why not?" she demanded. Two round spots of scarlet burned on her cheekbones. "Warden Rynex has cleared the way for us—and you can say that I forced you to go with me. No one will see the gun. We'll both stay close to him."

"Then let's get started," Peggy chirped. "Boy, do I yen for some fresh air. Come on, Mr. Marlin."

"I won't do it," he quavered. He made a move toward the desk. "I'll call the guard."

Joyce stepped to him and placed the gun against his belly. "I'll—kill—you, Mr. Marlin," she said.

He backed away. "Very well—but don't lose control of yourself."

THEY made the car outside with greater ease than they could have imagined. Peggy got in front and Joyce sat in the back, the gun trained on Marlin who was at the wheel. "Ain't this great?" Peggy chortled. "He's taking us out in a police car."

But they had proceeded no more than a few miles when the radio spoke announcing the prison break. Joyce knew that she must act instantly. "Take the car, Peggy," she directed. She nodded significantly, "And remember we're in a hurry."

"Well," Marlin asked tremulously, "W-what are you going to do now? They k-know you're loose—"

Joyce leaned forward. "We don't need a newspaper office. Besides, there isn't time. We can tell our story to the world through that radio—and you're going to help us."

Marlin folded his arms. "I have nothing to say."

"Step on it, Peggy," Joyce said. "And I mean step on it."

"Here we go," Peggy yelled and go they did—at sixty, sixty-five, then seventy miles an hour, descending the road that wound around the steep hills. There were sheer drops on either side and suddenly Marlin began to gibber for mercy. "We'll be killed. Stop it. I'll talk, I tell you, I'll talk." And as Joyce put the microphone to him, he began with tremulous eagerness, "This is Assistant District Attorney Marlin speaking. Mrs. MacNeil and her friend did not break out of jail. On the contrary they are with me and I have just heard sufficient evidence to believe that Fred MacNeil is innocent of the murder charge against him—"

The papers rolled off the press the next morning with the whole story emblazoned across its front pages:

Wife Tells Murder Story to Marlin
Police Arrest Ferris Who Confesses

Yes, Mac had gotten his wish. Now the whole world knew and believed.

At nightfall Joyce walked into the wooded glen with him and they stood beside the trailer.

"Home, sweet home," she said softly. "Isn't it wonderful, Mac?"

He pointed upwards. "That's wonderful too. A moon—without bars across it."

She breathed deeply of the whole, free countryside. "I could just keep on staring and staring and staring—"

But Mac swung her up in his arms. He opened the door of the trailer. "That's what *you* think, Mrs. MacNeil." Then the moon and the sky and the world were all shut out as the door swung closed behind them.

SEEIN' DOUBLE

"I LICK TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
FELS-NAPTHA

Millions of women know that tattle-tale gray hasn't a chance—when the *golden* Fels-Naptha bar tackles the wash. They know it's the liveliest, busiest dirt-chaser that ever swished in a tub. But did you know this . . . ?

"ME TOO"
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS

You can now get Fels-Naptha in chip form, too! Huskier chips that work wonders just like the grand *golden* bar! Chips specially made to whisk *all* the dirt out of clothes—to banish tattle-tale gray! Now at last . . .

"I'M RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND NAPTHA"
FELS-NAPTHA
"ME TOO"
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS

You can get Fels-Naptha's *extra* help any and every way you wash! For in the chips as well as in the bar, you get richer, *golden* soap combined with that wonderful dirt-loosener, *naptha!* Use the bar for bar-soap jobs. See how quickly it hustles out dirt—without hard rubbing! See how gorgeously white and sweet it gets your clothes. And . . .

Wherever you've been using box-soap, put the new Fels-Naptha Soap Chips to work. They speed washing machines because they're HUSKIER—not puffed-up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they give oodles of rich suds because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. So try Golden Chips or Golden Bar—and banish tattle-tale gray.

COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

WHEREVER YOU USE BAR-SOAP—USE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP
FELS-NAPTHA

WHEREVER YOU USE BOX-SOAP—USE FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA—BAR OR CHIPS

VISITING FIREMAN SAVES LADY!

1. "Stop that noise!" pleads Mrs. Cates. "I've got trouble enough . . . with a sinkful of dishes—and the drain clogged tight!"

2. "My Ma knows how to fix clogged drains!" states Fire-Chief Billy, the boy from next door. "She uses some stuff in a can. I'll get her!"

3. Billy's Mother appears with Drāno—puts Drāno down the drain. It *digs out* all the clogging grease and muck—clears the drain completely!

4. "That's the easy, modern way to clear a clogged drain!" smiles the neighbor. "And a teaspoonful of Drāno every night helps *keep* drains clean!"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

Playing the Game of Hollywood Love

[*Continued from page* 27]

SO YOU see not only the players themselves take their catastrophes of the heart seriously but so does Hollywood, as a whole. Especially social Hollywood.

Some time ago when the romance between David Niven and Merle Oberon was brought to a finale, hostesses telephoned each other like mad.

"Isn't it wonderful David Niven is a bachelor again?" they cooed. The fact that David had never married in his life proves how seriously the town considers it all. To Hollywood the romance had seemed so sacred, like cows and things in India, that in their eyes, David could be nothing but a bachelor.

It's very beautiful, isn't it?

Now for the game. Let's take Doug, Jr. and Davie Niven.

Doug began with Crawford. Then he went to London and in the meantime, Joan had gone to Tone. Tone had gone to the Group Theatre and Joan to Charlie Martin. And Davie went to Virginia Bruce and Bruce to Cesar Romero and Cesar to Ann Sheridan with Virginia ending up by marrying J. Walter Ruben.

Loretta Young, along with Connie Bennett, is really the champion player in Hollywood. So proficient is Loretta in the game several males are still spinning around, not knowing what hit them. Loretta has to her credit one home run, Grant Withers, and plays a good clean game all the way through; one that makes Loretta an aunt by romance to practically every nice family in town.

Connie, back in the silent days, shuffled off Philip Plant for Gloria Swanson's ex-hubby, the Marquis de la Falaise. The Marquis was succeeded by Gilbert Roland, who, in turn, was passed along by Norma Talmadge, who annexed Georgie Jessel in the meantime, but now whom she's divorcing.

Oh, yes, men play it, too. They have no choice. Jimmy Stewart swings gaily from lovely to lovely.

Tyrone Power, a recent benedict, positively romped through the game sailing merrily from Janet Gaynor, who picked off Adrian (there's always a dark horse in every race) and on to Annabella.

Of course, the merry-go-round of romance may be the last thing a man wants to ride on. "Never," he cries. "I'll die first." But he doesn't. Very stealthily the thing creeps upon him and before he can take a deep breath, he's at a party with Loretta Young. Dazed, but happy.

So don't shout with laughter as the latest victim of the "I pass" dementia whirls by. Remember two days after you land here, you, too, may be engaged to Dorothy Lamour.

Which brings me tottering but still game to one final point. And an important one. It's the persistent rumors that float around to the effect that certain wives are "that way" about someone who already happens to be their own husbands. And vice versa.

"Is Lew Ayres interested in Ginger Rogers" or "Is Ginger casting eyes at Lew Ayres?" is a typical movie headline which sounds simple enough and would be if it weren't for the fact Lew is only married to Ginger with no legal separation whatsoever. That one little thing, you see, robs the whole business of its simplicity. A thing Hollywood can't understand—simplicity. Give them profundity and they're at home. Simplicity—and they're sunk. Which explains why a report that Madeleine Carroll carries the torch for Capt. Astley (her own husband) seems perfectly simple to Hollywood.

The fact Lew Ayres is married at all makes him a proper target for romance. And it might as well be Ginger as not, they figure.

NOW for a few customs, modes and manners of the victims lost in the love maze of Hollywood. They insist on being together constantly. Dinner hostesses who separate a pair of love-birds at table, seldom live to give another dinner. Gable sits by Lombard, Taylor by Stanwyck, Ty by Annabella and the others by just whoever happens to be "it" at the moment.

What they find to say to each other after three months, one year or even three years of it, no one knows. Not even they.

Someone reported listening to a dinner conversation between a pair of devoted love-birds one night and it went something like this:

"I'm tired."

"So am I."

"You said that last night."

"Well, you said it the night before."

"Oh, hush, I'm tired."

"So am I."

"You said that last night."

"Well, you said it the night before."

"Oh, hush—" and so on all through dinner.

Personally, I don't believe a word of it. But they sure looked tired.

Sometimes they play tricks. Then things really are dreadful.

Gable and Carole are tops in gags; even after marriage.

For instance, Gable sends Carole a horse. Carole sends Gable a buggy. Gable sends Carole a bushel of lawn seed and Carole sends Gable the fertilizer.

They never quite get together on things, you see, which makes it terribly, terribly funny. Take my word for it, people bend over and die laughing at two adults sending around an old horse. Even the horse laughs.

And now for one last revealing thing about Hollywood love.

It isn't love at all. It's friendship. And every player in the game is—guess who?—just a friend, of all comical people.

"Just friends," they all cry as they come up for a good long breath, "we're just friends."

Yep, just friends and loyal to the last embrace.

Rounding the Curves

[*Continued from page* 54]

fall backwards when she dances. A side part would be becoming, she thinks, but it just won't work for a dancer. All the hair would fall across her face—so she couldn't see whether she was dancing into the footlights or the backdrop!

Is your hair the soft kind that won't hold a wave long? So is Eleanor's, and she manages to keep it looking lovely by giving it special attention. A deft hair-dresser was setting it in rosebud curls while I talked with her—so that every hair would be in place for her next "personal appearance." At the studio, her very own hairstylist combs the curls into place between scenes. Eleanor herself does it up with curlers at night, and wears a net to bed to keep her wave in place.

Of course you don't have to part your hair in the middle to keep it out of your eyes when you exercise, but it would be a good idea to tie it back with a ribbon, or better still, to slip on one of those cute net turbans. You might get a head start by doing up your end curls before you begin exercising—then you won't have to go to bed with a wet head. The new curling lotions dry quickly, give your hair gloss, hold the curl longer.

Strenuous exercise brings oil and perspiration out on your scalp as well as elsewhere on your body, so you'll want to shampoo your hair often. Eleanor has two shampoos a week working at the studio, one otherwise. Those frequent shampoos haven't harmed her hair any more than they will yours. Be careful only to use a mild shampoo made by a reliable, well-known manufacturer—and your hair will be the lovelier for its cleanliness.

Do you bite your lips when you concentrate? They'll be in fine shape after your exercises! Why not chew gum instead—the purely mechanical process keeps you from getting tense or strained when you take that difficult bend, and it will stop that mouth worrying! The manufacturer of one high grade gum has prepared a set of exercises you may want, too. They're designed to strengthen the muscles of the mouth, correct double chin and iron out facial lines. Chewing the gum vigorously also helps to cleanse the teeth and exercise the gums. Write me if you'd like to know the name of the gum, and how to get the free exercises.

YOU'LL adore the grand new cream I found the other day. It's triple whipped, to make it just about the lightest, fluffiest thing you ever used. You can use it as a cleanser (it melts quickly so that you can remove it and the loosened dirt easily), as an overnight lubricant and as a powder base. It gives your skin just that bit of extra protection it needs in winter winds and steam-heated apartments. The cream has a delicate bouquet scent that's as pleasing to your nose as its lubricating and cleansing qualities are to your skin. There's a 10 cent size you can "sample," and larger jars at 25 and 50 cents.

Do be sure to write me for the name of twin French scents in an inexpensive cologne. One is a spicy, carnation-like fragrance that will perk you up when your exercises have worn you down. The other is a fresh, spring-like scent, guaranteed to make you forget all about the cold, sleety drizzle overhead and the slush underfoot. I think it's a grand idea to have both scents, so you can vary them with your mood—and the moment. The colognes are so highly perfumed that you'll be conscious of their fragrance long after

[*Continued on page* 65]

Lady Esther says

"Let me send you **12 SHADES** of **MY NEW 7 DAY NAIL POLISH FREE!"**

Choose your most flattering—your lucky nail polish shade—without buying a single bottle of nail polish!

WOULDN'T you like to be able to take the 12 newest, smartest nail polish shades and try each one of them on your nails at your own dressing table? You can do just that... and do it with amazing speed. For, in a jiffy, merely by holding one of Lady Esther's Magic Fingertips over your nails you can see exactly how each shade of polish—the actual polish itself—looks on your hands.

What are these "Magic Fingertips"?

They are life-like reproductions of the human nail... made of celluloid. Each wears a true tone of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. You see instantly which shade flatters your hands...accents your costume colors.

Choose your lucky shade, then ask for it in Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish at your favorite store. See how this marvelous new polish gives your nails gleaming, exciting loveliness for 7 long days. And just one satiny coat is all you need!

10¢
Lady Esther

FREE! Send For Your 12 Magic Fingertips!

Clip the coupon now for your 12 free Magic Fingertips. Let your own eyes reveal the one nail polish shade that gives your hands enchanting grace and beauty . . . that looks smartest, loveliest with your costume colors.

Lady Esther's

7-DAY

NAIL POLISH

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

LADY ESTHER, 7130 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me by return mail your Magic Fingertips showing all 12 different shades of Lady Esther 7-Day Cream Nail Polish. (52)

NAME ____________

ADDRESS ____________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

TO HELP WARD OFF SNIFFLES, many mothers start children on cod liver oil *early in the fall!* Many doctors say cod liver oil is unrivalled as a source of Vitamin A, so helpful in building resistance to common colds. And now THERE IS A BETTER WAY TO TAKE COD LIVER OIL . . . SCOTT'S EMULSION!

1—Scott's Emulsion has *all* the values of cod liver oil and is four times more easily digested.

2—Easily Digested—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach, whereas digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil passes into the intestines.

3—Easy to take—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.

4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Young Enough To Know Better

[*Continued from page* 37]

icing. I thought being an actress meant being conspicuous, so I 'went to town.' Now I—"

"—now, you're sorry,"I ventured.

The petite figure drew up even straighter in the incongruously tall, ladder-backed chair. A gold cigarette case dropped unnoticed and noiselessly from her hands onto the thick rug.

Ida looked hastily about the living-room of the English country house she and Louis Hayward, her husband of one year, only recently bought for themselves. It is far out from Hollywood, secluded on the palisades above the Pacific. Here there is peace and quiet.

"No," she replied slowly, "I'm only sorry that I haven't had more opportunity to pass on what I've learned to others. It's the best lesson this town can teach you—and the hardest. I hope I've learned it well—that it takes twice the amount of energy to put over a *synthetic personality* as it does to put over *yourself.* My plans today," smiled Ida, gravely, "are important because I've discovered that real self."

Certainly, this little Lupino with the large grey eyes, spent a good ten years out of her life on her lesson. She had argued at twelve, that she was old enough to be an actress. The whole Lupino family had been in the theatre, so that desire wasn't extraordinary. Her father was, and is, one of England's foremost figures of the theatre. He had enrolled Ida in an expensive private school. Within his walled garden in London he had ordered a minature theatre for her special use.

The plan was to give her a sound education first. Then, if she still wished to follow the family bent, her father would introduce her to the leading players and playwrights and producers and she could utilize these valuable contacts.

She stubbornly waved aside all his suggestions. Faced with open rebellion from Ida, her parents gave in. And so, at twelve, she became an extra in the British studios, masquerading as some years older and under the assumed name of Ida Ray. When she was fourteen she became a screen heroine, with no parental pull. Not until she was signed for her first lead did she reveal her true identity and resume her right name. Sometime later she was bound for Hollywood.

And then she proceeded to go unhappily haywire.

"My mother came with me, but I'm afraid I didn't listen to her as I might well have. After all, I argued, it was my career!

"I thought it was rather chic, like most young people with an inferiority complex, to talk rather rapidly about nothing at all—all the while trying to compete with others far more interesting than I and with infinitely more poise.

"I'm afraid I gave too much time to my hair, clothes and entertainment and not enough concentration on becoming a competent actress. But eventually—I came to! It took time, a long time, many days of facing a me that I suddenly didn't care for, a very synthetic young woman on the surface. But deep down inside I knew there must be something real—something which kept reproaching me, reminding me, *demanding* that I change.

"Suddenly, I was stricken with infantile paralysis. Through this enforced isolation I gained what no one or nothing else could have given me—a true perspective on myself. Lying flat on my back for week upon week, month upon month, I knew that what I had needed most was time for contemplation—time to get acquainted with myself. With perspective came the complete, clear picture. *Nothing was so right as being one's true self."*

AND over at Paramount Studio these days one hears from all sides exciting results of Ida Lupino's new lease on self. Ronald Colman and William Wellman were discussing her performance in *The Light That Failed* with a newspaper critic. "She is going to be truly great in this part," they agree.

One of Hollywood's little ironies: that at the studio where several years ago the Lupino lost herself in her search for an evasive glamor personality, she should have found today her true self and forte, a dramatic personality destined for the top.

"It's all too wonderful," Ida says, with a glow, "this new opportunity to do something really important in pictures. You see, before I was uncertain and indefinite about everything. Now I'm certain, so I can be definite about what I say and do. I'm happy now—because I know what I want. And I was so miserable while groping for things I thought I wanted.

"Louis and I have bought our first home and are furnishing it gradually. I've had to learn how much fun that could be. Several years ago the task of slowly furnishing a house would have been tedious and dull. I'd have wanted to get it over in one great rush—buy a raft of things, spot them here and there, and call it a day. But that isn't the way to enjoy anything, I've learned. Louis and I are treasuring every moment we have to spend on our home. We're hoping we never quite finish. It's so much fun wandering for hours about little antique shops, selecting this rare old piece and having the good sense to avoid others. Several years ago anyone could have sold me any sort of furniture. I collected a lot of modernistic things that were awful! Now I have developed an honest appreciation for really fine things.

"My new perspective has cleared my judgment on people, too. It was a shock to be snubbed by Louis the first time we met—but it wouldn't even occur to me that *I* was to blame. He told somebody later that I was a spoiled, dizzy blonde. I was indignant. Of all the nerve! Well, *he* was a stuffy, pretentious, actor! I should have *thought* a little about what he said. But I

[*Continued on page* 66]

Rounding the Curves

[*Continued from page* 63]

you've forgotten applying them! Try slapping the cologne on with squares of cotton, or rubbing it into your skin with the palm of your hand. A tiny bit of cotton, saturated with the cologne and stuck inside your bra will give off sweetness for hours. You can get dusting powder, talc and perfume in the same fragrance, for correspondingly low prices— the colognes come in two sizes, both under $1. Want to know more?

I HOPE you're not one of those girls who thinks the slightly darker shades of stockings worn in the winter make it unnecessary to remove superfluous hair. Because you're wrong. Unless you wear black cotton stockings, the fuzz is bound to show through as a darker shadow on your legs. And have you ever noticed how some of the coarser hair sticks right out through your stockings?

I've always been sort of leery of hair removers that work by pulling the hair off and out, even though I knew that the hair took longer to grow in again afterwards—until one manufacturer shamed me into trying his product just once. I went up to his salon in fear and trembling, and I got the pleasantest surprise of my life. Because there was no discomfort, and all my excess hair was off before I knew it!

This particular product is made of honey and various other substances, and is so pure that you can actually eat it—as I did. You heat the jar of cream in boiling water until it's about as soft as maple honey, or a semi-runny sugar and butter sauce. Then apply a thin layer, about two inches wide and six inches long, to your leg. Spread it on in the direction the hair grows. Press a strip of unbleached muslin firmly on this, then snap the strip off against the grain of the hair—on legs, from the bottom upwards. Repeat the procedure in another spot till you've removed all the hair. A complete deforestation shouldn't take more than a half hour, once you get into the swing of it. And you'll be pleased as punch with the length of time your legs will stay smooth and hairless. I had to have my legs done only twice all summer long, and that's something for me. The cream will not make superfluous hair grow in heavier, darker or coarser and it does not contain any chemicals that could give it a disagreeable odor. A two ounce jar of the epilator for home use costs only a dollar. Want the name?

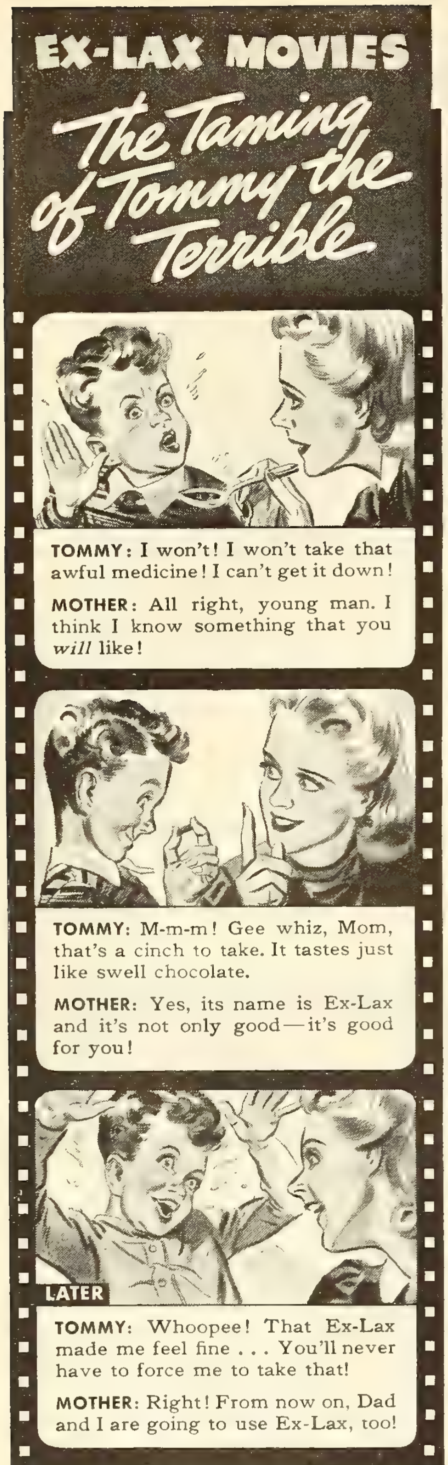
Winter's the time, too, when you should never slip up on the use of an anti-perspirant. Heavy clothes and tight sleeves induce just as much perspiration flow as does summer's heat. Two pints a day is the average amount you perspire summer and winter, all year round. Perspiration in itself is as natural as rain water, and just about as odorless. But when it is allowed to collect in one spot for long, when it is prevented from evaporating (tight clothes do just that), it decomposes or decays. That's when you'll notice body odor on your friends—and they on you.

The smartest thing and the daintiest is to check the perspiration in those confined areas like the armpits where it can't evaporate easily and where the sweat glands are so numerous. A perspiration stop is not dangerous to use because it merely re-routes the sweat to other less thickly clustered glands where it can evaporate freely . . . I'll be glad to give you the name of a cream "check" I've been using with success lately. It's pure white and fluffy, and it vanishes completely into the skin after application. You can use it right before dressing, because it won't stain your clothes, and immediately after shaving, because it can't irritate the skin. The cream takes effect instantly and goes on working for quite a time—you'll be free of perspiration bother from one to three days, depending upon your individual requirements. I'll be glad to give you the name of this anti-perspirant—it costs 10 cents for a small size, 25 cents for a large jar.

Write me before February 15 if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

IF NURSES COULD ONLY TELL!
HERE'S ONE STORY YOU MIGHT HEAR...
IT WAS YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. STEELE. HE WON'T BE ABLE TO GET TO THE HOSPITAL TO SEE YOU TONIGHT
I THOUGHT MY ILLNESS MIGHT CHANGE THINGS...
BUT HE'S STILL NEGLECTING ME—AS HE HAS FOR MONTHS
MRS. STEELE, I'VE SEEN BAD BREATH BREAK UP SO MANY MARRIAGES THAT—WELL, WON'T YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
MRS. STEELE'S DENTIST TOLD HER...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
YOU'VE DONE A FINE JOB, NURSE, AND I'M VERY GRATEFUL TO YOU
I THINK YOU KNOW HOW GRATEFUL I AM, NURSE—FOR EVERYTHING!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
DON'T RISK OFFENDING! KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY! USE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE EVERY DAY!
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."



EX-LAX MOVIES

The Taming of Tommy the Terrible

TOMMY: I won't! I won't take that awful medicine! I can't get it down!

MOTHER: All right, young man. I think I know something that you *will* like!

TOMMY: M-m-m! Gee whiz, Mom, that's a cinch to take. It tastes just like swell chocolate.

MOTHER: Yes, its name is Ex-Lax and it's not only good—it's good for you!

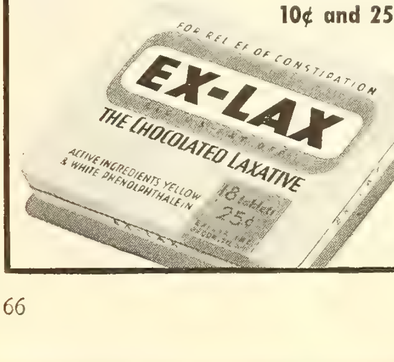
LATER

TOMMY: Whoopee! That Ex-Lax made me feel fine . . . You'll never have to force me to take that!

MOTHER: Right! From now on, Dad and I are going to use Ex-Lax, too!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS YELLOW & WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN
18 tablets 25¢

Young Enough to Know Better

[*Continued from page* 64]

didn't. The idea that I could be wrong was out of the question. I was so cozily encased in all my cute little habits and mistakes that I couldn't see past my nose.

"One evening when a mutual friend asked Louis to go to Ocean Park with us, I saw how really wrong I had been. He was as anxious to ride on the roller coaster as we were. He out-shot us in the shooting galleries. He didn't dance like a stuffed shirt at all. He didn't telephone me for a date for three weeks—and then he asked my mother, too!

"LOUIS was really responsible for snapping me out of a lot of things. When I realized he was intelligent enough to see I was stupidly confused, I stopped acting. I was more like myself than I'd been for years. I remember," she mused, rising to pull the drapes wide open on the window towards the sea, "that he had a very polite and subtle way of bringing me to my senses. He used to speak of the Lunts and Noel Coward with whom he was starred on Broadway. He'd talk about them by the hour—and afterwards, I'd feel strangely self-conscious. I'd look through old 'stills' of mine and realize how vapid I'd been. My hair was too light, my cheeks too red, my lashes too black. I stopped plastering on make-up and let my hair return to its natural color. I was too heavy, so I dieted—lost twelve pounds. I began to look like a *person* instead of a paper doll.

"I was very sure once of what sophistication meant. Now I'm very sure that it has nothing to do with the kind of dress one wears or the way one plucks her eyebrows, or makes an entrance into a room. I've learned the value of poise and reserve and consideration of others. I've learned when not to talk and what not to say and how to listen.

"I still like to entertain—I like it better than ever before as a matter of fact. Louis and I are not night-clubbers. We like inviting a few close friends for dinner, usually buffet where everyone may sit, and chat, and eat as they please. We like the informality of Sunday open-house when our friends can drop in and stay as long as they like and do as they like—listen to the radio programs, to read, to play games, or just sit in the garden in the sun and relax. We have few intimate friends but these we prize.

"My mother always took care of our house, my salary, my expenses. Fortunately, she knew what she was doing. She wasn't extravagant. She invested wisely. But now I want that responsibility. I want to learn to be a good business woman as well as a career woman.

"Of course, I've changed in my approach to my work. I never fully valued the opportunities which fell so generously into my lap when I was so young. Memorizing of lines was as simple as A. B. C. I never thought of them until the night before. The idea of taking a script, breaking it down, studying the character I was to play as well as the others which motivated the plot, was simply out of the question. I learned my lines and tossed them off with a 'listen and like 'em' attitude.

"Today, as far as my career is concerned, I want more than anything else in the world to be regarded as an actress. I hope and work to *leave* something with my audience, make them remember a character that tugged at their emotions, not just a blonde who looked glamorous in an evening gown."

Regardless of Ida's own strict self-analysis, not everyone in Hollywood agrees that she has lacked dramatic ability in the past. Alan Dinehart, actor-writer-director and one of the film's most discerning talent discoverers, has consistently prophesied that "some day Hollywood is going to find out that one of its finest young actresses is Ida Lupino. When she gets her chance, the whole town will have to look to its acting laurels." Dinehart's statement was provoked at the time by two pictures in which he had seen her, and by three radio broadcasts.

As a matter of fact, Ida has appeared in as many radio programs as she has pictures. While she was working desperately hard to prove herself following her new career decision, she entered the radio field. "There," she says, "my voice counted, I could forget appearance entirely and build dramatic voice projection. I worked earnestly, praying some producer would listen in and discover that I was prepared now to play a dramatic role. But no one did—for a long while—long enough to make me realize that lucky breaks don't fall from the heavens seasonally."

Ida's earnest efforts were not unavailing indefinitely however. Teamed on the air with Tyrone Power oftener than any other actress, her name was soon again on studio casting-sheets. She no longer jabbered and idly visited other sets when she was called for a picture; she arrived on time, she was considerate of the crew behind the cameras, she quietly withdrew to go over her lines between "takes."

She was in New York, doing a radio drama with Orson Welles, when she got the message that 20th Century-Fox wanted her for a straight role in its recent *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.*

Her first scene was a dramatic climax with Basil Rathbone. When they finished, the director, Al Werker, stepped over to her and said, "You have a fine conception of the character; I'm sure I'm going to like you in this picture."

Ida felt like bawling. "His reaction," she explained, "was what I'd longed and worked for. His approval, expressed then, gave me a confidence I'd never known before. I know everyone needs encouragement in whatever field they're trying to succeed—but actresses need *terrific* encouragement. We all have fearful inferiority complexes!"

IT WAS her assignment to *The Light That Failed* however, which gave Ida full proof of how right her new attack on career had been. "I was even grateful for all my *mistakes,*" she said, "It is good to have learned that way.

"I don't expect a follow-up immediately to *The Light That Failed*—no one can expect that good a break. The most I can hope for is the opportunity to do an earnest, sincere job of *every* assignment. Fans are wise. They're understanding—and they're loyal. It's that loyalty I'm going to work like the devil to deserve.

"I've learned, too, to be less critical of others—to understand when I see some girl doing many of the things that I used to do that it's just youthful exhibitionism on which they are pinning their hopes for success.

"Thank heaven, I'm young enough to know better."

Swedish Surprise

[*Continued from page 24*]

pleased because they felt she was their discovery, which was a bit of astute showmanship on the part of Producer David Selznick because he had planned it that way. He knows that audiences like to make their own discoveries and that the chances of many a potential star are ruined by too much advance publicity. He had seen her in foreign pictures and believed that American people would like a nice surprise about five feet, five inches tall with a well-rounded but willowy figure and altogether normal looking.

THAT she comes from Sweden was grist for the mill of the Selznick publicity department. They could link her name with Greta Garbo's and hit the front pages frequently with their unknown star. But Miss Bergman had other ideas. Of course, she said, Miss Garbo is her idol but they came from different towns in Sweden; she had never seen the great actress. It was apparent that she had too much on her mind with her first American picture to worry about any other actresses—even Garbo. Very deftly she made it clear that she was not going to trade on the glory of her fellow countrywoman.

The picture was nearly finished when I visited her at the studio. In the publicity department one of the boys was talking about her.

"Well, I hope she goes back to Sweden and stays there," he said, and he might just as well have thrown a hand grenade under my chair. "She's much too nice a girl to stay in Hollywood. She doesn't belong here," he concluded.

Then I heard all about her, and about the succession of surprises she had, unwittingly, uncorked for them. When they heard a new star was arriving they had brushed off their coat collars, slicked back their hair and prepared to meet a glamor girl. She proved to be a glamor girl, all right, but a distinctively new type. They haven't yet recovered from the shock.

She was friendly and looked like a healthy, happy, normal, chubby-faced American school-girl. She wore no make-up and was simply dressed. And when they called a car to show her around the studio she thought it was a joke.

"Why, I can walk," she protested.

Gone With the Wind was in production and every star dressing-room on the lot was occupied. It was with some misgivings that they ushered her into the one that was to be hers, one similar to those occupied by lesser players.

"It's wonderful!" she exclaimed, looking around. "If you put a few more pieces of furniture in I can live here while I make the picture. It will save time and I will be able to work longer hours."

Nothing like that had ever been heard in Hollywood before and David Selznick, secretly pleased and amused, told her she had best go home at night and get the studio out of her hair. Later, remembering it, he said, "I've never had a star try to save me a dime before."

Thrifty by nationality, she considered the ordinary studio methods fantastic. The prodigal way money is spent was a sad waste, she thought. "Wouldn't one be enough?" she asked timidly, when told that two famous designers—Irene and Travis Banton—were designing her clothes for the picture. And when, as frequently happens, gowns that were beautiful and extremely becoming to her off the screen weren't photogenic and others had to be provided, she thought it a shame. "Couldn't we put some tucks in them or dye them another color?" she asked.

IF SHE surprised Hollywood, everything here kept her in complete confusion. The number of people on the set bewildered her. "In Sweden," she said, "we have one of everything, not two or three cameramen and several of everything else. They couldn't afford it in Sweden. And I never had a stand-in in my life. I was the stand-in for myself," she laughed.

Then one day I was privileged to witness an incident, the likes of which will probably never be seen in Hollywood again. The scene had been rehearsed and everything was ready to take it when Leslie Howard noticed a button was missing from his coat. Irritably, the director, Gregory Ratoff, ordered someone to telephone for a sewing woman.

[*Continued on page 69*]

"PEPSI AND PETE"... THE PEPSI-COLA COPS
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"I MAKE SURE IT'S BETTER TASTING AND WHOLESOME"
PEPSI-COLA
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PARTIES GO FOR IT!

6...8 or 12, no matter how big the party, everyone likes the taste of Pepsi-Cola. Pure and economical, the BIG, BIG bottle holds *12 full ounces.* Fills your glass twice. At your grocer's, by the bottle or the 6-Bottle Family Carton. Try it—join the swing to Pepsi-Cola.

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You might win one of these free trips to Hollywood . . . or a year's tuition and room at Defiance College . . . or one of 50 De Vilbiss Atomizers filled with PERFUME OF THE STARS, in the exquisite fragrance that accents your charm and personality.

Here's All You Have to Do

Beauty and talent not essential. Unknowingly you may be a "movie type." Merely GO TO YOUR TEN CENT STORE and obtain a bottle of either *Joan Blondell* or *Franciska Gaal* Perfume. Follow the easy Rules of the Contest on the back of each card affixed to the bottle. Answer a few simple questions about yourself and send the card, or facsimile, together with a snapshot or photo of yourself, as directed.

Nothing to compose! Nothing else to do. Mail before May 1st, 1940. Winners announced June 1st. Don't delay! Visit your ten-cent store today—it may win you one of 54 prizes! This is something you don't want to miss!

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Name...

Address..

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 56]

One of the promising newcomers who is getting a share of creditable roles in Warner productions is Marie Wrixon. She has good supports to carry her to top

is stepping out with superheated palsie-walsies like Dixie Dunbar and Cyrilla Dorne, the footlight fury. And Betty, heating things up, has switched her hair from blond to red, and alternately denying and insisting that she's going to become Mrs. Artie Shaw. . . .!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Reggie Gardiner and Lya Lys—
He's all her'n and she's all hys!

■

NOW that Deanna Durbin's highly-ballyhooed first screen kiss is all over, Ol' Tattler can let you in on the fact that its professional perfection simply amazed Deanna's director, Henry Koster . . . !

[*Continued on page* 74]

Alfred Hitchcock, 239-pound English director, famous as connoisseur of steaks, ice-cream, tests a chair (prop can take it) on the set of *Rebecca*—Hitchcock opus

Swedish Surprise

[*Continued from page 67*]

"Give me a needle and thread," spoke up Ingrid. "I'll fix it in a minute."

She couldn't understand why everyone thought that was funny. It was unbelievable to her that an entire company should wait twenty minutes or more while a woman was sent for to sew on a button.

One of her biggest surprises was to discover that Hollywood is a city. "I thought it was a studio," she explained. "Everyone in Sweden thinks the same. And we never hear over there how pretty Hollywood is."

It was her eagerness to see everything she could during her short stay here that led her to take long walks when she had an opportunity. And she gave David Selznick many a headache when he discovered she was doing her exploring at night and alone.

"What could hurt me?" she asked wonderingly, when a studio employee ran into her walking alone on a deserted street one night and had to argue to convince her that he should accompany her home.

THE scenes in the picture she most enjoyed making were taken at Carmel where she could walk to her heart's content by sea and allow her hair to blow at will. Her hair was one small bone of contention. She liked to comb it herself and frequently after it had been carefully arranged for a scene, Ingrid would take the comb and run it through her curls, completely upsetting the efforts of the hairdresser.

Her creamy-white skin, rosy cheeks and blood-red lips, a heritage of the cold Norse country, are almost too good to be true.

There is nothing languid or mysterious about her personality. She seems always ready to laugh and when introduced to a stranger she is friendly and usually shakes hands. To avoid making mistakes in English, she speaks carefully, a bit precisely. She was puzzled one day when she overheard someone use the expression, "Get a soap box" and was vastly amused to learn it had nothing to do with soap.

SPECIAL OFFER

Due to the very large sale of the MOTION PICTURE issues containing colored portraits—like the one of Deanna Durbin on page 35 of this issue—of Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie, Robert Taylor, many of our regular readers were unable to secure their copies and therefore missed these beautiful, exclusive portraits of their favorites. Learning of their disappointment, we have decided to make available a limited quantity of these photos which can be secured at 10 cents each or two for 15 cents, postage paid. As there have been numerous requests for these photos of Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Sonja Henie and Robert Taylor, we suggest that you write at once to Photo Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 22 Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn.

On the set she was given a portable dressing-room—the kind used by all screen stars—but the first time she saw it she was very upset by a sign on the door reading: "Keep out. This room for Miss Bergman only."

It seemed to her unnecessarily rude. "I'd rather not have it," she said shyly. "Is it necessary?" The sign was removed.

During the necessary make-up tests before the picture began, she made strenuous objections to unnatural make-up. Her eyebrows shouldn't be arched; they were better as they were. She insisted upon looking like herself. The tests proved that she was right.

Serene, almost stoical, she found these characteristics stood her in good stead while working under the direction of the volatile Russian director, Gregory Ratoff.

"Bergie, you are wonderful! You are lovely!" he would shout at her. Five minutes later they might have a difference of opinion over a scene, although the actress made suggestions only when the action or locale concerned some custom or place in Europe with which she was familiar. "Well, Bergie," he would capitulate, "you are so beautiful we will do it both ways."

Ingrid came to America with the popular

[*Continued on page* 71]

LOVELY MARY MARTIN, FRESHMAN AT SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE, SAYS:

For devastating glamour ... get that modern natural look!

IT'S EASY WHEN YOU USE THIS FACE POWDER YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

It's the *modern* trend in makeup—the appealing *natural* charm of gay young "collegiennes"!

And Hudnut brings it to you in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by the color of your *eyes!*

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that match and glorify the beauty of your own skin tones . . . give you that modern *natural* look that men prefer!

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See how *smoothly* it goes on . . . how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And how it lasts—ends powder-puff dabbing for hours and hours! For *complete color harmony*, use harmonizing Richard Hudnut Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. *65¢ in Canada.*

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My eyes are: Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐

Be sure to check color of your eyes!

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2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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If your cough is due to a cold, try Pertussin. You will be delighted with its quick, throat-soothing effect. Pertussin helps the moisture glands in your throat to function naturally after a cold has retarded normal secretions.

Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup, for over 30 years. At all drug counters. For generous FREE trial bottle, write to Pertussin, Dept. XX-18, 440 Washington St., New York City.

The Woman Behind Scarlett

[*Continued from page* 31]

—as you will wonder after you see *Scarlett*—what it would be like to meet Vivien Leigh. The other day, I went back to find out.

The setting was the same. The time was again late afternoon. Only the girl was different.

This girl sat curled up on a divan, her legs drawn up under her. And unquestionably shapely legs, they were—unhidden by hoops. She was wearing a gray wool sports dress, within an inch of being knee-high; unmistakably 1939. It had semi-military shoulders.

This girl wasn't concerned with being dazzling. She was frankly natural.

She didn't draw attention to her pretty hair with an elaborate coiffure. She was wearing her hair loose, in a long bob. This soft frame had the effect of making her face less severely oval than *Scarlett's*.

She had a pert tilt to her chin—but it was a tilt of alertness, not coquettishness. There was a smile in her clear green eyes—but it was a smile of straightforward friendliness, not of mischievous challenge. She was animated—but her animation had no tense drive behind it. She was relaxed.

She was amused by these noticeable differences. "I've even lost my Southern accent," she said, piquantly. "That took a bit of doing. I still find myself saying things like *ee*ther when, before *Gone With the Wind*, I always said *eye*ther. I suppose that will wear off in time."

I asked her how it felt to be herself again, not *Scarlett*. Was she conscious of a let-down?

She shook her head. "All I'm conscious of is a blessed relief," she said crisply. "I adore not working. I'm beginning to feel sane again—almost normal. For five months, except for five days and Sundays off, I had to work at being *Scarlett* from nine every morning until nine at night. Then, when I would fall into bed exhausted, I couldn't sleep. Every nerve in my body was pounding. The last month or so, I had to take tonics to keep going. At the end, I was quite raving mad—ready for a lunatic asylum . . . I still wonder when I'll have caught up on my sleep. Even now, every evening around nine, my eyelids start drooping."

There are people who feel sorry for Vivien, on the grounds that, after *Gone With the Wind*, everything else will be an anti-climax for her. They are wasting their pity. She is getting a bigger kick out of ordinary living than she ever did before.

THESE people feel sorry for her because she will never again have such a triumph as *Scarlett*—the most coveted role in screen history. Ironically, she hasn't yet had any sensation of triumph. What she had while she was making the picture was worry. And that's what she still has, with the picture still to be released to the world at large.

She was about to go to Atlanta for the premiere. "I dread it," she said. "I'd like to be a million miles away, and not have to wonder how much of the applause is inspired by the picture, and how much is generated by the glamor of the event and the presence of the stars."

Now, *Scarlett* wouldn't feel that way. *Scarlett* would like nothing better than entering a theatre on a red velvet carpet, conscious that all eyes were upon her. It would be a night of nights.

Here was a big psychological difference between *Scarlett* and Vivien. Were there any other big differences? Were there any ways in which they were alike?

"Well, *Scarlett* wasn't the placid, easy-going type. Neither am I. I can't let well enough alone. I get restless. Very. I have to be doing new and different things. I'm a very impatient person. And head-strong. If I've made up my mind to do something, I can't be persuaded out of it. My becoming an actress is on example of that.

"When *Scarlett* wanted something from life, she schemed about how to get it. That was her trouble. I just plunge ahead without looking. That's my trouble. Every so often, I bump into stone walls—and have to pick myself up and climb over them.

"I'LL never be able to save like *Scarlett*. Money meant everything to her. Life was empty without it. It dominated everything she did. To me, time is what is important. I'd rather have time to do many things than the money to do any one thing. It's fortunate I feel that way, because the more I make, the less I'm able to save. When I first started on the stage and was making very little money, I seemed to get along all right. Now I'm earning the biggest salary I've ever earned, and I have to be strict with myself to get along. If I had come to Hollywood for the money, I'd have been better off to stay in England. What with the three income taxes I have now, I'm actually seeing less money as a star here than I did as a featured player at home. But—I want to stay.

"*Scarlett* had a strong sense of property. I have that a little. I like my own things around me very much. That's one thing I have missed, being in Hollywood. Particularly my books. I collect them.

"She didn't get along with other women. I do. At least, I *think* I do.

"She could take care of herself, when she had to. I think I could, too. Without such painful effort. I went to school for a time in Germany. That meant that, being a girl, I *had* to learn What Every Hausfrau Should Know. And hated it. That was one of the things that helped me make up my mind to become an actress."

Vivien mused for a moment.

"I hope I have one thing that *Scarlett* never had—a sense of humor. I want some joy out of life. She never knew what joy was, except when she was very young.

"And she had one thing that I hope I never have—selfish, blind egotism. I understand that that's something people sometimes get in Hollywood. I'm watching out for it.

"*Scarlett* was a fascinating person, no matter what she did. But she was never a great person. She was too petty, too self-centered. She could never consider another person, for that person's sake. She promised *Ashley* that she would look out for *Melanie*. But she didn't make that promise for *Melanie's* good. She made it as part of her scheme to win back *Ashley's* love.

"In many ways, she wasn't a very admirable person. But one thing about her was admirable—her courage. She had more than I'll ever have."

That statement was open to question. How about her daring to invade Hollywood, test for the role of *Scarlett* though she was English, and play the role in the face of the uproar over Selznick's having chosen her?

"But I didn't come to Hollywood to try for the role. I came on a visit. When a test

[*Continued on page* 72]

Got a COLD?

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It's Great for the Relief of COLD SYMPTOMS

MILLIONS of people like the pleasant, quick relief that Alka-Seltzer offers for cold symptoms.

Alka-Seltzer is so pleasant to take — it acts quickly because it enters the stomach in complete solution; effective, because its analgesic properties are protected and speeded up by alkaline buffers. It provides symptom relief in a surprisingly short time.

At the very first suggestion of a cold, try a sparkling glass of Alka-Seltzer.

Ask Your Druggist for Alka-Seltzer

YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW MUCH BETTER I FEEL

Swedish Surprise

[Continued from page 69]

European opinion that all Americans are very rich. Her experiences at the studio convinced her she was right. When she was packing to go home at the completion of the picture, Mr. Selznick presented her with two evening gowns that she wore in the film. In spite of her delighted protests that one would be enough, he gave orders that both dresses were to be packed with her things.

WHEN it was explained to her that the company was to go to Carmel because cypress trees grew there, she exclaimed:

"Almost a thousand miles to be with cypress trees! Two designers! Two cameramen! Two of everything! This is America!"

Her explorations in Hollywood brought her to a well-known Swedish restaurant, but she was disappointed. "It is nothing like the restaurants at home," she complained. "Everyone was in such a hurry. At home we take hours to eat, but the chairs in this place were so hard it's no wonder the people gobble their food and rush out as soon as they can. At home we have comfortable chairs and eat in a leisurely fashion. We take our time and make a ceremony of dinner."

However, she approved of American ice-cream and candy. Several times a day she ate a huge plateful of ice cream and said it wasn't half enough.

"And corn on the cob!" Her face lit up. "I know by all the rules it should put pounds and pounds on me but I couldn't resist it. Perhaps it is that I walk so much that the ice-cream and corn are defeated."

That she speaks English so nearly perfect is due to the fact that for eleven years she attended the Lyceum for Flickor, a famous school for girls in Stockholm, where she majored in languages.

"Flickor doesn't mean flicker," she laughed. "It wasn't a school for the cinema, just a public school."

INGRID was born in Stockholm during the post-war period. Her father, Justus Bergman, who died about ten years ago, was a portrait artist and from him Ingrid learned as a child something of the values of lights and shadows and acquired an appreciation of art.

She posed often for her father and took naturally to school dramatics. Wearing cast-off dresses of her mother's she appeared in many amateur productions and it was a school play, which 15-year-old Ingrid wrote, directed and acted in, that brought her to the attention of the director of the Royal Dramatic Theatre School.

With the consent of her parents she enrolled at the school. Before she had completed her first term she was selected by a talent scout of Svensk Filmindustri for a small role. Before two years had passed she made eleven films, nine of which starred her.

American pictures interested her and she never missed an opportunity to see one. During a short stay in New York before coming to Hollywood she spent every waking minute in the theatres watching plays and pictures. She thinks American stars are superb.

"I have studied their work since childhood and admired them," she said. "I knew before I left home that Hollywood would demand a great deal of me. I can't account for it, because there has never been anyone in our family connected with the theatre, but I always wanted to be an actress."

The day the picture was finished she left for her home in Sweden, where she has a previous commitment to make one more picture. As soon as that is completed she will return to Hollywood, where she is expected in February.

After her departure it was discovered that one scene had no sound track. Ingrid was called by radio telephone as she was on an ocean liner bound for Sweden; the scene was explained to her and she was told what to say. As she spoke the lines, they were dubbed onto a piece of sound track—the first time such a stunt has ever been done.

Temperament, she doesn't know about. She was ready and eager to work long hours. Of course, there was always the thought that as soon as the picture was finished she could leave for Sweden where her husband, a dentist, and her baby were awaiting her, but there was also uppermost in her mind the desire to do her job.

"She is different from any actress I've ever met," Mr. Ratoff said at the conclusion of the picture. "Somebody is going to say pretty soon that she doesn't act like an actress except when she is acting."

"I would rather succeed in Hollywood than to do anything else on earth," she said. "I did my best. If I am not good, I expect it is my fault. I do not believe in the alibi."

She didn't know that time that she was a success in the picture and that David Selznick has big plans for her when she returns, but it doesn't seem likely that even that knowledge will cause her to change. We hope she won't change because we like surprises. We think you do, too.

IMAGINE ME HOOKED UP WITH A SHARK!
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

Stuck at a bridge party with a real expert — it was grim. Not one smile did he break all evening — till I fished out my package of Beeman's. "Ah!" says he, with a longing look, "Beeman's, the ace of flavors!" So what could I do but offer him some?

"Thanks!" he said, looking happy for the first time. "I can't pass a flavor like Beeman's! It's got a freshness, a tempting tang, that scores with me and scores big! Honors to you, partner — you hold the tops in fine flavor!"—That cheered *me* up — and darned if we didn't win first prize!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

The Woman Behind Scarlett

[*Continued from page* 70]

was offered me, it was a challenge. Was it something I was equipped to do? When the role itself was offered me, that was another challenge. I wasn't the least bit surprised or annoyed by the resentment against me. I thought of it as something I could overcome, if I tried hard enough. During the picture, many times, I would ask myself, half-paralyzed, 'What have I got myself in for?' But I had gone too far then to turn back."

What was her most difficult scene? That required several moments' thought.

"The one in which *Scarlett* realizes that that for eight years, while she has been telling herself she loved *Ashley*, she has really loved *Rhett*. Margaret Mitchell needed thirty or forty pages in the book to convince the reader of the reasonableness of that sudden realization. I had to try to persuade audiences of the same thing in one scene. Nothing I had to do was more difficult than that."

For days at time, during the making of the picture, the set would be closed to visitors—at her request. That sounded to Hollywood like temperament. Was it?

"No. Pure and simple jitters. Days at a time, we had no fixed script. Mr. Selznick was constantly working on the script, you see, to make it as perfect as possible. Often we would get our dialogue practically page by page. Difficult scenes would come up, and I would have little preparation for them—no confidence, even, in my being able to remember my lines on such short notice. Having strangers on the set, on those days, was like having onlookers in the theatre during rehearsals for a stage play. You don't want an audience until you are sure of what you are to do. At least, I don't.

"One reason why *Pygmalion* was so good was that it was rehearsed in its entirety before the camera ever turned. If the principal players of every picture could rehearse before production started, performances couldn't help improving. The more you rehearse any play, the better it becomes."

GONE WITH THE WIND or no, Vivien still likes working on the stage better than working on the screen. The theatre's devotion to rehearsals is one reason. The other reason is: "You have the whole day free, to be out in the air and the sunshine. Working all day on a movie set, you never see the sun. And think of what you miss."

She hasn't found picture-making in Hollywood much different from picture-making in England. She hasn't felt like a stranger here. "People have been very kind—very quick to be friendly." She has a knack for making friends, herself.

The make-up experts look upon her with deep, dark suspicion, wondering if she doesn't trust them. She insists on putting on her make-up, herself. It isn't a matter of trust. It's a matter of habit, carried over from the stage. Also, if she can come to the studio of a morning, all made up for the day's work, she doesn't have to arrive much before 9 o'clock.

She is one English star who doesn't take time out every afternoon for tea. She doesn't like tea. Neither does she like coffee. She drinks milk, with honey in it. (The honey is a bit of energy tonic.) She doesn't diet. She has a "ravenous" appetite. For practically everything except salads. She doesn't enjoy those. There isn't enough rabbit in her.

She is mildly crazy about clothes, all kinds, from bustles to slacks. She likes furs (as what girl doesn't?) All kinds of furs, except chinchilla. "That's a good thing, what with chinchilla costing about $25,000 per coat."

She rents a small, furnished stucco house, typically Californian—and likes it. Although she does complain bitterly that she hasn't room in it for the books she has collected, just since her stay in Hollywood.

The house has a small swimming-pool, which she uses. She also plays tennis—"very badly." She plays darts—ditto. Her favorite sport is golf—"but I'm not good at that, either." All-around-athlete Leigh, they call her. She plays the piano. She does a great deal of reading. She likes dancing, but she doesn't like night-clubs. "They're crowded and hot, and I get sleepy in them." She dances well. She used to do the aesthetic kind. She likes large parties only at her own house—where she knows everybody.

IN PERSON, she talks just as crisply and briskly as she does in *Gone With the Wind*. There have been a few scattered criticisms of her rapid dialogue delivery. "But the impression that Southerners talk slowly is a misimpression. Listen sometime to educated Southerners talk, as I had to, to get their manner of speaking. That soft slur of r's fools you into thinking of them as drawling."

She won't talk, crisply or otherwise, about Laurence Olivier—who, the columnists say, she is going to marry. The columnists are decidedly premature. Neither of them has yet taken steps to divorce their present mates. That makes Vivien still officially married to Leigh Holman, London barrister. They have a five-year-old, Suzanne.

As soon as she finished the last scene of *Gone With the Wind*, Vivien hopped a plane East and raced across the Atlantic to see her little girl, check up on the war rumors. England was calmer than it had been before the Munich conference. No one thought there was going to be a war. Reassured, Vivien came back alone. No matter how much she wanted Suzanne with her, Suzanne was happy in England. She didn't want to tear the little girl loose from the security and surroundings she had always known . . . Then, three weeks after Vivien's return, war was declared. And Suzanne *had* to be uprooted from familiar scenes. "Her father has her now in Devonshire, which is safe. There are no industries there, no targets for bombs."

Vivien seems destined to stay in America for a long, long time. She has made good as *Scarlett*. Also, she has a long-term contract with David O. Selznick who regards her (rightly) as a very valuable property, and will loan her out when she has nothing to do on the home lot. She also has a one-picture-a-year contract with her old boss, Alexander Korda. But, until further notice, he is making pictures for the British government and can't use Vivien. That makes her America's exclusively. Except that she is doing her bit for England with that chunk of income tax.

She is about to go to work again—on loan to M-G-M, for *Waterloo Bridge*. And she's happy about it, and the chance to play a character completely different from *Scarlett*. "Only I do wish it were a bit lighter story. People will go out in blackouts to see a comedy and laugh, but will they go out to cry?"

That's Vivien Leigh—the woman behind Scarlett.

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

without ever so much as a "may I?"

When the three of them—all middle-aged matrons—saw Powell, they went into a fine flutter of excitement. Bill, caught off guard, was the soul of courtliness, with a deep bow and a rich Powell smile. And then suddenly, he did a slow burn at the nerve of these dames, crashing his private garden. And then he pulled his "Barrymore"—

"I'm charmed, utterly charmed," he smoothly told them, "that you have visited me now—for here is where and when I take my sunbath—quite in the nude, you know. . ."

And he began to take off his robe. . . !!!

Bill swears he is positive the three ladies-from-wherever are still running.

Smiles

■ Neatest figure-of-speech of the month is the one Dot Kilgallen pulled, when she wrote "as rare as a frown on Don Ameche."

Don Frowns

■ BUT—while it's neat, it isn't true, right now. On account of poor Don is doing plenty of frowning, even though he doesn't like it. Seems that Don has been ordered to take a long, quiet rest on a strict diet, because his little tummy-wummy is all tied up in digestive knots.

The funny part of it (IF there is ANYthing funny about digestive woes) is that Don's wife is—of ALL things!—a dietetical specialist. . .!!!

Garbo Apple-Sauce

■ Take it from your old Hollywood wisenheimer, all this ballyhoo about "the new Garbo" is just so much balloon-stuffing! Besides that, it's old stuff . . .!

You've read and heard it all, haven't you? About the Garbo who smiles, and runs around places, and meets strangers, and cracks jokes, and does cute things on the set, and so on—and just turns out to be the life of the party wherever she is!

They'd have you believe that overnight, so to speak, Greta has done a complete emotional and psychological flip-flop, and has changed from the Garbo-nobody-knows to the Garbo-everybody-knows.

To which we shriek: "Fooey!" And we point, with proper outrage, to the fact that the press-agents are pulling the same old gag they pull with every new Garbo picture. Every production-period, they flood the publicity channels with twaddle about the hail-fellow-well-met Garbo, who clowns on the set, and steps out. Now they're putting out unkjay that even goes to the extreme of painting a Garbo who did the nite-spots in Reno recently, and wasn't recognized, and even danced hot numbers with some cow-hands in town for the night!

Check it all off as apple-sauce, and a bit moldy at that. Garbo is as likely to turn into that sort of glamor gal as Judy Garland is liable to go into a nunnery!

And we'll lay ten-to-one that Garbo's public doesn't like the hooey, either.

Good Deed

■ Interesting gesture, that move of Harry Ritz's. In the midst of his sorrow over the death of his lovely young wife, Harry remembered enough to give her entire wardrobe to that social organization, for charity.

Thrill Lays Egg

■ Thrill of the town, the other week-end, was the undenied rumor that flew all over the place, that, at last, Sonja Henie had gone hot—the ice queen had melted!—the glacier was running! It was a fact that a bevy of studio folk had passed the open door of Sonja's dressing-room, had looked in—and beheld Sonja clasped in the arms of Robert Cummings, who was giving her as earnest a bit of loving as any gal'd want.

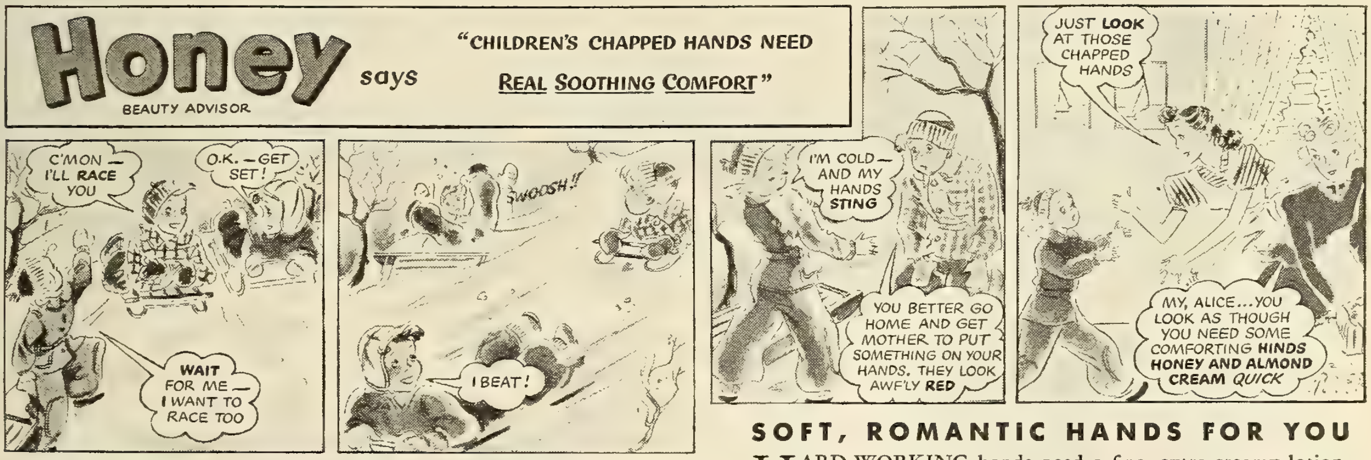
The word flew like wildfire—for all through Sonja's phony press-agenty romances, all Hollywood knows that she's really nearly as cold as the ice that helps make her famous.

But Hollywood's excitement went flatter

[*Continued on page* 75]

Honey says "CHILDREN'S CHAPPED HANDS NEED REAL SOOTHING COMFORT"

BEAUTY ADVISOR


C'MON — I'LL RACE YOU
O.K. — GET SET!
WAIT FOR ME — I WANT TO RACE TOO
SWOOSH!!
I BEAT!
I'M COLD — AND MY HANDS STING
YOU BETTER GO HOME AND GET MOTHER TO PUT SOMETHING ON YOUR HANDS. THEY LOOK AWF'LY RED
JUST LOOK AT THOSE CHAPPED HANDS
MY, ALICE...YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU NEED SOME COMFORTING HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM QUICK

UMM...THIS HINDS FEELS NICE, MISS HONEY. I'D LIKE SOME ON MY FACE TOO
HONEY, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'LL TREAT MY OWN DRY CHAPPED HANDS TO HINDS. IT SURELY IS SOOTHING
GOODNESS — MY HANDS LOOK SMOOTHER ALREADY
I ALWAYS RECOMMEND HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM, MARY — FOR HOUSEHOLD CHAPPING AND CHILDREN'S CHAPPING, TOO... YOU KNOW HINDS IS EXTRA-CREAMY, EXTRA-SOFTENING!

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HARD-WORKING hands need a fine, extra-creamy lotion. And Hinds is just that—extra-creamy, extra-softening! It coaxes back the soft, thrilling look that dish water, harsh cleaners, snow, and wind take away. Quick comfort for chapping and chafing—quick loveliness for your work-abused hands! Hinds Honey and Almond Cream contains vitamins A and D. $1, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢. At toilet goods counters . . . **NEW! Hinds Hand Cream—fragrant, non-sticky, quick-softening! In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.**

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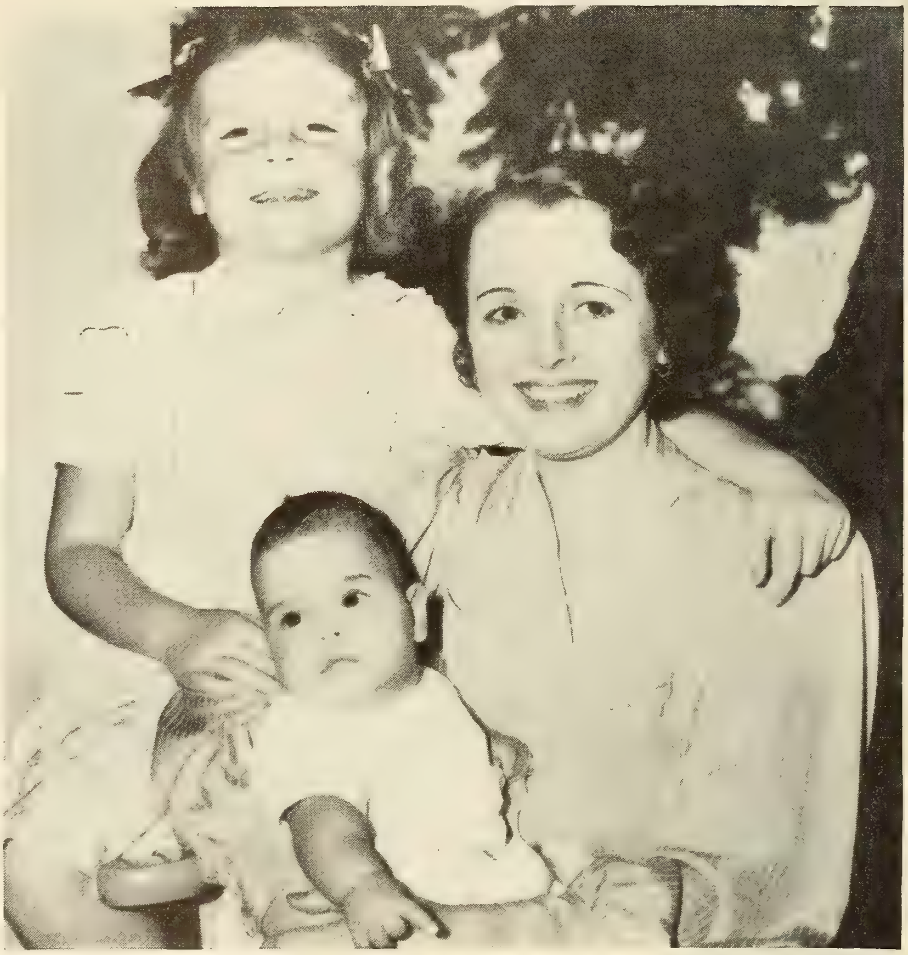
THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 68*]



The children of Mary Astor are in her arms and at her side. The baby is Anthony Del Campo, 5-months-old son (his first photo). The girl is Marylyn Thorpe, now 7

When, on the first take, Deanna and Robert Stack pulled a screen kiss that would have been okeh even for Hedy Lamarr and Robert Taylor, Koster raised an eyebrow and said to Deanna:

"Deanna, I think maybe you have been practicing so very, very hard with that Vaughn Paul, eh?"

Did Deanna say no?

■

DON'T BE SURPRISED—if Louise Stanley remarries Addison Randall, right in the face of all her denials.

—if Rosemary Lane is Mrs. Buddy Westmore by the time you read this. . .

—if Greer Garson elopes with M-G-M biggie, Ben Thau. . . .

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Joan Fontaine's sister, and Howard Hughes
Still making plenty of romance-news!

KEEPING marriage secret is an old Hollywood trick, but Gale Page almost pulled a secret divorce—simply by using her proper name. . . .

When she went into court to get her freedom, she appeared as Sally Tritschler vs. Frederick M. Tritschler.

Frederick M. is the Chicago broker Gale married a couple of years ago, or so—and kept it a secret from Hollywood for a long, long time.

So anyway, when the "Tritschler" divorce case came up in court, nobody recognized the name—and for 24 hours, there was no news about Gale being free again. Finally, an elevator boy in the Los Angeles court-house, who had recognized his favorite screen star, asked a reporter whyinell nothing was printed—and that's how the news got out.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Edgar Bergen's latest is Fay McKenzie—
Keeping up with Eddie drives Tattler to a frenzie!

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page 73*]

than last night's beer, when the truth came out, too—the truth being that during this impassioned love-interlude in Sonja's dressing-room, there was a third person present. It was Irving Cummings, the director—and he was rehearsing Sonja and Cummings in a love scene.

So Hollywood—AND Sonja!—are back to normalcy.

There's Always Shirley

■ If THIS keeps up, Hollywood producers will HAVE to find "new faces—"

In Lynn, Massachusetts, a women's club of 500 members has just started something that's terrifying the Great Lovers of Hollywood. They have all signed a pledge NOT to go to see any movies which feature actors or actresses who have been divorced!

Well, there's always Shirley Temple. For a year or two, anyway. . . .

Gag

■ Newest gag on the Boulevard is a company which, for a fee, gets out a phony newspaper which looks completely legitimate—and on the front page, with heavy headlines, they will print any item you want to pay for.

Tourists are going big for phony news items which read something like: ROBERT TAYLOR AT NITE-SPOT WITH SOPHIE GLUTZ or HEDY LAMARR DATED BY OSHKOSH VISITOR.

Your old Hollywood sleuth reports this just so that you don't get fooled, if you get a hot clipping like that from that friend of yours who's visiting Hollywood, and swore she'd make a date with Clark Gable.

Narsty Crack?

■ Bing Crosby and Bob Hope don't quite know whether to be sore at Dorothy Lamour, or just to let it pass. . . .

Seems that Director Vic Schertzinger called Dot in to tell her that in her new picture, she would not have to play with any monkeys or apes or chimpanzees.

"So?" cracked Dorothy; "I thought that Bing and Bob were in the cast!"

Hollywood Unsafe For Unattached Males

■ The bachelor-shortage in Hollywood is growing more and more acute. . . .

In this town, where personal charm and pulchritude are the top assets, and where there are handsome men and lovely women galore, the great woe is to find male partners for all the manless lovelies. Of unattached females, there are plenty. But of unmarried, or unhooked males, there are so few that any good-looking guy could come to Hollywood and have the world's most expensive harem—practically free!

A certain Hollywood picker-upper-of-facts was told, the other night, by a certain eligible young Hollywood bachelor that in one day, he had received seven invitations to social affairs to squire Hollywood beauties—and more than a score of invitations for house-parties over one week-end. Why, even Esquire's Sultan couldn't ask more!

Reason: all the glamor-guys have fallen for matrimony. Gone are Bob Taylor, Clark Gable, Ty Power, young Fairbanks, Ronnie Colman, Brian Aherne, and even Adrian!

At large are George Brent, John Howard, Herbert Marshall, Dick Greene, Cary Grant. But check those over and you'll see they're optioned: Brent is still on Garbo's preferred list; Cary might as well be married to Phyl Brooks as the way he is; Bart Marshall is roped; Kay Griffith has a halter on Howard.

Even David Niven, who was open stock, is gone—back to fight for merry old England. Robert Preston is so tied up with that front-page romance with Dorothy Lamour that even though it's probably phony, no gals dare crash it.

As a result of the situation, no single and unattached young Hollywood male is safe. At any moment, he may be pounced upon by screeching mobs of manless women and suffer a fate which is just too, too magnificent to contemplate!

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IF YOUR skin is rough or chapped — if it's marred by large pores or externally caused blemishes — if you want a softer, smoother complexion — *try* this extraordinary *medicated* cream — Noxzema!

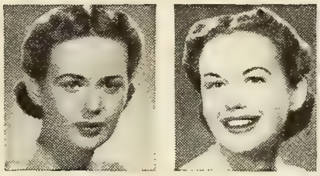
Remarkable Story

Nurses were the first to discover how grand Noxzema was for Chapped Hands and what a marvelous improvement it made in many Poor Complexions. Today millions of women are using Noxzema as a many-purpose cream.

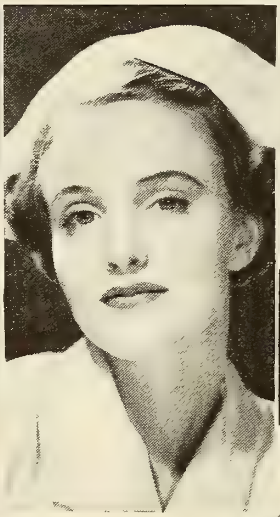
How it works — Noxzema helps soften coarse, rough skin—its soothing medication aids in healing blemishes from external causes. Using Noxzema as directed retards the formation of blackheads—its mild astringents help shrink enlarged pores.

Massage Noxzema into the skin at night. In the morning rinse your face thoroughly with cold water and apply Noxzema as a protective powder foundation. Let Noxzema work for you 24 hours a day! Use Noxzema for one month and see if *your* skin isn't clearer, smoother, lovelier. For a *limited time* you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar for only 19¢. Get a jar *today* at any drug or department store.

NOXZEMA



Poor Complexion — Noxzema is a grand aid in healing Pimples and other externally caused skin irritations.



Powder Base—Apply a thin film of greaseless Noxzema as a protective foundation for a marvelous day-long, *even* make-up.

Night Cream—Massage refreshing Noxzema into the pores each night. It's dainty, snow-white, helps soften, smooth skin.

Chapped Hands are Cut Hands — Smooth Noxzema into tiny skin cracks. *Feel* the soothing relief. *See* how much softer, whiter your hands become.

What Users Say . . .

Roughness Disappears—"My skin was very rough and scaly and I tried almost everything with no results. Finally I tried Noxzema and I was amazed. After only the third application my face was almost all cleared up."—*Mrs. Grace Glyn, Marlboro, Mass.*

Wonderful Powder Base—"I find Noxzema wonderful as a Powder Base—it makes my powder stay on so much longer and helps make my skin so smooth and fine."—*Mrs. Winifred Bloom, Lakeside, Cal.*

Blemishes Cleared Up—"My face was covered with ugly blemishes*. Our druggist suggested Noxzema and I've been thankful ever since—my face cleared up within two weeks."—*Miss Mildred Phalen, Minneapolis, Minn.*

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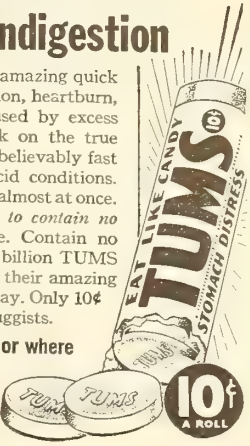

They Found Her Among the Ads

[*Continued from page* 50]

stroke! The depth of the water of that studio-made flood was twelve feet! If the boat had capsized and thrown Brenda smack in the middle of those swirling tree trunks, chicken crates, and dead bodies, pandemonium, you can well believe, would have reigned. And we don't mean water!

When Brenda came out of her dressing-room, showing little, if any, signs of the wear and tear of that first scene, she was greeted by the cameraman who stunned her more than somewhat by saying that she'd have to do it over again. "There was too much rain; we didn't catch a thing," he said. So, after catching her breath, the slender, 18-year-old ex-co-ed (and we'll come to that later in this piece) waited patiently while prop men retrieved the boat and then stepped into it for another journey.

At Director Brown's—"Let's make it a drizzle this time," the mist got its second touch of delusions of grandeur—but not quite so much this time—and Brenda once more took up her paddling and there wasn't a man on the set, from prop boy to Darryl Zanuck, who didn't breathe ten sighs of relief when Director Brown said, "Okay, we'll print it!"

Now this doesn't take long in the telling, but before the scene got its official okay it was within five minutes of quitting time, which may give you some idea of how difficult the shooting was. When Brenda emerged from her dressing-room all dressed up in a blue sweater and skirt and ready, willing and able to partake of a home-cooked dinner, George Brent, grinning from here to there started singing in his better-than-barbershop baritone:

> "There was a pretty co-ed
>   Who posed in a shoe;
> Then she signed up for the movies—
>   Without very much ado."

Which, come to think of it, is more than less true. . . . So let's start in at the beginning.

WHEN Darryl Zanuck, production chief at 20th Century-Fox, bought Louis Bromfield's strange novel of India, *The Rains Came,* one of his immediate concerns, once casting got under way, was the selection of a girl to play the important role of *Fern Simon,* the unhappy, 18-year-old daughter of a frustrated, ambitious mother.

Zanuck insisted that the girl, whom camera magic was to transform and mould into *Fern,* be unprofessional in her appearance on the screen, not too clever in the phases of the drama, and minus all touches of synthetic glamor. Because, he said, anything that might hint at artificiality would completely destroy the very real and genuine *Fern* of Bromfield's imagination. These were the characteristics his talent scouts must avoid when they started their nation-wide search.

Weeks rolled by and with them rolled test reels of more than 60 girls, many of them unknowns, several of them famous on the screen. 60 of them at a total cost of more than $40,000 and not a one of them satisfactory to the production chief, who might have, and would have been willing to, look over 60 more tests in the hope that out of one of them would come his conception of *Fern.*

And then, just like that, Zanuck found her, yes, found her looking gaily out of a shoe advertisement in a magazine that Zanuck happened to pick up and examine.

The girl looked like *Fern Simon* and the next step, which was immediate, was to find out if she talked and acted like *Fern,* too. It wasn't much of a trick to find her nor was it much of a trick, once she was found, to bring her out to the studio. In fact, Brenda says she was so excited and so eager to get there that she arrived long before the appointed hour.

"They gave me fifteen tests," she says, "ranging from the playing of difficult passages of the *Rains* script to silent ones which showed me standing, walking and sitting. Fortunately for me, Tom Moore, who was a star in motion pictures before he gave up his screen work to become a dramatic coach at 20th Century-Fox, helped me. I don't know, to this day, how he managed to keep his patience and hold his temper, because it didn't seem to me that I did anything right—and never would. When it came time to take the tests—and they lasted three days—he was right there on the set to lead the one-man cheering section. Another man to whom I was—and still am, for that matter—deeply indebted was Clarence Brown who directed not only the actual shooting of *The Rains Came,* but my film tests."

WHEN Production Chief Zanuck saw the tests in his private projection-room he immediately buried half his production worries. Maybe he buried all of them. At any rate, seeing in Brenda the potentialities of a great actress, he was willing to gamble on the success of a more than $2,000,000 motion picture by ordering the cameras to roll with Brenda, the novice, in the cast as *Fern Simon.* As it turned out, his judgment was completely vindicated. *The Rains Came* has proven a smash box-office hit—and ditto plus for Brenda Joyce.

"I'll never forget that first day's shooting," she confesses. "There I was, greener than grass, starting off this expensive picture with such stars as Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy and George Brent looking on as I paddled my own canoe through the rain and flooded river. I was not only terribly embarrassed, but terribly frightened. More than once I felt like jumping out of the boat and swimming right out of the picture—for good."

But she didn't, of course.

What Brenda did was to jump right out of *The Rains Came* into *Here I Am a Stranger,* a picture starring Richard Greene, with a portrayal that reaffirmed Zanuck's judgment of her.

By no means quite so camera-shy after her initial workout in *The Rains Came,* she was (and still is, she says frankly) an utter stranger to the many acting problems that bobbed up unexpectedly. Every time she felt that she was responsible for a mistake that called for another "take" she'd sneak away off-stage and proceed to give herself an A No. 1 bawling out, much to the delight of the prop boys who always managed to get an earful.

Dick Greene, who has a grand sense of humor, pulled the prize nifty during the shooting when he happened to hear Brenda give herself one of these verbal spankings. Borrowing a phonograph with a recording attachment he cached it off-stage and instructed a prop boy to turn it on the next time she sneaked away for one of her private tongue-lashings.

And it wasn't long in coming, thanks to Dick who deliberately spoiled a scene with her by muffing his lines. Believing herself guilty Brenda walked off the set the first chance she got and once she reached her favorite wailing-wall she started in on herself—a three-minute harangue that was captured by the recorder as easy as you please. You can imagine her confusion, not to say embarrassment, when the record was played for her an hour or so later when she got another "mad on" against herself.

"Was my face red!" she admits, now. "Everybody laughed, including myself. Finally. It really was funny. And I'll say this for my *I'm Sorry For Myself* record—it did a lot to relieve the tension of frazzled nerves and I'm sure I got along better from then on."

She's not far out of plumb on that surmise. At any rate, from *Here I Am a Stranger* she stepped immediately into *Little Old New York* featuring Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Fred MacMurray and Richard Greene, "all of whom," she says, "went miles out of their way to teach her tricks of acting I'd never even dreamed about up until then."

Her eagerness to give credit and thanks to those who help her is one sparkling facet among many others of the girl's character. It's a trait that's rather unusual in Hollywood.

And another nice thing about her is this: With three pictures out of the way and with bigger and better ones to come, she's still the natural, unaffected, unspoiled young lady of eighteen who, so short a while back, was magically lifted out of a magazine advertisement into motion picture stardom. She's still dazed about this amazing transformation but not too dazed to forget how extremely lucky she was. She's got a pretty head on her pretty shoulders and it's full of good, old-fashioned common sense. She swears that she isn't going to be fooled or be dazzled by the glitter and glamor of Hollywood.

Brenda was born in Kansas City eighteen years ago. After the first five mid-western years of her life she moved with her family to San Bernardino, California, where she remained until she finished up her Junior High School work. Then on to Los Angeles where she entered High School and where, in no time, she became quite the busiest busybody of them all. She was elected president of the high-school girls, president of the Girls' Cabinet, and head of the Brush and Quill. These extra-curricular activities offered no barrier to her winning "A" marks in all her studies. Because of her ability at public speaking and in dramatics, she won a scholarship at the time of her graduation, in 1936, to the University of Southern California.

"I TRANSFERRED to the University of California at Los Angeles after one semester at U. S. C. I left college in the spring of 1938 to become a model for commercial photographers. I posed for toothpaste ads, automobile ads, clothing ads and, lucky for me, shoe ads. The pay was good, the work was easy and. . . ."

And she'd still be posing and modelling right now but for Darryl Zanuck who startled her—and Hollywood—by lifting her out of the shoe ads and placing her on her feet, smack in the middle of movie making.

Brenda, so far in her movie life, hasn't permitted her fairly fat salary check to get notions of extravagance and the chances are she won't. She did buy herself a second-hand car to save time in reaching the studio. After *Here I Am a Stranger* was finished, she and her mother moved into a cottage two rooms-and-a-patio better than the one they formerly occupied. And just recently Brenda went on a spending binge to bolster up her wardrobe and came home with three bargain-sale dresses, a couple of pairs of shoes and lastly, a moderately-priced fur coat which she says "isn't mink." Her salary, outside of the usual household expenses, car upkeep and so on, goes into a saving fund. Perhaps she isn't as thrifty as the proverbial Scot, but she learned the value of money long before she ever stepped on a movie set, and this newly-started financial backlog—the first she's ever had—is going to grow or she'll know the reason why.

Drifting gently from finance to romance we run up against a subject about which Brenda speaks with more than the authority of her eighteen years. She wants no part or party of a studio-built-and-promoted affair with a handsome leading man squiring her around for the sake of publicity. As Samuel Goldwyn has it, you can include her out on that. And the reason she can be included out is that ever since her junior days she's been going places with an up-and-coming young fellow named Owen Ward, a U. C. L. A. graduate, who's carving out a career for himself as a business administrator.

Hollywood is going to have a tough battle on its hands trying to "reform" this young lady. She's modern and stream-lined like most of them, but with a difference—she likewise takes a heap of pride in holding fast to some very basic, good, old-fashioned notions about love and marriage.

Well, one thing is certain—she won't go Hollywood. And that, take her or leave her, is Brenda, the ex-model, ex-co-ed who is the cause of so much reJOYCING at 20th Century-Fox.

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Anne Johnston

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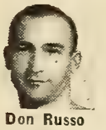
Anne Johnston, Jackson Heights, N. Y.


Don Russo

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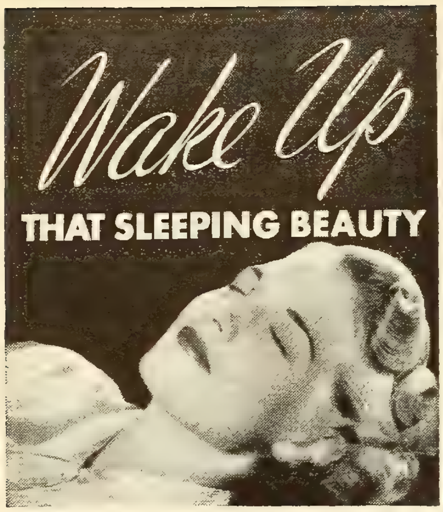

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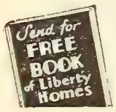

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"Hollywood Scared Me Silly"

[*Continued from page 47*]

for her . . . gifting her with that gypsy slimness, gypsy dark hair, lambent hazel eyes, dusky skin, bright lips . . .)

"There was nothing glamorous about me, I rather dismally decided," laughed Brenda, "neither fluttering eyelashes nor legs nor figure nor parted lips. . . . I practiced fluttering my eyelids and parting my lips in front of a mirror and looked like a congenital idiot!

"I FELT that I wouldn't fit into the social pattern in Hollywood. I knew that I couldn't be witty, a Life of the Party, like Carole Lombard. I knew that I couldn't be entertaining like Ginger Rogers. I knew that I couldn't talk the way Bette Davis does, arrestingly, intellectually, excitingly. I knew that I couldn't entertain the Hollywood way, like Ouida Rathbone or Joan Crawford. I'm scared to death of strangers. Silly of me, but there it is. Especially I am, or was, well, still am, scared to death of celebrities—of movie stars!

"Why, once, shortly before I came out here I was introduced to Errol Flynn one day in the lobby of a New York hotel. I was so flustered that I got all tangled up in the revolving door as we went out and I couldn't think whether his name was Mr. Errol or Mr. Flynn! Later, I met him out here and when he said, 'Hello, Miss Marshall,' which indicated that he remembered me, I was so flattered I would have purred, if I had been the purring type!

"I'd never entered a night-club once during my entire time in New York and so I didn't think I'd fit very adequately into the night-life pattern in Hollywood, if that was demanded of me.

"I was afraid of Hollywood Romances. I read about them and they seemed to be a necessary part of the training of a novitiate. That scared me because I was married when I came here and even though my marriage wasn't much publicized, *I* knew it. I felt that if I did go out to premieres or dinners with an escort, which my husband would quite understand and would want for me, other people might not be so understanding when my marriage did become generally known.

"On the other hand, I couldn't sit at home every evening, for weeks and maybe months, reading or playing records. And also, if I did go around by myself, solo, that would create comment. So you can understand that I felt confused. . . . I was afraid of being misunderstood, afraid of loneliness. . . .

"I was scared of the Jealousy I'd read about in Hollywood. I was scared at the idea of always having to make a Personal Appearance even when I went to the market or took a walk around the block. I'd read about 'that type' and 'this type' and it petrified me. I didn't seem to be any 'type' and knew that I didn't want to be any one 'type.' I just felt that Hollywood might demand of me things I didn't have to give. . . .

"You see," explained Brenda, "I didn't have much training for Hollywood. Or rather, for what I thought Hollywood was like. . . ."

Very little training, indeed, I kept thinking, as Brenda told me of her childhood spent on the Island of Negros in the Philippines, where she was born. For on that island the child lived a most curious, out-of-this-world existence. When she was eight years old her mother passed away, and after that her family consisted of herself, her busy father, a sugar planter, and her elder sister—with the result that much of her time was spent alone, wandering the Island, making friends with such strange, but indigenous fauna as crocodiles, flying lizards, iguanas, bees, turtles, parrakeets, firebirds and sunbirds with which the islands abound. Her games, usually solitary, were played under the forest shade of the dyewoods, wild rubber, cedar and ebony trees . . . her domestic pets were a deer and a civet cat . . . not ordinary company for a small girl. No ordinary girl is developed in such strange company.

The movies were the only entertainment the Island of Negros provided but of such ancient vintage were the films shown there that when Brenda came to the States she wanted to meet Theda Bara and thought that Lewis Stone was about the same age as Wayne Morris!

Some little while after their mother's death the Ankerson sisters were sent to the Brent School at Manila and when it came time for them to enter high-school, Mr. Ankerson purchased a home for his daughters, and his second wife, in San Antonio, where the girls lived and where they attended the Alam Heights High School . . . from which Ann Sheridan had gone forth a few years before. . . .

NOW curiously enough, from the time Brenda played at hide-and-seek, (mostly with herself and a brace of monkeys) among the stalks of the sugarcane or under the ebony trees, she wanted to become an actress. She can offer no reasonable explanation of how-come she even knew that she wanted to be an actress. She had never seen a flesh-and-blood actress. And as the movies on Negros offered her chiefly Theda Bara or Norma Talmadge, it doesn't seem likely that they stimulated her thespian urge. She can't remember that she ever read any life of Bernhardt, either, to account for her desire, which was definite. She just knew that she wanted to be an actress and didn't question the origin of that wanting.

And everything she did, from the time when her motives were adult enough to be conscious motives, was directed to that one aim. Even her wild life on the Islands contributed, really . . . giving her a natural grace, a something untrammelled and untyped. Anyway, she just barely graduated from the San Antonio High School because she spent all of her time there studying English, dramatics, art courses which did not mean very many credits toward a diploma.

And when she enrolled in the Texas State College for Women it was with the sole idea of studying voice, speech, more dramatics, painting, piano, all the arty things. She broke a couple of precedents in college by prevailing upon her professors to let her play boy roles in the senior class plays . . . not only did under-grads not play in the senior plays but also they did not play boys' parts.

After two years of college life, Brenda had learned that if you want to be an actress, you go to New York. A family friend informed her that Mme. Ouspenskaya's Dramatic College was the place where actresses are made. Brenda enrolled with Mme. Ouspenskaya and sweated through two years of "rigorous training and terrific discipline." This was in 1935.

Now, when Brenda joined Mme. Ouspenskaya's Dramatic College, Richard

Gaines (now playing Raymond Massey's role on the New York stage in *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*—which is why he isn't with Ardis Gaines in Hollywood!) was co-director of the college. Quite soon, as I understand it, Brenda realized that the brilliant young man was offering her, not only education but romance.

In 1937, Brenda and Richard Gaines were married. During the summers of 1937 and 1938 she worked in her husband's stock company at Peterborough, New Hampshire. She was the leading woman in the company and appeared in *The Guardsman, One Sunday Afternoon, He Who Gets Slapped, She Stoops to Conquer* and other vehicles which matured and shapened her green but growing abilities. She worked with that passionate concentration of purpose which is given only to those who are really dedicated to what they are doing.

She never, as she said, saw the inside of a night-club. During the day she worked and studied, and at nights she studied speech, French, Italian, and rehearsed roles for the school productions. Even in the summer stock, even during that first summer of 1937 which should have been her honeymoon, she had little time for anything but study and rehearsal as the company sometimes put on two plays a week.

In 1938 she was given the leading role in George Bernard Shaw's *On The Rocks,* a New York Federal Theatre Project. She played the role of a girl labor leader. All the first-string critics attended the opening, and one of the results of that enterprise was that talent scouts from Hollywood began to beguile Brenda. . . .

IT WAS then that her fear of Hollywood was formulated . . . and not without reason . . . for she made several screen tests and she describes these tests as being "terrific—terrifically awful!" She made one for M-G-M and can only hope that some day she will forget it. She made one for 20th Century-Fox and she never wants to think about that again, either! She looked, she says, a fright. Her figure, she says, photographed "so queer!"

Her face, she says, didn't look so awful in spite of the fact that her make-up was bad. She decided that it was her figure they didn't like; and she now has a phobia about wearing a bathing-suit. She won't even take a picture in a bathing-suit. She says, "I have a horror of them now!"

Into the Great Silence which followed her tests for M-G-M and 20th Century-Fox, came Talent Scout Art Jacobsen from Paramount. Brenda, told that he was exceptionally fine, agreed to read for him. She did and Art was enthusiastic. Brenda made a test for him. When she saw it, she was thrilled. She didn't, she says, know that she could photograph so well. The scene she did was an intelligent piece of business. She was well pleased with herself and—*nothing happened*!

Then, indeed, Brenda bade bye-bye to thoughts of Hollywood. If *that* test didn't bait the producers, it was no use. Time passed. Suddenly, one day, a message came through on the teletype in Warner Brothers' New York offices. The message bade Brenda to fly to Hollywood that very afternoon. They wanted her to test for a part in *Career Man,* starring Joel McCrea. (Warners, as you may have guessed, had seen the Paramount test run.) Brenda flew to Hollywood and she made the test and she played in *Career Man* which became *Espionage Agent* and from the day she arrived, up to and including this present day, the Brothers Warner and all their cohorts have been purring about Brenda louder, if possible, than Leo, the Lion, ever purred about Hedy Lamarr. And what I mean is, that is *purring!*

So, equipped with one pair of new stockings, her husband's blessing and enough fear to make excess baggage on the plane that brought her here, Brenda arrived. . . .

She told me, "I tell you, when I first saw the studio, that huge factory spreading out all over the place, oh, my heavens, I tell you, it struck terror to my heart! I thought I was going to scream out loud! Why, for weeks after I arrived it was horror to me even to walk into the Green Room where the stars lunch. I'd slither in and sit with my back to the others. I couldn't have eaten if I hadn't.

"When I started to work, the camera scared me, oh, horribly! It was just like putting the Evil Eye on me. They were all so kind to me, Joel McCrea, everyone . . . they'd say to me, 'just relax,' which was the last thing in the world I could do! I'd keep turning my back to the camera. I'm sure I acted wonderfully when my back was square on to the camera. I just gave and gave when other people were having close-ups.

"I'd keep remembering how Ann Sheridan had been mentioned for my part in *Espionage Agent*, how Marlene Dietrich had been mentioned, too, and that's what really threw me. I'd keep on having Dietrich on my mind. I tried to play the part as I thought she might have played it instead of the way I would naturally play it.

"I had to rid my mind of thinking of parts as 'a Davis part,' 'a Garbo part' and get to thinking how I would work out the part *my way*. Director Lloyd Bacon was wonderful to me. He was aware of my special problems and was comforting and kind, until, at last, I began to feel comfortable and relaxed. Bette Davis was swell . . . she told me how, when she made her first picture, she was shy, too, inhibited, ill at ease . . . and how they kidded her in a scene she had to play by giving her a boy baby to bathe instead of the girl baby the script called for! She said it was like hazing a Freshman in College. . . .

"So, Mr. Bacon encouraged me, Joel McCrea encouraged me, Jeffrey Lynn worked with me on my lines, Flo McNeill, the script girl on that picture, helped me locate a house, took me shopping for groceries and a car and escorted me to my first Hollywood preview, which happened to be *The Kid From Kokomo*. . . .

"IN SHORT, I found out that Hollywood is a *very* human place, that there *is* Perfection here but it is a perfection which people worked for, suffer for, achieve the same way perfection is achieved anywhere, by means of sweat and struggle, and, often, heart-break and tons of courage.

"I want to stay here now," said Brenda, "I hope things may work out so that Richard can be here, too. Then I would have my share of the 'Perfection.' I still hope I won't ever become a 'type.' I'd like to do things like *Mayerling,* I'd like to play vivacious, sparkling parts like Jane Bryan does, and so well, I'd like to play the kind of dramatic parts Bette Davis plays . . . a variety of things, an infinite variety . . . it's surprising what you can dig out of yourself when you have to," said Brenda . . . "even" she added, laughing, "the overcoming of fear!"

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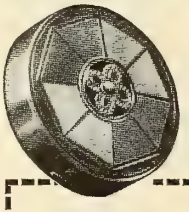

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What's Davie Niven Up to Now?

[*Continued from page* 51]

got all the man-hungry honeys of Hollywood in a peeve because Davie still loves her. And having married Jacqueline, and having been told by London biggies to go back to Hollywood, please, why then little Davie and his cute moustache and his cute bride'll come back to Hollywood and go back to work for Mr. Sam Goldwyn—Ta-ra-raaa-tum-tippity-te-ay ! ! !

And isn't it all just too, too, too something or other?

Ever since Davie landed in Hollywood, flat broke, and met Doug Fairbanks and went to visit Merle Oberon and laid on his back on Merle's front-room carpet and told her before he'd even been introduced that she was the loveliest little number he'd ever laid eyes on, Davie has had something by the tail.

There's the old expression—about "having the tiger by the tail." It's picturesque, and it applies almost precisely to Davie Niven. Only, in Davie's case, you have to substitute the bull for the tiger. Because it wasn't a figurative tiger whose tail Davie had hold of; it was the tail of the publicity BULL of Hollywood. And for the years that Davie has been running up a temperature in movies—his own and everybody else's—the bull has been giving Davie a glorious ride.

NEVER in all moviedom have there been such fantastic stories about a person as there have been about Davie—that's what I mean by a ride on the bull's tail. You all know how Davie, in his fantastic career, delivered laundry in a Rolls Royce so he could pay his bill at a swank New York hotel and how he scandalized the entire Mediterranean by his antics while stationed at Gibraltar, and a few things like that. . . .

That's the sort of publicity that's been peddled about Davie. Some of these tales he told himself, for Davie's talents in the field of imagination are magnificent.

It was amazing publicity, but up to now, it's been swell publicity for Davie. It has lifted him from the category of a smart-cracking Englishman—or Scot—into the glamorous position of being one of Hollywood's most colorful and important personalities. I rather imagine that both Davie and his press-agents became blinded by the effects of their publicity campaign, and took the brakes full off. And that's where Davie got hold of the bull's tail. . . .

And now the bull has suddenly done a most unspeakable thing to Davie. Having hold of a bull's tail—particularly the Hollywood publicity bull!—can be pregnant with possibilities. In Davie's case, the pregnancy is over. The bull has delivered. And Davie is—ah—sunk!

It came about like this—

Following full-steam ahead on their policy of unbridled publicity, Davie and his press-agents climbed onto the war wagon at the outset. Columnists wrote that Davie was dashing off to England to fight for his flag.

It was glamorous but it turned dull and sour. All of a sudden, the natural reaction set in. The quietus was put on war publicity all over Hollywood. Publicity offices and agents were officially instructed not to make use of any "war stuff" in publicity releases.

But Davie had the bull by the tail, and couldn't let go. Everything was tried. Good old Alan Mowbray, as fine a gentleman as Britain has ever sent us, went to work in the British consul's office in Los Angeles, as special liaison-officer of some sort. Alan, officially, quickly made it plain that Britain, for the nonce, did NOT want her sons here to hurry back to join the colors. That pronouncement, it was hoped, would stop the war-press-agentry. But it was too late to help Davie. He had said that he WAS going to war, and he'd practically set a date for it.

Davie had the bull by the tail, to be sure, but the bull had Davie, and even if Davie wanted to, he couldn't let go. He had to take what the bull was dishing out.

And so there you are. That brings us up to date as this is written. Davie took a plane for New York, whence (as this is written) he's to depart by Clipper or steamer for England as fast as he can.

Davie has been farewelled to a fare-thee-well; he has been cocktailed and partied in Hollywood as no war hero ever was before. Hollywood loves its drama and his departure was a fine excuse to make merry. So they all invited Davie to parties and that was swell.

A few of the gals wept—some of them openly into their cocktail glasses, others of them privately into their cold-cream jars. Because, after all, Davie has been a boon to Hollywood's manless mamas.

He has been charmingly suave, delightfully witty and never serious enough to be troublesome. He was full of bright cracks and solicitude for his female companions. He was a "perfect English gentleman" of the storybook kind. He was a refreshing relief from the horde of Hollywood males who can talk of only three things—themselves, themselves and themselves. Davie could talk of ANYthing. And so, Davie made them a delightful companion.

HE HAD a social faculty that was amazing in this faction-split Hollywood. Davie could—and did—attend the social gatherings of Hollywood's three major cliques impartially: the Norma Shearer kind of lah-de-dah parties; the Joan Crawford type of wham parties; and the British set's stuffy affairs. Davie had the technique of all three down to perfection, and he was the one person in Hollywood who could belong to either set without being ostracized in the others.

Certain it was that wherever he was and whomsoever he was with, there was fun. Davie's sense of humor is one of his greatest assets; some nasty persons say a sense of humor is the only sense the lad has. But that's not true.

Those who know him better are certain that underneath all this buffoonery there's a David Niven who is so introspective that it hurts. His clowning, his weird stories, his stupendous imaginings, are a smoke-screen behind which Niven hides himself.

[*Continued on page* 88]

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How Long Will Mickey Rooney Last?

[*Continued from page 29*]

Naturally enough, although he is only eighteen, he is still a trouper and with the successes of hits and the aches of failures on his tousled head.

Mickey's mother was a little awed at her prodigious young son. She has been ever since she found him on the stage one night when he was about two years old, interrupting an acrobatic act and panicking the audience with his antics. And, although she knew the hardships and the uncertainties of the theatre world, she was able to see that the business of Mickey's career was apparently the important thing. If she could give him every advantage in that field, maybe she could, then, give him the advantages any growing boy needs. She set out to work in that direction, always with her son's welfare prominently in mind.

Any youngster who tries to make his mark in the theatrical world doesn't have much time for any normal pleasures or regulated living. His mother recognized those drawbacks, but she also knew Mickey's happiness was the important thing. Her young son didn't seem to mind missing a few hours in the backyard playing marbles or tag. It was more fun for him to trod the boards—so trod the boards he did.

Mickey's education was mainly that of the hard-boiled kind. His education was spelled "experience." His studies were mainly directed towards getting all out of life that it could offer. Certainly he had his tugs with geography, arithmetic, and history. His mother saw to that. And he wanted an education too. But, formal education wasn't in Mickey's line. He was learning enough of the practical side to go with that which he learned from text-books. And there is the keynote of Mickey's life today.

HIS career has been built on one foundation—bucking life and entertaining a fickle public. He and his mother had to make an existence for themselves. Poverty and struggles didn't allow them to taste of any of the easier items. There was the problem of where the next meal was coming from. Of hurrying to catch a train to fulfill an act. Of missing the companionship of a father, for Mickey's father and mother had been separated for some time.

So, through all the difficult times Mickey experienced, he had but one thought in mind—to build a comfortable future for his mother and himself, so that they might have time to enjoy the pleasures of life. He'd learn all schools could teach him, but he was learning something else of more importance—how to buck up against the barriers that cluttered his path, the barriers that tried to throw him.

Before Mickey attained his present popularity, he took his acting more or less as a matter of course. He enjoyed his work, naturally, but it was the pay-check that was the most important, for with each remuneration he and his mother could have something they wanted. And Mickey could find spare moments to catch up on the pleasures he had missed.

Then came his sudden popularity on the screen. It wasn't a popularity that began instantaneously. It was one that saw a conscious birth in pictures like *Ah, Wilderness* and *A Family Affair*. And after *Love Finds Andy Hardy*, he was the hottest thing in town.

Strangely enough, it is that same popularity that has made Mickey a finer and more interesting boy. For a while, it is true, it threatened to throw him, but he has taken hold of himself and has acquired a renewed and vital interest in his career. He is laying plans for the days when he may not be an actor any more. When his type of work may have lost its appeal. And Mickey is just astute enough to know that the day will come when his career may close up on him—when he may find that he was right in knowing he couldn't last forever as an actor.

MICKEY explains his future by saying, "I'm not good-looking enough or tall enough to get very far as an actor when I get older. I'm not the leading man type, and I don't think I'd be much good in character parts for a long time yet. So I'm learning all I can about the business. You see, I'm really anxious to be a director or a producer."

So there is Mickey's answer to those, like myself, who have been wondering how long he can last. He won't always be a shining cinema satellite, but he'll not leave the business that has been his whole life. And that's why he is conquering other fields at the moment and preparing himself, as young as he is, for a new period in his career and in his life.

Popularity has also brought Mickey more mellowness and humility. Gone is some of the brashness—the cockiness of those earlier days. He seems to have passed through the period when a youngster thinks it's time he begins to be a man and assumes all of man's experience and worldliness. Like *Andy Hardy*, he's beginning to recognize the problems of manhood after going through a period of exaggerated youthful enthusiasm.

Mickey's career almost took a nose-dive a year ago. There were repeated stories of his interest in the girls—an over-emphasized interest, some thought. There were stories of his conceit and his temperament being a problem to his studio, such a problem, in fact, that he finally had to be put under strict limitations. I know that I, too, had this impression of Mickey, impressions based on contacts with him.

I remember, for example, a preview I attended about four years ago—before Mickey was so popular. He had come out of the theatre and was signing autographs with a flourish that would have done credit to a seasoned film idol. This was about the time when Mickey began to realize that perhaps he had a rather large following.

HOWEVER, that period was apparently like all other periods in a boy's life. Most kids of fifteen and sixteen think they are just about the cat's meow. They think they have passed the stage when anyone can teach them anything and when they can, more or less, dictate for themselves. After all, the 'teen age has thrown practically every youngster who has invaded it. Mickey was no exception. He was being another typical boy, but he was forgetting he was in the public eye. And some of the public, while they loved his smart-aleckness on the screen didn't stop to think he was like any other kid. He was a movie star, and they thought he shouldn't be so all-fired normal.

Then there is another picture I remember of Mickey. I was in a corner drug store one afternoon when he came in, dressed to kill in top hat and tails, dashed to the telephone booth, made a spirited call to a girl on the other end, and then whizzed away in his geared-up car with the elan of a *Beau Brummel*. He was about fourteen or fifteen

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then. And so began the period in which Mickey envisioned himself the Knight Errant of youthful Hollywood.

Yet, he was only expressing, I assume, every kid's dream of owning a car and putting on the dog for his favorite girl. And, of course, the top hat and tails in the middle of the afternoon should have convinced me, as it didn't then, that Mickey was like any other youngster who, because he was wearing an evening outfit at any provocation, felt the delicious feeling that comes to a boy when he thinks he's a man, when youth and the teens are a thing that are vaguely acknowledged.

However, the picture of that afternoon was intensified when I saw Mickey at the premiere of *Babes in Arms*. Intensified because the contrast between the old and new Mickey was so great—and yet so obvious.

When I went into the theatre, Mickey was standing on the sidelines with Judy Garland. He was almost bewildered by this tribute to his work. He stood humbly by, wide-eyed, and a little puzzled. There was no brashness or cockiness. There was just a strange wonder. The inexperience and confused enthusiasm of the past had changed to experience and an intelligent acceptance of his own position and of his own youth. There was no attempt to grab manhood out of the air then. He was like any other boy of eighteen who was experiencing a thrill and who was none too anxious to assume the responsibilities and worries that being a man involved.

To go back to that afternoon, though, in the drug store and to Mickey's *Beau Brummel* tendencies, there is an interesting point of discussion.

Of all the criticisms leveled against Mickey, his carefree attitude about squiring young ladies was hit the hardest. Columnists yelled in printer's ink when Mickey was seen swaggering up to a premiere with a fair one on his arm, or when he was supposed to have been seen doing the light fantastic in a nightclub. Since I have never seen him at any of the exclusive spots, I can't verify the rumors with any authority.

But there's been enough said about Casanova Mickey Rooney. I prefer to believe his interest in girls and his principles as an escort do not vary too violently from those of any other eighteen year old. Let it lie at that.

Mickey is, today, going with girls who are far from wild young things. They are from the best and most respected families in Hollywood. And through them, he has made new friends who are sympathetic with his work and with his interests. Because of the new crowd with whom he associates, he has been able to intensify his flair for song-writing. As most of you know, he has already written several numbers. Then, too, his friends are swing devotees, as he is, although he qualifies swing and draws a line when it's plain gibberish. Since he writes lyrics, he insists upon swing that can be set to words and not limited to barbaric "ughs" and "oomphs."

MICKEY is interested in girls—decidedly. He likes their companionship and he loves to take them to the nicer places in town. But he's not serious with anyone. As he says, "Why should a guy marry before he's middle-aged, say twenty-five, and make one woman miserable when he can make a lot of them happy?" Words that sound strangely like those uttered by one *Andy Hardy*.

Of course, Mickey means only about half of that—only the business of waiting until the ripe old age of twenty-five before he considers matrimony. He knows he's not ready to think of anything as serious as marriage. He has too much to do yet—and he's not established enough to suit him. Girls are fine—as long as they aren't taken too seriously.

Mickey has also been lambasted for his acting—and as intensely as he has for his romantic urges. I have done lambasting myself, and, I believe, he knows the mistakes he has made as well as do his critics.

Mickey was merely an innocuous young kid star until *Love Finds Andy Hardy* came along and brought stardom with it. That was the turning point in his career.

Suddenly a normal youngster portraying normal youngsters on the screen became a caricature of adolescence, a boy who essayed his own youth with a tongue in his cheek and with far too much worldliness. Critics began to scream about his mugging, his lack of fulfilling the real ability that is his and that he had shown in the past.

But the public ate him up. They howled at his broad antics and lavished praise upon his shoulders. More praise than he could possibly take gracefully. To him, it didn't matter that he was turning into a mugging man. His career was based on popular applause. And he knew how to get applause.

THERE was a noticeable change in his work with the release of *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever*, a change brought about by his own alertness and the realization that he couldn't burlesque his roles forever and last long on the screen. In this picture, he seemed to regain some of the conviction of his earlier efforts. But it wasn't until his stellar performance in *Babes in Arms* that he fully recovered from the awful effects of his mugging. In this new picture, he proves he's a trouper—and one of the best. He shows what the years of plodding and struggling have done for him. And he proves he's worthy, for the first time, of the applause that has been showered on him.

So, like his life, his career is assuming more importance and is receiving more moderation. Mickey is now fully aware of the significance of his career, and he knows a great deal more about the fickle public than he did a year or two ago. Consequently, he knows how to protect his career from the public's sudden changes of moods.

Mickey and his mother are now in a position to enjoy the things they had hoped for. They lead a very comfortable life on their ranch at Encino, his mother has a car that Mickey bought for her, and they have finally been able to have something they could call a home. They are settled and contented—at last.

Mickey's success and family stability haven't entirely settled the problems that face him. Any career like his is subject to all sorts of hitches. His work may become typed. He may run out of tricks. The public may tire of him and his antics. He may find that there are too few parts to provide the variety he will need. He may want to revolt and lead his own life unfettered. But if he keeps a clear head, if he honestly pursues his ambition to direct or produce, and if he keeps his talent unblemished by hokum, there is no reason why he can't go on forever like Tennyson's brook. It's up to him. He has been given the advice and the help.

So the question, in final analysis, of how long will he last will depend on Mickey Rooney as Mickey Rooney, and not as Mickey Rooney, the actor.

It's my guess he'll either end his career playing *Judge Hardy* or as the producer of a long series of hits. Certainly he has stuff and the ability to succeed. Life may have deprived him of a lot, but it has taught him how to remain on top. He'll not forget what he's learned.

Why Girls Can't Resist Him

[*Continued from page* 25]

mind the soft swaying of palm trees on moonlit tropical shores—even though he plays the accordion.

Compared to Valentino and the lesser lovers of the screen, Jimmy really hasn't got a leg to stand on. But you simply cannot go ahead and dismiss him without a further thought. There's something about him that always lingers in your memory. He's your first childhood sweetheart grown up. He's like the boy who gave you your first kiss. And like these, he cannot be forgotten.

To the late Dr. Freud, or for that matter to any psychologist, the paradox of Jimmy's strange appeal is not really a mystery. In everyday life he is not a rare specie but in the land of films he is a complete contradiction to all accepted standards. And to most people he is a trifle bewildering.

Taken at first glance, Jimmy is just a big overgrown kid whose thinness actually is a grave cause of concern to his doctors. He isn't handsome according to all Hollywood measurements. He hasn't got one of those glib, winning voices that makes the girls slither up to him. Nor does he employ flattery or any of the more subtle artifices with which to lure the feminine contingents to his side. He's got an eagle-beaked face and hair that never stays in place. He's shy. He's awkward. He's slow. But still the ladies love him.

Just what he does to affect women the way he undoubtedly affects them has been a great mystery to the master minds of films. But if they understood some simple psychology, the great enigma could easily have been cleared up a long time ago.

In Hollywood these days, it isn't enough merely to be a good actor. You definitely have to have something else. Something almost equally important. Something all the fans will like. And in the strange case of Jimmy Stewart, you are apt to find it. Though he, himself, may be unaware of it, there's something about him that makes maiden and matron alike sigh with satisfaction whenever his face is flashed on the screen.

Jimmy Stewart is no pretty glamor boy. He defies anyone to call him that without smiling. He's everything directly opposed to any woman's idea of a matinee idol. High-school girls don't go around harboring mad crushes on him. And he certainly doesn't fit into the brawny, brusque school of heroes.

BUT according to Freud, who certainly knew more about love and sex than any person in this world, Jimmy Stewart would be classified as a person with an abundance of sex appeal. And whether you want to believe it or not, he has more of it than Taylor, Gable and Power all rolled into one.

If you have any doubts on the subject, try a little research in the realm of Mr. Freud yourself. Maybe Jimmy, himself, might find this revelation a bit startling. Or maybe he's too deeply engrossed tinkering with airplane models, or startling stray strollers by popping his camera into their surprised faces, to care.

Even in Hollywood where glamor is a drug on the market, the ladies have been standing in line for Jimmy. And some of them are ladies who certainly have mighty high standards. This shy, young, kid-brother type has done something to them. Maybe he reminds them of their own kid brothers madly dashing around town trying to borrow a tux for the junior prom. Or maybe they knew a kid like him who spent most of his days up in the attic tinkering with broken-down motors and building model sail-boats. But to all Hollywood, he's a cross between Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper. And as such he will keep the feminine pulses fluttering as long as he breathes.

But getting down to the reasons for his strange appeal, you have to go back to his very childhood. Ever since he was a kid there was something serious and determined about Jimmy. He was one of those youngsters who took everything in life with an eager, intense understanding. He was the sober, wide-eyed kind to whom all the world was a vast mystery. And because of this seriousness and his own seeming helplessness, people always took a liking to him. Even today those very same symptoms persist. And because of them people are always anxious and wanting to help him.

EVERYONE feels like taking him under wing and explaining the strange bewildering complications of life. Old ladies want to give him a good hearty meal to fatten him up a bit. Younger women want to comb his hair in place and fix his necktie. Married women want to tell him to wear an overcoat and rubbers out in the rain. In short, everyone is concerned with his well being.

The very first key to his complex nature is the fact that everyone likes him.

Because they like him, everyone wants to do things for him. In short, they want to mother him. To cater to his wants. To see that he takes care of himself. And this, according to psychologists, constitutes the second key.

Third, and last, Jimmy is a big kid at heart. This makes him the sort that never grows up in the minds of those around him. They always keep on mothering him. They always regard him as an adolescent. And because of this, they lavish on him the first and strongest kind of love. A love that is prompted by a maternal instinct. This love alone is not the type that makes successful movie stars. But with Jimmy, there is added a flavoring of the more mature and emotional love. Actual grown-up love. *But beneath it all, and what first attracts about him, is his primary appeal to the mother instinct.*

All this may sound a bit complicated. But when you consider all women have the mother instinct, this is not so strange. Without it there would be no such thing as love. But when this instinct is bestowed on someone mature, it undergoes a slight change—a change that makes it more grown-up. But it is because of the desire to mother a man, that a great many women fall in love with the men they marry.

And because most men are children at heart and like all this fuss and attention, women are sometimes attracted to them. It makes a woman feel she has the upper hand. It makes her feel capable of a certain amount of mastery over the male. And fundamentally, the feeling is one which all women covet.

According to those who have witnessed his rapid-fire rise to stardom, Jimmy is the hottest thing in Hollywood. But that isn't the reason for his being one of the most popular stars in the film colony. They like him for the same reason the audiences throughout the country like him. They like him because he is Jimmy Stewart both off the screen and on. They like him

[*Continued on page* 92]

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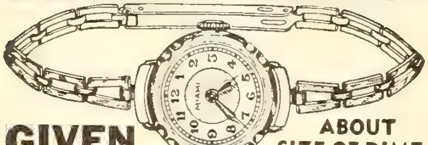

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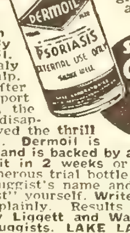

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Could Hollywood Do Without Men?

[*Continued from page* 40]

scious cities. Nowhere else on earth are there so many alluring "oomph girls," nowhere so many men trained by the duties of their profession to appreciate feminine charm. Hence, nowhere else on earth does woman get so many privileges, and wield so much power through artful allure.

Don't jump to the conclusion that filmtown women "pay and pay." That's just the point. In Hollywood they don't have to "pay" at all. The test of their power is the fact that they can do so much by the use of sweet words, smiles, and the glances that say, "What a man!"

Even if some man, on whom an allure queen turns her charm, fails to respond emotionally, he'd better think twice before refusing her honeyed requests. Some other man will respond. She'll get what she wants, anyway. And maybe that will turn out to be a position in which she can say of the man who refused her, "Do you know, I think we ought to fire Mr. Blank. He isn't any too smart!"

That last statement would be quite true.

Women are running Hollywood quite capably. Once in a while they make some mistakes, or allow some feminine passion to sway them too far, as in the case of attempting to "pretty" the so-very-masculine Clark Gable. Mostly, the score is all on their side, and they control their whims, jealousies and passions considerably better than men.

Changes they've made in film fare, however, aren't all dictated by their desire to please feminine fans. Some are made strictly to please the ladies of Hollywood, themselves.

TODAY, in private life or on the screen, no movie matinee idol dare show that he thinks he's the answer to every maiden's prayer. Hollywood women like their heroes modest and unassuming.

No matter how modest a movie hero's private-life conduct may be, however, the blame is pinned on him when a romance breaks up. There couldn't have been a more modest-acting guy than Ty Power, during the days of that Sonja Henie romance. Yet when it broke up, folks said, "Poor Sonja!"

Now poor little Sonja, a sweet girl and a swell pal, is also a very strong character, quite capable of breaking off one romance without asking for anyone's sympathy. And she didn't pin any blame on Ty. It was other Hollywood women who did that.

Ty was forgiven, however, when he married Annabella. The charming deference he shows for her, and through her, for women in general, would soften the stoniest heart.

When a married actor escorts some "other woman" around the night spots, he'd better have a good excuse. His wife may know about it, may even have made the date for him. In that event, she must let Hollywood know she forced her reluctant husband to entertain the girl!

The Hollywood wife, however, doesn't need to explain why she's escorted places by men other than her husband. That's a privilege of filmland women. Many have "gone steady" with this man or that without causing more than idle speculation as to whether all's well between the lady and her husband!

When divorce comes, man must take the

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rap. If he dares to make counter-charges, he becomes a social leper until such a time as the ladies of Hollywood decide to forgive him.

Successful marriage in Hollywood always consists in the man being able to change his way of living to suit the lady. Filmland as well as much-in-love Ty Power lauds Annabella for taking charge of her husband's life. When Gary Cooper married, he left the rough but easy life of a country squire to enter the film colony's most dignified social stratum. And when Bing was Bachelor Crosby, he was once heard to remark, "I don't think I ever want to become a parent!"

Roger Pryor is a very successful husband because he heeded Ann Sothern's ultimatum that he stop going on orchestra tours and fooling with airplanes. Not so successful as husbands were Herbie Kay and Harmon O. Nelson, also orchestra leaders. Herbie quickly lost Dorothy Lamour, and Nelson, at long last, parted from Bette Davis. They couldn't change their lives so handily.

Gable and Taylor made no notable changes in their way of living on marrying Carole and Barbara. Why? Because their tastes were almost exactly like those of their famous wives!

If powerful tradition holds true in their cases as in many other famous movie marriages, however, Gable and Taylor can't expect to escape the effect of marriage on their careers. Here again, woman gets the break. Her popularity increases, while her husband's diminishes.

Examples are thick around us, today and on pages of screen history. Joan Crawford quickly eclipsed Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., after they were married. Doug has since fought back to fame. Joan's marriage to Franchot Tone seemed to have a similar result on that fine young actor. Yet Joan isn't a jinx girl. The careers of her husbands suffered simply because that is the mysterious way that things go, in Hollywood.

ONE explanation for this phenomenon sounds logical. It is, that as soon as marriage occurs, the man in the case becomes the woman's press-agent.

Interview Gene Raymond, and you come away with a story about Jeanette MacDonald. Interview Dick Powell, and you've got a story about Joan Blondell. Before marriage, an interview added to a male star's own fame. After marriage they're denied, by the rules of Hollywood's special code and the ordinary instincts of male gallantry, this valuable publicity.

Since the woman in the case gets the publicity value of most of her husband's interviews, and gets as much or more publicity of her own than she had before marriage, she now has about twice the build-up she formerly enjoyed!

Note how it works as Ty Power devotes an interview, not to doing Ty Power some good, but to praising Annabella. What a woman, what a wife, what a brave girl to go to France for the safety of her family, and so on! Fine and gallant. Praise richly deserved by its beautiful recipient. But it delivers some of Ty's fame to Annabella, wrapped in a package and tagged, "With love."

Who's getting the lion's share of publicity out of the Gable-Lombard combine? Carole, of course. As for Bob Taylor, he's been a publicity dodger since Barbara came into his life. He'll start to talk, then halt in panic. Whatever he'd been going to say, someone might print! No one knows how much good he might have been able to do for himself had he talked freely. Fear of being mis-

[*Continued on page* 87]

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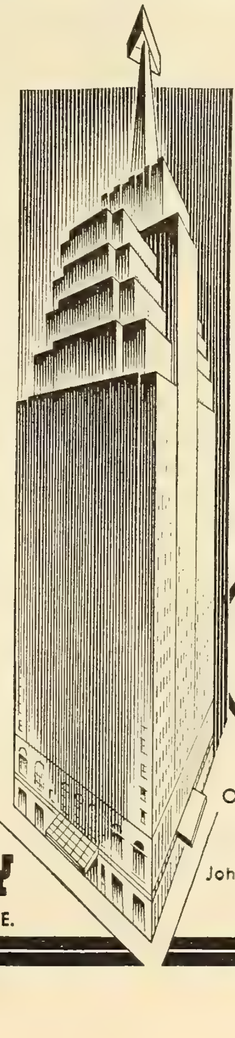

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Hollywood's Champion Lone Wolf

[*Continued from page 22*]

Not only did he argue for days; he got away with it. He won the argument. Now even Mr. X. will concede that no one could have improved on George's interpretation of the role. He made a big hit in it.

All of which proves that it pays to be independent. But that isn't why George plays the game by his own rules, not Hollywood's. He can't help himself. He's just naturally a Lone Wolf.

James Cagney also has a reputation for living his own life, no matter what. When he fought with his studio, he held his convictions to the point of walking out, forfeiting a fortune in salary, risking his whole screen future. People think of Cagney as a rebel. They don't think of Brent as one. Yet, he staged a one-man strike before Cagney did. It wasn't highly publicized. When he struck, he did so without having his convictions backed up by the slightest feeling that a large portion of the public must be on his side.

THAT was a tip-off to the amount of Lone Wolf in George. Hollywood didn't sense it then. In fact, Hollywood hasn't sensed it yet.

Tall (six feet one), well-built, handsome, with black hair, hazel eyes, a warm smile and good manners, George is attractive to women. He must know it. And he must—think the gossips—capitalize on it. Since they don't see him at the night-clubs, they assume that he must do his capitalizing in secret, slyly. They are constantly suspecting him of hidden romances.

Something they don't suspect is that he is a skeptic about love. And women. "I've had bad luck with marriage," he says, commenting on his three tries. "Maybe it was my fault. Maybe it was fifty-fifty. I don't know. All I know is that I'm in no hurry to try again."

Psychiatrists might find it easy to explain those three matrimonial strike-outs. Marriage, in its less blissful moments, can look to any man like bondage. Particularly, a man who has made a habit of doing his thinking, himself.

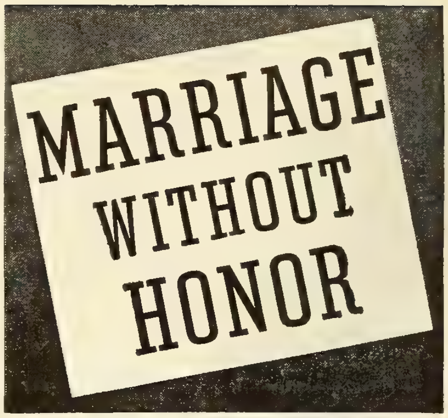
His last bride tore up his pilot's license, to keep him from flying. Almost immediately thereafter, George moved out.

He has been charged with hitching his wagon to feminine stars. The gossips cite Ruth Chatterton, Greta Garbo, Bette Davis. They are the three women to whom he has been most attentive in Hollywood, and each of them has been in turn, First Lady of the Screen. Nothing gets under the skin of Lone Wolf George like the allegation that he has been attentive so as to be mentioned in the same breath with whoever is Queen of the Cinema.

That Brent-Davis "romance"—it can be told now—was a press-agent idea, to help sell two Davis-Brent pictures in a row: *Dark Victory* and *The Old Maid.* George and Bette didn't mind. They had become good friends, making those two pictures. They enjoyed being together. If people wanted to wonder whether or not it was a romance, and wanted to go to their pictures to try to find out, why should they stop them?

But somebody embroidered the bare romance rumors. Somebody added the fanciful touch that George couldn't help falling in love with Bette, after what she had done for him—helping him with his acting, giving him a new career, and all. George, to put it

[*Continued on page 89*]



When the beautiful model married Society's most eligible bachelor, the sensational press had a field day. But behind the headlines and gossip was a story only she could tell. Only she knew the heartbreak that went with her husband's wealth, and the aching emptiness of a—"MARRIAGE WITHOUT HONOR!"

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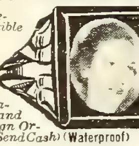

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Baked Beans Go Doggy

[*Continued from page* 16]

included in the leaflet offered free with this article.)

You'll want to make this recipe over and over, for family as well as entertainment meals:

INDIVIDUAL FRANKFURTER AND BEAN CASSEROLE

6 skinless frankfurters
6 tablespoons butter
6 tablespoons brown sugar
2 (12-ounce) cans baked beans in tomato sauce

Use 6 individual bean pots or pottery casseroles. Cut frankfurters into 1-inch sections. In bottom of each pot put ½ tablespoon each of butter and sugar. Cover with layer of frankfurters, and fill to within ¾-inch of top with baked beans. Arrange frankfurter sections, cut side up, on top of pots. Sprinkle with ½ tablespoon each of butter and sugar. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) 45 minutes. (Serves 6.)

OR, IF you are seeking an unusual but simple type of hot snack for any occasion, you can't do better than select the following especially tasty one:

GLAZED HAM AND BAKED BEAN SNACKS

8 thin slices broiling ham
2 teaspoons prepared mustard
16-ounce can baked pork and beans
3 tablespoons New Orleans molasses
3 tablespoons water

Spread ham slices with mustard. Empty canned beans into bowl and mash slightly. Place large spoon of beans on each slice, and roll up, fastening with toothpicks. Arrange rolls in baking pan. Blend molasses and water, and use to baste rolls while cooking. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) for 25 minutes. Serve with cabbage slaw, sweet potato slices or fritters, and cranberry jelly. (Makes 8 snacks.)

The sandwich type snack, too, has its many followers who think that any food is better if served in simple sandwich style. The tired business girl who feels she can't spare more than 10 minutes to fix herself a bite, or the busy housewife who doesn't want to stop at lunch to cook anything just for herself, can do no better than to put together this hearty meal-in-one:

BAR-B-Q HAM AND BAKED BEAN SANDWICH

2 tablespoons butter
1 cup chopped smoked ham
2 tablespoons minced onion
¼ clove garlic, minced
¼ cup chili sauce
2 tablespoons tomato catsup
salt, black pepper
16-ounce can pork and beans
6 sandwich buns
chutney or gherkin relish

Melt butter, add smoked ham, and cook 2 minutes, turning constantly. Add seasonings and baked beans, and heat mixture thoroughly. Spread on piping hot buns which have been split, toasted and lightly buttered. Garnish with relish. Serve immediately. (Makes 6 sandwiches.)

The Spanish and the Mexicans have always done interesting dishes with beans, which are on their daily bill of fare. Combined with small pieces of meat and highly seasoned, the dish is familiar to all of us as Chili con Carne, a good dish for any winter menu, as well as for the informal supper party. Make it with canned pea beans, or, if you prefer, with rich red kidney beans, adding hamburger generously.

Place the bean pot as the centerpiece of the winter table; accompany it with tart apple and cole slaw salads, with pickles and relishes, and offer brown breads alongside. These simple foods cut kitchen time, are served with minimum effort, and still charm the heart of every man every time!

Mrs. Christine Frederick
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Could Hollywood Do Without Men?

[*Continued from page* 85]

quoted makes him an exception to the press-agent husband rule.

When the woman star retires to private life after marriage, as did Charles Boyer's Pat Paterson, Errol Flynn's Lili, and Bing Crosby's Dixie, it seems that the actor's career always escapes undamaged.

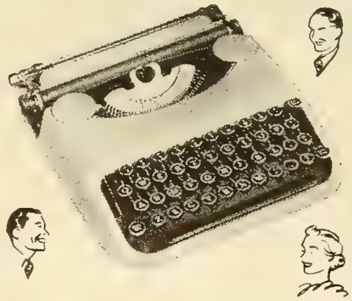
IN ALL phases of Hollywood life, solemn or silly, men have given up their privileges while letting their pretty bosses assume more and more.

On the silly side, what man could do a Garbo act without being sent to the bughouse? What man, seeking to do for his sex what La Dietrich did when she popularized pants for women, could put over the idea of men wearing kilts? And what man could bear up under a label inferring romantic appeal, such as "Oomph Boy," "Ecstasy Boy," or "Sarong Man?" The late Lew Cody was nearly laughed out of pictures because a press-agent labelled him, "Butterfly Man!"

A British visitor to Hollywood once exclaimed, "Why doesn't this bally town do without men, altogether?"

It couldn't do without men. Emphatically, no. What it does *with* them, however, makes it a woman's town. The feminine rule is there for keeps, and it will tighten rather than relax.

LIFE is full of grand surprises!



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The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

What's Davie Niven Up to Now?

[*Continued from page* 80]

He creates, with all his clowning and cracking a phony world in which he can lose himself, and get away from a David Niven whom he doesn't like to be alone with. Is that complicated? Sorry if it is. But that's the picture of the real David Niven as those who know him intimately have it.

After all, despite all the hilarious color that's been daubed onto it by both himself and his publicizers, David Niven's life hasn't been so dam' swell. David has never had much money to do things with. He wasn't born rich. And even though he did shoot up the Hollywood ladder, he didn't shoot into the heavy money.

Add to that the fact that, despite all the wisecracks and the evasions and the denials, Davie has probably been steadily in love with his English gal-friend, Jacqueline Dyer. Instead, he had to go gayly along down the Hollywood trail of romantic antics—and get himself plastered with "love publicity" involving Merle Oberon and Loretta Young and any other gal who happened to need a romantic build-up, from the studio's viewpoint.

Davie was the unattached and personable male who was the love-interest in these phony build-ups, and it was part of the ride he was getting on the bull's tail. He couldn't let go; he had to go for the phony romances—and it must have hurt like hell for both his real heart and his sweetheart in England.

I'm not trying to picture him in the "laugh clown laugh" role. It wasn't that serious, really. It was, rather, silly. And realizing how silly it was, David did what was probably the smartest possible thing—he made it sillier. And that accounts for the utter abandon of the absurdities to which, in his Hollywood career, he has loaned himself and his name. Davie never could foresee that it was heading for this—not even Davie could predict a war and the spot it'd land him in.

AND so now, there he is. He's packed up his things in his old kit bag, and he's left that Santa Monica Beach mansion that he shared with Walter Davis and Robert Coote—that beach house he named "Cirrhosis by the Sea."

He's off by plane for England. He sticks to his story that he's off to the war, even though he knows jolly well that England doesn't want him—anyway not now.

Probably when he gets to London there'll be some sort of semi-official pronouncement in his case—like there was in Charles Boyer's. Davie will probably be told—publicly—to go back to America and do his best for Britain as a semi-official good-relations agent, at which he'd be ever so much more valuable to his country than he would be in kilts at the "front."

Then Davie will turn around, and come back to Hollywood. And Hollywood will welcome him back with open arms and Davie will take up where he left off, professionally, but not romantically. As I said, he'll probably marry the gal while he's in England. And Davie'll be just another husband when he gets back to Hollywood. Of course, it'd ruin him as the town's most-in-demand party-guest. The Hollywood mamas will be hopping mad . . . ! They'll each and all of them be full of the fury of the woman scorned. . . .

Hmmmm. Maybe, after all, Davie WILL go to war! It might be easier!

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Hollywood's Champion Lone Wolf

[*Continued from page* 86]

mildly, burned to a crisp. Being a gentleman, he couldn't comment in public. But he blew off plenty of steam in private. Where did they get that "new career" stuff? He had been having this career for the past eight years. And he didn't need any help with his acting, from Davis, or anybody else. Not after eight years on the screen, preceded by three hundred roles on the stage.

Soon there after, the right columnists received tips that George and Bette might still be seeing each other, but not as often as before. The inference was plain. Bette was going to be able to get along without George, and—George was going to be able to get along without Bette.

HE GOES all the other Lone Wolf boys one better by having fewer close friends than any of them. His own explanation is: "It takes me a long time to know people, or to let them know me. I've never been a good mixer. I don't shine in a crowd. I can be agreeable, but I can't be chummy on short notice. That's enough to keep me from having a collection of buddies, Hollywood being Hollywood."

And George being George, if he had never made pictures with Ruth Chatterton, Greta Garbo and Bette Davis, he never would have gone calling on any of them. In all three instances, it took weeks of daily association for friendship to get under way.

Actors, as a class, are notoriously good mixers. So are Irishmen.

George is Irish (born in County Galway, bejabers), as well as an actor. Why, then, is it so difficult for him to be chummy on short notice?

Don't overlook his background. At 18, he was mixed up in the bloody fracas in Ireland that ended in formation of the Irish Free State. Mixed up in it to the extent of being dispatch carrier between the two revolutionary leaders—De Valera and Michael Collins. Both were hunted men. That made their go-between a hunted man. George made a hit of not being a show-off, conspicuous in a crowd; of keeping a close check on his tongue with strangers; of being wary of strangers in general. That habit was his only insurance against sudden death. Someone else wasn't as close-mouthed. Collins was ambushed, murdered. George, seeing his own number coming up, fled Ireland for his life. He escaped only by trusting people he knew.

When a man owes his very life to the way he has lived, it isn't in him to stop living that way.

GO FARTHER back in his background, and you will find more proof that the tree has grown as the twig was bent. He was born on a farm. When he was 7, his father died. He had to pitch in and work—help feed the pigs, milk the cows, shear the sheep, hoe the potatoes, dig the peat. When he was 15, his mother died. That young, he got in the habit of being on his own, without expecting favors from anybody.

That goes a long way toward explaining why he is a Lone Wolf today, why he has the attitude that he'll never get anything that he doesn't earn—and to blazes with playing Hollywood politics.

"When I first came out here," he says, "and finally caught on after two years of testing, someone tried to sell me the idea that I might get ahead faster if I went to some of the right parties and met some of the right people. So I went to a few; I was ambitious. It didn't take me long to discover that Thalberg and Goldwyn always went off by themselves to play backgammon, and the other giants of the industry broke up into two's and three's—always the same two's and three's. Meanwhile, here I was a stranger, stranded with some other strangers. It was fairly obvious that I was wasting my time. What I was like off the screen didn't mean a thing. The only thing that would count would be what I was like on the screen."

Other stars before George have sought seclusion. Most of them have been accused, rightly or wrongly, of really seeking publicity. Not so, George. He has the disregard for publicity of the true, unadulterated Lone Wolf. His seclusion isn't spectacular. It's even a bit dull. And he doesn't do anything about it. He doesn't do anything for publicity unless prodded into it, and prodded hard. This includes interviews. He had an interview appointment the other afternoon, and completely forgot about it, as no publicity-seeker ever would have. He took a nap, instead. A most enjoyable nap.

HE FEELS this way about publicity: "I feel sorry for anybody who gets a lot of it. I had much too much, myself, in the beginning. And a reporter in New York summed it up very neatly. He said, 'Now that you've had a million dollars' worth of publicity, when are you going to make a picture?' That's all that counts in the long run with anybody—what you do on the screen."

A Lone Wolf doesn't waste much time kidding himself. Even about the choice of his approach to life.

"I don't have much choice about the way I live. I have to make as many pictures a year as they want me to make. *We Shall Meet Again* is my sixth this year. When have I had time to play? Between pictures, all I've had time to do is to go to a sanitarium over in Pasadena and lie flat on my back for two weeks, resting up for the next one.

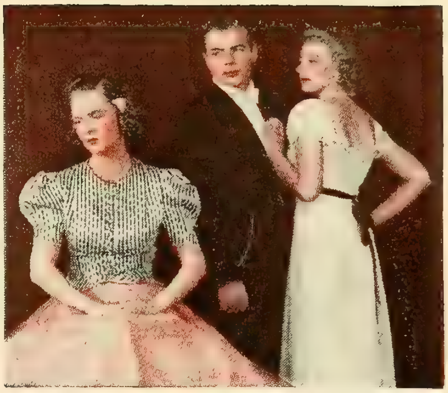
"Doesn't it ever get dull, just going to work and back again? Of course, it gets dull. But there's one bright and shining aspect to the work. It's the least like a concentration camp of any job I know about."

His favorite sports, when he has time for them, are polo and flying. Neither is on the Hollywood producers' list of Safe Sports for Stars. Flying's big appeal to George is that it is a solo form of activity. When you're up there, behind those controls, you're strictly on your own. He has more than 400 flying hours behind him.

Something else that can stand pointing out about George is the fact that he is one of the few British stars independent enough of old associations to become a citizen of the country that has given him his career and his stardom.

But what is he building up to, with this Lone Wolf life of his? What is his goal?

"To sock enough away to be financially independent, able to relax. I haven't earned big money in the Hollywood sense. I've had to bide my time. I'm still biding it. When I get there, I'd like to find out if a certain director is kidding me or not. He says, 'You're in the wrong racket, George. Get behind the camera like me, and you can sit back and let other people do the work.' "



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Bad Boy Broderick

[*Continued from page 34*]

than merely a fair-to-middlin' actor. His second severest critic, his father, Lester Crawford, had to admit that the night *Of Mice and Men* opened in New York.

Behind it all lies a story that has its beginning many years ago and directly concerns Helen Broderick and Lester Crawford, the actor's mother and father.

At the tender age of seven, Brod was spending his summer vacation touring a vaudeville circuit with his parents. Two weeks after the tour started, another actor on the same bill offered the youngster a dollar a week to run across the stage and yell "Tag. You're it!" After the second performance, Brod hurled the bombshell: "I don't want to go back to school—I want to be an actor," he asserted.

His mother and dad were fully prepared for it.

"Let's get this straight now," was the ultimatum. "You're going to school for a long time. At least until you're through Harvard. After that you're going into business. Two actors in the family are enough."

"I GUESS I started being bad then and there," Broderick slyly admits. "There isn't must I could do at the age of seven. At least not when mother makes up her mind. So back to school I went. But all that time, I was merely waiting for a chance. I thought perhaps I would never be an actor. But I was resolved never to be a business man either. Somehow things rolled along smoothly and I managed to get myself graduated from grade school and entered at Dean Academy in Franklin, Massachusetts. It was a nice place. But they finally expelled me for trying to run the school."

You can tell by the mischievous gleam in Brod's eye when he tells this story that the expulsion was exactly what he was waiting for. He lost no time in wiring his parents, sending them a brief message saying—"Don't worry. I'm getting a job as an actor."

He did get a job, touring with a vaudeville troupe as a combination stagehand, actor and general handyman. It wasn't a bad job at that, for he managed to learn a lot about the business before he was picked up and sent back to Dean Academy, which had relented enough to give the young culprit another chance.

This time Helen Broderick sent him a wire that read: "You're going into business if I have to put you through Harvard myself."

Finally Crawford graduated from Dean. His parents gave him tuition fees, enough money to keep him for a month and shipped him off to Harvard. He completed his courses in exactly twenty minutes.

"I reached the steps of the administration building," he relates, "and looked around. Harvard looked awfully big; four years seemed an awfully long time. So I graduated myself real quickly and caught the next train for New York."

This time his wire home read: "Forgive me. I'm going to New York and be an actor." The answer, equally to the point, was: "We forgive you but don't wire home for money."

"Then came the dog days," sighs Brod. "I tried to get an acting job, but guess I didn't have that juvenile look because I went hungry most of the time. Finally I gave it up and hopped a freighter bound for Corpus

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Christi, Texas. Boy, I'll bet that captain will never forget me because I practically ate him out of his ship."

After a cruise to South America, Crawford shipped out on three trips to Europe and returned to New York for another crack at the stage. Luck stepped off the ship with him for he bounced into a leading role in *She Loves Me Not*. Then followed months of stock companies and a couple of Broadway plays that closed almost before the audience left the theatre.

One of the plays in which he appeared was a seven day wonder titled *Sweet Mystery of Life*, written by George Haight. After the show passed on, Haight left for Hollywood and became an associate producer for Samuel Goldwyn. This was the turning point in Broderick Crawford's career.

Goldwyn needed a comedy butler for the picture, *Woman Chases Man*. Haight suggested Crawford. Goldwyn agreed and the very same day Brod had the offer.

"I couldn't get down the back fire escape fast enough," admits Broderick. "A friend loaned me plane fare to the Coast and I later paid the hotel bill because it was a nice place and I might want to stay there again."

After *Woman Chases Man*, the sailing was clear. He made several more films and then returned to New York to play *Lennie* in John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*. At the end of the thirty-eight week run, he went back to Hollywood for more pictures.

Walter Wanger, realizing that there was something good in Brod, decided to give him a chance to play a different role. And now instead of seeing Brod as another bad man, he will show his ability to play the part of an intelligent and wealthy playboy. But what's even more important to Crawford himself, is that in his latest film, *Send Another Coffin*, he gets the long awaited chance to make his audiences aware of the comic in him. For at heart he is a comedian. Perhaps, a bit of inheritance from his mother.

"I might as well face it," he admits with a good-natured grin. "Essentially I'm a clown. Why Hollywood didn't realize this before, is a mystery to me. On Broadway practically every role I undertook was a comic one. Nobody ever thought of me as anything but a comedian until I came to Hollywood. I could name a dozen plays in which I was well on the buffoon side."

Crawford is fundamentally a funny fellow. On the surface it sometimes seems that there isn't room in his head for a serious thought of any kind. But his running gags and practical jokes during the filming of a picture add the necessary relief to days of hard work. Among his favorite ruses is the paying off of debts in pennies. But once, during the filming of *Eternally Yours*, the joke boomeranged and he found himself at the receiving end.

ONE of the strangest things about Crawford is the fact that he gets along on less sleep than any other actor in the film colony. With so many stars complaining about heavy studio schedules preventing them from accomplishing all the things they would like to do, Brod feels that nature has given him a head start on the others. This 230 pound, six-footer, has never required more than five hours sleep a night since he was a boy.

Frequently Crawford finds himself in the bewildering predicament of not knowing what to do with all the time he has. After a normal day's work, which starts with his arrival at the studio at eight o'clock and ends at six, most actors are ready for bed. But not Crawford. He generally plays several games of handball, has dinner and then goes out for the evening or stays home and reads. To prevent waking at three or four in the morning, he stays up as late as possible—but when he can't find anyone to go out with him and is tired of reading, he has a problem on his hands. If he goes to bed at a reasonable hour he is certain to be awake long before daybreak.

Much to the consternation of his Chinese house-boy, Wong Bo, Crawford often arises, cooks and eats his breakfast and reads all the morning papers before his Celestial even thinks of getting up. When Wong Bo first came to work he almost died from lack of sleep, because whenever he heard his employer stirring, he got up to see if anything was wrong. Now Wong can sleep through a bombardment.

Although Crawford is unmarried and still one of Hollywood's eligible bachelors, he has no plans for giving up his carefree existence. "I'm having too much fun," he says.

PROBABLY the most restless person you can ever hope to meet, Brod hates to remain quiet for a second longer than necessary. On the set, he is always roaming around the stages and examining all the mechanism and equipment. Occasionally, he trips over a loose cable and is forced to sit still until he is summoned before the camera. But there is too much eagerness in him—too much youthful curiosity for him to remain rooted to one spot. He always wants to know everything that is happening. The world, to him, is an exciting, adventurous place and he loves every minute of the time he is here. "Don't get me wrong," he admonishes. "I love it—but I don't advise anyone to take life too seriously—you'll be a long time dead."

And then the sparkle comes into his blue eyes and there is a hint of the same sly twinkle that his mother is still making famous on the screen. You needn't be told in so many words that Brod is getting the most out of life—that his philosophy is one of the simplest, yet the wisest. For even if he professes to be a clown and even if he has all the mischievousness of a spankable youngster, there's something determined about him. Something that makes you realize that his reasons for being what his mother terms "a bad boy" justified his actions. And even in his work, as in his life, everything he did justified the goal he had in mind.

He doesn't mind now that he had been continually cast as bad man. Deep down in his heart, he knew a day would come when he would step into a role that would do justice to his ability. Broderick Crawford will tell you he doesn't mind playing *Lennies* or lummoxes, as long as there's some meat in the roles. After all, the original role that made his name known far and wide, did right by Helen Broderick's boy. And maybe he feels differently about the whole business of being bad now. Maybe he wouldn't even mind playing the role again, providing he plays it in white tie and tails.

Among the many ambitions of this husky, six-footer with his brown hair and blue eyes, is the desire to act opposite Garbo. It's no secret around Hollywood. But it wouldn't even be a surprise if we hear he has been chosen for the assignment. For there is something about the determination of this zestful young man that can't be downed. And if you for one moment have any doubts about it, just ask Helen Broderick. She'll tell you plenty. But in the end, it will all boil down to her remark after seeing him in *Eternally Yours*.

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Why Girls Can't Resist Him

[*Continued from page 83*]

because all his success hasn't turned his head one single bit.

"Even if I should become excited over applause," he grins good-naturedly, "the last thing I'd want to do is to get myself all puffed up like a cock in a barnyard. I'd look awfully silly if I did. Guess naturalness is my strong point. At any rate, it's responsible for my success. It put me where I am. So why should I want to throw away something that's been with me all my life."

"Yes," he admits rather reluctantly, "in real life, I am awkward and shy. Sometimes, I'm even astonished that people come to see my pictures. But from what I hear, they do. And here in Hollywood that means success. Why, then, should I want to suddenly go high-hat and lose the very thing that brought me stardom. I've seen that happen to too many fine players.

"Besides," he continues as his underlip droops hesitatingly, "I wouldn't know how to go about being high-hat. I'd feel out of place. It's not like me. I wouldn't even know how to behave. And I'd probably trip over everything in sight if I stuck my nose up in the air." And then his grin widens to that winning smile as he bashfully confesses, "I keep tripping over myself as it is."

After such a frank admission of honesty, you just can't help liking Jimmy all the more. You can't help feeling that here is someone who is real—someone who is honest, even at the expense of himself. And it is exactly this sort of talk and reasoning on Jimmy's part that made Frank Capra select him to play the title role in *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington.*

TO JIMMY this was indeed a singular honor. An honor that he ranks along with the memory of receiving the cherished M from Mercersburg Academy. And even now when he talks of Capra, he is almost speechless in his awe and respect for the great director. To him there is no one comparable to Capra. And Jim listens avidly to every word he says.

"With other directors," Jimmy explains, "you can go ahead and interpret the part according to your own fancy. But with Capra it's different. He insists that it be kept down to a realistic level. That it be natural. And you can always take his word for it, for whatever Capra says is generally right."

There isn't a single moment throughout the shooting of a picture that Jimmy is not on the set. Where other stars have to be summoned by page boys, he is always watching the technical details that go into the complicated making of pictures. He still has a small boy's interest in finding out how things are constructed. And because of this, he's certain never to be bored with anything.

Aside from his acting, Jimmy is interested in directing and hopes some day to be able to take over from that end of the business. Perhaps this accounts for his reluctance to leave the set even at the end of the studio day. He likes to putter around and get in the way. But if a stage hand or an electrician should bawl him out, Jimmy apologizes.

When he sat in at the preview of *Mr. Smith,* and watched himself in what most critics call the best picture of his career and the one most certain of walking off with the Academy Award, there was the same eager and intense expression on his face as there was on the face of everyone else in the audience. And when the lights went on, there wasn't a single dry eye in the house. But on Jimmy's face, you could still see the tears rolling down his cheeks as he embarrassedly tried to wipe them away with his hand.

LITTLE incidents like this are continually winning Jimmy a host of friends and admirers. And these same incidents account for his unusual appeal. Ordinarily, most women would laugh at the idea of lavishing a lot of maternal love on a great, big gangly kid. When it comes to the real thing, the great love they long for, they want a maturity and glamor about it. They want to be swept off their feet by strong powerful arms. They want a man to worship and adore them. But not so when it comes to Jimmy. In his case, they fall hard. And in doing so they reverse the usual procedure and are always trying to do things for him.

Even while he was at Princeton, people were already doing things to help him along. Through one of his friends there, he got his first start in a summer theatre at Falmouth on Cape Cod. And were it not for the fact that people wanted to help him, he might be working away today in a cramped little cubby-hole of an architect's office.

Even Jane Cowl couldn't find the heart to fire him when he let her die for more than two minutes past the alloted time during *Camille.* Jimmy was supposed to ring down the curtain, but as usual he became engrossed in the intricate details of the overhead pulleys and completely forgot about poor Miss Cowl dying there before the audience and casting killing glances in his direction. But she simply couldn't fire Jimmy when she took one look at that wistful and apologetic face. It would be like beating a kid that was so much smaller than you. It wouldn't be fair. And she was afraid that those sad, doleful eyes might haunt her wherever she went.

If you reverse the setting and positions of Jimmy's latest picture, *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington,* you find that the story might be Jimmy's very own. Like the simple *Mr. Smith* of the picture, Jimmy found himself in Hollywood instead of Washington. But all the glamor and glitter didn't dull the ideals he has always carried in his heart.

He was a fresh, ambitious youngster when he got off the train in Hollywood for the first time. But all the veterans of films took one look at him and began snickering in his face. They scoffed at the very idea of someone so naive and unsophisticated making good in pictures.

As for appealing to the public—and especially to the women—they threw up horrified hands and started reeling off a list of screen lovers that made Stewart want to get back on the train and keep going. Nowhere in their memories could they remember anyone like him. Not a single one of the leading men of the screen possessed the strange boyish appeal he had. And because of this, they were firmly convinced that he would never take in Hollywood.

Jimmy was shrewd enough to keep quiet. In his happy-go-lucky absent-mindedness, he wasn't conscious that he was the topic of much of Hollywood's gossip. But when in picture after picture, he consistently continued to make good, the film colony perked up its passive expression and finally admitted that the kid had something. Today, they go a little farther in their assertions and insist he has something different—something new and refreshing.

But when it comes down to analyzing just what he has, they can't put their fingers on it. And they immediately say that it's in the same classification as the inexplicable mystery that surrounds Garbo.

To prove further that Jimmy definitely has something. "on the ball' he is one of the few stars around the studios to have so little freedom between pictures. As soon as he finished, *Mr. Smith,* he began working in *Destry Rides Again.* And when that is completed he starts working in *The Shop Around the Corner* with Margaret Sullavan.

With Gable, Taylor and Power married off, Jimmy Stewart stands out now as the most eligible bachelor in the cinema capitol. You constantly hear of him escorting such glamor girls as Ginger Rogers, Loretta Young and Norma Shearer. Maybe he isn't exactly the kind of man you'd expect these sophisticated ladies to choose for an escort. But there you have it. Even they like his strange, exciting and different appeal.

He certainly isn't the modern girl's conception of the knight who comes riding out of the distant hills on a white charger to carry off the fair lady. He looks more like *Ichabod Crane* on a horse. And his treatment of women is by no means as chivalrous as the ladies would have it. He is too casual —too absent-minded and absorbed in the mechanical complications of the world to strive for a place as a man-of-the-world.

It wouldn't be a bit surprising to pick up the papers one of these days and discover that Jimmy and Garbo are in love. Because even if she is as aloof as reported, Jimmy has the stuff to make her succumb to his youthful and refreshing charm. With that in his favor, even Garbo isn't immune to him.

If all this gives you the impression that Jimmy is merely another gullible lad from the hinterland, better perish the thought. He's far from it. And it takes a lot to best him in a bargain. For behind the simple, boyish manners, there's a shrewd, sharp brain that functions with surprising alacrity. And in spite of his casual air, there is a sense of values and alertness that few people know.

JIMMY has knocked about a bit and brushed up against the realities of life before coming to Hollywood. He has lived in tiny, cubby-hole rooms and existed on peanuts and water for days. He knows people and he likes them. But if anyone attempts to put one over on him, you'll see the fighting light come into those sad eyes. You'll notice the dishevelled hair become wild and you'll realize that Jimmy is in a fighting mood.

In spite of Jimmy's intense desire to find out everything about everything, he has overlooked one great possibility. For a man who likes to find out what makes things go, he has never taken time out to analyze one of filmland's strangest and most interesting paradoxes—Jimmy Stewart. He has never made an attempt to discover what makes him stand out as a strange and different person. A person who has annexed the hearts of thousands of fans and whose very name is repeated fondly whenever spoken. . . .

But perhaps it's this very indifference toward himself, this lack of egoism in his character, that gives you the clue to the guy that every girl wants to mother.

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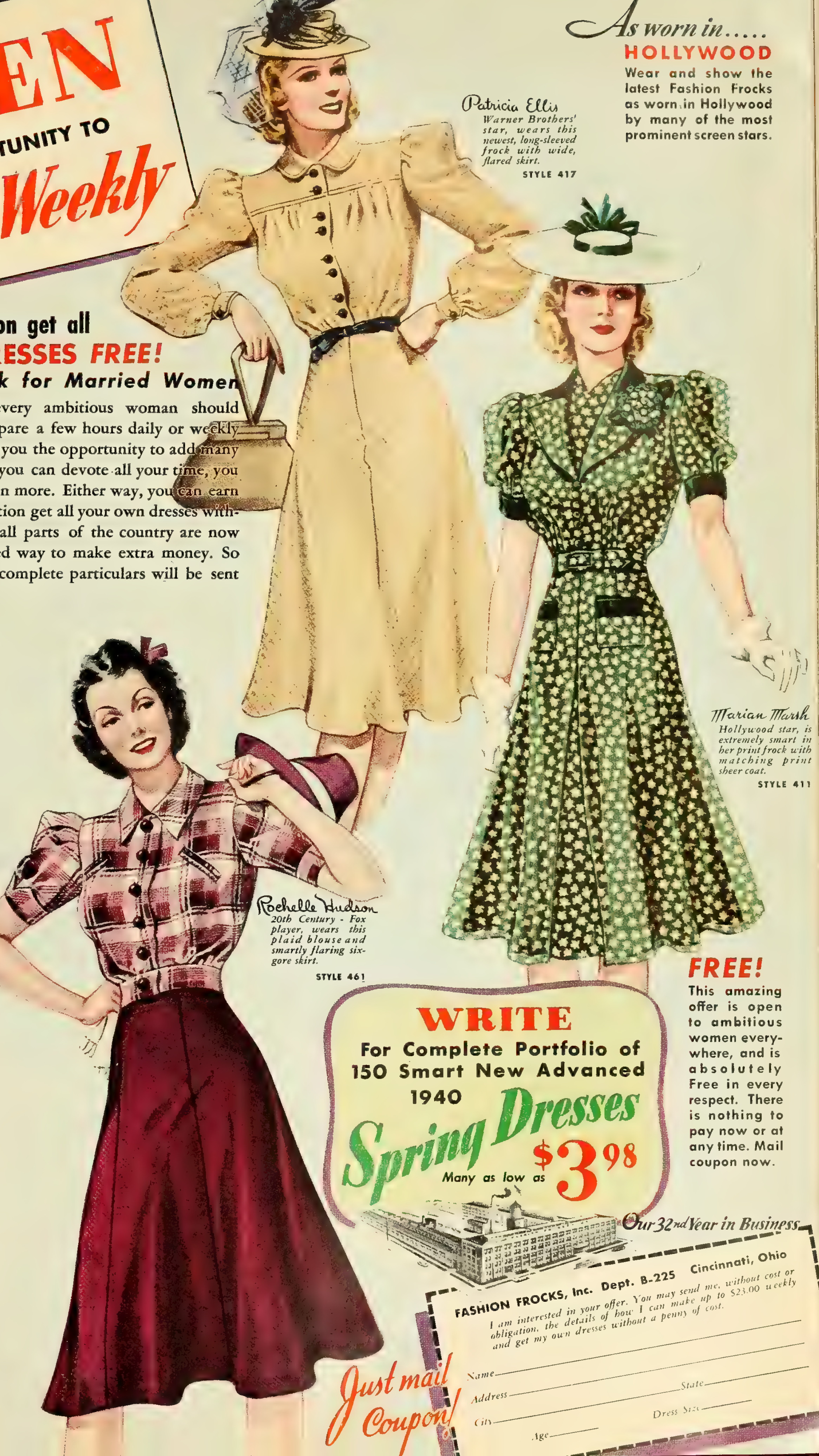

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MARCH

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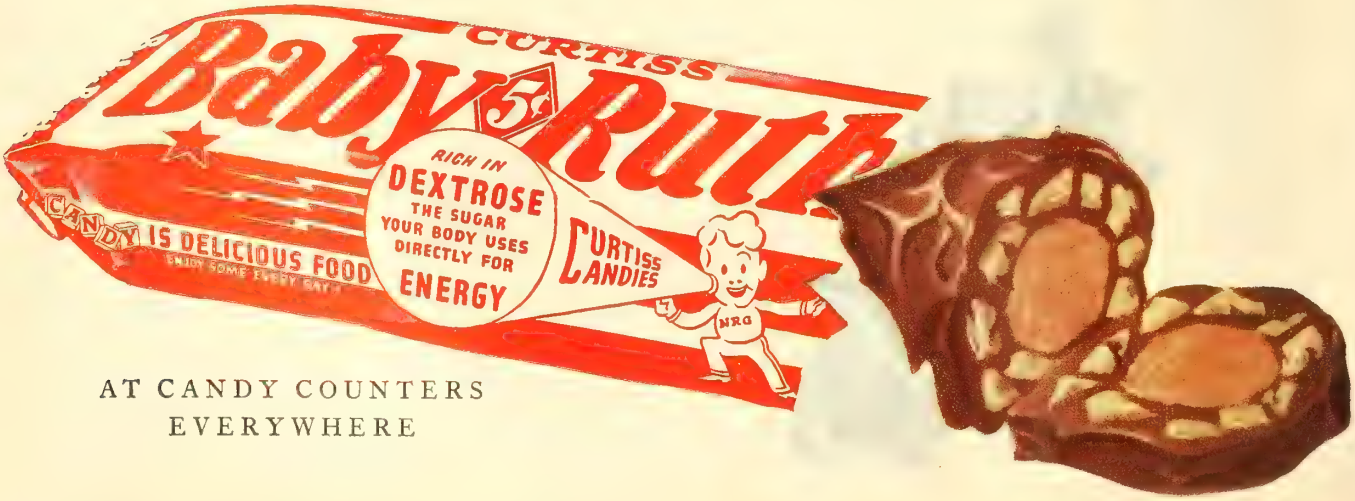
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INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID
Editor

Volume LIX. No. 2 MARCH, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

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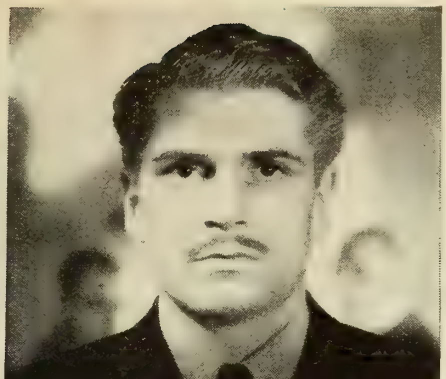

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

JOHN GARFIELD is learning that rumors and stardom go hand-in-hand. Right now, he's furiously shrieking NO NO NO NO NO NO to Hollywood's whisperings that all is not well between him and the missus.

It's all due, John insists, to the fact that wifie and the baby have gone to New York, as this is written, while John himself has taken bachelor quarters in a Hollywood apartment-house.

"Separation!" howl the Hollywood tongue-waggers.

"Common sense," counters John, and explained: "I'm going back East in a couple of months to be there all winter. So we thought it'd be smart if Mrs. Garfield took the baby back there before the real cold weather began, so as to acclimatize the little one. That's the only reason she's there and I'm here."

NEVERTHELESS—Hollywood's gossip-peddlers are keeping an eye glued to the Garfield keyhole.

■

ART NOTE: On the wall of Dick Cromwell's home, there now hangs that big oil painting—but life-

[*Continued on page* 8]

With Adolphe Menjou next to her at Gene Markey's dinner party, Hedy Lamarr made guests gasp by wearing big diamond in the middle of her forehead

LOOKS like Cesar Romero—last hope of the Manless Mama's of Bachelor-less Hollywood—is going to fall by the wayside . . .!!

To close intimates, Cesar is confiding that he's "tired" of playing the field, and thinks it'd be nice to get married and settle down.

BUT—he names NO gal.

■

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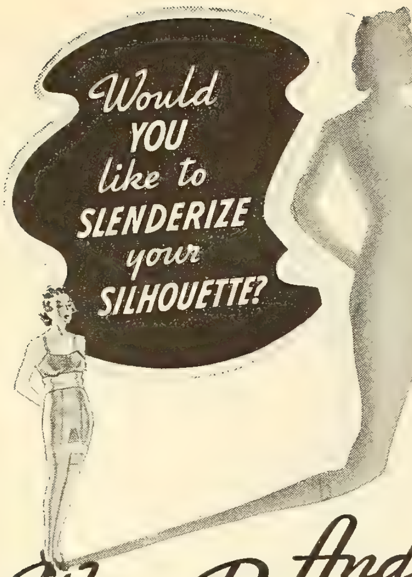

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GONE WITH THE WIND

—AAAA½—

Being somewhat of a skeptic your reviewer went armed—with a microscope—to the preview of *Gone With the Wind* for we just didn't believe it was all they (including Margaret Mitchell, the author) said it was and we were determined to find a flaw in it even if it was only a minute one. But we have to admit the thing remained snug in our purse for after the opening sequences of the picture, *Scarlett* cast her spell on us and we went into a trance from which we haven't completely recovered yet. Vivien Leigh is magnificent as *Scarlett* and we don't believe there's another actress who could have played *and* looked the part as she did. Clark Gable is superb as *Rhett Butler* and Hattie McDaniel comes in third as *Mammy*. In fact, the entire cast is splendid—Olivia de Havilland as *Melanie*, Leslie Howard as *Ashley Wilkes*, Thomas Mitchell as *Gerald O'Hara*, Ona Munson as *Belle Watling*, Laura Hope Crews as *Aunt Pittypat*, Harry Davenport as *Dr. Meade*, Ann Rutherford as *Carreen*, Evelyn Keyes as *Suellen*. Butterfly McQueen as *Prissy* adds a delightful touch of comedy to this dramatic spectacle of the South.—*Selznick-International.*

WE ARE NOT ALONE

—AAAA—

If you are one of those tearer-downers who has accused Muni of being a ham behind whiskers you are going to have to eat those words for in *We Are Not Alone* Paul Muni gives one of his greatest performances—and sans whiskers. Let us tell you that Muni—with or without whiskers—is a master at characterization; his *Dr. Newcome*, a simple, lovable English country doctor, has already won for him the Acadamy award as far as we're concerned. But you're probably concerned with other things—the story, for instance. Well, it's from the novel of the same name and its author, James Hilton (*Goodbye, Mr. Chips, Lost Horizon*) together with Milton Krims is responsible for the screen play. It takes place in Calderbury, England, during the summer of 1914 and though it is not a war picture the war does play a part in the tragedy that hits the doctor's home. But we aren't going to say any more because you're going to see it. An [illegible]'re going to acclaim it for its sincerity, reality and quality—particularly th[illegible] of the performances of Paul Muni, Jane Bryan, Flora Robson, Raymo[illegible] [illegible] and Una O'Connor.—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page 82*]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

OF COURSE you don't have to believe this if you don't want to . . . But I *saw* it, and there are a lot of people who will vouch that I don't usually see things in the middle of the afternoon . . . The sight that made my lower jaw practically unhinge in astonishment was Jo Ann Sayer wearing a hat with a veil which she lowered and raised by means of a *draw cord behind her ear*!!! Do you wonder I ducked into the nearest store to catch my breath? Ran smack into Joan Crawford wearing one of the best-looking of her many turbans . . . When I commented on it, Joan told me it had a long history which she knew you would appreciate . . . She said she had hunted for hours to find a hat to match her new tailored blue wool . . . But in a dime store window she saw some netting the exact shade of the dress . . . With not more than a dollar's worth of netting and about fifteen minutes' time, Joan had "wrapped" herself a turban which is bringing her more comments than many of her expensive millinery creations . . . I found Rosalind Russell at the glove counter where she was adding to her huge collection of unusual gloves . . . Her latest purchase was a pair of short black slip-ons, the fingers sewed with tiny red and green cross-stitching.

IF YOU **really** want to be up-to-the-minute in your evening ensemble, concentrate on your head adornment . . . One of the very prettiest things I've seen in a long time was a snood made entirely of fresh violets which Zorina was wearing the other dance-time at the Grove . . . If you're not handy at making such things yourself, take your mesh snood down to the florist and have him cover it with tiny fresh flowers . . . He'll do it—if for no other reason, because he'll probably think you are just a little bit "tetched" . . . I noticed that most all the Hollywood fashion-wise gals at the Grove that night were wearing something in or on their hair . . . Joan Bennett looked positively elegant wearing a gold snood over her dark hair . . . snood was made of narrow strips of gold kid which fastened with three tiny red bows in the front . . . Penny Singleton—I seem to run into that gal everywhere these days and nights—had a tiny blue net fan embroidered with gold sequins pinned in the curls at the nape of her neck.

YOU **see, honey,** these are all ideas which you can use yourself . . . BUT—if you can wear the hair ornament that Hedy Lamarr wore that night, you're doing better than you were the last time I heard from you . . . Hedy wore her hair, as usual, parted straight down the middle and falling loose . . . Right smack at the beginning of that part was perched one huge *diamond*!!! No other jewelry or gadget spoiled the effect of that solitary brilliant and the red velvet gown which she wore . . . Another diamond-wearer was Isabel Jewell . . . Isabel's diamond-and-sapphire pendant was the only accent to her bustle dress of pale blue and silver brocade . . . but don't get discouraged . . . In spite of this parade of the more precious stones, there are still those gals in Hollywood who go for the costume jewelry . . . "Nonsense jewelry" is what Joan Blondell called it that night when I admired her necklace of tiny white bells . . . "They're kind of silly," Joan told me, "but they make me feel so dressed up . . . And there is no end to the variety you can get with one dress and a dozen different necklaces or bracelets" . . . Joan's necklace of bells had a bracelet to match, and what is more, they shine like phosphorus in the dark.

HOWEVER, **the "Joans"** of movietown are divided in their preference for jewelry . . . Joan Bennett definitely goes for the more precious variety of stones for her evening wear . . . I saw la Bennett a few nights later at one of the dance spots, wearing what I can't help but call the most elegant gown-of-the-month . . . Made of a combination of black lace and satin, Joan's gown featured very long, tight sleeves . . . The bodice and sleeves were of lace, the wide skirt of black satin . . . The full hemline of the skirt was trimmed with five rows of very narrow lace . . . For ornament, Joannie wore diamond earrings and bracelet . . . Her full length, black velvet cape fastened with twin-diamond clips . . . Now I'll try to get down to earth and find some clothes ideas for next month which won't make your pocketbook hang its head in shame.

Mlle. Chic

WIN AGAINST BODY ODOR
with this Fragrance Men Love!

Before you use any soap to combat body odor, smell the soap! Instinctively you realize how much more fragrant your skin can be, when bathed in Cashmere Bouquet's costly perfume.

DO YOU long to sway men your way—have them say you're glamorous and interesting? Then be mighty careful of the fragrance that bath soap leaves on your skin.

For now there's a more exciting, a more delicate, a more feminine way to bathe away body odor. Millions of women revel in it, because it's more in tune with the rest of your make-up.

Yes, go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

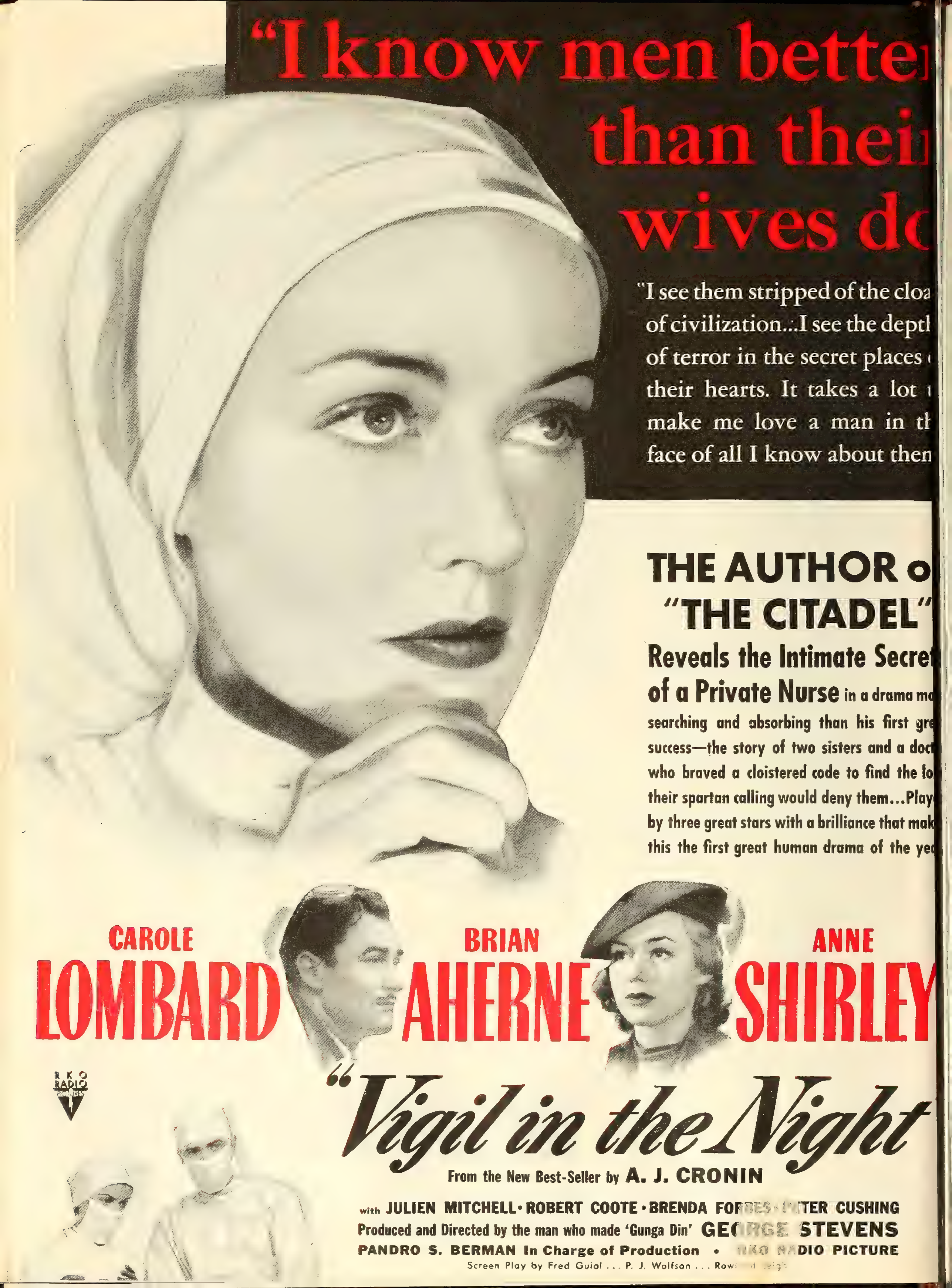
So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢
Wherever fine soaps are sold

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet Soap
The Fragrance Men Love

Tune In . . . WAYNE KING'S MUSIC
AND SEVEN FREE DIAMOND RINGS EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, 8:30, E. S. T., COLUMBIA NETWORK



"I know men bette than thei wives dc

"I see them stripped of the cloa of civilization...I see the deptl of terror in the secret places their hearts. It takes a lot make me love a man in th face of all I know about then

THE AUTHOR o "THE CITADEL"

Reveals the Intimate Secre of a Private Nurse in a drama m searching and absorbing than his first gre success—the story of two sisters and a doc who braved a cloistered code to find the lo their spartan calling would deny them...Play by three great stars with a brilliance that mak this the first great human drama of the ye

CAROLE
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RKO RADIO PICTURES

"Vigil in the Night"

From the New Best-Seller by **A. J. CRONIN**

with **JULIEN MITCHELL · ROBERT COOTE · BRENDA FORBES · PETER CUSHING**
Produced and Directed by the man who made 'Gunga Din' **GEORGE STEVENS**
PANDRO S. BERMAN In Charge of Production • RKO RADIO PICTURE
Screen Play by Fred Guiol . . . P. J. Wolfson . . . Rowland Leigh

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

QUAINTEST Party-Entertainment of the Month—was the performance staged by Kay Francis and Lloyd Pantages, at the so veddy, veddy, veddy formal party thrown by Bill Haines (remember when he used to be a moom-pitcha actor?) . . . Lloyd collapsed on the floor (oh, but not REALLY, y'know. Just in fon!) and Kay Francis, a la Florence Nightingale, went to work with first-aid . . . Kay demonstrated every first-aid technique from how-to-rescue-a-man-from-drowning all the way to assisting-in-childbirth on Lloyd, while the guests howled . . . Witness-howlers included such Hollywood swanksters as the Dick Barthelmesses, Errol Flynn, Joan Blondell, Cary Grant (and Phyllis Brooks was there, too!), George Burns and Gracie Allen, and a lot of others . . . Major Party-Calamity of the Month—came at the Tuesday afternoon cocktail party Jean Parker tried to give for 150 girls of the Beta Sigma Phi sorority, of which she's a member . . . Came Tuesday, came the girls, came Jean—BUT, came NO cocktails . . . Reason: it was election day in California, and Jean had forgotten that by law, no drinks may be served while the polls are open . . . So the gals had tea and crumpets, and only the hardy ones who stayed until after 7 o'clock managed to swig a cocktail.

CUTEST KID-PARTY of the Month—was Bobbie (now you'll be calling him MISTER Robert) Breen's thirteenth birthday fun-time. . . . It was a "come-as-your-favorite-comic-strip-character" party. . . . Guest of honor was Penny Singleton, who created *Blondie* on the screen, and of course, came that way. . . . And Bob himself dressed up as *Blondie's Dagwood*. . . . First gal's prize went to Virginia Weidler, as *Olive Oyl*. . . . Gene Reynolds topped the boys in his *Keystone Kop* costume. . . . Guests included *Popeye the Sailor*, *Li'l Orphan Annie* (NOT Orson Welles), *Mickey Mouse* and *Tarzan* (they played table tennis and *Mickey* won!), *Donald Duck*, and the *Lone Ranger*. . . . Even *Mrs. Katzenjammer* was there. . . . Confusion-of-the-party came when the caterer delivered the wrong cake—it was a wedding cake! . . . And the delivery boy had to rush back to the shop to get the birthday cake. . . . Party entitled "The Joke That Grew Up"—developed out of the gag that Priscilla Lane used to pass, each morning, with Prop Man Eddie Edwards, on the set. . . . Arriving daily, Priscilla'd assumed the hoity-toity manner and order "cocktails and hors d'oeuvres at three, m'good man!" . . . So what?—why, so at 3 o'clock on the last afternoon of shooting, Propman Eddie and a retinue of assistants filed onto the set, Eddie bearing a salver on which a great magnum of champagne gleamed, the others carrying trays of hors d'oeuvres. . . . Ceremoniously, while Priscilla's eyes popped, the rest of the company gathered—Jimmy Cagney, Jeff Lynn, Humphrey Bogart *et al.* . . . Eddie popped the bottles of champagne, passed glasses and poured; the aides passed the trays of delicacies—and the cast began to eat and drink. And then hell popped—For the "champagne" proved to be cider and charged water; the "hors d'oeuvres" were such things as bitter orange peel smeared with paperhangers' paste and axle grease, and such. . . . BUT—after the grand haw-haw, they brought on a real dish of sandwiches and a case of soda-pop. . . . And Priscilla footed the bill

MOST Atmospheric Party of the Month—was the Italian fiesta thrown by opera star Tito Schipa for his Hollywood friends, the other night . . . As you might darn' well expect, the dinner featured spaghetti "a la Schipa"—the sauce made after Tito's own recipe . . . With it came champagne and melody . . . It was in Schipa's Beverly Hills house . . . Tito sang several operatic numbers—and then Hollywood had its innings as Jimmy McHugh took the floor and busted smack out with not opera, but a medley of his own hits, while the guests joined in the chorus . . . Songster-guests included Wally Beery, Deanna Durbin, Conrad Nagel, the Zeppo Marxes and the Harpo Marxes . . . From Italy to China—went, as a contrast to the Schipa spaghetti affair, the Chinese party given by Grace Hayes at her Lodge Cafe, in honor of the baby giant panda that passed thru Hollywood en route to the Chicago zoo . . . ! Other guest of honor was a Chinese Princess, Li Ling Ai, her country's only woman stage producer . . . Her presence was the reason for the Chinese menu—topped off with the rare Oriental rose wine . . . Life of the party was the panda, which ate mush-and-milk, piano legs and Loretta Young's slippers . . . Other guests included Bob Riskin (with Loretta, of course), Sally Blane and Norman Foster, Wayne Morris and Bubbles, Peter Lind Hayes, Helen Parrish and Forrest Tucker, and many others.

SURPRISE-PARTY of the Month—was the one that was smacked at Virginia Field, on her birthday. . . . She had a dinner date with Richard Greene, who asked her where she'd like to go. . . . She suggested the Cocoanut Grove. So Dick said: "Okeh—just drive me by my house while I change to my evening clothes, and we'll go." . . . So Virginia, falling hook line and sinker, drove to Dick's house. . . . As they approached, they noticed the house was ablaze with lights—even though Dick was out. . . . "Mygosh, there must be a burglary," screamed Dick. "Let's sneak in the back way and surprise them. . . ." Again Virginia fell. . . . She held Dick's hand and they went in the back door, quiet as mice—BUT when they got in, Virginia almost fainted as a whole horde of people burst on her. . . . However, they weren't burglars, or even policemen . . . They were a great gang of friends, gathered there by Dick for the surprise to Virginia on her birthday. . . . And to top the surprise, there was a gorgeous diamond-and-ruby wristwatch from Dick for her. . . . Oddest Party Reason of the Month was the fingernail-trimming party thrown by the Westmore Brothers, to celebrate the occasion when Stylist Juliette removed a year's growth of fingernail. . . . Hottest Party-Crack of the Month—was the one that certain host pulled when, on asking some friends over, they asked who else was coming. . . . "The Ritz Brothers," said he. . . . "Count us out!" said the invitees. . . . "Oh, I'll guarantee the shouting won't start before 10," promised the host.

If your lips DRY-

try Hollywood's

NEW LIPSTICK

FROM the motion picture world comes exciting news of an original lip make-up creation by *Max Factor Hollywood*...It's called Tru-Color Lipstick. Note these four features that you've always wanted in a lipstick...

1. *lifelike red of your lips*
2. *non-drying, but indelible*
3. *safe for sensitive lips*
4. *eliminates lipstick line*

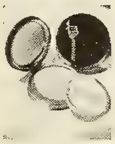
Can you imagine a lipstick more perfect? Really, there's a thrill awaiting you when you try Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick. There's a color harmony shade just for your type. $1.00

Max Factor
★HOLLYWOOD

IDA LUPINO
IN PARAMOUNT'S
"THE LIGHT THAT FAILED"

POWDER...

CREATED in original color harmony shades, Max Factor's Face Powder imparts the look of lovely, youthful beauty. Satin-smooth, it really stays on longer...$1.00



ROUGE

THE LIFELIKE color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge gives just the right color accent for your type...50¢

PURSE MAKE-UP KIT

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Make-Up"*.......FREE. 5-3-56

NAME________________
STREET________________
CITY__________ STATE__________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (*Color*)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA.

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

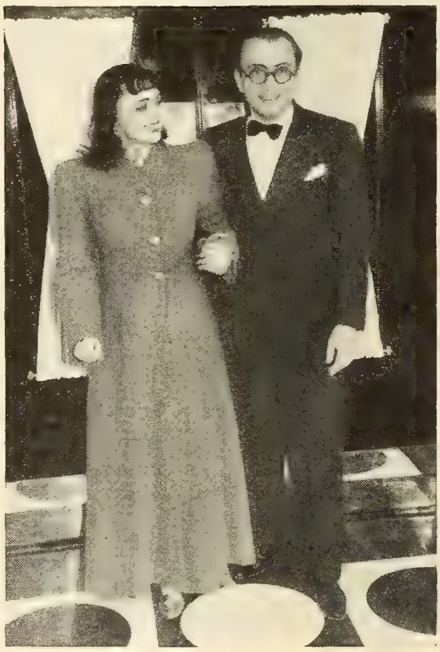
By DOROTHY LUBOU

When Hugh Herbert and Jane Bryan were in NYC recently they had a quiet little party at the Stork Club. Both took in all the shows, but not together

Constance Bennett leaves the screen for a time to try the stage. She will star in Noel Coward's play, *Easy Virtue*. Takes up dialogue with director Hassard Short

MUNI THE MAGNIFICENT: Maxwell Anderson's play *Key Largo* disappointed the press, but Paul Muni is settled for the winter.... Muni's return to the stage was a long awaited event of the season. . . . The public is thrilling to a truly distinguished performance nightly. . . . But the famous Lambs Club will remember him because of the gesture unusual for the Hollywood gentry.... When the Warner star first discussed salary with his producers, they apologetically offered him twenty-five hundred dollars a week.... Under the actor's Hollywood salary by several thousand.... But a very big salary in the theatre.... Muni shook his head.... He wanted exactly seven hundred and fifty a week.... No more, no less. . . . The difference, he explained, should be divided among the other cast members! Muni lives quietly at the Ambassador, pleased because he is so seldom recognized by the fans. . . . On a clear day he goes riding in Central Park ... on a bicycle! ... Lief Ericson goes hatless and wears a light top coat during New York's frostiest season. . . . One night Lief, who's that kind of a guy, offered to peddle a newsboy's papers to enable the lad to escape the cold long enough to down a cup of coffee.... A group of girls, stopping for a paper, gasped when they recognized him.... Not from his current appearance in the hit show *Margin for Error,* but from his picture appearances. . . . They sighed over the fortunes of Hollywood and refused to accept their change. . . . Lief never did get a chance to explain and his face is still purple! The newsboy was so elated over his unexpected profits he offered to take Lief in as partner. . . . Lief went shopping for a new coat, instead!

RAFT HEALS RIFT: It may only be the Christmas spirit, but George Raft rushed into town and made for Virginia Peine's doorbell. . . . Then again, it may have been the frequent twosome Dan Topping and Virginia have been making around town. . . . Even if it was she who made the break for a new life away from George since Mrs. Raft definitely refused a divorce, Virginia has had plenty to say about those Shearer-Raft items.... They're undoubtedly still in love . . . and Georgie adores little Joanie Peine and is equally adored. . . . Maybe a little child shall lead them to the altar, after all.... Trailing the stylists about town and gift shopping didn't slow down our Hollywood visitors. . . . Twenty-One at the noon hour held a festive air.... Just everyone was in town.... If only for a couple of days.... Rosemary Lane made it a twenty-four hour appearance. . . . At La Conga: Claudette Colbert with the Irving Berlins ... just as thrilled as you would be over being invited to the gala premiere of *Gone With the Wind* in Atlanta. . . . Claudette always looks as though she's having fun. . . . She made a fan for life of Dezi Arnez, the young Cuban singer at the Club.... She introduced herself to him and congratulated him on his performance in a musical comedy that occupies his time when he isn't leading the Conga line. . . . She gave him some good advice, too. . . . At El Morocco: This spot still draws the stars who like to mix with cafe society.... Lili Damita with the horsey Al Vanderbilts . . . giving herself a final fling before joining Errol Flynn on the Coast. . . . Adrienne Ames with a favorite escort. . . . She just signed a year's lease on her apartment, so she couldn't be tempted to return to the M-G-M lot for the remake of the off-the-shelf Hedy Lamarr picture,



Director Rouben Mamoulian, recent visitor in NY, saw the plays and escorted Mary Anita Loos to Fefe's Monte Carlo

I Take This Woman. . . . She's stage-struck. . . . Very wisely, she didn't come in with *The Woman Brown* which opened to a bad let-down. . . . This is the play Bette Davis wanted to do so badly. . . . She coaxed Warners into backing it. . . . At Fefe's . . . Joan Bennett and Woolie Donohue throwing off heat waves. . . . They're everywhere together. . . . Joan's dressing up to those dark tresses and gets Hedy-er all the time. . . . She wears glasses when she's not with Woolie.

STORKING IT: Herbert Marshall with devoted Lee Russell . . . the eve Edna Best filed suit for divorce. . . . It means an early wedding for the steady going pair. . . . Bart's looking for a play . . . likes his Scotch and sodas . . . and if that smile of his doesn't get over the footlights . . . that perfectly thrilling voice will. If it's Laurence Olivier I'm forgetting, it's only because I saw Marshall first. . . . His charm is irresistible. . . . The Cotton Club: Georgie Raft and Virginia . . . Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom and his pretty blond wife . . . remember the column being turned into a matrimonial bureau? . . . Maxie was greatly saddened by the death of his mother while he was East . . . Any cozy corner: Franchot Tone after giving Betty Grable the stage-door rush . . . Betty is in the glamor group now . . . Broadway discovered she has legs, can sing and dance, all at once . . . and is Darryl Zanuck's face pink? . . . he signed Betty again on the strength of a personal hit in *DuBarry Was a Lady* . . . Three years ago she was on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot and nobody cared, least of all the producer . . . now look . . . A screen contract and on Franchot's list, all in one week! Tone confides to pals that he misses Joan . . . especially since seeing so much of her on the Coast . . . Until Betty happened along, model Ann Graham was leading the race for Franchot's attention . . . Artie Shaw's front page disappearance left little Betty exactly nowhere in the romance stakes . . . until . . . read above . . .

BUOYANT BOYERS: The excitement of the month was caused by Charles Boyer Clippering in with Pat Paterson . . . smiling his happiness at being back . . . He left immediately for Hollywood, indignantly denying that he was here for propaganda purposes . . . To prove it, he signed a term contract that will keep him on the West Coast until France recalls him . . . The Frenchman was dismissed from the French Army, being above the present age limit for men in active fighting . . . The man you used to love to hate will give you the opportunity of hating him all over again . . . Eric von Stroheim goes into the Zorina film, after several years spent in European productions . . . The former director will make a financial settlement on his first wife, thus settling a long standing alimony dispute . . . It should make for more amicable relations between von Stroheim and Eric, Jr., an employe of M-G-M . . . The Eastern trek brought Alice Faye to share her turkey with Tony Martin while he does his four-a-day personals . . . Rodgers and Hart lost Zorina to Hollywood and gained a double header . . . Marta Eggert and Shirley Ross go into their new musical . . . When Balanchine flew out to join his wife he couldn't make up his mind between two pieces of jewelry for her birthday . . .I suggested that he take them both with him and let her choose . . . Zorina adored both the star sapphire ring *and* the diamond brooch. . . She couldn't choose, either. Result: George's manager doesn't speak when we meet . . . Zorina is wearing both the ring and the brooch!

No Job for Nancy but a big Job for Mum

RECEPTIONIST

Why risk underarm odor—when Mum every day so *surely* guards your charm?

SHE TRIES SO HARD—goes everywhere—but somehow for Nancy it's a brief "no opening now!" For business is business. And it never helps to have a girl around who neglects to use Mum!

Constant personal daintiness is a business asset . . . as much in demand as cheerfulness, ability, and speed. Why does any girl risk it? Why don't *all* girls play safe with Mum—*every single day?*

For it's a gamble to depend on a bath alone to keep you fresh and sweet. A bath merely removes perspiration that is *past* . . . but Mum *prevents* odor—keeps you fresh and sweet for the *hours to come.*

More business girls prefer Mum to any other deodorant. Mum is—

QUICK! A daily pat under this arm, under that, and through the longest working day you know you're fresh!

HARMLESS! Apply Mum *after* dressing . . . fabrics are safe. Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to *any* dress. Safe for skin, too.

LASTING! Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps underarms sweet. And Mum does not stop perspiration. Get Mum at your druggist's today. Be wise in business . . . be sure of charm! Make a habit of Mum *every* day.

WHY MUM IS FIRST CHOICE WITH BUSINESS GIRLS

I KEEP MUM IN MY DESK, TOO. I USE IT ANY TIME BECAUSE IT'S SAFE FOR SKIN AND CLOTHING.
TO HERSELF: AND NOTHING BEATS MUM FOR LASTING CHARM. JUST A DAB KEEPS ME FRESH ALL EVENING!

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Important to You—

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Miss Margaret Biddle, attractive young daughter of Mrs. Henry C. Biddle of Philadelphia, enjoys one of society's smart indoor polo matches.

The younger social set loves skiing. To Margaret, a "spill" is just part of the fun, and she has a good laugh at her companion's expense.

After an exciting summer in Europe, Margaret is now back in the whirl of sub-deb gaiety. Season's high spots are exclusive Saturday Evening dances.

Prominent Sub-Deb

BOTH *Young Moderns* CHEER THE SAME *Thorough* SKIN CARE

Popular Senior

QUESTION TO MISS BIDDLE:
Miss Biddle, does a girl looking forward to her thrilling debut year take any special care of her complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, a good, regular beauty routine is terribly important! I use both Pond's Creams every day of my life—Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse and soften my skin night and morning, and freshen it during the day. It's all wrong to put new make-up on top of old, so I always give my skin a good Pond's cleansing before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Doesn't an afternoon of skiing make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "No, it really doesn't. You see, I spread a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream over my skin before going outside—for protection. When I come in, I use Vanishing Cream again. It smooths little roughnesses right away—gives my skin a soft finish that takes powder divinely!"

QUESTION TO MISS BOARMAN:
What does a good complexion mean to a high-school girl, Miss Boarman

ANSWER: "It means plenty! No inferiority complex—and loads more fun! And it's so easy to help keep your skin in good condition! Pond's 2 Creams seem to be all I need—Pond's Cold Cream to make my skin clean and fresh looking, and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Miss Boarman, your make-up looks as fresh as if you were just starting out for a dance, instead of just going home! How do you do it?

ANSWER: "I have a system! Before even *touching* a powder puff, I cleanse and soften my skin with Pond's Cold Cream. After that, I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for make-up foundation. Then comes powder. It goes on like velvet and clings for ages!"

Miss Phyllis Boarman is a much-dated senior at East Orange High School in N. J. School basketball games are social as well as athletic get-togethers!

Why should Phyllis worry about General Chemistry and English themes when Brenchbrook Pond is frozen over and she got new hockeys for Christmas?

With the last strains of "Home Sweet Home" at the DeMolay "formal," Phyllis and her date hurry to be "first come, first served" at Pal's Cabin.

POND'S
COLD CREAM FOR
Cleansing
POND'S
VANISHING CREAM FOR
Finishing

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT !

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVC, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. [illegible] 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

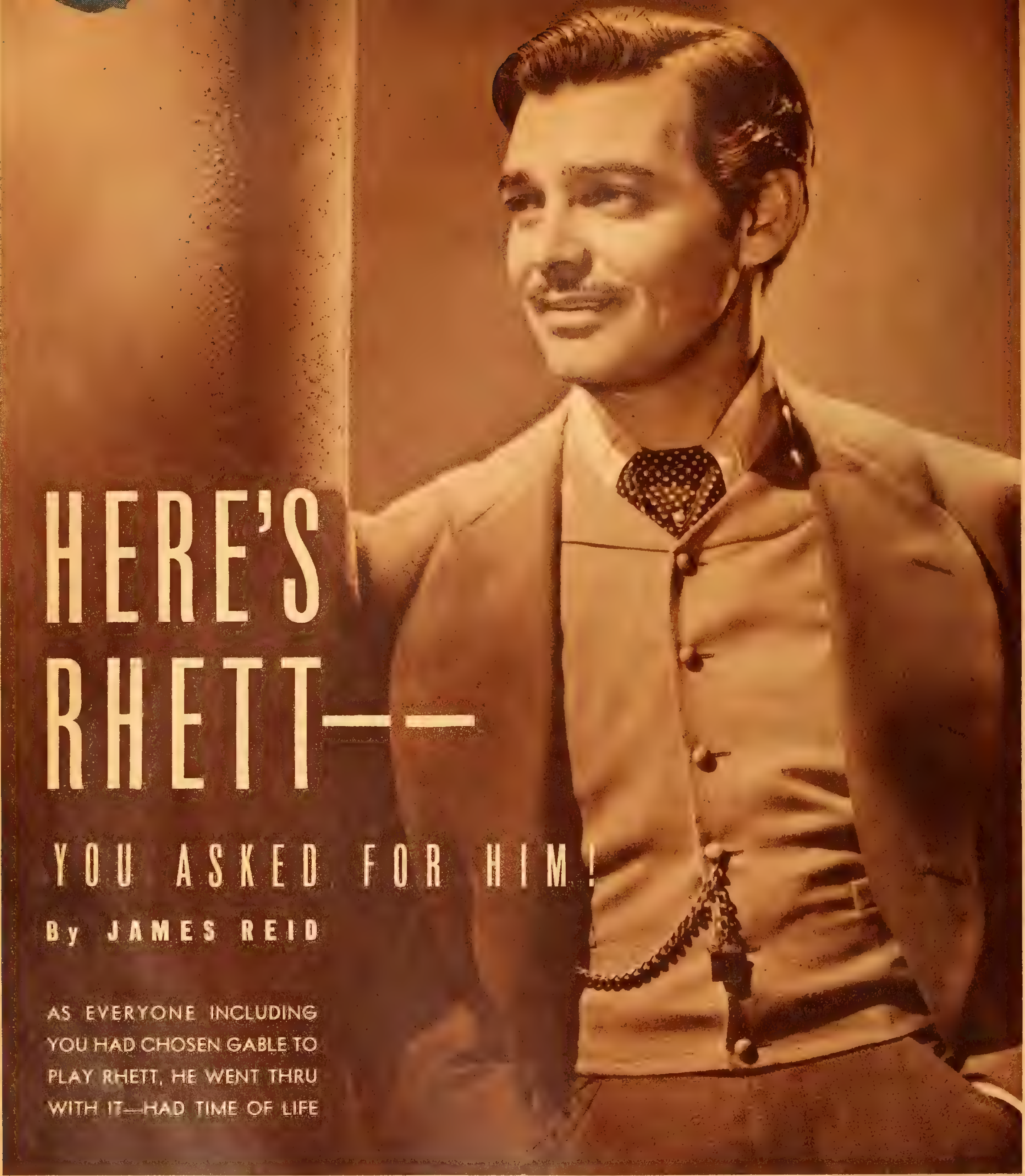
Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________ State________

ALICE FAYE

With *Little Old New York* out of way, Alice Faye and miniature pooch take little old rest for themselves where sun is warm and movie acting leaves her cold



HERE'S RHETT—

YOU ASKED FOR HIM!

By JAMES REID

AS EVERYONE INCLUDING YOU HAD CHOSEN GABLE TO PLAY RHETT, HE WENT THRU WITH IT—HAD TIME OF LIFE

"DO YOU suppose people will still recognize me?" asked Clark Gable.

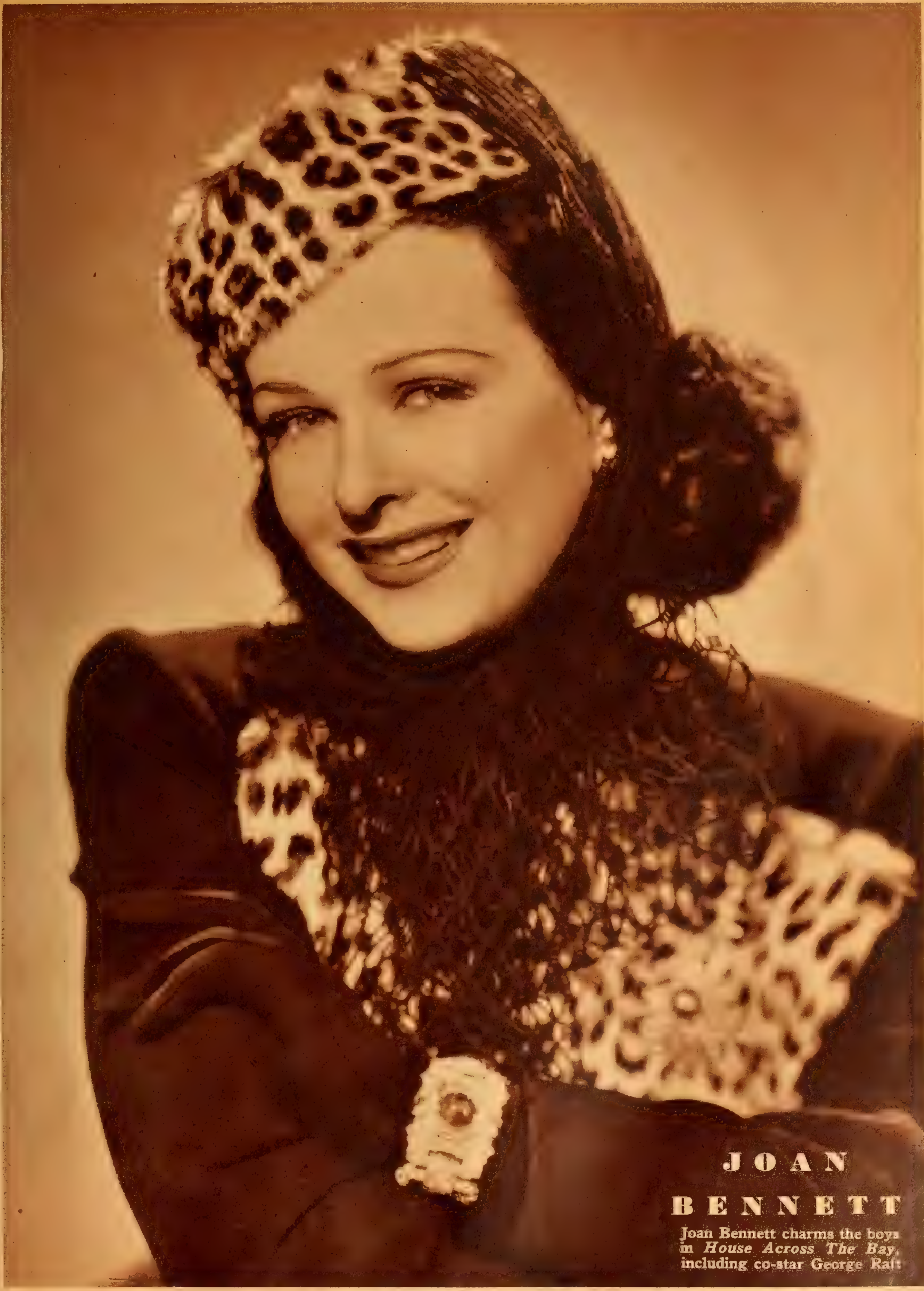
He invited inspection of the rags he was wearing—faded, greasy, tan denim rags: the shreds of a French convict suit. He ran one hand through his hair, which looked as if it hadn't been combed or cut for weeks. He scraped the same hand over a beard that had been weeks a-growing. He grinned with lips that a make-up man had just made look cracked and parched.

But he wasn't commenting on his appearance in *Strange Cargo* so much as on his non-appearance in anything else since *Idiot's Delight*—except *Gone With the Wind.* Which started 'way back in January, 1939, wasn't premiered till December, 1939, and still hasn't been seen except in a few special spots.

The Gable grin widened. "I hear tell that some folks have forgotten what this phiz of mine looks like—they haven't seen it in so long. And other folks wonder how I've changed—after spending the best years of my life in *Gone With the Wind.* To quote the wisecrackers."

He shook his head whimsically. "It's bad enough, worrying about what people expect *Rhett Butler* to be like, without worrying about what they expect Gable to be like.

"One critic's going to cause me trouble. I feel it in my bones. He said I ought to retire because I could never top my performance as *Rhett.* I like to be patted on the back as well as the next guy, but, boy, that pat has the makings of a knockout blow. I don't want people getting the idea that, from here on, I'll be slipping. God forbid. And I don't [*Continued on page* 88]



JOAN BENNETT

Joan Bennett charms the boys in *House Across The Bay*, including co-star George Raft

ILONA MASSEY

You saw and heard her in *Rosalie*, and then she retired from the screen to await her Big Moment—which came with *Balalaika*. From now on the Hungarian Rhapsody should shine brilliantly

HANK—

HOLLYWOOD'S WHITE-HAIRED BOY

By
DAN
CAMP

FONDA IS 20TH-FOX'S WHITE-HAIRED BOY. THOUGH NOT A GLAMOR STAR, HE GETS THE FAT PARTS. ACTING IS NO RACKET WITH HIM. SINCERE LIKE MUNI, HE LEARNS HIS ROLES INSIDE OUT. WHEN THEY WANT TO MAKE A BIG STORY BIGGER THEY SAY: "GIVE IT TO HANK"

WHO'S the Number One Fair-Haired Boy of the 20th-Fox lot? Ty Power? Guess again. It's Hank Fonda.

A lot of Hollywood wisenheimers, who think they know all the answers, think they know the answer to why Hank is leading the pack. They think it's because Ty got married. They think that because Ty had all the femme-fans gasping for him, and figuring that as long as he was free, they had a chance. But when he took that flying leap into matrimony, they think it set him back as a screen bet, and left him just Annabella's Husband, and so what?

They say that no male actor can be THE big shot on his studio lot, and be married, too. And that shows what damfools they are—because the man who has barged ahead of Tyrone Power as 20th-Fox's current White-Haired Big Shot is one of the familiest family-men of all Hollywood hubbies—Henry Fonda! —and you can call him Hank, because that's what all his friends call him.

Yessir, today Hank Fonda is easily the biggest bet in Darryl Zanuck's stable of hand-raised stars. Richard Greene?—oh, he may come through some day.

But Hank is there. And that, despite the fact that Hank Fonda is not only a married man, but a father, too—three ways: by himself, by his wife's former husband, and by Ol' Doc Stork's future book, because almost any day now, as you read this, there'll be another Fonda in Hollywood!

[*Continued on page* 90]

BARBARA DEFIES HOLLYWOOD

By **STEEF F. PHILLIPS**

IN GETTING AWAY WITH THINGS OTHER STARS CAN'T DO BARBARA STANWYCK BROKE EVERY HOLLYWOOD COMMANDMENT. AND WHERE THEY LOST OUT, SHE WINS FAME, RICHES AND BOB

THAT red-headed and comely chunk of human dynamite, Barbara Stanwyck, floors me! For years now, I've been watching her get away with things other stars can't do. She has broken every Hollywood commandment.

And for punishment, what does she get? Fame, riches, happiness. Public and critical applause. And, as the ladies would add breathlessly, Robert Taylor.

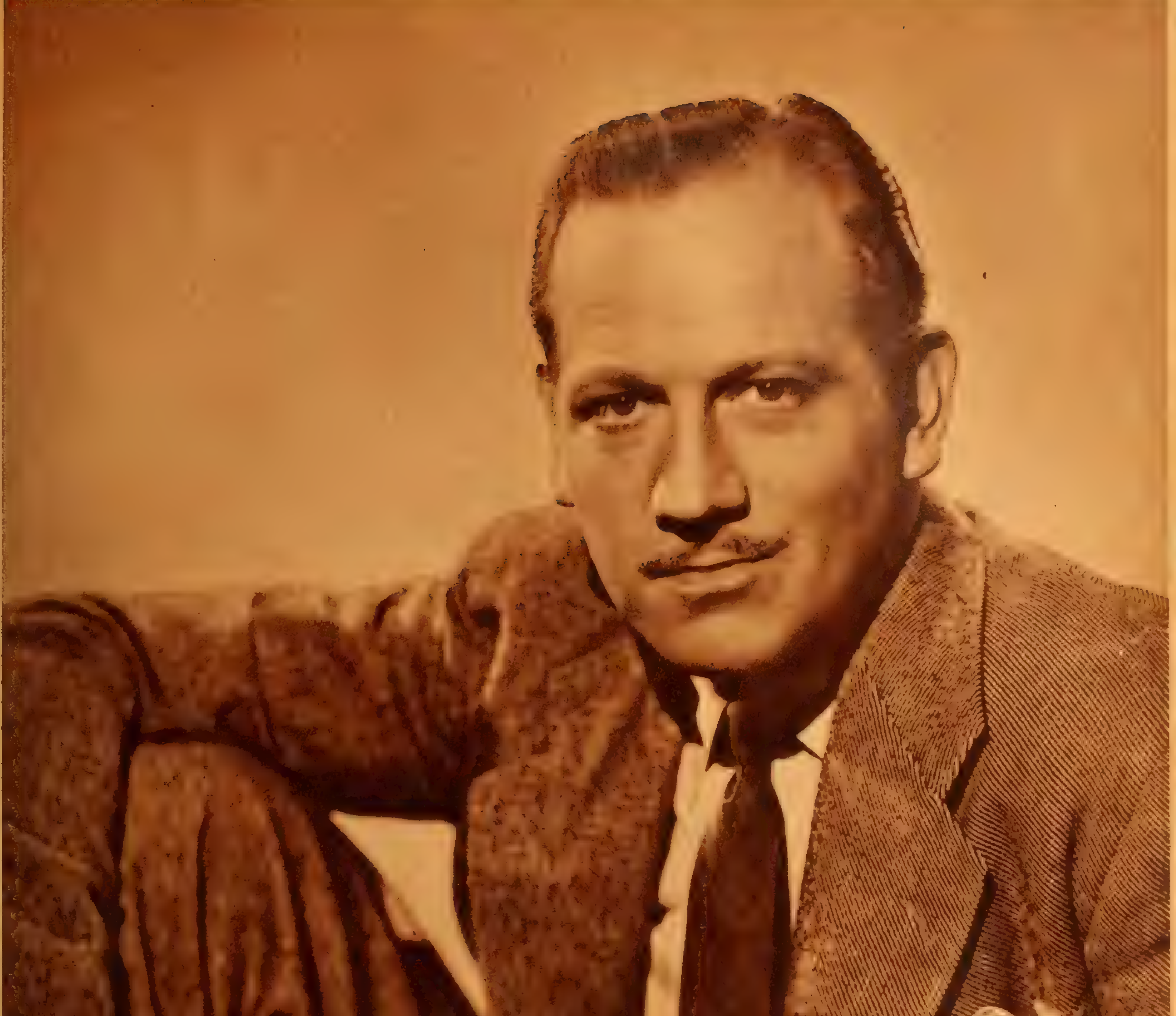
Don't think violators of filmland's strange codes ordinarily go unpunished. Nor that the punishment is light. There have been suicides, ruined careers, shattered lives, as a result of its severity. For violating a commandment or two, many a promising young "discovery" has been tossed back into oblivion after getting a huge ballyhoo, and delivering good screen performances.

Let's get acquainted with the Hollywood commandments by watching Barbara go about merrily smashing them!

This began as long ago as the time Barbara landed in filmtown and gave it an introductory kick in the shins. It was 1929, when she and then-hubby Frank Fay were brought to the Coast, with many other stage folk, to act in the newborn talkies.

She was to earn $1,500 a week. That movie small change looked pretty good to the redhead who, as Ruby Stevens, had been reared in Brooklyn in dire poverty.

Possibly such a thought was in the mind of a certain film executive [*Continued on page* 58]



MELVYN DOUGLAS

It took a gay role with Garbo in *Ninotchka* to establish Mr. D. as one of our foremost light comedians as well as a fine romantic actor. Next is *The Incredible Mr. Williams*

"LOVE CAN WAIT"--JANE BRYAN

WHEN RIGHT MAN BOBS UP JANE'LL WED HIM, HAVE KIDS—NO MATTER WHAT HAPPENS TO CAREER

By ROGER CARROLL

"I DON'T know what romance rumors do for me, but I'll tell you what most of them do *to* me," Jane Bryan said, with a wry smile. "They stir me up. They give me an insane urge to sit down and write letters to columnists, telling them what I think of people who print things without bothering to check the facts. But"—she gestured frustratedly—"I guess that would be kind of useless."

There had just been another Bryan rumor, published simultaneously by two rival columnists. This rumor had it that she and Eddie Albert must be romantic about each other, because they liked to go motorboating in Westlake Park and sing duets in the moonlight.

"Did you ever see the lake in Westlake Park?" Jane demanded. "It's about the size of the pond on Warners' back lot. And that's giving it the benefit of the doubt. Can't you picture us motorboating there, singing with the throttle wide open?

"That's my idea of a pretty pseudo way of making love. That's trying for an effect. It's plain silly."

Her smile widened. "Now, if they had said we went canoeing, that would have sounded a little more romantic . . . But we've never been boating anywhere. Except for that, the story is correct. Except that Eddie Albert and I aren't romantic about each other."

She didn't want to give the impression that she had an aversion to Eddie—her screen husband (for the second time) in *Brother Rat and a Baby*. She likes him. Everybody does.

"But I don't like phony romance stories. You *can't* like that sort of thing without being something of a phony, yourself. Besides, think of the danger of giving the right man the wrong idea—the idea that you're on the verge of marrying someone else.

"I've heard tell that anything that gets your name in print is good publicity. Maybe it is. I don't know. All I know is that I don't want to fool anybody. I don't want anybody believing I'm in love, for one thing, until *I* say I am. And don't worry—I'll say so when I am. I won't be able to keep it to myself. I'm Irish, you know, under these freckles.

"It gets me down that people can't wait to see me 'engaged' to somebody. Because I have a hunch that love can wait."

She wouldn't be Irish if she didn't have hunches. And she wouldn't be Irish if she couldn't find some quick reasons for having them.

"Right away, I can think of three," she said, ticking them off on the fingers of her left hand. [*Continued on page* 96]

SOME ARE FINE SWIMMERS

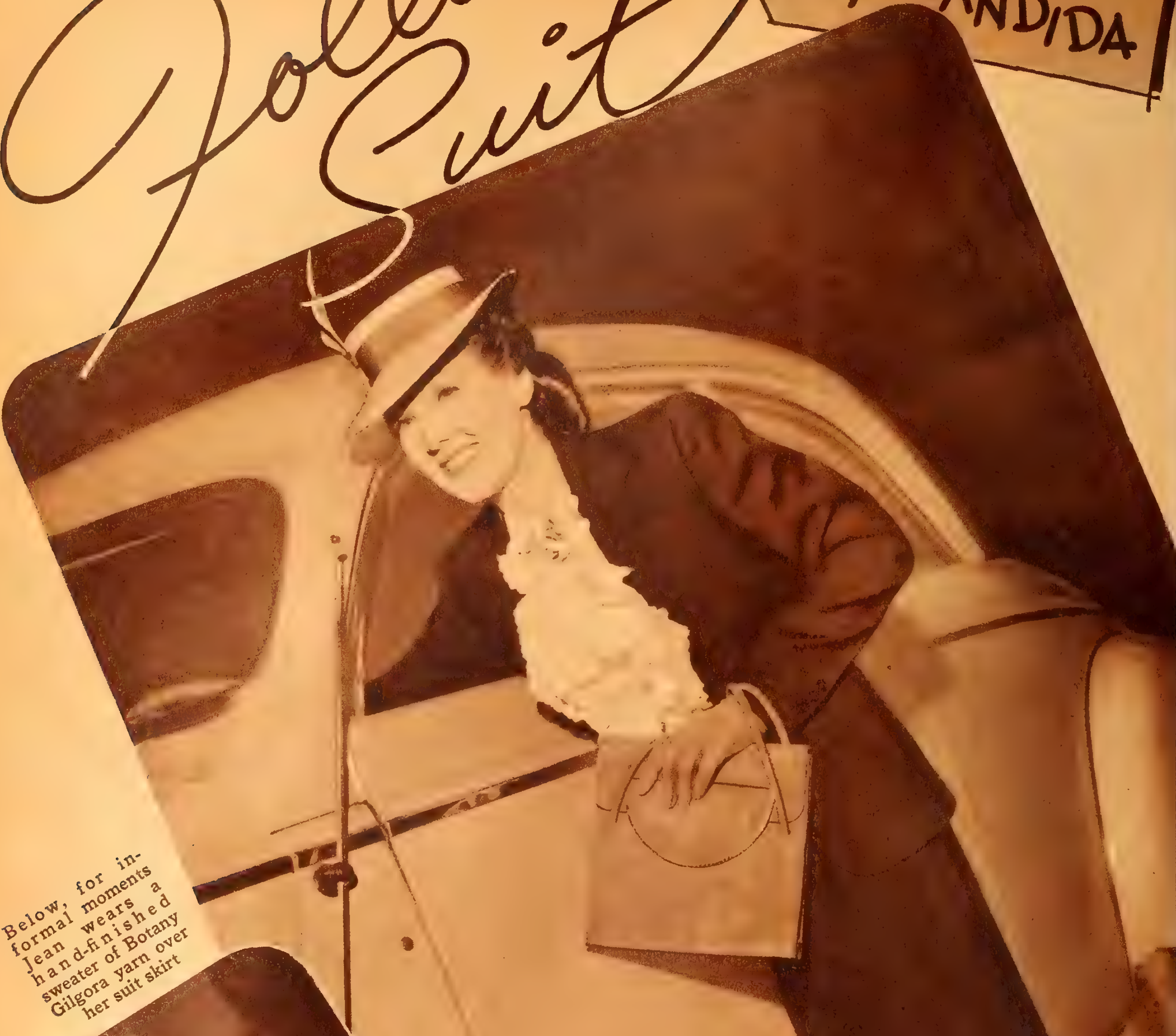
Southern California beach wooed a guest from Budapest in Ilona Massey. She went into rhapsody over sun. Made her feel warm like paprika

Leave it to a Lane—Rosemary here—to get the most out of summer in winter—and a trick bathing suit. Sets off figure much better than a ski outfit. And why bundle such a shape as La Lane's in wintry woolens?

They grow 'em neat and nifty out whar swimmers find summer and whar they display an eyeful such as Diana Lewis

Follow Suit

by CANDIDA



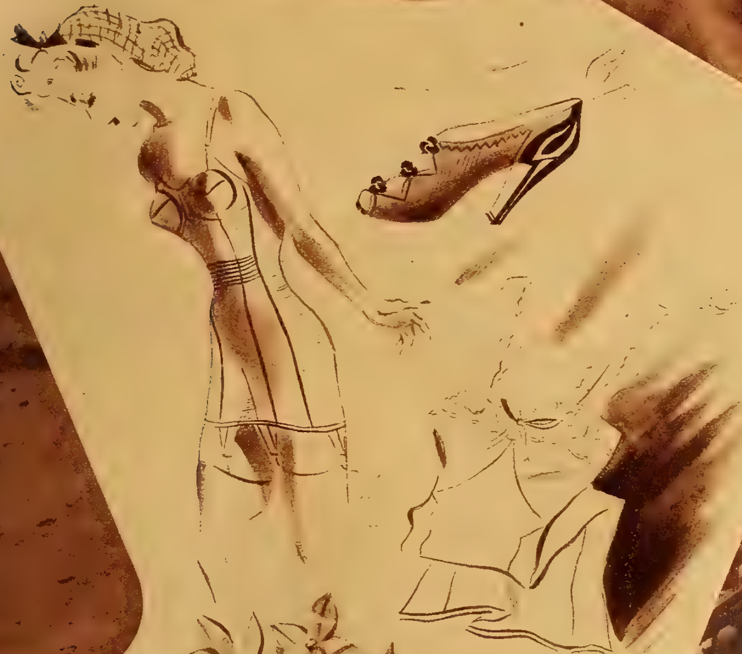
"Perfect-Fit" names Jean Parker's trim suit of diagonal twill. She carries a Whitmo Flip-Up Bag (with concealed outside mirror) and wears Fownes matching doeskin gloves. Jean's next film appearance is in Lee Garmes' RKO film And So Goodbye

Below, for informal moments Jean wears a hand-finished sweater of Botany Gilgora yarn over her suit skirt

Is your figure a bit too bulgy for that fitted suit you want for Easter? Write for a free booklet telling how to bring your silhouette into line! It contains pages of advice on choosing a foundation garment to conceal *your* figure faults. If you can't find the clothes shown on these two pages in your local department stores, Candida will tell you where to buy them. Address her, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C. And please enclose a stamped envelope!

That jaunty braided straw hat Jean wears is Byron's "Sparkle." Her be-ruffled organdy blouse is from Livingston & Lieberman; the dainty Violet Spray Pin from Leo Glass

Jean can change the neckline of her Hollymode "Foursome" as she chooses. Left, with Peter Pan collar attached



Maiden Form's "Adagio"-topped "Once-Over" provides slim lines under spring suits. That smart black gabardine pump with patent rosettes is Jolene's new "Jo-Jo." Wear Miss Swank's camisole-top slip under your organdy suit blouses. And on your lapel, Leo Glass' Violet Spray Pin

In a swing mood Jean prefers the cardigan effect on her "Foursome." The collar can be worn with her sweaters, too

THE GRAPES OF WRATH

John Steinbeck's powerful story of migratory workers comes to life on the screen. Its earthy drama is vivid. Its characters live, played above by Henry Fonda (Tom Joad); John Carradine (Casy); Frank Darien (Uncle John); Dorris Bowdon (Rosasharn); Eddie Quillan (Connie)—below by Russell Simpson, Jane Darwell (Pa and Ma), O. Z. Whitehead (Al Joad)

IS IT AN ACT?

ERROL FLYNN, LIKE GULLIVER, TAKES TO TRAVELING ROUND AND ROUND. LIKE THE MUSIC, HE ENTERS HERE AND COMES OUT THERE. HE CALLS IT A HOBBY. BUT SOME OTHERS WOULD CALL IT PUBLICITY

By GORDON BARRINGTON

O, Errol O'Flynn, O, where have you been?
This is a fine time for you to get in.
You've been to see the "Big Parade"?
The "Big Parade" me eye!
It never took so long as that
For any parade to pass by.

DO YOU remember the jingle? Of course, it was really *Paddy* O'Flynn, who stayed out so late, and crept in with his shoes in his hand. But then, Errol fits in very nicely, just the same. As the present-day gallavanting, elusive prototype, he just wanders up, down and across continents, and from one to another, with sheer abandon, and you *never* know *where* he is. But, don't tell him I said so. He wouldn't like it, and I'm not looking for any trouble. It would probably amuse him, but he still wouldn't like it.

And here's a tip for *you*, when you make that trip to Hollywood. If you have one of those little black notebooks, listing the "Things I'm Going To Do In Hollywood," put it down, before you forget. Or, even better, begin another book, and call it "Things I *Won't* Do In Hollywood." Or, just put it down in your memory. You may be able to use it.

Here's the item: When you meet Errol Flynn, don't, for the love of Mike, attempt to kid him about his globe-trotting. Kid him about his necktie, ride him about his "gentleman's gentleman," tell him he's getting away with murder, or just plain tell him you don't like his looks. He may like it. He may even ask you out in the alley. But, it'll all be settled quickly, one way or the other.

Put his wanderlust on the carpet, though, and it's not so simple. You're hitting on sacred ground, and it's poison. And slow poison at that. Brother Flynn just shies away from you, like fog from glycerine, and it just doesn't work.

For months the Hollywood writing boys and girls have been speculating—"What *is* it with Flynn? Does he *have* to go hopping all over the place? Is there something about his health, or his diet, that requires him to cover the face of the globe? Does he *have* to pop up two or three thousand miles away from where he's supposed to be?

"Come on, now, Flynn," we've said in imaginary interviews, "what *is* all this? A publicity stunt? Are the cops after you? Maybe you figure you won't last in Hollywood, and you're laying in plans

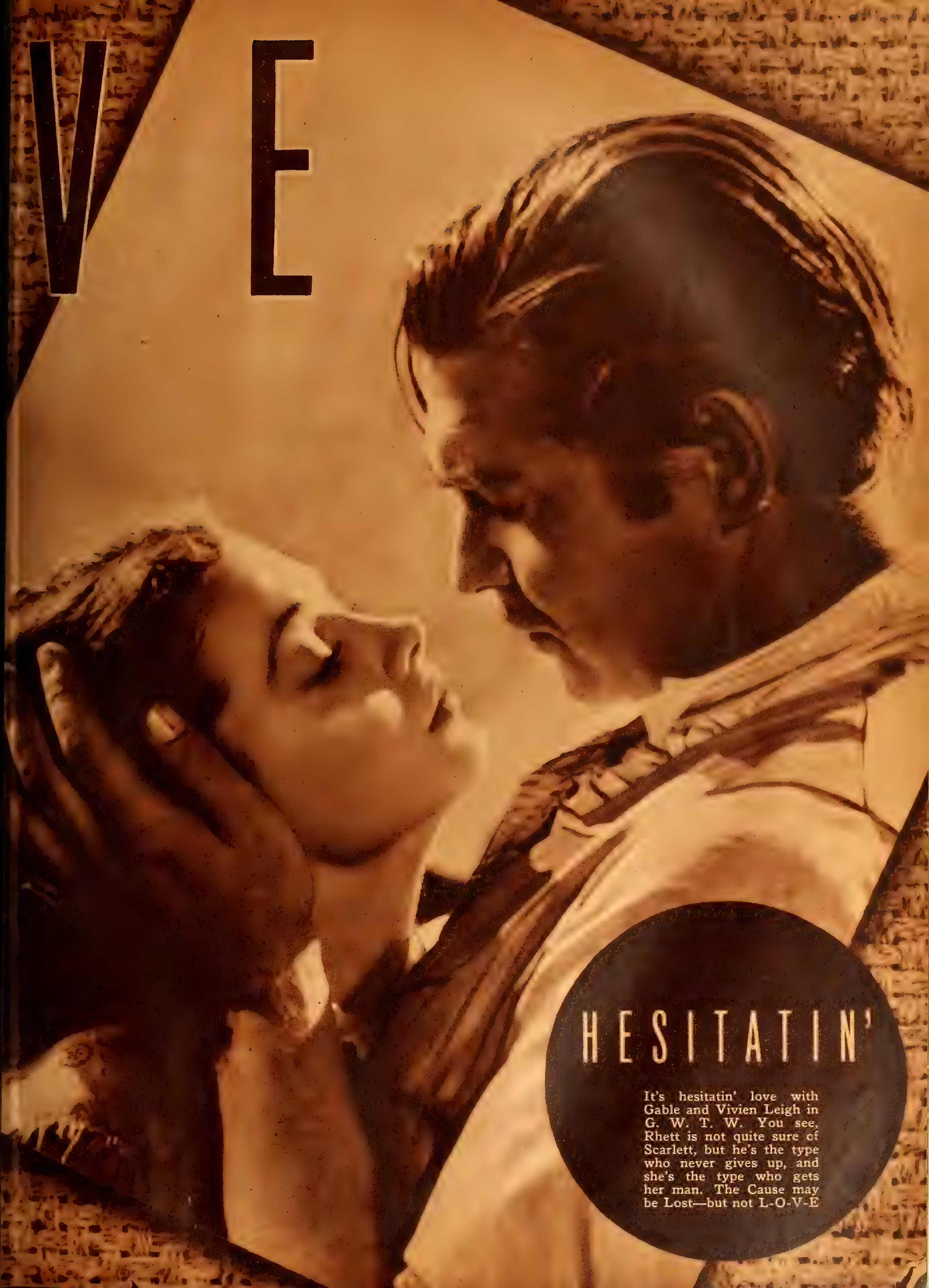
[*Continued on page 66*]

LO

PALPITATIN'

For hot tempestuous love—the palpitatin' kind that leaves you limp as participant or spectator—Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine are worthy exponents as Max and "I" in *Rebecca*, one of the year's big ones

V E



HESITATIN'

It's hesitatin' love with Gable and Vivien Leigh in G. W. T. W. You see, Rhett is not quite sure of Scarlett, but he's the type who never gives up, and she's the type who gets her man. The Cause may be Lost—but not L-O-V-E

MA JOAD'S DAUGHTER MAKES GOOD

IN WINNING COVETED ROLE OF MA JOAD'S DAUGHTER IN "GRAPES OF WRATH," DORRIS BOWDON OF MEMPHIS AND LOUISIANA STATE UNIV. BECOMES SHARE-CROPPER OF GOOD ROLES AND STARDOM

WHEN Ma Joad saw us come into the 20th Century-Fox cafe that noon she followed us to our table and when we were seated she said with a decided trace of worry in her voice to the girl at our side: "Rosasharn, you'd better hurry with your lunch. You're going to have your baby at one-thirty."

Rosasharn, visibly embarrassed at this sudden announcement, smoothed down the starched front of her tattered-and-torn Mother Hubbard, tucked her muddy clodhopper shoes out of sight behind its folds, looked up and said, soberly: "All right, Ma. I'll be there. Don't you worry none."

Ma Joad left us, then, and we saw her sit down at a nearby table around which were sitting Tom and Pa Joad and Casy, the preacher. And soon, while we talked to Rosasharn, occasional bits of the Joad family conversation would reach our ears and we'd pause in whatever remarks we were addressing to Rosasharn and listen.

It was Pa and Ma this, and Casy that, and never once did they call one another by their real names. Jane Darwell never once was addressed as Jane. Henry Fonda never once was addressed as Hank, and Russell Simpson was never once spoken to other than Pa. It was, we told Rosasharn, a publicity stunt and we were willing to let it go at that, but Rosasharn raised a soft-voiced objection.

"From the very first day that Director John Ford started shooting *"Grapes of Wrath,"* she said, "we fell into the habit of using the names of the characters we portray. Both on and off the set. The story has been so real to us all that we unconsciously adopted the colloquialisms of speech of the poverty-stricken share-croppers we represent. We've come as close actually to living our parts as anybody possibly could. When Ma Joad came over and told me it was nearing time for me to have my baby she spoke to me just as the real Ma Joad would speak and she was just as worried as the real Ma Joad would be. . . I'll be glad when this screen ordeal is over."

Here Rosasharn again smoothed down the starched fullness of her tattered-and-torn Mother Hubbard. "I've been going around for weeks waiting for my baby to be born," she went on, "and acting as though I really were going to have one and I've felt rather embarrassed at times. You see, they made this dress . . . well, so that . . . but no one

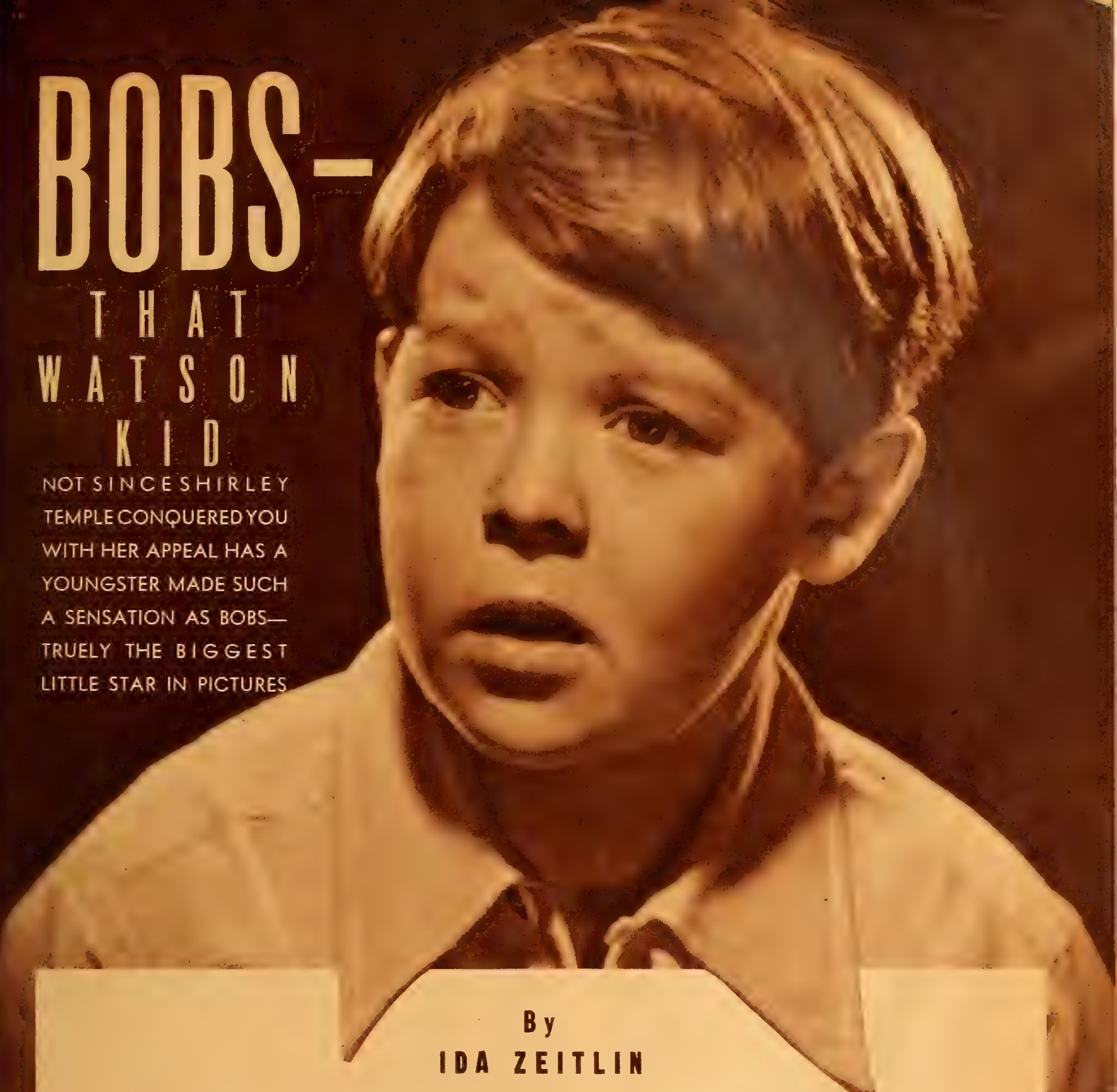
[*Continued on page* 53]

By

E. J. SMITHSON

BOBS—THAT WATSON KID

NOT SINCE SHIRLEY TEMPLE CONQUERED YOU WITH HER APPEAL HAS A YOUNGSTER MADE SUCH A SENSATION AS BOBS—TRUELY THE BIGGEST LITTLE STAR IN PICTURES



By

IDA ZEITLIN

WHEN Norman Taurog was casting *Boys Town,* he sent for five of the Watson boys. There *are* six. But Coy, the eldest, who started his movie career at the age of nine months, has left it behind for the life of a news photographer.

"I'd like to use them all," Taurog told their father. "They've always been good luck to me."

His eye fell on Bobs, then six. "That one might do for *Pewee.* I'll test him in the crying scene. What's his weak spot? How do we turn on the tears?"

"He has no weak spot. Tell him what you want him to do and he'll do it for you."

Taurog took Bobs aside and outlined the situation to him.

"All right, now I'm *Mickey,* and you love me, and I'm running away from the school and you're trailing me and bawling your head off. Can you do that for me?"

"Sure," said Bobs, and did.

The cameras ground for the test. "O. K., that's swell."

Bobs halted in his tracks, wiped a palm over his grief-twisted face, emerged with a grin and ran off to play.

Behind this scene lies the story of one man's family. The man is Coy Watson. Bobs is the youngest of the nine. They have all worked in the movies. Coy, Jr., is out of his own volition, doing well at his chosen profession. The girls are out by their father's edict.

He knows the film world. In one capacity or another, he's been associated with it since Keystone comedy days. "I've seen too many marriages fizzle out," he says, "because an actress earns more than her husband. And in spite of all the brilliant careers I've watched, I still think happy marriage is better for a woman. My wife does, too."

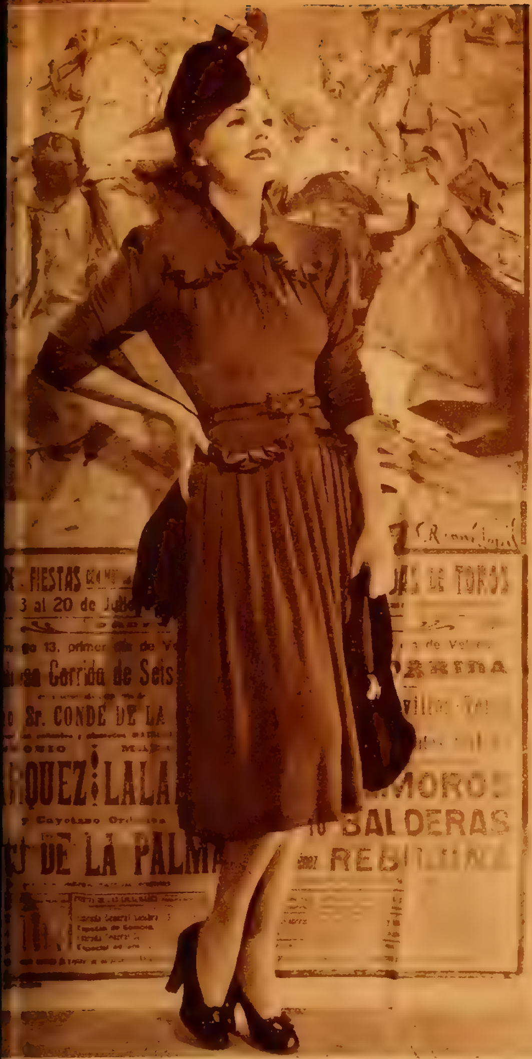
Therefore, Vivian helps her mother at home. Gloria and Louise have jobs not even remotely connected with the movies. Of the five acting Watsons—from Harry, who's seventeen, through Bobs, now eight—none is under contract.

"You're a damn fool, Coy," the father was told when he refused to sign Bobs to a longtermer.

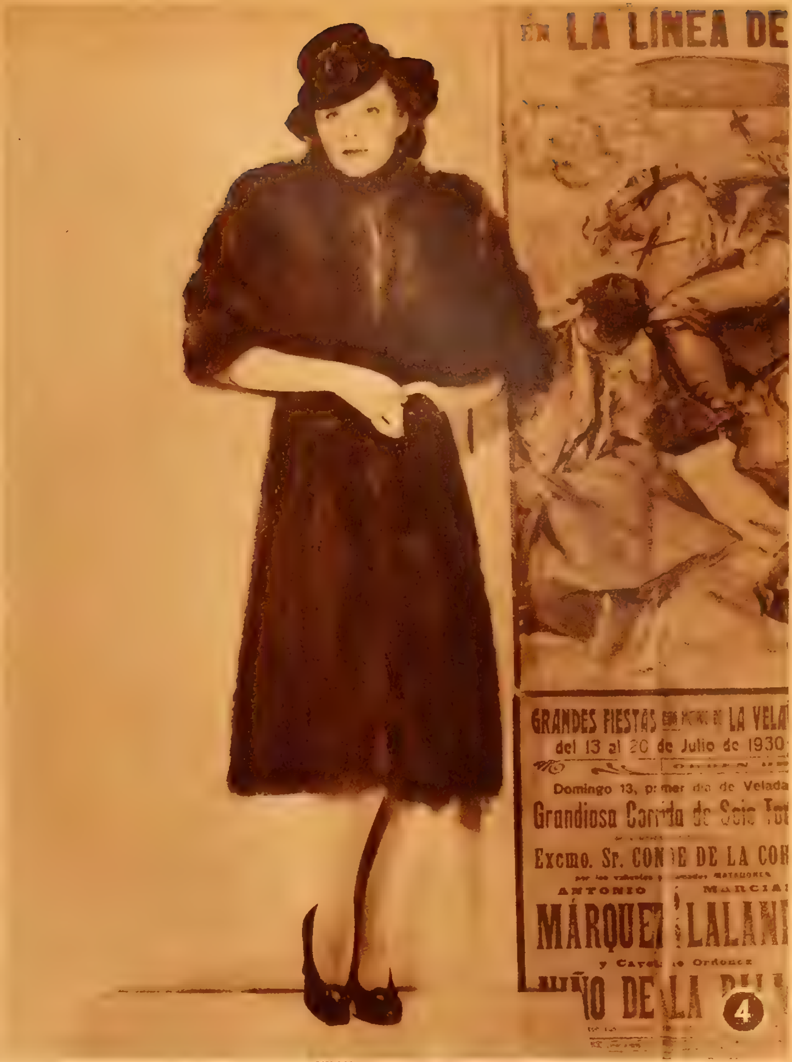
"Maybe. But under contract we have to do as the studio says. This way we don't make as much money, but we belong to ourselves. We're still in the land of the free and the home of the brave."

For example. He had [*Continued on page* 86]

Dunne—to Perfection


FIESTAS
3 al 20 de Julio
Corrida de Seis
Sr. CONDE DE LA
MARQUEZ LALA
DE LA PALMA
DE TOROS
CORRIDA
AMOROS
BALDERAS
REBOLLINA

3


LA LINEA DE
GRANDES FIESTAS LA VELA
del 13 al 20 de Julio de 1930
Domingo 13, primer día de Velada
Grandiosa Corrida de Seis To
Excmo. Sr. CONDE DE LA COR
ANTONIO
MARCIA
MÁRQUEZ LALAN
y Cayetano Ordoñez
NIÑO DE LA PAL

4

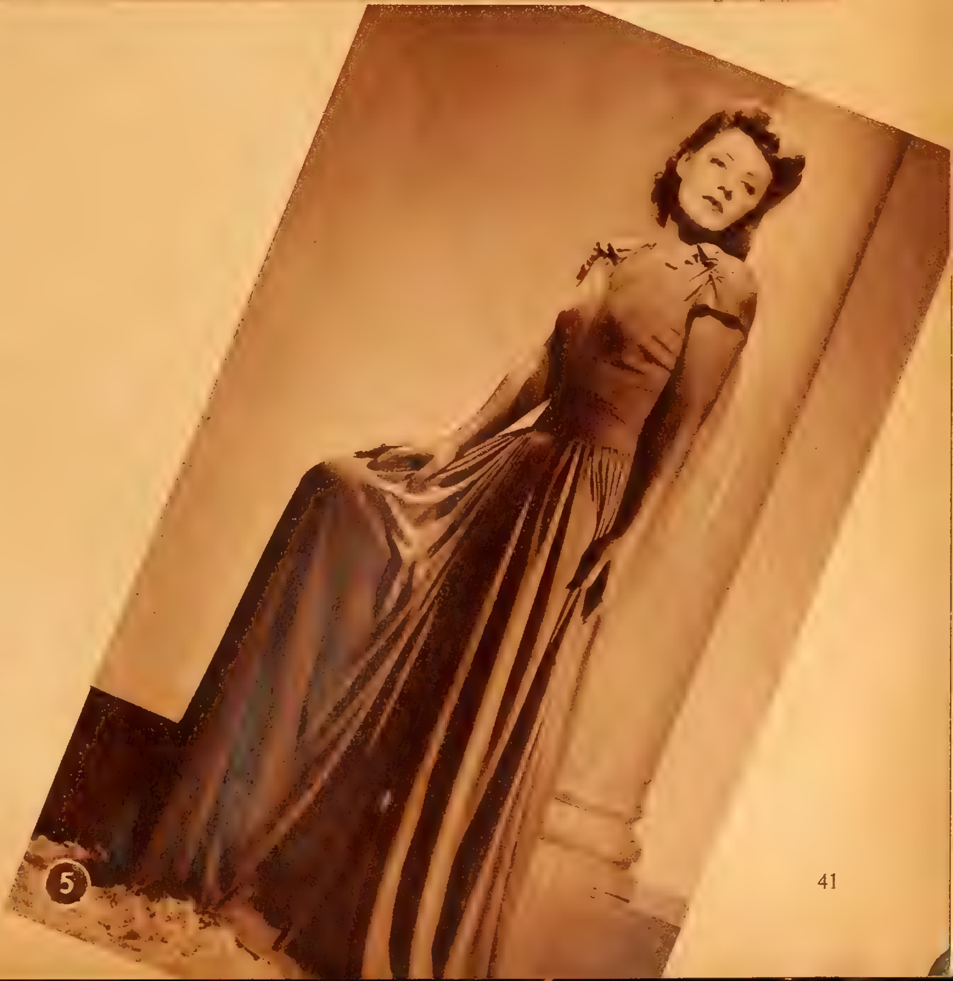
1. Dressed to perfection for a gay evening—and already in the mood—is Irene Dunne in black taffeta and velvet. The voluminous skirt covers up a scarlet taffeta petticoat

2. In striking contrast to her beautiful black evening dress and hat, Irene Dunne adds a touch of white—gardenias in her snood, and perfect white diamonds in a clip at throat

3. A dress that will see her through lunch to dinner is Irene Dunne's crepe frock, in burnt sugar. Ultra smart are unpressed pleats at a lowered waistline, and forming a yoke

4. With her luxurious baum marten stole—the perfect fur piece for day or night—Irene Dunne wears black suede accessories. Note the bustle on her high-crowned bonnet

5. A perfectionist in moods as well as dress, Miss Dunne poses in a blue crepe dinner dress. Unpressed pleats appear again—at the low waistline. Ditto the shoulders



5

BETTY FIELD WANTS NO PART OF GLAMOR

By GENE SCHROTT

THERE'LL BE NO FOURTH-HAND IMITATION OF HEDY OR ANN FOR BETTY. WHEN HOLLYWOOD TRIED TO MAKE A GLAMOR GIRL OF HER SHE REBELLED. HER REBELLION HAS CARRIED HER TO THE TOP IN MEATY ROLES

GLAMOR—the synthetic, painfully built-up brand—may be a common everyday thing in Hollywood today. The atmosphere is drenched with it. Every studio lot overflows to the rafters with its disciples. It gets in your hair, your eyes and even in your nostrils. Practically every screen actress under fifty who has a passable figure and a face that doesn't look like a petrified pygmy is a glamor girl whether she likes it or not.

But don't hold it against the stars. They don't want any part of the word. And even the film city, itself, is just about fed up with it. Somewhere is the quaint fancy that the fans themselves want the adjective applied to their favorite stars. This is not so. Though until now, a mysterious misconception made the movie-makers actually believe this gross bit of nonsense. And when not a single actress had spunk enough to stand up and assert herself—to say, "I'm no glamor girl. I don't want to be one. I don't intend to be one," you can hardly blame the producer for tossing the word around so carelessly.

Then along came Betty Field and said what no other actress in Hollywood dared say. Before that, her utterance would have been regarded as sacrilege. Today it's a reality. For after being in the screen city for six months, Betty did the unprecedented. She got up and spoke a sensible little speech about glamor.

She simply told the truth. She said she wanted no part of it and she didn't aspire to be a fourth hand imitation of Hedy Lamarr or Ann Sheridan. She didn't mind if her screen roles demanded that she be entirely de-glamorized. Even if it meant that she play the role of a tart—overdressed, overpainted and earthy.

[*Continued on page* 73]

No star has jumped into more popular favor than Charles Boyer. The first Hollywood star to join his country's colors, he has now come back from the War to carry on his talent, pick up his popularity which has vastly increased since he has been away. Next month —April MOTION PICTURE—you will find another gorgeous color portrait—one printed on extra heavy stock and free of printed matter. It'll be a top favorite of yours—the ever popular Ginger Rogers

BELLE OF ATLANTA

By
GLADYS
HALL

MANY WERE CALLED BUT ONA MUNSON WAS CHOSEN TO PLAY BELLE WATLING, THE GAY LADY OF G. W. T. W. IN HER RED WIG, PADDED COSTUMES, SHE STEPS INTO CHARACTER—NEARLY STEALS PICTURE

NO WONDER they couldn't "see" her for the part—until she put on the red wig! You wouldn't believe your eyes if you could meet her. You would declare, "Why, you did NOT play *Belle Watling!* You couldn't have done! Don't tell *me*!" For off the screen, delicate-boned, pastel-tinted Ona Munson bears not the slightest resemblance to the *Belle Watling* she so richly and robustly portrays on the screen. She is as far removed from the obvious conception of *Belle* as any belle could possibly hope to be.

Ona is a mere 110 pounds and five-feet-two in height—the frail type. She has forget-me-not blue eyes, and a shyness about her. She has soft gilt hair of the kind called "baby" hair. She is what the elder novelists would call "gently born and bred." She looks more as Lillian Gish looked in her *Broken Blossom* days than she looks like Mae West in her full-bloom days. And Mae, you may remember, was one of the fifty or sixty candidates for the role of *Belle.*

When Laura Hope (*Aunt Pittypat*) Crews heard that Ona had been given the part of *Belle,* she said: "I may be old-fashioned, but I can't understand why such a nice girl would want to play the part of such a bad woman. She certainly is an artist if she persuaded them that she could play it."

She certainly is, as most of us know by now. And she doesn't think that *Belle* was "a bad woman." Ona doesn't think that anyone with a capacious and generous heart is "bad." And she didn't "persuade" them to let her play the part, but quite the contrary, as you will learn.

But artist or not, when you consider that cast-conscious Mr. Selznick was thinking of *Belle* in terms of Mae West, Marjorie Rambeau, Joan Blondell, Lenore Ulrich and other, well, breasty, bully ladies, you might imagine that [*Continued on page* 68]

HOLLYWOOD SOCIAL

as told to

NELL CORWIN

ANY woman who loves to give parties would like being a Hollywood social secretary. We're important cogs behind the scenes of the world's most colorful social whirl.

That makes the job we do sound easy. It is far more exacting than any other of its sort. It is also more fascinating for the right kind of person.

It's a job for a woman who likes the excitement of social intrigue, and the risky thrill of knowing too many dangerous secrets about too many important, powerful people. In this respect it excels even the touchy sort of social secretary jobs I once held in Washington and Paris diplomatic circles.

I've been a Hollywood social secretary for six years.

On the face of it, staging a party for a film star doesn't seem so exciting, does it? It usually begins, for me, with a phone call from one of my famous clients. She's on the set, snatching a minute between scenes to say, "Listen, dear, I want to throw a nice little party a week from Saturday night. Informal, and not elaborate. Not too big, either. Invite about a hundred of my closest friends. You'll take care of it for me, will you, dear?"

"A social secretary's job is far more exacting than any other of its sort. It's a job for a woman who likes the excitement of social intrigue, and the risky thrill of knowing too many dangerous secrets about too many big, important people"

SECRETARY CONFESSES

After a moment she adds anxiously, "Be sure everything is just right, won't you? I'm in a sort of spot, you know, and this party may either mend things or break them wide open!"

She needn't explain. Being her social secretary, I know all her secrets. She is one of the several famous clients on whom my living depends, so it is my duty to know all about her. All, from the state of her latest love affair to the result of her newest squabble with her bosses.

"Just leave it to me!" I reply. "Stop worrying, and forget it."

Now for the guest list. This party must be one of those smooth affairs, brilliant but never loud. Cosmopolitan but not freaky. Sophisticated, but not bawdy. She wants to impress a certain man with her position in the film colony. Whom shall I invite?

In a case like that, I'd head the list with Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida.

The Rathbones, at this writing, are Hollywood's Number One Hosts. They are also among the most-desired guests. One invites them, and prays they'll come. Usually, they oblige.

IT MIGHT seem to the outsider that securing a hundred specially-qualified guests is quite a chore. It really isn't so difficult for an experienced filmtown social secretary who knows her party-goers. She must know as much about potential guests as about the hostesses she serves.

So, as part of my job, I know all the habitual imbibers and their reactions to fire-water: the sad, the glad, the gabby, the amorous and the combative. I know the over-sexed or egotistical celebrities who campaign for someone else's mate or sweetheart, at every party they attend. I know the men who are aesthetic and the girls who are gruff. And I know all those pests who insist on being "the life of the party."

All these are my party problem children. They are [*Continued on page* 64]

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Very few stars can appear in unretouched photos and get away with it like Phyllis Brooks. Beauty of Cary's future bride (?) registers. Last film? *Slightly Honorable*

Casting Agents Please Notice

■ Perfect-Casting Idea of the Month: —why not cast W. C. Fields and Mae West as—MICKEY ROONEY'S PARENTS! ? ! !

Talking about W. C., he pulls as many gags on himself as he does on Mae, or anybody else. Latest Fields quip at his own expense came when a waitress plopped a glass of water before him, in a restaurant the other day. W. C. waved it away.

"No, thanks," he bumbled, "I only use water with soap."

Eyebrow Raiser

■ Our personal nomination for the most eyebrow-raising line in any current picture's dialogue is the one Warren William, in *Daytime Wife,* flips across the sound-track at Linda Darnell.

Observes Warren, discussing wives in general:

"A wife is like a worked-out crossword puzzle!"

And if that crack doesn't start more after-the-theatre arguments in the homes of America, then your Hollywood correspondent loses all bets.

Starlet Ann Rutherford, one of the most popular of the Younger Set (she's famous for her figure), triumphs as *Carreen* in *Gone With the Wind*

Every tree has limbs but they never win a beauty prize. This particular tree should be feeling very humble and ashamed for daring to display its limbs with lovely Jane Wyman's

Now Batting For Gable

■ Never has the team batting average of that girls' high-school softball team in that little beach town near Hollywood been so high as the day they played a team made up from the company of M-G-M's *Strange Cargo* troupe, which was shooting there.

Every gal on the high school team boosted her batting average. Because—Clark Gable was playing FIRST BASE for the M-G-M team!

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Crack For Comrade Garbo

■ This department's own nomination for the best line in any review of M-G-M's *Ninotchka* is the one Walter Winchell pulled, when he said:

"Garbo takes the lead out of her pantomime. . . !"

Among My Souvenirs

■ Silliest souvenir on record!—is the one a certain dentist has. He just yanked Norma Shearer's wisdom tooth. That's the souvenir.

All Made Good—One Got Rhett

■ Talk of Hollywood, recently, is how much luck the girls who did NOT get the Scarlett O'Hara role in *Gone With the Wind* had!

Of course, Vivien Leigh was the "lucky" one who got the part. But look at the others—

Bette Davis did *Jezebel* instead and won an Academy Oscar; Norma Shearer, in *The Women,* did such a swell job that she may get the next Award; Tallulah Bankhead, when she flopparooed on *Scarlett,* did the stage play that's getting her international raves . . . ditto Katharine Hepburn, who also did NOT get the *O'Hara* plum, but who scored hugely behind the footlights in *Philadelphia Story.* And Susan Hayward, Paulette Goddard and Miriam Hopkins, who also went pfft on their *O'Hara* tests, are running tops in the Hollywood handicap in other films.

Margaret Tallichet was another *Scarlett* also-ran. But instead of getting a part- [*Continued on page* 81]

Warren William, than whom there is no whomer when it comes to steady picture work, relaxes after strenuous tennis match. Next film? *The Lone Wolf Strikes*

In an informal "get-up" Myrna Loy takes to a comfy settee to play "at home" (her favorite role) after working her head off in *Another Thin Man*

While Deanna Durbin frolics in playsuit, don't be surprised if she has marital wardrobe packed for honeymoon. Rumors have it she may wed Vaughn Paul any moment

VIRGINIA CITY

THE stagecoach thundered along the road, enveloped in a cloud of dust. Julia sat back in her seat and tried to shut out the other passengers—especially the tall, lean young man with the keen gray eyes who had been watching her so steadily. She had caught his name—Kerry Bradford.

Not that it was important. Nothing was important right now but Vance Irby and his mission to Virginia City, Nevada. He was travelling by a shorter route than hers and would probably arrive before the stage-coach. So much the better. He had the names of those staunch men who would save the Confederacy—Dr. Cameron. Armistead. Marshall—all Southerners, and with five million in gold bullion between them.

There was a prayer in her heart. Wars were won with gold nowadays not with men. And the North had the gold. But Virginia City, for all that it was such a Yankee stronghold still had loyal Southern children who would give up everything for their beloved Confederate President, Jeff Davis. It was for that reason she had made the dangerous journey to Richmond and helped Vance plan to get the gold to their Treasury. They would load it on false bottom wagons. Then the men would head due south to Texas. A convoy would meet them at the Amarillo outpost, rush the gold to New Orleans, then to Richmond. If only all would go well.

But now she must think of her singing job back at the Sazerac Cafe in Virginia City. The Federals didn't suspect her sympathies. "I've become an expert," she thought bitterly. "Treating friends as strangers and enemies as friends."

She glanced up at the men with vague interest. They were discussing their different lines of business. One sold insurance, another dealt in cattle. Mr. Vincent, a thin, hard-faced fellow whom Julie instinctively disliked, tapped Kerry Bradford on the knee. "And what sort o' business are you in?"

"We're interested in mining property," Bradford answered.

His friend, Marblehead, who had boarded the coach with him, nodded importantly. "Gold mines. We thought we'd look around Virginia City."

Julia's sapphire eyes twinkled. How naive. They were talking of *gold mines* when all the gold in Virginia City was already coined—and ready to be sent away. She patted her yellow curls casually and said to Marblehead, "Doesn't your friend know there's much more silver than gold in Virginia City?"

Bradford leaned across to her. "We're interested in both." He went on eagerly, "You're from Virginia City then, Miss Haynes? You've never said—"

She regarded him coolly. "Haven't I?"

That settled him. He turned away rather at a loss. Julia looked at his strong well-cut profile and for a brief second was sorry she'd been so curt. In fact, she was about to speak when Vincent suddenly addressed them all.

"Folks," he said in a voice gone curiously soft, "you all might be interested to know that this country ain't quite as soft as you might think. D'you ever hear of John Murrell?"

Marblehead laughed with contempt. "You mean Murrell's guerillas? Sure, I heard of 'em. They're a pack o' murderous skunks. Specialize in stage-coaches."

The insurance man, Upjohn, laughed nervously. "Guess we would be quite a haul at that. A load of business men like us, prob'ly carrying fifteen or twenty thousand dollars between us."

Murrell grinned—and suddenly he whipped something from his pocket. It was a revolver. "That's what I figured," he said. They all faced him, stupefied. "Yes, folks, I'm Murrell. Now there's no point in making any noise. If you'll just hand over

"There's one thing left to do, Julia," Vance said, and went on. "Kerry must be brought to the hideout. It's up to you"

CAST

Kerry Bradford	ERROL FLYNN
Julia Haynes	MIRIAM HOPKINS
Vance Irby	RANDOLPH SCOTT
John Murrell	HUMPHREY BOGART
Olaf Swenson	ALAN HALE
Upjohn	FRANK McHUGH
"Marblehead"	GUINN WILLIAMS
Marshall	JOHN LITEL
Cameron	MORONI OLSEN
Armistead	RUSSELL HICKS
Cobby	DICKIE JONES

A Warner Bros. Picture

Original screen play by Robert Henry Buckner; directed by Michael Curtiz; produced by Hal B. Wallis

Suddenly, from up above, there came a wild bandit yell. Julia's blood froze. "It's Murrell," Vance cried. "Everybody up"

Murrell was beaten by Kerry and he knew it. "Listen," he said to his gang, "this feller got the drop on me. He'll surely plug me if you start shootin'"

Somehow, when Kerry talked to her, when he smiled at her, Julia was stirred with a new kind of undefinable joy and happiness

"But I don't know much about you, either," Kerry told Julia. He continued, "Anyhow, we've time for that. What you must tell me now is where you live in Virginia City—how I can find you. You must know how I feel. It just can't end now"

quietly nobody'll get hurt." He snarled at Bradford, "Now you—kick in, *if* you please."

"That's just it," Bradford said calmly. "I don't please."

Murrell looked murderous and the tension in the coach mounted high. A sudden fear for this Bradford struck Julia. In it, she forgot herself. "Please," she cried, "he'll kill you, Mr. Bradford."

He turned to her with amused irony. "Why, Miss Haynes, this sudden solicitude is astounding." Then he held out his hand, palm up, toward Murrell. There was a pair of pistol cartridges in it. "You see, Murrell, I'm rather light-fingered so I examined your Derringer a while back and took these." His eyes blazed. "Anyway, I didn't like your face. In fact, I still don't."

Slowly, Murrell bared his teeth. "The boys won't like this. And when they don't like something they get kinda rough."

Bradford called out, "Driver, stop the coach." They pulled up short and at the same moment Murrell's band of men came riding up hard. "Now, Murrell," Bradford said tersely, "you're going to tell your 'boys' play-time's over. And *you're* going with us." He jammed his own gun into Murrell's ribs. "Start talking. Make it fast and clear."

Murrell was beaten and he knew it. He leaned out of the window and spoke to the gang of desperadoes. "Listen, this feller got the drop on me. If you start shootin' he'll plug me. Stay here and don't follow us. He ain't fooling. He means it."

It was all over in a moment and the coach was off again. Bradford put the trussed-up Murrell on top with the driver and sent Marblehead up to guard him.

Upjohn wiped his brow. "To think I tried to sell him life insurance."

Julia looked at Bradford over her magazine. "Don't you think," she jeered, "that the heroics were a trifle exaggerated?"

He leaned forward and righted the magazine which was upside-down. "You seem to have a peculiar way of looking at things."

She stared at him, startled. But as their glances locked a lovely blush spread over her cheeks. Then she broke into a peal of laughter. After all, he *had* bested her. Might as well admit it. "I was silly, wasn't I?"

"Yes, you were, but I was rude. Forgiven?"

She nodded. "I deserved it. And I haven't said 'Thank you.'" She added soberly, "If you hadn't been here—"

His voice went husky. It seemed [*Continued on page* 60]

Ma Joad's Daughter Makes Good

[*Continued from page* 38]

who sees the picture will take offense. They can't, possibly. Because the story is so earthy, so genuine, so intensely and honestly dramatic."

Rosasharn looked over at Ma Joad sitting there at the nearby table talking to Pa and Tom Joad and Casy, the preacher, and Ma Joad smiled back, a fleeting, tender smile and Rosasharn said, then, and as though she'd suddenly remembered it: "I've been Rosasharn for so long that sometimes I forget my real name! It's going to sound strange to be called Dorris Bowdon again."

Dorris Bowdon. That's Rosasharn's real, off-the-screen name and if she forgot it during the filming of *Grapes of Wrath*, you picture fans never will. Not after you see her portray the character of Ma Joad's daughter.

TO BRING this unknown up to date, we'll have to go back a piece and explain some of the inner workings of studio star-making. For years back Hollywood has debated whether it is best to skyrocket an unknown into starring roles or to push her along slowly, taking, say, two, three, or four years.

In their eagerness for new stars most producers have used the overnight method, figuring that if they set sail enough young hopefuls one will bring back a ship full of box-office gold. 20th Century-Fox tried this latter method several times with not-so-good results and decided to abandon it in favor of something else. Which was break No. 1 for Dorris.

If you've been reading the movie news in the newspapers and magazines you've noticed that there's been an enormous dearth of huzzahs shouted from the publicity minarets and towers about her. There have been no big splashes in advertisements. Even the studio executives have restrained themselves and have not blatantly announced to the press that she is colossal.

Yet she was given the role that every dramatic actress in Hollywood wanted!

Dorris arrived in Hollywood two years ago from Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge where a 20th Century-Fox talent scout discovered her. Signed to a contract the studio promptly forgot her.

"I would probably be the forgotten girl still," Dorris says, "but I finally got up enough courage to ask for a bit part in a *Jones Family* picture called *Down on the Farm*. That was the beginning of my good fortune."

We'll tell the world! While there wasn't enough footage left in the role after the film editor got through editing to turn three wheels of the projection-room machine, there *was* enough left to impress Darryl Zanuck, the studio production chief. He sent for her the next day.

"I think you have possibilities for becoming a great actress," he told the wide-eyed girl who had entered his office believing that she was to be told she was through. "But we're going to take our time, though. I'll give you small roles at first, so that you may have a good foundation and then I'll see to it that you receive better and bigger parts. Just keep on with your studying and don't be discouraged."

A little while later Zanuck, keeping his promise, cast her for an unobtrusive character in *Young Mr. Lincoln*. Again Dorris could have stuck the final footage of her role in her left eye and never blinked it was that small. But small as it was it seemed to count with the critics who, while they weren't lavish in their praise of her, certainly did give her a handclap or two in their reviews.

Again Zanuck must have been satisfied because when *Drums Along the Mohawk* went before the cameras, there was Dorris playing with such veteran troupers as Henry Fonda and Claudette Colbert. Again the final footage was small, but not quite so small as her first two efforts and this time Zanuck called her into his office and complimented her.

He did even better than that a month later when the time arrived to cast *Grapes of Wrath*. He saw Fonda as Tom Joad and Jane Darwell as Ma Joad, and out of more than 75 Hollywood actresses who were wild to play Rosasharn he could only visualize Dorris in the part.

The fact that Dorris is the very antithesis of the usual run-of-the-mine cinema actress undoubtedly had something to do with it. Dorris is not an exotic beauty by any stretch of the imagination. In fact, she isn't a glamor girl in any way. You can call her pretty and maybe get away with it. Playing safe, though, you'd better say that she is merely good-looking.

She's a small girl, this Dorris Bowdon, measuring no more than five feet, one inch, in her Rosasharn clodhoppers and she probably can't tip the scales at 100 pounds, but height and weight don't mean a thing. The girl's got personality. In the words of the technical crew she can "project" herself on the screen and that is what counts in making pictures. Despite her looks and other physical accoutrements that are not such-a-much in comparison to the glamor girls, Dorris has got "It."

ZANUCK claims she hasn't reached her greatest dramatic heights even in her tremendously fine portrayal of Rosasharn and he plans on carrying her along slowly, giving her every possible chance to reach maturity in her acting. And that's okay by Dorris.

Says she frankly: "I want to take my time as Mr. Zanuck suggests. I've no desire to be an overnight sensation. I've got too much to learn. Rosasharn gave me a chance to show whatever talents I may have as a dramatic actress—a chance that comes to a newcomer like myself only once in many years. I was fortunate in more than just winning the part. I had John Ford, who produced *The Informer* for my director, and the difference between a mediocre director and a master at the business is often the difference between success and failure for a beginner. I've been lucky, too, in having an opportunity to play alongside Henry Fonda in my last three pictures. He has been my best 'course' in dramatics." Take a bow, Hank!

When Dorris' mother, Mrs. Lillian Bowdon, of Memphis, first learned that her movie daughter was to play the role of Rosasharn she set up quite a racket of protest. As did her many friends all of whom sent special delivery letters to Dorris begging her not to accept the part. Rosasharn was not, in their estimation, a proper young lady, they wrote, and she—Dorris—would be smart if she waited until a "nice" part came along which it would, given time. And so on and so on. Well, Dorris WAS smart.

"I never answered a single letter until *Grapes of Wrath* was three weeks along in production and by that time I couldn't have quit if I had wanted to."

While we're still on Rosasharn you might be interested in knowing how the studio make-up experts finally managed to take out the glow and sparkle in our star-to-be's eyes. After the first rushes it was found that her eyes glittered too much in the tragic sequences.

Before these scenes were reshot make-up experts tried using liquid applications to her eyes to get the effect of dullness, but without success. Finally the experts blacked out the sparkle by throwing a dark blue light directly into her eyes. The blue light, being more intense than the white "spots" that were used to light her face, counteracted all reflections. From then on the cameraman had one less worry, being able to make Rosasharn look as dull, drab, and tragic as the director liked.

Before Dorris came to Hollywood two years ago she might rightly have been called "a young girl in search of an education."

After completing her high school course she entered Southwestern University located in her home town of Memphis, Tenn.

"But," she says, "the university offered no dramatic classes and after a year of 'suffering' I transferred to Wisconsin, stayed there for six months and then, hearing that Louisiana State University was the perfect school for a stage struck girl, I trekked back to the Deep South."

She might have enrolled in a few more colleges before obtaining a degree but was halted in her educational wanderings by the raves of the dramatic critics who witnessed her performance in the Carel Kapek play *R. U. R.*, produced by the dramatic department of the university. Impressed by the notices, a 20th Century-Fox talent scout, who happened to be in New Orleans at the time, took a week off and made a trip to Baton Rouge to watch the young girl work.

"He saw the play," Dorris says, "then saw me, and then said nothing. Twice before talent scouts had interviewed me and nothing had happened and I thought that this was just another of those things. I was sure of this because before he left he talked with a number of other prospects, and the evening before he left he gave a party for 50 whom he felt showed more promise than the rest. The one glad note in the whole affair was that I was one of the lucky throng. When I said goodbye to him that night he told me not to be surprised if I heard from him."

A month later what did she receive in the mails but a letter requesting her appearance at the 20th Century-Fox studios in Hollywood. She was due for a screen test.

"I SPENT six weeks studying for the test," Dorris reveals, "and after it was accepted I spent many months in dramatic training under Florence Enright, the studio coach. What I call the turning point in my career came late one afternoon in September, 1938. I had completed the rounds of various departments in the studio, visiting directors and producers in quest of a line or two to speak in a picture and, more than anything else, to remind them that I was still alive. I remember that I was walking toward the exit and feeling pretty blue because my visits hadn't been productive of much encouragement when I glanced up and read the name 'John Stone,' on an office door.

"Mr. Stone, an associate producer, was one of the few executives I hadn't met and I thought I might as well pay him a call, not wishing to slight anyone. So. . . ."

[*Continued on page* 71]

THOSE IRISH EYES

By DENISE CAINE

WE GIVE YOU GERALDINE FITZGERALD FROM DUBLIN WHO IS AS SMART ABOUT HER MAKE-UP AS SHE IS ABOUT HER MAKE-BELIEVE. GERALDINE CONCENTRATES ON HER EYES AND YOU SHOULD TOO—IRISH OR NOT

THIS picture of Geraldine Fitzgerald should tell you that Irish eyes don't have to smile to be lovely. Although hers are really twice as beautiful when she laughs—as I discovered when I chatted with her in a Park Avenue hotel before she left for Hollywood to start her new picture, *Disraeli.* We were sipping hot chocolate, because, she said, New York tea just wouldn't taste right after her English vacation!

Geraldine's eyes aren't large and wide, but she manages to make them look pretty starry! And that without being in the least artificial. She believes in exaggerating nature, but never doing anything contrary to it. In eye make-up, that means sticking to the colors in her skin, hair and eyes, but not going haywire over exotic tones foreign to her coloring.

Probably a lot of you have the light lashes and brows that go with reddish hair like Geraldine's. And maybe you've noticed, as she did, that light lashes and brows don't do a very good job of accenting the loveliness of your eyes. She uses a brow pencil to darken and extend her brows so they'll show up more. "The great trick in this," she told me, "is to use short, quick strokes of the crayon—for all the world as though you were sketching on individual hairs." Be sure to have your eyebrow crayon sharp, and slant each hair line in the direction your eyebrow hairs actually grow. It's a smart idea to set the crayon color by powdering your brows lightly, then brushing them free of powder. You can darken your brows easily with mascara, too. But be careful to thin it out to a pale wash—either cake, cream or liquid mascara will do. Then apply it very lightly with your eyebrow or mascara brush.

Geraldine's brows are a lovely, natural shape—as are most of the stars' these days. Hollywood has done an about-face away from the over-plucked, startled-fawn brows popularized by Marlene Dietrich. For which this beauty editor is thankful, because a lot of you followed the fad all too blindly—without a thought as to how those thin lines would look on your round, square, or long and thin face. Today it is smart to have full, natural brows. The upper line of the brows gives your face much of its individuality, so please don't try to change it. But don't take me too literally, and say "Miss Caine wants me to keep my brows natural—

Have you a beauty problem? Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE'S beauty editor, will be glad to help you solve it. Write her your troubles, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply. Address Denise Caine, in care of MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

so I'll throw away my tweezers." There's no rule that says you shouldn't keep your brows neat and free of stray hairs. Always remove any little hairs that grow above your nose, and those stragglers above or below the brow line. If your brows are positively beetling, thin them out lightly—*along the lower side of the curve.* And don't overdo the job. Chances are that your features require the accent of a heavy brow. If you need a guide for shaping that lower line of the brows, notice the curve your eyelashes make when your eyes are wide open—and follow that.

I know a lot of you put off tweezing your brows till the last minute—and then show up at a party with an angry red flush on your forehead and above your nose. Plucking your brows needn't be painful if you follow this method. First dip a cloth in hot water, and hold it to your brows for a minute or two. This opens the pores and makes the hairs come out more easily. Then rub a bit of cream into the roots to further soften the skin. Be sure, though, to remove this cream, together with any mascara, brow pencil or dust which may be lurking in your brows with a square of cotton dipped in alcohol. Sterilize your tweezers in alcohol, too, and wash off your brows with alcohol or a stimulating astringent after tweezing. That will prevent infection in those open pores, help close them, and prevent that angry redness. Make a weekly date with your tweezers to clean up stragglers—and *keep* it.

THOSE light lashes of Geraldine's aren't very long or very thick—but they give the impression of being so when you see her. Mascara applied ever so carefully gives that illusion. Geraldine applies her mascara sparingly, so that the lashes won't bunch together in spike-like groups. And before the mascara is quite dry on the lashes, she separates them with a clean brush. That makes each little hair stand on its own, as part of a sooty fringe.

Other tips for mascara application: Be sure that your brush is clean. Never let it stand from one application to the next with the bristles clogged with dried mascara. And don't fill the brush too full. A narrow, fine brush is easier to use, because it holds just enough mascara for easy manipulation—and you don't run the risk of getting either the mascara or the brush in your eye.

It's much easier to mascara only the under side of your upper lashes, but if you want to be really tricky about it, try this: Darken the under side of the lashes at the outer half of the eye, and the upper side at the inner corner. This is said to give the eye a greater depth. Or you might try Geraldine Fitzgerald's trick of penciling the upper eyelids—just *below* the lashes. Needless to say, you have to have a firm hand and a soft crayon for this!

Geraldine's eyes, like so many Irish ones, are quite deep-set, so she doesn't feel that she wants to make them look even more so by using much eye shadow. Instead she draws another line with a gray eye pencil above her lashes, then smudges that to the faintest shadow, to give further depth to her eyes. A touch of colorless shadow or eye cream makes her lids sparkle. And the highlight here makes her eyes look less deep-set. If your eyes, on the other hand, are prominent, *you'll* be smart to apply a blue or brown shadow (to match your orbs) lightly over the entire lid. Two other good general rules to follow are these: If your eyes are close together, or your face is narrow, keep your eye shadow on the outer half of the lid, near the temples; but if your face is broad, and/or your eyes too wide set, use the accent of shadow near the nose to narrow your viewpoint.

For an extra glamorous effect, try using two shades of eye shadow, blue with violet, green with brown, or gray with blue. And for evening, try a dash of silver or gold shadow over your favorite shade—or wear one of the iridescent shadows that are flecked with gold or silver dust. That puts a party sparkle on your eyelids.

No matter how skillful you are about applying your eye make-up, your eyes won't look truly lovely unless they are rested, unless the skin around them is firm and smooth, and the eyes themselves clear and sparkling. If your eyes don't rate an *A plus* in all these, write me for the name of some clever little eye pads, made in the shape of fancy ball masks. Each mask is saturated with a soothing, beautifying eye lotion that works in two ways. First and foremost, to brighten the eyes, and remove any tell-tale redness from smoke, dust or crying, and secondly, to exert a gentle pull on the skin, tightening it and temporarily smoothing away tiny laugh lines and crow's feet. The lotion works best when you leave the pads on for about 10 or 15 minutes, lying down the while. Be sure to press them down on the eyeballs, and to blink your lids and roll your eyes several times so that the lotion can get into them to work its magic. Several of the masks cost only 10 cents—and you should be able to use each more than once.

Write me before March 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Your lashes, and your brows too, will be the lovelier for nightly grooming with a special lash cream. I can recommend one that is inexpensive—only 10 cents a tube. It does a grand job of lubricating the lashes, keeping them silky, healthy and preventing their breaking off so that they actually seem to grow longer and thicker. Massage it into your lashes and brows each night, then brush them several times to distribute the cream evenly. The cream can't harm your eyes, and it is definitely beneficial to sparse, shaggy lashes. Be sure to write me for the name.

The same manufacturer makes a fine grade of mascara that I, frankly, wouldn't be without. It comes in both cream and cake forms—both give your lashes the desired sootiness without drying them out or making them at all brittle. The mascara goes on smoothly, does not bead on the lashes, or make them spikey. And best of all, it won't smudge off into ugly under-eye circles, nor run down your cheeks when you sit through a sad movie. Soap and water will remove it—and that's about all. The mascara comes in brown, black and a witching blue—I favor brown for blondes, redheads and brownettes, and black for dark brunettes—but everyone should try blue for evening wear.

IT'S just about as important for you to have curly lashes these days as it is for you to have curly hair. But you can wave your lashes a lot more easily than you can get a permanent. The slight pushing up as you apply mascara will help to curl them, but you'll do a more lasting job if you use a lash curler. This tricky gadget has rubber covered edges that you clamp down over your lashes, as near the eyelids as possible. Hold that position while you count forty, release—and your lashes will swoop divinely. They'll hold the curl longer if you use the curler while the mascara is half dry—because it acts as a "wave set" when it dries. The price is only a dollar, and it lasts practically forever.

To go with it, you should have the convenient scissor-handled tweezers from the same manufacturer. They're easier to manage than almost anything I've seen yet, because the handles are twisted so your hand doesn't get in the way and prevent your seeing what you're doing. It's practically impossible to pull out the wrong hair when you have these tweezers—and that's important when you're trying to get just the right curve on those brows. Want their name? They cost only a quarter.

Have you been hoping I'd tell you more about those iridescent shadows? Then here's what you want to know. These shadows come in four colors—blue, violet, green and bronze, all flecked with tiny bits of gold and silver. There's enough "tinsel" in each to give your lids a real sparkle under evening lights—and quite a provocative glint in the daytime. They're perfect to go with the glitter and gold worn this winter. All four are smooth and creamy, easy to apply without pulling the delicate tissues of your eyelids. The new satin-finished chromium cases open easily, without danger to long fingernails, and hold more than the old packages—so you get more for your seventy-five cents.

Have you ever noticed, when you make up, how close you get to your mirror? I peer "near-sightedly" into mine, because I want to get the best possible effect. But usually it means that I have to devote one hand to holding a make-up mirror—and work only with the other. Which is awkward when you're holding mascara or eye shadow. The other day I found the perfect solution to this problem—a mirror that fits around the neck and leaves both hands free for whatever use you want to put them to. If the light near your dressing table is bad, hang this mirror around your neck and walk to the window or a light bulb! The mirror is near enough your face so you can see all—but gives you plenty of room to maneuver—and it's adjustable so you can see yourself from any angle. I would buy it to use in setting my curls if for no other reason. The mirror comes in two styles—a single mirror at $2.25, and a double mirror (one side magnifying) at $2.95. Interested?

Nothing can detract from pretty eyes more than dark circles under them. But you needn't be worried about that if you use a tinted foundation cream to hide the circles—as well as freckles and occasional blemishes. One perfectly grand powder base comes in stick form—the easier to apply, my dears. Simply touch it lightly to your nose, throat, cheeks, forehead, then blend the cream evenly with your fingertips. Particularly dark circles may need an extra coat of disguise, but two layers of the base should do the trick. The cream gives make-up a velvety soft finish, keeps it in place for hours. It comes in four shades to harmonize with your skin tones.

BE APT WITH APPETIZERS

By

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Cocktails call for savory bite-size morsels

Crackers, tasty spreads permit guests to make own canapes

CANAPES, COCKTAILS, HORS D'OEUVRES, THEY'RE ALL APPETIZERS, BUT DO YOU KNOW WHICH IS WHICH AND WHEN? NO. THEN READ THIS ARTICLE—IT'S INTENDED FOR YOU

Hot bites with cold sips—
Cold drinks with hot appetizers—
Appetite-provoking morsels from the hors d'oeuvres tray—
Canapes and cocktails—
Spreads, snacks and sandwiches—
Pickles and relishes—

COCKTAIL time is one of the nicest hours of the day, when lamps are lit, when ice tinkles, when tired or friendly folk come together to enjoy "the pause in the day's occupation," to chat about the day that's gone or the shape of things to come. This is the witching hour when the hostess can make herself memorably popular by serving such tasty tidbits, such savory snacks that even a bite-size morsel assumes the welcome of a generous full-size hospitality.

Or, perhaps, it is not the afternoon cocktail hour, but the dinner at six, or at eight, which will be the occasion for the mouth-watering preludes to the courses that follow. Still another familiar hospitality hour is the late buffet supper or true "party," such as is celebrated next month under the auspices of good St. Patrick. In each of these instances there is a form of "appetizer" which gives point and counter-point to the menu as a whole.

But first, as many readers write in to inquire, "What is a canape, and when do you serve it?" Or, "Is an hors d'oeuvre the same as an appetizer?" Or, "What snacks or spreads are appropriate for a buffet supper?" To all these and similar hostess "information pleas," this little article hopes to give the right answers, as follows:

Canapes are appetizing highly seasoned mixtures served on crackers, toast, or diminutive fancy bread forms or pastry. Their distinguishing feature is that *they can be taken up and eaten with the fingers.* That is why the canape and the cocktail have become almost inseparable. If fingers strictly are not used, the canape may be skewered on a colored cocktail toothpick.

[*Continued on page* 94]

The tray of assorted appetizers is a pleasant prelude to dinner

Devilled eggs are among the most popular hors d'oeuvres. And they're decorative, too

Savory cheese mixtures on crackers make hot bites for chill drinks

Lady Esther asks
"Is GRIT in your face powder robbing you of your loveliness?"

Unpopularity doesn't just happen! And no one thing takes away from your charm as much as a face powder that won't cling smoothly—that gives you a "powdery look" *because it contains grit!* Why not find out about your powder?

You have a testing laboratory right in your own teeth. Grind your teeth slowly over a pinch of your powder (be sure they are even) and your teeth will detect for you the slightest trace of grit. But . . .

What an amazing difference in Lady Esther Face Powder! This superfine powder is free from all suspicion of coarseness or grit! When you smooth it on your face, your skin takes on a luminous, satiny look . . . a new loveliness!

When you make your entrance at a party, how wonderful to make it confidently! *You can*—if you use Lady Esther Face Powder! For no longer need you be a slave to your powder puff. Put on Lady Esther Face Powder at 8 o'clock . . .

And at midnight—after the gayest evening . . . your skin will still look exquisitely lovely! So today, send for samples of all ten shades of my face powder, *at my expense.* See for yourself that this superfine powder contains not a single trace of grit . . . goes on smoothly. And you can find your *lucky shade*, too . . . the one shade of Lady Esther Face Powder that will flatter you most . . . that will make you look *years younger than you really are!*

Try the "Bite Test"! Place a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly upon the powder. Don't be shocked if your teeth find grit!

Now, brush away every trace of this powder and the grit it might contain, and repeat the test with Lady Esther Face Powder. Your teeth will quickly tell you that my face powder contains *no trace of coarseness or grit!* You'll find it never gives you a coarse, flaky, "powdery look" . . . but clings smoothly to your skin . . . flatters your beauty.

Find your Lucky Shade, too! For the wrong shade of face powder can make you look older. So send today for all ten thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, at my expense. Try them all . . . don't skip even one. For the powder shade you never thought you could wear may be the one *right shade* for your skin—*luckiest for you!*

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (53)
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME__________

ADDRESS__________

CITY__________ STATE__________

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Barbara Defies Hollywood

[*Continued from page 26*]

when, smirking fatly around his cigar, he said to her. "You're going to like it out here, Miss Stanwyck."

Barbara replied, "Oh, no, I don't think I shall. I'm already lonesome for New York."

Shattered bits of a commandment fell all around them! Of those present, only Barbara was unaware that anything had happened. And since she immediately hurried off, she didn't note the shocked silence that followed.

Now, had he asked, "Are you going to like it here?" Barbara's reply might not have been far out of line. But he had flatly told her she was going to like it. And she—not jokingly, not coyly, not even privately—had disagreed!

"H-rrr-umph!" growled the injured one. "Opinionated thing, isn't she? Wonder if she's got anything on the ball, to back that attitude?"

Soothingly, his sycophants expressed doubt. And word got around that Stanwyck was this and that. But she had a contract, and a stage reputation gained through the success of *Burlesque* on Broadway and the road. So she was given her first film part. The picture was called *The Locked Door.*

BARBARA may have smacked down a few stray commandments between that first one and the next on my records, as I wasn't following her progress very closely at the time. If she did, she got away unscathed.

The next incident that came to my attention occurred shortly after she had viewed a screening of her first picture. A Biggie asked her, "Well, Miss Stanwyck, what did you think of it? Come, come, now; give me your *honest* opinion!"

I've heard several different versions of Barbara's reply. The one I like best is, "Mister, I didn't know they *could* make 'em that bad!"

Barbara was out of a job for quite a while after that. Finally, a different studio engaged her. This time her job was stabbing and poisoning people in a little number called *Mexicali Rose.*

That picture nearly achieved the impossible by being worse than her initial vehicle! No Caesar of the celluloid, however, ventured to ask Barbara's opinion about it. Word had spread around that she gave untactful answers.

There followed a period in which she made film tests at the various studios. And poured her heart out eagerly into these bids for jobs and recognition. But in each case, time passed and nothing happened. No word of praise or criticism was forthcoming— only silence.

Nothing can be more discouraging, nothing more damaging to pride and confidence than such seeming futility. So Barbara suddenly declared she'd make no more tests. When Frank Capra asked that she do one as a tryout for a part in *Ladies of Leisure,* she refused.

Crash! Into bits flew another commandment! For in that stage of a picture career, you must sit until your pants wear through, just outside the door of the man who thinks he may have a job for you. If he opens the door to look out, you must do tricks for him, such as stand on your head. And above all, you must come a-running if he beckons!

Fortunately for Barbara, Capra was then, as he is now, a sincere artist. Although angered by her refusal to make the test, it occurred to him that possibly the girl who went around breaking Hollywood's rules might be doing so because she, like himself, could not be anything but sincere.

Without insisting that she make a new screen test, he looked at one she had previously filmed for Alexander Korda, at another studio. As a result, Barbara was chosen for the part. She had to accept it, because Capra's studio had an option on her services!

For the first several days on the set, director and star, who had so much in common including hot-tempered pride, glared balefully at each other. Then they became friends, and for two years made pictures together. Fine pictures. The sort that can be made by people who pay attention to movie-making rather than observing cast-system rules, nursing tender sensibilities, and keeping Hollywood's countless commandments.

Barbara quickly became an extremely valuable film personality. Many of the rules she should have observed when a newcomer—and didn't—no longer applied to her. But that didn't cramp her style. She promptly found a nice, large fresh set of commandments to break. The set that governs the lives of important stars.

Her pictures were now earning many shekels. That knowledge made her bosses less alert for remarks that savored of *lese majeste.* But underlings often waxed indignant in their behalf. I recall particularly the venom one petty executive poured out—behind Barbara's back, of course.

She had been overheard saying that a particular studio would regret, someday, passing up the opportunity of signing Clark Gable. She thought Clark, who had just appeared with her in *Night Nurse,* would go places.

"Stanwyck's one of those silly dames who's got to tell people how to run their business," the film "brain" raged. "Say, you should see this Gable guy she thinks is so hot!"

IT WAS in the more private and personal phases of her life, however, that Barbara's commandment-smashing really went to town. And that is where she continues to do such a fine job of it today.

As soon as her name became important, she was expected to patronize the right eating-places, dress-shops, race-tracks, bowling-alleys, and so on, to attract trade to those profitable businesses run by studio biggies, film colony socialities, their relatives and friends. Where this process involved what Barbara considered "showing off," she hasn't proved a good patron. No living in a show case for her! Night spots, particularly, see little of her. When she isn't working, she prefers going to the movies.

Nor can Barbara obey the filmland rule to make friends quickly, and accept strangers on a hail-fellow-well-met basis. She has to know people for awhile before she can decide about liking them. That, of course, is bad in the land where they say, "Hello, darling—I'm glad to meet you!"

The film colony's social cast system also takes a beating from Barbara. You'll read that her best friends are Joan Crawford and the Zeppo Marxes. But don't think she hesitates to include, in any little party she gives, Hollis Barnes, studio hairdresser, Katherine Doyle, "stand-in" and several others of sub-stellar social rank.

You have to know Hollywood to realize how embarrassing that can be to the cast-conscious big shots. Imagine their having to mingle socially, let's say, at a Sunday tennis tea, with low-salaried "help" from the studios! It's trying enough, these money-aristocrats think, pretending to be democratic all week, on the set.

Fortunately, from the snob's point of view, Barbara spares them a lot of this agony by doing very little general entertaining. But failing to entertain, frequently and lavishly, breaks another commandment!

Many important film folk, however, bid for her friendship. And the lucky ones like Joan Crawford, who have it, can appreciate it. Joan knows that Barbara's friendship is more valuable for the very reason that it is shared with humbler souls. If Barbara boldly disregards one friend's lack of money, fame and power, wouldn't she disregard another friend's possession of such assets—and like her as a person, rather than a personage? It isn't every famous star who knows, among all her hundreds of avowed friends, *a single one* she can be sure would stick by her if she lost fame and fortune.

BARBARA sometimes violates one of the most rarely-defied laws of Hollywood by ruthless self-debunking. When she feels in the mood, she will castigate herself with the severest of criticism. Spurn flagrantly the rule, "never belittle yourself in Hollywood."

Recently, for example, she said with obvious sincerity that she wished she had Bette Davis' acting ability. Need we divulge that praising a professional rival in this manner is one of Hollywood's deadliest sins?

Another of Barbara's glaring offenses is her failure to put on any sort of off-screen "act." She is obviously too sincere to do so, and that casts silent reproach on any army of pretenders.

It isn't demanded that you put on such acts as Garbo's exclusiveness, Hepburn's eccentricity, Gracie Allen's insanity, Marie Wilson's bewilderment, and so on. Many an off-screen act is so subtle and well done that outsiders do not recognize it as one. The loving-parent act, the "how-proud-I'm-Irish" act, and the Lady Bountiful act are examples. Choose the act you wish, say the rules—but don't be without one!

Many have been suggested for Barbara. The fact that she refuses to "glamorize" herself in appearance off the screen, and takes so little interest in clothes, brought forth the idea that she ought to become a costume eccentric. Do an early-Hepburn, and go in for dungarees and work shirts.

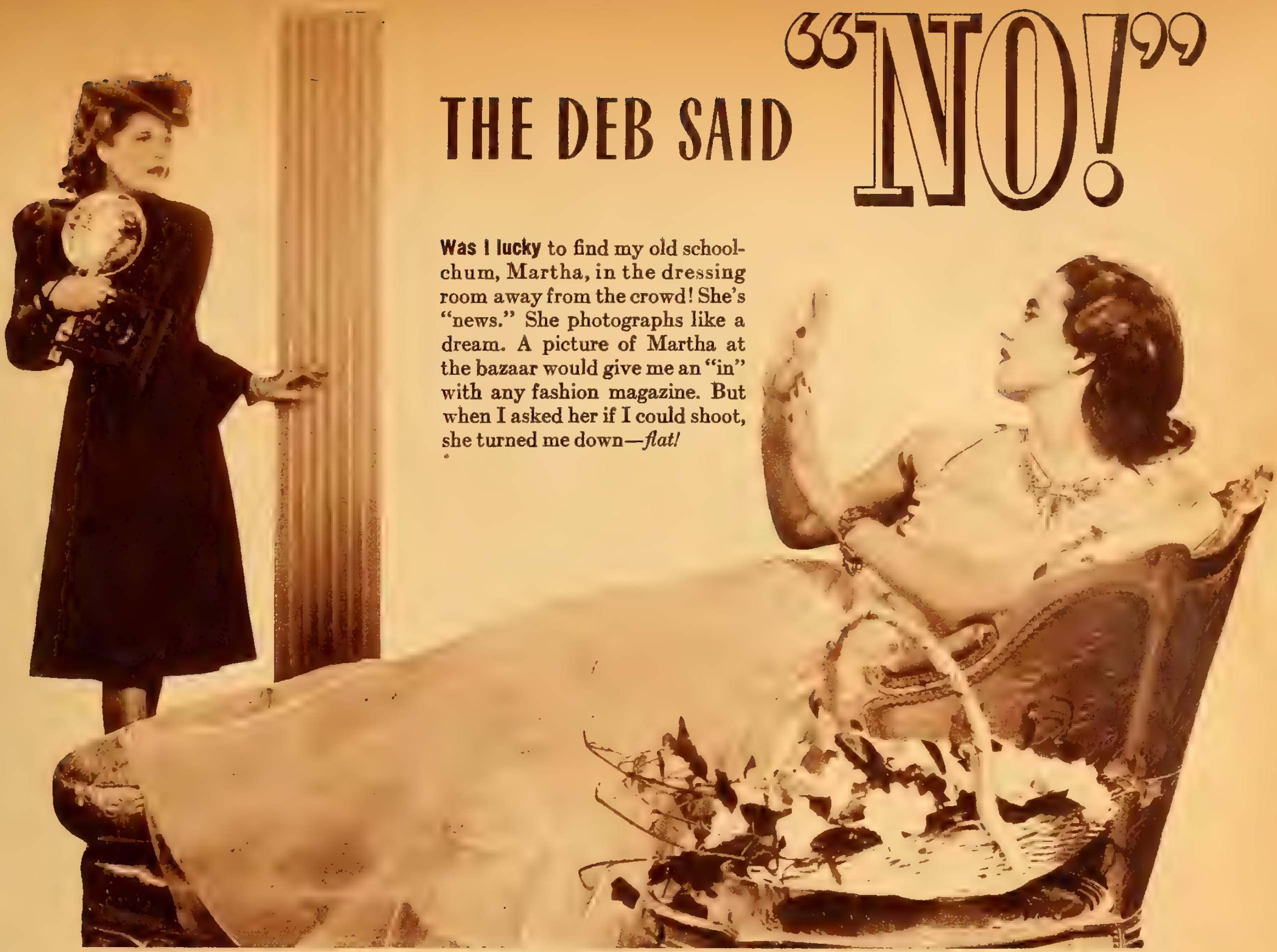
But Barbara heedlessly goes on dressing quietly, neatly and comfortably. On the street she'd be taken for a pretty and wholesome young business woman, except for the fact that few wear so little make-up.

The Stanwyck-Taylor romance in itself smashed some pet commandments. Hollywood had other mates picked out for Bob and Barbara. When they married, that annoyed many who had gone on record prophesying that no wedding would occur. And when, following marriage, they retired to their San Fernando Valley ranch to become (as film folk go) practically hermits, another taboo was slapped in the face.

Barbara's refusal to conform to the movie life pattern has not only been accepted—she had made filmtown like it. In some manner, she has won a secure place in its funny heart. Probably it will never understand her, but it unquestionably admires her.

Can it be that Hollywood has a faint realization of its need for genuine people?

THE DEB SAID "NO!"



Was I lucky to find my old schoolchum, Martha, in the dressing room away from the crowd! She's "news." She photographs like a dream. A picture of Martha at the bazaar would give me an "in" with any fashion magazine. But when I asked her if I could shoot, she turned me down—*flat!*

"Not today, Janet!" she moaned. "It's my bad time of the month and I'm so chafed I could scream!" Well—I wanted that picture, so I blurted, "Good grief, Martha, why be tortured when Miracle Modess now brings you 'Moisture Zoning'?"

And I quickly rounded up some Modess and showed her why "Moisture Zoning" is the grandest napkin improvement in years—because it acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad, leaving the sides dry and comfortable longer than ever before!

Martha was amazed, but I wasn't through. "Look," I rushed on as I opened a Modess pad. "This is why Modess is *softer*. It's made of fluff—entirely different from layer-type napkins."

Then I poured some water on Modess' moisture-resistant backing—and proved that not a drop went through. "See? Modess means greater safety against accidents, too," I crowed. Well . . .

I certainly got my reward! Five beautiful shots of Martha, and the nicest little note: "You can take more pictures any day you want," she wrote. "Believe me, I never knew what real comfort and peace of mind were till you told me about Miracle Modess."

TRY IT NOW! NEW MIRACLE MODESS WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"

Virginia City

[*Continued from page* 52]

to shut out the others. "Do you believe in predestination? I had to be here. So did you. So did Murrell. There's probably some future reason for it."

Her long lashes fanned out as her eyes widened. "Why, what could we possibly have in common with Murrell?"

"Perhaps you're right—about Murrell," he said significantly, "but—"

He never finished the sentence for the coach gave a sudden lurch and Marblehead shouted hoarsely from above, "Kerry! Murrell's loose."

Instantly, Kerry swung himself out to the side of the coach and began to climb up. The coach was careening crazily, for at the commotion the horses had run wild. A shot rang out, then Marblehead yelled, "I've dropped the gun."

Terror-stricken, Julia yet found the courage to look out of the window. Suddenly, Murrell tumbled from the top and as they sped on he could be seen back in the bushes, holding an injured shoulder and glaring at them with implacable hatred.

"It's all right," Kerry called from in front and, almost fainting with relief, Julia saw that he was mounted on one of the plunging lead horses. Gradually, they slowed down and Kerry returned to the coach.

IN THE ten days that followed Julia found herself more and more willing to put the horrors of the war out of her mind. Before, all she could think of were those carefree days of childhood when she and Vance had played games together and been childhood sweethearts—and how those days were gone now and today was a time of war and hate and guns.

But somehow, when Kerry talked to her, when he smiled at her, she was stirred with a new kind of happiness—undefinable, without beginning or end. And the fact that he was of the North seemed to make no difference. One day when a swollen mountain stream had held them up he'd lifted her out of the coach and she'd said, with her arms around his neck, "Kerry, if you let me fall. . . ."

And he had replied, looking deep into her eyes, "I wish you would, Julia. I fell—head over heels—ten days ago." The moment had been magic. Then reality had swirled back and she had looked away.

She was thinking of him a few nights later as she sat in the soft moonlight at their last 'coach station. The horses were being changed.

Kerry suddenly spoke beside her. "Dreaming, Julia?" She nodded. "Nice dream?"

"Yes—and no," she whispered. She could hear the thrumming of a guitar. It surged through her veins. "We were climbing a mountain together—you and I—to see a sunrise. But when we neared the top you stopped me—almost as if there was something on the other side you didn't want me to see—"

He took her fingers understandingly. "But I don't know much about you, Julia, either. Anyhow, we've time for that. What you must tell me now is where you live in Virginia City—how I can find you." Now his arms went around her and he drew her to her feet. "Julia, I'm not a fool," he said passionately. "You must know how I feel. It can't end now. It mustn't."

She clung to him. "I don't know, Kerry. I can't tell yet. Only promise me this. That if ever we meet we'll not climb mountains or cross bridges till we know what's on the other side. . . . Promise?"

"I promise, Julia."

Then he kissed her lips in a burning kiss of unutterable gentleness and longing and just they, two, were in the world.

The next evening they drove into Virginia City and Julia was making some laughing remark when her mirth died in her throat. There, hanging from a tree, was a crude effigy of Jeff Davis.

A yelling crowd was shooting at it.

"Kerry," she cried out in a strangled voice, "I've got to go. My home is near here. I'll find it."

"But, Julia, you mustn't. That drunken crowd—"

"I must, Kerry, I must." Her throat was thick with unshed tears. "No, no. I can't explain it now, but I've got to get home." With a wrench she tore herself from him and sped away. . . .

She was on the stage at the Sazerac the next evening, singing the marching song with the chorus when she caught sight of Kerry. He was looking at her as if he'd suddenly found a Christmas stocking.

She waved and her pulse began to race. Then, when the number was over, she hurried to him. "Well, Kerry," she said tremulously, "now you know the worst about me."

His eyes devoured her. "I'd almost given up. I tried the Ladies' Aid and the Presbyterian minister but somehow I didn't think of—"

She stiffened. There was Vance standing right next to them. She looked at him without a flicker of recognition. But the next second surprise flashed over her as Kerry turned slightly.

"Miss Haynes," he said, "this is Mr. Irby. We knew each other back East."

She and Vance acknowledged the introduction briefly.

"You know," Kerry said carelessly, "from the way they liked your song, I'd say Virginia City was quite a Union stronghold."

She shrugged, still trying to fathom the coincidence of these two men, out of all the world, knowing each other—Vance, to whom she'd once half-promised her heart, Kerry, to whom she'd lost it. "I'd say that this city is red, white and blue all over. Oh, there're a few copperheads of course but they're harmless."

Kerry turned to Vance. "What do you think, Irby?"

Vance said courteously. "Miss Haynes is right. What harm could they do?" He bowed to Julia. "I'm happy to have met you, ma'am. And Mr. Bradford, it's been a pleasure to see you again."

He left and she began, diffidently. "I should have warned you what to expect, Kerry—this place and—" She stopped and said anxiously, "You—you *do* still love me?"

He brought one of her hands to his lips. "More than ever, Julia—if that's possible."

Her heart flooded over with happiness. "I have to go and change now. But wait for me."

She was at the stairs when Vance stopped her. Looking at some distant point, he said softly. "Where did you meet him? The man at the bar?"

She was puzzled. "He came West with me. Why?"

"He was one of my prisoners at Libby for eight months. Then he escaped. Stay away from him. He's a Union spy. I'll tell you about him later."

Somehow she kept moving, but her eyes had the dazed, unfocused look of a sleepwalker. Still numb she returned to the stage a few minutes later but Kerry was gone. "Gone," went her searing thoughts. "The first real love I've ever known—gone." No, no, it must have been an illusion. Why, Kerry was a spy—for the North. That's what was on the other side of the mountain. How could she love a man whom duty told her to hate?

She had sung the finale and was about to mount the stairs to her dressing-room when Kerry appeared again. His friend, Marblehead was with him. Kerry went to her quickly and grasped her hand. "Julia, remember that fellow I introduced you to at the bar? Have you seen him since?"

She pretended to be reflecting. In her face there was no inkling of her new knowledge of him. "No. Why?"

"Nothing." His gaze on her was a tender caress. "I've had a close call tonight, Julia, and I may have another before morning. I can't tell you now what it's about but I can tell you this much. I love you."

Panic possessed her. The bullion. Vance. Something must be wrong. "Kerry, what's happened? Why did you say that?"

He smiled. "I just want you to remember it, that's all." He caught her to him and for a moment she was dizzy with the sweet ecstasy of his kiss. Then, as he released her, she turned and flew up the stairs. Inside her dressing-room she went limp with utter helplessness. There was no denying it. She loved Kerry and the rapture of it would last all her life.

There was a noise at the window.

"Vance," she said. Then a lump came to her throat. This was war and she'd have to remember it. "You must get away. He's downstairs now looking for you."

His eyes were veiled. He had seen that kiss. So she loved Bradford. Ironic, that. Back at prison he'd stopped Bradford's first attempt at a break. They'd been sworn enemies after that. "Yes, I saw him. He found one of our hide-outs. Every street is blocked with soldiers. But we're leaving town tonight and the gold is going with us."

"How? When?"

"Remember Murrell—the outlaw?" She nodded with a vague dread. "I made a deal with him. His gang is camped near here. Between two and three o'clock this morning they'll attack the Union Garrison. That'll draw every soldier out of Virginia City and when they ride East *we* slip out of town by the South Road. The wagons are in Box Canyon, waiting for us."

"For—us?"

"You can't stay here now, Julia." Then he looked at her piercingly. "Or would you rather?"

She looked away. "No. I haven't anything to stay for, Vance. I'll go with you, of course."

There was silence. Then Vance spoke again. "There's just one thing left to be done, Julia," he said levelly and went on. Kerry must be brought to the hideout. He was the one man in the town who could stop them and so he must go along. And it was up to her.

Everything in her rebelled. "I can't do it, Vance. That kind of treachery—" For long minutes she pleaded with him.

But Vance shook his head tiredly. "Yes, it's true. Kerry trusts you. That's why—you're the only one who can do it."

There was a deep pain in her breast

as she came downstairs to Kerry a few moments later. But her voice rang with sincerity. She had just heard who and what he was, she said urgently. One of the girls had told her.

He asked quickly, "Who was it?"

"I can't tell you. She doesn't want to become involved. But she has a message for you. She knows where you can find Irby. There's a boy at the door who'll take you." That was young Cobby, Vance's trusted servant. "She said Irby is ready to make a deal with you to give himself up if you come alone."

He asked warily, "How do I know I can trust him—or her for that matter?"

Her words were slow and leaden. "This girl wouldn't lie to me. She knows I love you and that your life means as much to me as his does to her."

His eyes blazed with adoration. "That's about all any man needs to know, Julia." He turned on his heel and strode out. Just ten minutes later Julia stood in the back of Vance's cabin. The room, pitch black, was filled with men. She heard Cobby's voice. "Right in here, sir."

All at once, the lights went up and Vance said, "Don't move your hands, Bradford, and turn around slowly."

Rigidly Kerry faced them. Then, as he saw her, his eyes darkened with anguish. He whispered, "Julia," and that was all.

Vance spoke harshly. "You're going back home with us, Bradford, as an escaped prisoner of the Confederacy—back to Libby, to Lower West and the sentence you ran away from."

Still, Kerry said nothing. He seemed too stricken.

Then, from outside, they heard a volley of shots. An officer's voice rang out. "Murrell's gang. They're attacking the garrison."

Now everyone in the room sprang into action. "Tie Bradford up and bring him along," Vance directed. "We've got to move fast."

Outside, Julia mounted her horse with the rest of them and the party was off. The departure from the city was even easier than Julia had anticipated. All night long they rode with the ten wagons carrying the gold and by dawn they had reached the desolate Nevada country.

Somehow, daylight brought a bit of hope to Julia. Surely, Kerry couldn't hate her after what they'd meant to each other. She left young Cobby's side and rode up to Kerry. Her eyes were misted over.

"Dearest," she said quiveringly, "I—I'm sorry this had to happen—"

"Sorry? For what? Everything turned out as you planned it, didn't it?"

Oh, dear God, he mustn't think that. "No, no. It was the last thing in the world I wanted to do."

He laughed grimly. "No one but you could have done it."

The words were like a knife twisting in her bosom—they'd been Vance's words too. They looked at each other, knowing there was nothing more to say.

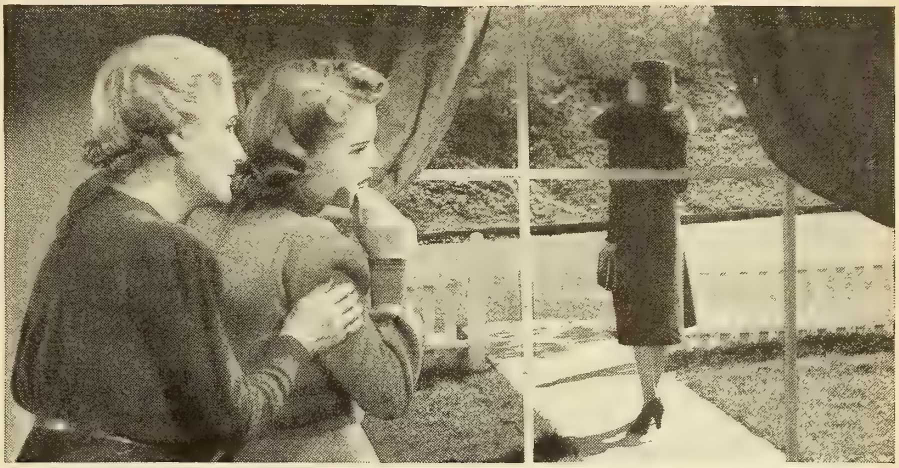
A LITTLE later in the morning, Murrell and his men joined them. Julia heard him and Vance talking together. Murrell was giving explicit instructions for the rest of the trip. Then he mounted his horse. "Well, good luck. I may see you some time."

Armistead looked after him as he rode off. "Say, Vance, that was a good tip about circling Mormon Station."

Vance nodded slowly. "Yes, a little too good. We're taking no more chances with Mr. Murrell. We'll go another way."

By nightfall they were in rough, mountainous country. Then Julia caught her

"I'll be the laughing stock of the town..."



MARY: Oh, Mother, why did that snooty Mrs. Palmer have to drop in today! Now it'll be all over town that even my tea napkins look so gray, they aren't fit to be seen!

MOTHER: Lucky I dropped in, honey. That soap you're using is so weak-kneed it doesn't get things really clean. Come on—I'll show you how to say goodbye to tattle-tale gray.

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS

MOTHER: There! Just hustle home and put Fels-Naptha to work with its richer *golden* soap and busy, dirt-loosening *naptha*. Use the bar or the grand new chips. Either way, your wash will be so sweet and white, you won't recognize it!

MARY: Whe-e-e, Mother! I'll say your tip about Fels-Naptha turned the tables! Mrs. Palmer came to tea again and her eyes simply popped when she saw my snowy linens. And she ended by asking Tom and me to a party!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips—wherever you've been using box-soap. They speed washing machines—because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And they whip up the creamiest suds ever—because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder!

Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs—and get the *extra* help of richer *golden* soap combined with gentle *naptha!* Together, these two cleaners make the grimiest, greasiest dirt let go—without hard rubbing! They get clothes so white, they fairly sparkle in the sun!

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS
FELS-NAPTHA

COPR. 1940, FELS & CO.

breath as she saw that they were approaching a Union Army hut.

Vance gave hurried directions to everyone. "Get back along the line. Act natural. But keep Bradford out of sight in one of the wagons."

They were questioned and the sentry was accepting their explanation that they were merely poor settlers on their weary way when suddenly one of the soldiers let out a yell.

"Say," he demanded, "what's makin' this wheel sink so deep? You ain't got that hefty a load."

Vance made a careless retort but the soldier approached the wagon. Suddenly Armistead's pistol spoke and the soldier toppled over. Then everybody began firing from all sides.

Julia screamed. "Cobby!" The boy was right in the range of gunfire. "Get down." But a bullet caught him in the chest and he toppled over.

"Come on," Vance shouted, "get moving. Get those wagons up."

But just as he spoke there was a commotion from the wagon that Kerry was hiding in. Every nerve in Julia's body shrieked out as she saw him make a dash for the precipice. Bullets were whistling all around him. Then he disappeared over the cliff.

Her heart seemed dead within her as the wagon train moved off again, leaving the bodies of the Union guards where they had fallen.

For days that seemed like years they jogged along. Julia tended Cobby as he lay, white and still, on his bed of blankets. "If we could only stop long enough to rest," she said to Vance one night.

He smoothed the boy's hair. "Julia, you don't regret anything do you?" She was silent. "It's just the way you've looked ever since—" He turned to her. "Tell me what's on your mind."

She asked dully, "Haven't you enough to worry you without imagining things about me?"

"No, and I never will. Julia, when we get through this and back home again—"

"Home?" Her eyes were glazed over. "Where is home, Vance?" . . .

The next day they reached the river but the current was high and it was a desperate battle to get across. Vance transferred some of the gold and left three of the wagons as decoys in case they were followed. After that, one miserable day followed the others. Their clothes became tatters. Some of them were without shoes. Water got scarcer and scarcer and everyone had the gaunt, starved look of scarecrows. And then one night, Cobby died. Julia said a prayer for him but it seemed that the last spark of life within herself had died with the boy.

Then, finally, they reached the Arizona desert and descended into the canyon. They had only three of their wagons now which contained all the gold. Sitting at the campfire, Julia said to Vance, "It's no use. These people can't go on. We can't make them. It's inhuman."

"War is inhuman," he retorted. "We're going on—as long as we have the strength to go on."

She was almost hysterical. "How long will that be without food and water? Two, maybe three—" But suddenly her blood froze. From up above, there came a wild bandit yell. Then a number of horsemen began to swoop toward them.

"Murrell!" Vance cried hoarsely. "Everybody up." In a moment the camp was all activity as they made ready to protect themselves.

But Murrell was making a rush for them when suddenly two more men on horses came out of a clearing and shot like a battering-ram into the bandit gang.

"Kerry!" Julia cried. Her blood rushed warm again.

Vance and his men held their fire until Kerry and Marblehead were in their midst. Julia saw Kerry and Vance clasp each other's hands in friendship against the common outlaw enemy. Then the battle started in earnest. Once, as Julia brought ammunition to the men she saw Kerry's gaze sweep the group with reluctant admiration for the indomitable Southerners; and she felt a thrill of gladness.

But just a bit later she went sick with shock. Vance was wounded. She rushed to him. He was talking in gasps to Kerry. "—so now you take over, Kerry. It's in that second wagon. And thanks—from a friend—"

"From a friend," Kerry said slowly. He stood up. "Cameron, get some gunpowder together and take that wagon under that cliff."

Julia suddenly blazed at him with distrust. "Don't do it, Dr. Cameron. He's tricking you."

Kerry looked at her coldly. "You're an expert at tricks, aren't you?" He spoke to Marblehead and Cameron. "Get going—and no noise."

"I won't let you do it," she cried. "We've been through too much."

"Do you want to turn the gold over to Murrell in the morning?"

"I'd rather." Her voice was almost a wail. "I'd rather Murrell got it than the North, I tell you."

"Julia." He gripped her arms tight and she looked up at him.

Her eyes glittered with tears. They stood there, trembling with longing for each other. Then she stepped back. "How I—hate you."

NEXT MONTH

the complete fiction story

of

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

the most extravagant adventure film of the year with June Duprez (of *Four Feathers* fame) Sabu (Elephant Boy) and John Justin

His chest swelled and he turned away. Up on the cliff the burning fuse was eating its way over the road. Then all at once there came the detonation of the powder exploding. Almost at the same moment tons and tons of rock fell in a thundering avalanche over the wagon. The gold was completely buried.

AT DAYBREAK, Murrell's new attack began. Gradually the gunfire became hotter from both sides. Men were dropping all around them. And just when it seemed that they must be all wiped out Julia saw Kerry make a rush for Murrell. For long, horrible moments they struggled.

In frozen horror, Julia watched. Her knees seemed to melt away. Murrell had his knife. The blade was coming closer and closer to Kerry . . . and then she heard a bugle call. No, no, she was imagining things. There would be no rescue this time. God couldn't be that good. . . .

But from beyond the canyon, Union cavalrymen, fifty strong, rode down towards them. The front line detachment immediately rushed for Murrell's fleeing men and . . . the battle was over.

A few moments later, Major Drewery returned and faced the pitiable collection of human wreckage that he had rescued. "Looks as if we made it just in time," he said. He turned to Kerry briskly. "That message you left at the Cayute telegraph office brought us double quick. Now, is the gold safe?"

Every one of the wagon train survivors stiffened. Julia looked at them with a breaking heart. Tattered, starved and forlorn, they realized that this was indeed the end of the trail. All that they had suffered had been in vain.

Then Kerry spoke. "There is no gold."

Joy flooded over Vance's sunken features. He raised his hand to Kerry's. Then, weakly, he sank back to the ground.

"Is this your idea of a joke, Bradford?" Drewery asked sharply. Kerry was silent. "Answer my question. Have you searched the wagons?"

Kerry looked at Julia and she gazed back at him. Faith and love were in her shining eyes.

He said again, this time with finality, *"There is no gold."*

It was April 9, 1865, and the ill-fated gold train party was assembled in the court-room of the Virginia City garrison. Kerry was being tried, and Major Drewery stood there, preferring charges against him.

"He's lying," the Major shouted. "And they're backing him up. No gold! It's absurd. But I'll get the truth out of them if I have to keep them locked up for the duration of the war."

Then Kerry faced General Crosby. He wanted to change his testimony in one important respect. "You see, sir, the Major is right. There was gold. There still is, in the place where I put it."

The Southerners were thunderstruck.

General Crosby said, "Let me understand you. The gold is in your care? You're holding it for the Federal government?"

"I'm holding it for no government, sir."

"Captain," the General said, not unkindly, "I must warn you. You have a duty to perform—"

"And I've performed it, sir," Kerry said firmly. "The gold did not reach the Confederacy. But it still belongs to those people—the ones who own it by law. You see, sir, in peace or war we have to act on what we believe is right."

Julia rose. A beautiful peace filled her breast. There was a nobility in this man she loved that she might never have guessed. "General Crosby, may I speak for—for us?"

"Very well, Miss Haynes."

She said, with dignity. "You see, sir, the war has deprived us of many things. But what we have left is less important than the safety of—of a friend. We're grateful to Captain Bradford but rather than see him punished for this—"

But suddenly a Union officer rushed into the room and saluted. "Major, there's a crowd gathering—rioting in the street. You can hear them, sir."

The door burst open and a dispatch-rider hurried in. He went directly to General Crosby. "A telegram sir . . . through the civilian exchange."

The General read the paper. Then he looked up, his face eloquent. "An armistice. Grant and Lee are meeting tomorrow at Appomattox. All military operations are to be suspended until further notice."

Outside, the crowd was singing and dancing. Julia and Kerry stood back against the wall, their hands clasped. Then Julia turned to him.

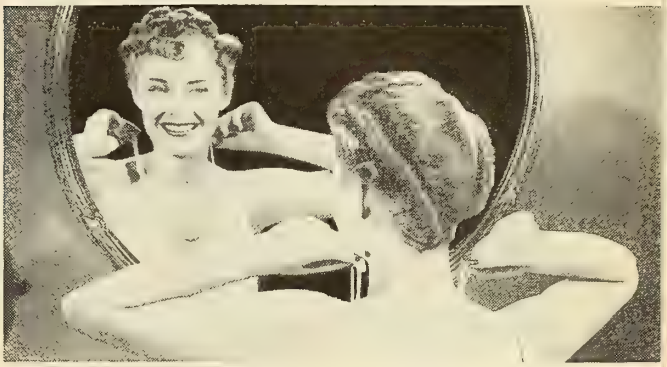
Her face was luminous with dazzling light as he took her into his arms. . . . Their love was safe forever now.

Very faintly, they could hear the words, "We are not enemies but friends. . . . With malice toward none, with charity for all. . . ."

It's a "Green" Girl . . .

• • • at winter sports who bundles up in clothes as thick as a mattress! Those who *know* wear outfits that aren't hampering . . . choose clothes expertly designed to protect, without being bulky!

For the same reason, girls who *know* choose Kotex sanitary napkins. Made in soft, smooth *folds* (with more material where needed . . . less in the non-effective portions of the pad), the New Kotex is naturally less bulky than pads made with loose, wadded fillers. Less apt to chafe, too . . . for Kotex is entirely sheathed in cotton, before it's wrapped in gauze!



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And to guard your peace of mind, the makers of Kotex now put a moisture-resistant panel between the soft folds of every Kotex pad! Then . . . to eliminate tell-tale bulges . . . Kotex gives you tapered, *pressed* ends! Think! . . . No thick, stubby ends to make embarrassing outlines! Kotex ends are invisible (and patented)!

Kotex* comes in 3 sizes, too! Super — Regular — Junior. Kotex is the only disposable sanitary napkin that offers you a choice of 3 different sizes! (So you may vary the size pad according to each day's needs!)

All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers . . . flat, tapered ends . . . and moisture-resistant "safety panels." *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

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ITS NEW SOFTNESS
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COMPARE
ITS NEW, FLATTER ENDS

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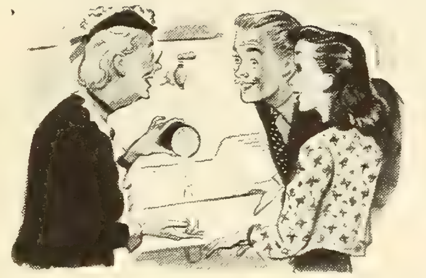
"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

CAUGHT IN HIS UNDERSHIRT!

1. "Please pardon Theobald," gasps Mrs. G., "But our kitchen drain's plugged up and he's been struggling with it for hours!"

2. "Fiddlesticks," says her guest, taking charge. "We'll get some Drāno and show him how *easy* it is to clean a stopped-up drain."



3. "See," lectures the guest, "There's nothing like Drāno for cleaning drains. Just pour it down and it *digs* away that clogging grease and muck!"

4. "And remember," she admonishes at parting. "To guard *against* clogged drains, use a teaspoonful of Drāno *every single night!*"

P. S. After the dishes use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

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Hollywood Social Secretary Confesses

[*Continued from page* 47]

invited, sometimes, to make things lively or amusing, but more often because policy forces a celebrity to entertain them.

It's harder to keep up with the changing relationships of important Hollywood people with each other. Know who's feuding and who's romancing with whom, and who's in what caste—not cast!—this week. Hollywood has a rigid caste system, which is especially vexing because people change so suddenly from one caste to another. One mustn't embarrass a momentarily high-caste guest by forcing him into social contact with one below him, though next week, their positions may be reversed!

Consider Hedy Lamarr. At first, she wasn't highly paid. Her future seemed problematical. Various high-and-mighty folk snubbed her. Some (including a glamor girl who once did "sevenveil" dances in short, bootlegged private-entertainment films) sneered at Hedy because of those unclad scenes in *Ecstasy*.

Then Hedy burst forth to great advantage in *Algiers*. She got a glamor-girl build-up by experts. Did her social stock soar? It did! She was getting only $750 a week then, a mere nothing for the film industry, but the dollar-minded socialites shrewdly guessed she'd leap into the high-salaried brackets very quickly.

There followed another illuminating phase of Hedy's case. She made a poor picture, which was shelved—for the time being, at least. (It's now being fixed up to click. Editor.) That was the signal for a polite turning of backs. Hedy, however, soon eloped with Gene Markey, one of the most important producers. Those who had turned their backs on her nearly snapped off their own heads, so rapidly did they whirl to present smiling faces of welcome and good-fellowship to Mrs. Markey!

KNOWING that change is the essence of the Hollywood social scene, the good secretary tries to anticipate these shifts, and forewarn her clients. I know one clever girl who foresaw Hedy Lamarr's success. Unfortunately, the three stars who paid her to advise them did not believe her.

They should have had confidence in her because she had prophesied, long before anyone else in film society was willing to admit it, that Bette Davis would be a great success. Bette was doing practically no partying at the time, but the secretary had her clients shower her with invitations, anyway. The result was that when La Davis did hit the top (and remained difficult to coax to parties!) the clever secretary's clients were in Bette's good graces.

Something else that changes frequently is the distinction of being Hollywood's most popular host. Before the Rathbones won it there was an era of confusion. Many claimants vied for the honor dropped by Carole Lombard when she chose between hectic social life and Clark Gable. Strong bidders during this period were the Pat O'Briens, the Darryl Zanucks, the Edward G. Robinsons, and of course, the Countess di Frasso.

Before Carole's reign as champion party-giver, there stretches back a long record of dynasties, through the expensive, brilliant one of Marion Davies to the most famous social reign of all, probably, that of the King and Queen of Pickfair in their heyday. Mary Pickford still gives an occasional important party, and among her guests are to be found the most famous and intellectual figures of the day.

High on guest list popularity is that volatile pair, Errol Flynn and Lili Damita, but one invites them to give zest, color and excitement, rather than smoothness. Remember Errol's manly argument with the polist, Aidan Roark, at Mrs. Whitney's party?

The Charles Boyers, Dorothy Lamour, Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power and his Annabella, the sisters Bennett, Binnie Barnes, Loretta Young, Cesar Romero and David Niven are a few among the many one might mention who are blessings to hard-pressed social secretaries. They'll usually accept, too. What a relief that is, when you must hand-pick a large number of guests for some very special and perhaps touchy, occasion!

ON THE other hand, you never know whether or not you'll be able to drag out Irene Dunne and husband Dr. Griffin; Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond; Myrna Loy and Producer Arthur Hornblow; Joan Crawford, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Claudette Colbert and husband Dr. Joel Pressman, and their like. They prefer small, intimate parties, and do a lot of refusing. You can always rely on them, of course, when the party has a motive such as charity.

A social secretary can't trust her memory to keep complex Hollywood relationships straight. I have, in large steel files, a complete record of Hollywood feuds, marriages, divorces and so on. A complete and up-to-date case history of over five hundred Hollywood socialites!

Some of the information in my files has never been printed; much is little known. Gossip-mongers would give a lot to secure it. Like all social secretaries, I have been offered sizeable chunks of cash for certain secrets I was suspected of possessing. Naturally, I refuse all such offers. It's professional suicide for a social secretary to slip, even a tiny bit, just once. We're well paid, and part of that pay is for keeping secrets.

Naturally, we must handle the press with care. It's always a problem to decide when to invite what correspondents of Hollywood's 300 or more, and when to permit candid cameramen and press photographers to attend. The blanket rule is never to exclude the press wholly from any big affair. They're sensitive people, and proud of the fact that their kind chats on equal basis with kings and que

I make it my business to know all the important correspondents and their relationships with (a) the host and hostess and

(b) the guests invited. Fortunately, writers who habitually attend stars' parties are not dangerous or hard to control. They harbor the delusion that their professional, and to a degree their public standing depends on how often their names figure in filmland guest lists. The unspoken threat of being dropped from those guest lists keeps them in line.

The kind of writer we fear, the sort who knows all and is unafraid to tell, seldom or never attends parties. A certain girl of this ilk, who writes for several magazines, is potentially the most dangerous correspondent in Hollywood. She is typical of the men and women of her kind. They ask no favors, and are little known even to studio press-agents, since they do not work through them. They get their information through stooges —often famous stars—who do attend parties.

You see, many people high in the film social scheme have their little human weaknesses, such as relish for peddling gossip. They work for a crafty gossip writer gratis, for friendship, and the sake of seeing their tips in print. And they are as clever as international spies, usually concealing all connection between themselves and the gossip writer. They don't want their reporting to be discovered as they'd be stricken from guest lists at once.

HOLLYWOOD'S "friendly divorces" have given outsiders many a laugh, but they're a blessing for social secretaries. This town is such a close little community that divorced folk and parted lovers must constantly meet, accompanied, usually, by their new flames. It's better that there shouldn't be hostility or awkwardness.

How nice it is to say, as you ponder over a guest list, "H-mm—it'll be perfectly all right to have Joan and Franchot Tone; they won't mind meeting. And the Gene Markeys will meet Joan Bennett, but that's all right too, despite Joan being the ex-Mrs. Markey. And Herbie Kay's in town. It will be nice to invite him for ex-wifey Dorothy Lamour, as they're still such good friends."

Providing party entertainment is no task at all. Remember, so many of the guests are fine entertainers—and being exhibitionists, they ache for the opportunity. Then there is available for hire a great variety of entertainment talent. Food is no worry, either, because Hollywood now has some of the world's finest caterers.

Neither are decorations. We merely tell a famous decorator what is wanted. He'll supply anything from a complete rural setting around the swimming-pool, to the trappings of a pirate ship. It's equally easy to secure costumes for a costume party. On occasions I have been required to plan every outfit the guests wore.

Mine hosts wanted to make sure they would be varied and ingenious, to please the candid photographers invited!

PREVIEW THE HIT FILMS!

Complete story versions of all forthcoming hits are presented in the March MOVIE STORY, now on sale. Read these thrilling previews of "Northwest Passage," with Spencer Tracy, "Shop Around the Corner" with James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan, and many others. Only 10 cents.

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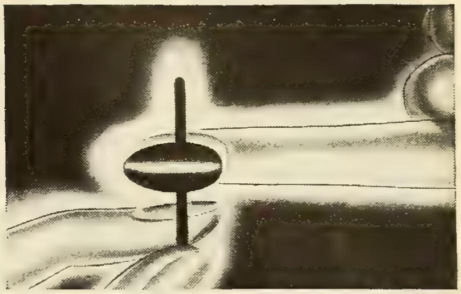

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SCOTT'S EMULSION

Is It An Act?

[*Continued from page* 35]

to sell fishing-tackle, or conches, or sponges, or grass skirts to the tourists. It's all very colorful, Flynn, but come clean! What's it all about?"

But the bombastic Errol just kept putting out to sea, or 'cross country, with nary so much as an explanation.

Yesterday, he'd been crawling through a tunnel for a jail-break scene in *Virginia City*. Over and over, the scene was shot, before director Michael Curtiz gave the okay to print it. Errol must have made the discommodious escape six or eight times, worming along on his knees and elbows, and he was obviously fagged.

That was the moment I'd been looking for. It was then I caught him, and he broke down. I put some of those fresh speculations about him into actual words, and he gave out with the statement we'd been waiting to hear:

"You folks just have me all wrong, that's all," he supplicated. "The explanation of my wanderings is actually very simple. You see, I travel because I like traveling. It's an outlet, and a hobby for me. It's as simple as that. But that's it, pure and simple. I hate to tear down all your nice, fanciful illusions. And I'm really quite flattered by it all. But, there just isn't any other truthful answer."

Well, okay, then, Flynn. You travel because you like traveling. Who doesn't? An aunt of mine likes to travel, too. She sails on the best liners, eats the best food, meets a lot of nice people, and sees as much of the world as you do. But she does it in a nice, quiet way. There's none of the razzle-dazzle with my aunt.

You've been to Tahiti. Well, so's my aunt. And while you were swimming around under water, with your head in a bucket, chasing unsuspecting oysters, she was probably standing serenely on deck, tossing coins to your native boys.

Here's the point. We think you're a little too old for such carryings-on. It's glamorous, it's romantic, it's colorful. Sure. But we think it's an act, Flynn. And we think there must be easier ways of attracting attention.

We got into Errol's alleged travel-bug something like this: Considering he might tire of his acting career, or vice-versa, what would he do to keep himself amused? His answer was spontaneous.

"I'd go to sea," he said, without so much as the bat of an eyelash. Good old dare-devil Flynn. He'd go to sea, without thinking twice. "Provided I had all the time I wanted," he went on, "I believe I'd first head for Ropopo Island. That's one of those tiny islands in the Japanese group, and, from what I've heard, it's hardly been scratched from the outside. I've always been interested in archaeology, and they tell me remnants of a very early civilization are on Ropopo, for the asking."

And why would you head for a place called Ropopo, Flynn? Are you sure it isn't just the sound of the name that gets you? Of course, Ropopo would make a swell postmark, for letters to the folks back home. But then, you could just as well go to Kokomo, or Philippopolis, or Indigirka, or Wady Halfa, couldn't you? These places are just as hard to pronounce, and they wouldn't be quite so hard to get to.

AND what are you doing, mixing in with archaeology? You're a pearl-fisherman, we thought, and a gold prospector, and a writer, and a bow-and-arrow expert. Let's keep this all straight, now, Errol!

But, he hurried on.

"My next two stops would be Zanzibar, and Madagascar. The idea of Zanzibar, in particular, fascinates me. I don't know, somehow it has always captured my imagination. In some of my more fanciful moments, in fact, I've visualized myself sailing into Zanzibar, and meeting the Sultan. Just think what kind of a guy the Sultan of Zanzibar must be! Maybe it's just the sound of the phrase that gets me—The Sultan of Zanzibar! I sort of like it."

But, hold on, now Flynn. Isn't that a little bit boyish, and over-romantic? Isn't there a little self-dramatizing in there somewhere? Maybe you'd like to *be* the Sultan of Zanzibar. Wouldn't *that* be something? Are you sure that isn't what you had in mind?

But, Errol was enthused, and went on with his dreaming.

"Another plan I've had in the back of my mind is to take a group of youngsters on an extended ocean voyage. Certainly, few things could be more thrilling, or satisfying, than supervising a group of kids who, at the most care-free and adventurous period in their lives, are seeing the ports of the World first-hand, and in the romantic manner."

And there you go again. A noble gesture, sure. But couldn't you get the same effect by joining up with the sea-scouts?

WELL, so much for your dreams of the future. But you still have your past to live down, Mr. Flynn! For instance, your alleged gold-prospecting venture in New Guinea. Maybe you went prospecting for gold in New Guinea. Maybe you didn't. Of course, we have no way of knowing.

But, even if you did, Flynn, well—all we can say is, so what? You certainly couldn't have made a business of it. If you had, you wouldn't be in Hollywood, making movies. And the same goes for that pearling expedition, too. And why did you have to stop at running down pearls and gold nuggets? Surely there must be a few hidden treasure-chests still kicking around.

If you could just dig up one of *these*, you'd be set for life. You'd have your shiny coins, and your sparkling gems, all made up for you. Then you could probably set yourself up as the Great White King of Borneo, or the Shah of Madagascar. They might even make you Emperor of Ropopo. Why, you'd have the World in the palm of your hand!

Your next movements, you say, took you to every continent you'd not yet visited. You covered the entire Far East, you say, in search of material for your writings. At this point you were a writer. Well, okay, Author Flynn, what did you write? You wrote a book, and some short stories which you admit were mostly bad. You'll never get on the "best-seller" list that way, Flynn. If you'd had your eyes open you'd have given us more than *that,* for all your wanderings. Well, what have you got to say for yourself?

IN 1937, you went to Spain. History, you said, was being made, and you wanted to be in on it. Well, Errol, did you get your eyes full? What was your big idea? Were you a war correspondent? War correspondents are very colorful people, you know. Especially when there's a war going on. But we didn't see any of your copy in the papers. Maybe you were a photographer, or a news-reel man? But we never saw any prints of your film, so it couldn't have been that. I guess you must have been a goodwill ambassador. That was it. You were over there to stop the war, maybe. But the Spaniards just kept right on fighting anyhow, it seems to me.

And last year you went shooting marlin off the coast of Mexico with a bow and arrow. You'd played the part of *Robin Hood,* the archer of *Sherwood Forest,* in the movies. And, of course, you wanted to live up to the role you'd created. Well, all right! You can shoot a bow and arrow with the best of them. My little brother isn't so bad, either.

And where's it going to get you? You can go out and shoot pigeons with a sling-shot, standing on your head, and I'll still ask the same question. Maybe I'm wrong. Maybe you're putting on the greatest publicity act in history. Maybe it's a case for the books. Maybe you're Gulliver, maybe I'm screwy keeping up with you.

The late lamented Douglas Fairbanks arrived here from England by Clipper just before outbreak of war—his last trip. He is best remembered by fans of silent era as typifying the dashing American—blessed with the world's greatest smile

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It's a "must" in the Fashion outlook—and it's here to *stay.* Glamour that gives your eyes new importance with every costume you wear. All it takes is smart harmony in eye make-up. And that's easy with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Simply choose your Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow in harmonizing shades . . . and notice the thrilling difference. It's fascinating to step up your beauty and style so *naturally* with Maybelline—the eye make-up that's smart because it's always in good taste.

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in zipper case, 75c.

Maybelline creamy Eye Shadow in dainty pastel box.

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil with point protector.

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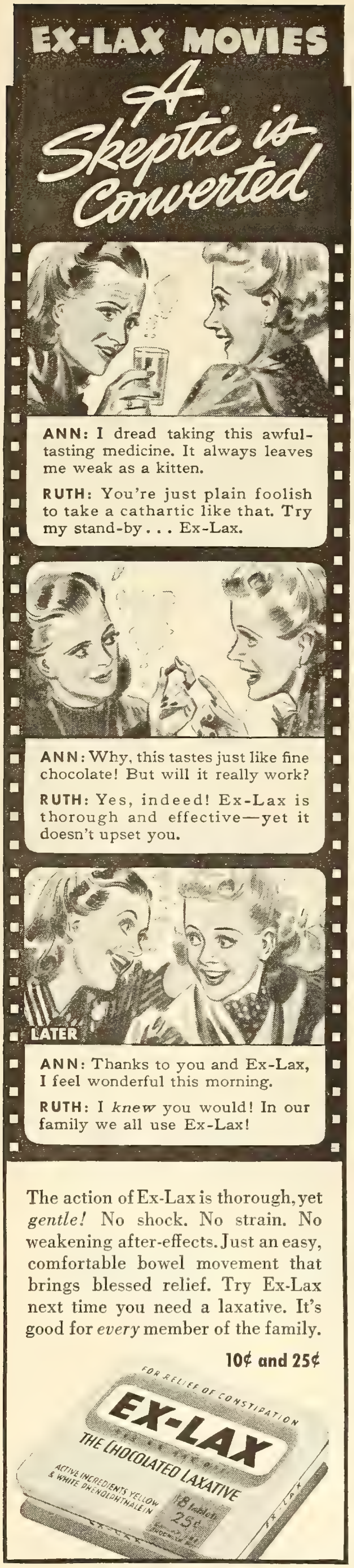
THE EYES OF FASHION *by Maybelline*

Costumes of yellow, chartreuse, rust, brown, green, or any of the deep "Woodland" colors call for Maybelline black or brown shades of Mascara with matching eyebrow pencil. The harmonizing shades of Maybelline Eye Shadow are Brown and Green.

With blue, wine, black, fuchsia, all the purplish colors, wear Maybelline black or blue shade of Mascara and black eyebrow pencil, lightly applied. And to harmonize, Maybelline Eye Shadow in shades of Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray or Violet.


EX-LAX MOVIES

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ANN: I dread taking this awful-tasting medicine. It always leaves me weak as a kitten.

RUTH: You're just plain foolish to take a cathartic like that. Try my stand-by . . . Ex-Lax.

ANN: Why, this tastes just like fine chocolate! But will it really work?

RUTH: Yes, indeed! Ex-Lax is thorough and effective—yet it doesn't upset you.

LATER

ANN: Thanks to you and Ex-Lax, I feel wonderful this morning.

RUTH: I *knew* you would! In our family we all use Ex-Lax!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS YELLOW & WHITE PHENOLPHTHALEIN
18 tablets 25¢

Belle of Atlanta

[*Continued from page* 45]

he would have burst into tears when the pale porcelain which is Ona appeared before him. "What, would you make mock of me!" The harassed Mr. Selznick might, justifiably, have cried.

Nor is Ona a wolf in lamb's clothing. She is what she seems to be. Her tastes, her habits of mind, her likes and dislikes, all fit into the Portrait of a Lady.

CONSIDER, for instance, some of her "favorites" . . . her favorite authors are Barrie and Maeterlinck. Her favorite playwrights, Molnar, Shaw and Eugene O'Neill. Her favorite book, *Alice in Wonderland*. Her favorite poem, *Cynara,* by Dowson. Her favorite composers, Debussy, Ravel, Scriabine, Stravinsky, Gershwin. Her favorite song, *Tea For Two*. Her favorite hymn, *Heavenly Light*. Her favorite opera, *Tristan und Isolde*. Her favorite radio programs, The March of Time, Information Please, and Jack Benny. Her favorite radio star, Charlie McCarthy. Her favorite pastime, improvising on the piano.

Now, it doesn't seem likely that *Miss Watling* would care for Barrie, Maeterlinck or *Alice in Wonderland.* Nor that she would consider *Tea For Two* much of a song for business nor, indeed, that she would have a favorite hymn. Or am I wrong?

Ona's childhood hero was Douglas Fairbanks, Senior. Her present admirations, Garbo and Laurence Olivier. The public character she most admires is our First Lady, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt. She says: "Mrs. Roosevelt ought to be an inspiration to every woman. If I even *think* I am tired I am revitalized at the very thought of her energy." Her ambition, in childhood and now, is "to have seen and lived in every place I want to see before I die. I have the wanderlust, incurably."

Ona's pet aversions are small talk, parlor games, long automobile rides and being called on the telephone while she is having her morning coffee. (*Belle Watling,* now, would certainly go for small talk and parlor games!)

Ona's taste in clothes is extremely simple. And runs to tailored things. In the daytime she wears only black, brown or navy blue in order to simplify accessories. Red is her favorite color and she wears it for the evening combined with navy blue or black. Her taste in food runs to vegetables, fish and jellied tomato bouillon.

She always has her bedroom done in red because the color stimulates her, makes her feel creative, makes her work. Hair dryers make her so ill that she always does her own hair. If she were given a million dollars she would "retire immediately and give in to my wanderlust." She has only one superstition, she likes to sign contracts on Fridays.

THE traits she most admires in men are: sensitivity, good conversational ability, moderation in liquor, but a man, withal, who is a connoisseur of wines and food. In women she admires straightforwardness, tact, taste in clothes and executive ability. I don't think she and *Belle* would get together on these points *atall.*

Ona's only parlor accomplishment is that she can play anything on the piano by ear that she has heard just once. She says she is probably one of the most voluminous correspondents of anyone in her profession. She is a letter-writing fool. That's because she likes to keep in contact with her friends all over the world, in many and various walks of life. *Belle Watling,* I am sure, would consider correspondence courses a waste of time.

Ona is somewhat athletic. Squash racquets is her passion and she plays every Sunday at the Men's University Club in Los Angeles, the only woman player in the city. She also plays some tennis, rides, swims and walks in the rain. She considers getting drunk the most useless sport or pastime known to mankind. (Ah, there, *Belle Watling?*)

Her most prized possession is her Picasso . . . but she doesn't go in for possessions. She says, "I can only feel strength in giving up things rather than clinging to them. I can truthfully say that I have no possession I prize above others unless it is the Picasso. It is a dogma of mine NOT to acquire possessions because when accumulated they possess you. Things are a necessary part of our development but having served their purpose should be relinquished and passed along." Because of this attitude, which is rooted in her wanderlust, she never has owned a house and never will. She doesn't even rent one. She and her mother live at the Chateau Elysee in Hollywood.

She can cook "for myself," she says, "I don't know how I would please others. My specialties are curries and cheese souffle." When she works she has no social life. When she is on the stage, she likes to go out after a performance for a snack and a bit o' talk. After a picture, during which it's "early to bed and early to rise" throughout, she likes to get dressed and step out for a few nights and then she is fed up. When she has a day off she likes to spend it absolutely alone as she is in contact with people constantly. She keeps scrapbooks for a hobby. Not of herself but of her friends and their activities.

She says that her handicaps have been a timidity from childhood and an inherent reticence. Handicaps which, one imagines, did not distress *Belle Watling!*

On the other hand, Ona says that she has never experienced stage-fright. She is, she says, "like a horse at the barrier, anxious to get going." Nor is she nervous at the "mike," though she used to chew gum "to keep from drying up."

SHE describes her own character as being "a Gemini person who runs true to form, which is the dual nature. Am never frivolous but my head is contantly battling my heart. Am serious without being studious, prefer learning through observation and discussion. Am very moody but not in a depressed sense. Have an excellent disposition, which is no credit to me since dispositions are congenital matters. Am too well-disciplined for temperament."

Ona has no feelings about nor any plans for retiring. She says, "If I marry again, I would retire immediately. Otherwise, I expect to continue working, in one line or another, for the rest of my life." She admits that "there is Someone in New York." Her only philosophy or plan on which her career is built is: "Look ahead and keep ahead as much as possible. Style in acting changes as rapidly as style in clothes."

Which gives you some idea, or should, of Ona Munson as she is. A stranger, one would say, a stranger in every particular, to *Belle Watling.*

The background in which these tastes and habits of mind and body—these hobbies and favorite things—were developed tend to emphasize further this portrait of her, tends to make even more remarkable the fact that "such a nice girl" played the part of "such a bad woman."

Ona is the daughter of Owen and Sally Wolcott, a direct descendent of Oliver Wolcott, a signer of the Declaration of Independence. An ancestor who would, beyond a doubt, turn in his grave at the very name of *Belle Watling* upon his descendant's blue-blooded lips. Born in Portland, Oregon, October 20th, Ona was educated at Miss Catlin's School in Portland. Her father was a prosperous real-estate dealer and his only child might have been just another debutante except—except for the fact that from the minute she could stand on her feet, she *jiggled.*

She never stood still, she never just walked, she jiggled. And then she danced. And then she knew that she wanted to dance, wanted to be a ballerina. She doesn't have any idea how she knew that she wanted to be a dancer. There was no theatrical element in her family unless you can call a love of the theatre an element. For her parents were inveterate theatregoers.

Ona says, "My life started out in conflict. I saw Helen Hayes and Ruth Chatterton and Marilyn Miller when they played Portland and they are responsible for my conflict. For I couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted to be a dancer or an actress. One of my earliest memories is of being taken backstage to Ruth Chatterton's dressing-room, and there partaking of the real food she cooked in *Come Out of the Kitchen.* But Marilyn Miller tipped the scales for me when I watched her dance. She was, actually, the inspiration of my career."

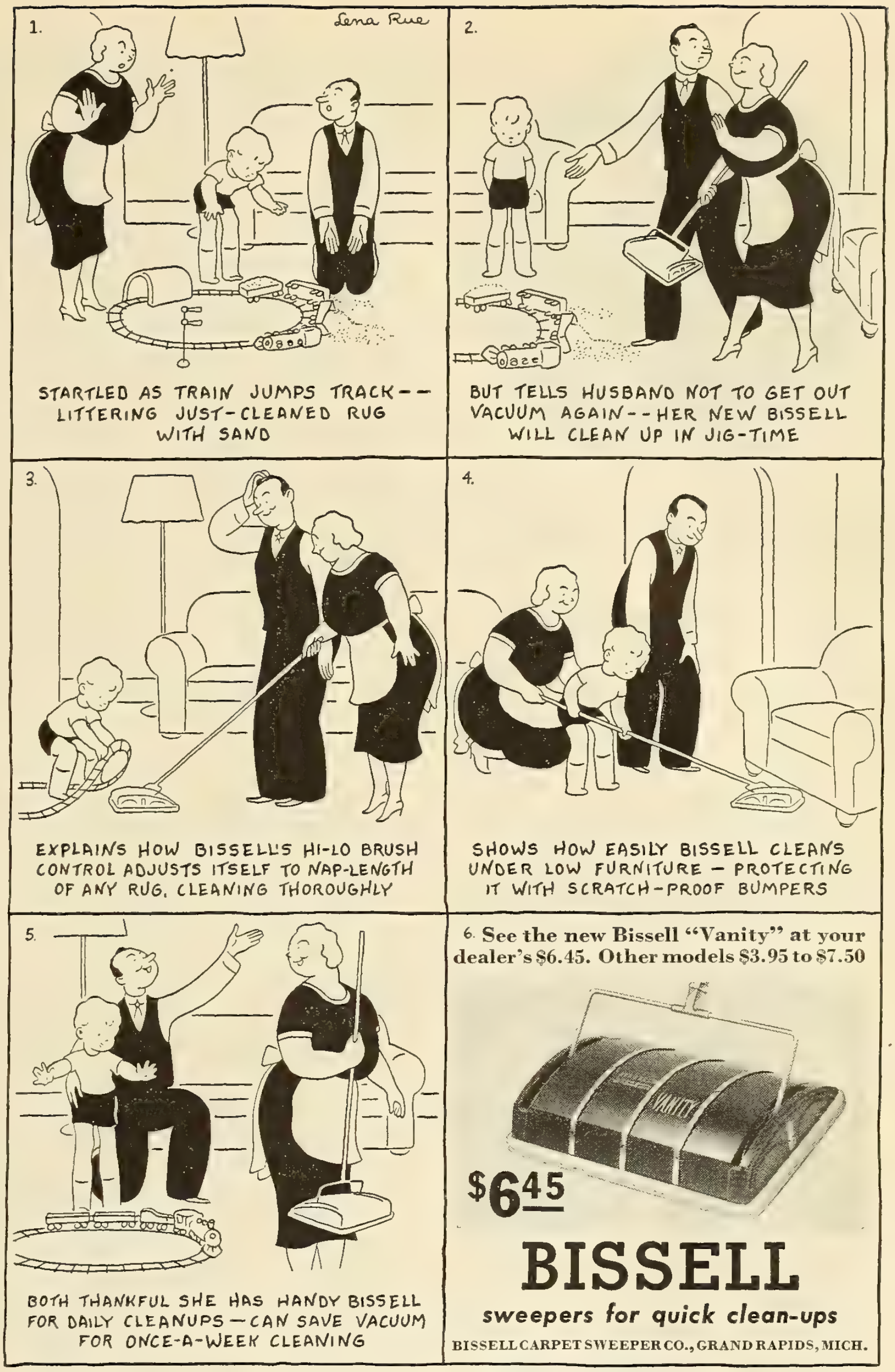
AND so, when Ona was thirteen, her mother took her to New York to study ballet. And then Gus Edwards came along, swooped down and picked Ona out of the school to become, at fourteen, soloist in one of his stage revues. So "big" did her act go over that she played the Palace for six weeks straight and then the Keith-Orpheum executives swooped in turn and placed her at the head of her own Revue, the Manly Revue, it was called, Ona being the only girl with six young men.

For two years of straight booking the Manly Revue played every city in the U. S. A. and it must have been during that time, during those formative years, that Ona began to learn all she knows and understands about women and men . . . all kinds of women and men, rich and poor, successful and failures, good and bad—all mixed up together and called Humanity. The understanding which makes Ona say of *Belle Watling,* "she wasn't a bad woman. She doesn't belong in any category. She had just—met Life."

At the end of that two years, Ona and her mother went to Europe and there lived for a year. "I did a bit of finishing up on my education," Ona relates, "and on my return to New York, I heard that they were looking for a young dancing lead for the musical comedy, *No, No Nanette.* I don't know how I ever got it, but I did. And the happiest days of my life were those two years, singing ten and twelve encores of *Tea For Two* and *I Want To Be Happy* at every performance. . . ."

This was the beginning of a long list of musical comedy successes for Ona . . . *Twinkle, Twinkle,* with Joe E. Brown, *Tip Toes* with Eddie Buzzell, *Hold Everything* (in which she made *You're the Cream In My Coffee,* the song of the hour) with Victor Moore, Jack Whiting and Bert Lahr.

It was while she was playing in *Tip Toes* that, in 1926 in San Francisco, she married Eddie Buzzell, then a star of musical comedy, now a director on the M-G-M lot here in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Hollywood. Ona and Eddie aren't married any longer. But they are still, says Ona, with an inscrutable expression which might mean humor or regret, "good friends."

It was straight from *Hold Everything* that Ona first came to Hollywood, in 1929, under contract to Warner Brothers. "I shouldn't have come to Hollywood then," Ona says now, "one should only do what is prompted by one's innermost self and that wasn't the case with me at that time. I couldn't possibly have been a success in pictures then, my heart wasn't in it.

"Well, I wasn't a success but I did find out what I wanted to do . . . for after several pictures, *Going Wild, The Hot Heiress, Broadminded* among them, I did *Five Star Final* with Eddie Robinson and knew that I wanted to break away from musical comedy, wanted to do dramatic parts only. It was then that Laura Hope Crews took me under her wing; and I did *As Husbands Go* and *The Silver Cord* on the stage with her.

"Then I went back to New York and played in stock for three summers, with the National Theatre in Washington, at the Flitch Gardens in Denver. In the winters I did plays in New York, *Petticoat Fever* and then *Ghosts* with Nazimova. During all this time I was doing radio, too. Among other things, I did three serials, the March of Time and the Cavalcade of America programs.

"IT WAS two years ago, at the Denver Flitch Gardens, that Bill Grady, casting director for M-G-M, saw me in *Autumn Crocus* and begged me to come back to Hollywood under contract to M-G-M. I hadn't wanted to return to Hollywood until I was sure of myself. I wanted to be sure I knew how to handle a dramatic part. I wanted to be sure that I had cut the cord between myself and musical comedy.

"When I felt that I had accumulated sufficient assurance I came back to Hollywood and—*sat for six months.* Just plain *sat.*

"I was in excellent company though," laughed Ona, "the best. For I 'sat' with Hedy Lamarr, Ilona Massey and Greer Garson. The four of us were doing an enforced sit-down strike. We were, presumably, invisible. We never saw a producer, no producer ever saw us. Every now and again we'd make tests for this or that but nothing ever happened. We all used to meet at the masseuse's. We used to meet there every day, but every day. Our life revolved around those hours at the masseuse's. We didn't have anything else to do.

"Ilona was being massaged down to where she would no longer care for rich Hungarian food. Hedy had hard muscles from skiing, that had to be taken down. Greer had become very, very conscious of how thin girls in Hollywood are and practically went overboard on the subject. I had various and sundry little alterations to be made on my person.

"Well, after six months my option wasn't picked up and I was free and determined to get a job. But I had no screen credits and the fanfare and trumpetry which had attended my arrival here had died down. It was impossible to get a job. My agent did manage to get me a little job at Universal, in a picture called *His Exciting Night* with Charley Ruggles.

"Then I went to New York to see some plays to shake off the inertia that was creeping over me.

"When I came back to Hollywood I found the place in a dither trying to get a *Belle Watling* for *Gone With the Wind.* I had never read the book. I had heard, vaguely, that *Belle Watling* was a Madam which, certainly, didn't concern me. I spent almost every week-end with my good friends, Merion Cooper and Dorothy Jordan Cooper at their beach house; and the late Sidney Howard, scriptor of *Gone,* poor darling, would be there, too, and they would spend hours playing the game of casting *Gone.*

"They never once thought of me for *Belle.* I heard them say that some fifty, sixty people had been tested for the part. And so, when my agent called me one day and told me to go over to Selznick's and discuss the part with David, I was cross about it. I said, 'Oh, why waste my time like this, why waste David's time?' But my agent insisted and, with very bad grace, I obeyed. I talked with David and he said, "I can't visualize you in the part at all . . . as you are . . . if you'll just put on the wig and the costume.'

"Even more dejected than I had been before, I went down to the make-up department. When I went in, the girls had an 'oh-Lord-*another*-one' expression on their faces. They put the wig on my head. And the minute they put that wig on, *I was a different woman. That red wig is the whole keynote to the character of Belle Watling.* It coarsened my every feature. It changed every feature.

"It changed me so completely that my best friends won't recognize me in the picture. I even changed my voice.

"Well, it was one of those instant realization things . . . the girls in the make-up department just stood there and stared at me, knowing, *knowing,* that they were looking at *Belle Watling.* I put on the costume, then, with pads where pads should be, you know, and walked back to David's office. Sidney Howard had come in while I was in the make-up. As I walked in, the two men looked at each other and cried out, simultaneously, '*That's it!*' Then I realized *that they didn't know who I was, they didn't recognize me.* Six girls, that day, had been told to put on the wig and costume and David didn't know which girl I was.

"Well," laughed Ona, "so that *was* it. David didn't even want me to make a test for the part. But I did insist on that. First, though, I went home and read *Gone* straight through, not even stopping to eat, only stopping to sleep a few hours. When I finished the book, when I knew the character of *Belle,* I said to myself, 'Oh, you fool, if I had read this before I would have fought for the part!' I didn't fight for the part, I fought against it. Then I made the test. And then I played the part and I could only play her as the most human being in the whole book."

SINCE *Gone,* Ona had done three pictures, a quickie at Universal ("I had spent all my money," laughs Ona, "I had to eat"), *Scandal Sheet* at Columbia, with Otto Kruger and *The Big Guy,* again for Universal, with Victor McLaglen. And, as she won *Belle* over some sixty of the profession's champion contenders, so she won the part of *Lorelei* on the *Big Town* radio program, with Eddie Robinson, over twenty-eight of the town's champion contenders.

Shirley Ross, Helen Mack, Frances Dee, Joan Blondell were, we hear, among those who made records for that part. And when the records were sent to New York, each record bearing a number and not a name, Ona's was selected, unanimously.

"I'm not going to sign a contract anywhere," Ona told me, in conclusion, "I want to free-lance. I want to do young character parts. I'll probably go through Hollywood the most unrecognized actress in town. Because I don't want to play 'straight' parts, they don't stimulate my imagination. I want to play young character parts on which I can hang characteristics, dress them up in my mind, create them and have fun with them."

Ma Joad's Daughter Makes Good

[*Continued from page* 53]

So, without so much as a polite knock, Dorris opened the door, walked right in and up to the producer's desk and gave him both barrels. "Please gimme!" she said, or words to that effect and John Stone, as much angered as surprised by this unexpected visit asked her name which Dorris had somehow forgotten to mention in the wordy shuffle.

Now it so happened that Producer Stone had been studying the script of a new *Jones Family* picture entitled *Down On the Farm*, and he was pretty tired. But being a polite man he leaned back in his chair and studied the girl while she talked. When the one-sided interview, or visit, came to an end, Stone leaned forward, thumbed through a few pages of the script and uttered two words that meant the difference between staying put or getting ahead.

"You're hired," he said.

"I thought he said, 'you're fired!'" Dorris confesses, now, "and I was ready to go back to more studying. But he told me before I left that he'd have a part for me in the *Jones* picture—and he did."

Dorris lives with Mary Healy, another 20th Century-Fox starlet who hails from New Orleans. The two girls occupy a modest double apartment three miles from the studio.

Her most exciting moment in *Grapes of Wrath* occurred when Henry Fonda hung a "shanty" on her eye. The two were riding in the back of a truck when the car hit a bump, Henry's elbow hit her left eye—and Director Ford hit the ceiling. Make-up men whitened out the "mouse." Happiest moment in the filming of the picture was when her screen baby was finally born.

Although a confirmed stay-at-homer, Dorris likes to step out occasionally on a dinner-and-dance date, but she's found that movie work erects a barrier against such extra-curricular activity.

"This 'all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy' applies to a girl, too," she says. "I haven't had a date for weeks—and it isn't because I haven't been asked, either. But I've found that when a girl is trying hard to improve in this business, too many things are apt to interfere. If I'm in a picture, I don't get home before 7:30 and by the time I've had dinner and changed the evening is almost gone. I have my lines to learn for the next day, too.

By the time I'm out of a film, the boy friends have grown tired of asking for dates and being turned down. The boys want a girl they can date all the time and not according to the whims of a movie schedule. Looks as though if I'm going to get a husband I'm going to have to grab him on some movie set before he knows what's happening."

REFERRING back to this business of learning lines, Dorris employs a unique method of memorizing her script. She walks for miles at a time until she is letter perfect. Then she is usually too tired to walk back and phones her roommate, Mary Healy, to pick her up. When she was given the script of *Grapes of Wrath* she set out one Sunday morning and legged it fifteen miles along Ventura Boulevard before sending in a call to Mary. By that time she had every line down pat.

"I don't know what people think when they see me going along mumbling to myself, but it's an old Bowdon custom established as far back as my high-school days when I had parts in amateur plays. Now I can't remember my lines unless I walk. Some of these days, I suppose, I'll be picked up by the police for obstructing traffic or something."

When Zanuck announced his purchase of *Grapes of Wrath* for $50,000 the wise crowd said he'd never dare film it, that the bankers had ordered him to shelve it in the dark recesses of his manuscript room. Fed up, finally, with the tearer-downers, his answer was short if not sweet.

"If any man can prove to me," he said, "that I went out in the story market and paid $50,000 for *Grapes of Wrath* for the purpose of shelving it, I'll throw the script in the waste-basket and make a picture about him!"

And he would have, too, being that kind of a fighting production man.

And there's something else he won't shelve, take it from us. And that's a something that goes by the name of Dorris Bowdon, the five-foot, one inch plodder and plugger from the deep South whose portrayal of Rosasharn is something in character acting that you haven't seen on the screen in a long time—she's that good.

BAD BREATH ALMOST BROKE UP OUR HOME!
NOW SUSAN! DON'T TELL ME YOU AND FRED EVER HAD TROUBLE, TOO!
MARY, A YEAR AGO, WE WERE AT THE BREAKING POINT! THEN FRED TOLD ME WHY! I WAS HORRIFIED! BUT I SAW OUR DENTIST...
AND HE TOLD ME...
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AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
NOBODY COULD POSSIBLY BE HAPPIER THAN FRED AND I ARE NOW, MARY. SO...
SO WHY DON'T I TAKE YOUR HINT AND SEE IF IT DOESN'T PATCH UP MY MARRIAGE, TOO? THANKS, SUSAN--I'M GOING TO!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
20¢ LARGE SIZE
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COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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It's our treat ... let us send you 5 full trial size lipsticks, each in a different fascinating new shade, together with a pack of handy Lipstick Tissues. Just send 10¢ for mailing costs.

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ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 30 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. $1.35 for sale everywhere.

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GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

Wally Beery and 8-year-old Carol Ann register joy over 7-month-old Phyllis Ann, recently adopted as sister to Carol

Honored for having Hollywood's prettiest legs, Virginia Gilmore exercises them so she'll stay ahead of Marlene's

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Another twosome observed by your snooper:
Peggy Moran and Jackie Cooper.

■

IT ISN'T only the clarkgables and the roberttaylors and the handsome screenies who pack a heart-appeal wallop for the gals of Hollywood. Even the producers, believe it or not, have that something.

F'rexample, Margot Stevenson, who's been seen here and there and where with Producer Joe Pasternak, was asked if Pasternak was planning to groom her as another Deanna Durbin.

Cracked Margot:
"No, I've got a lousy voice. BUT—he can make my HEART sing, any time!"

■

LOVE-MARCHES-ON note:
Here they've been married for, let's see, how many weeks now?—and

[*Continued on page* 74]

When ceremony was over, Yank ballplayer, Joe Di Maggio, gave bride, Dorothy a movie star's kiss . . . No errors

Betty Field Wants No Part of Glamor

[*Continued from page* 42]

"Deliver me from the groove of the perpetual ingenue," she explains. "There are some actresses of the stage and screen, who despite creaking knees and tier upon tier of double chins, must go on being breathless, wild-eyed glamor girls.

"Playing such roles time after time, since grandma backed into bustles and the Cherry Sisters stopped the show, is like giving the public a steady diet of chocolate eclairs.

"I don't want it. I want parts with meat in them, even if the meat may occasionally be a trifle raw."

When Betty says this, you can take her word for it. She isn't the type who merely talks for the sake of saying sweet and flattering things. And to prove that she is really sincere, she will point out her current role in *Of Mice and Men* as an example of what she means.

In this, she undertook the part of *Mae*, the wife of a bellicose son of a ranch-owner on whose place the action of the story occurs. For this role, she wore a short, simple frock, bright tasseled shoes, gaudy make-up and an invitation in her grey eyes.

IN THE picture, she has, if you must insist, a certain sort of glamor. But it's not the usual stereotyped kind. It's down-to-earth and elemental. But it's definitely not the drawing-room type. And after playing pretty and fetching ingenues most of her career, Betty is mighty proud of the way she handled the part. But behind it all lies a strange reason for this feeling of satisfaction.

You often hear of Cinderella actresses. Before their appearance on the screen, many of them came from poor, impoverished families. Some of them never even had enough to eat and hardly a decent stitch of clothing to their beautiful backs. But suddenly, they are flung headlong into another kind of life.

IN BETTY FIELD'S case, the entire procedure is reversed. Before going on the stage, it was her everyday life. Her own background. There was glitter and glamor everywhere she walked. The tall, stately drawing-rooms with their hordes of flunkeys are nothing new to her. All her life she has been surrounded by that sort of thing. It isn't ironical then, that she should shy away from it now. To her, it holds no fascination. Betty will have none of it. She wants to show what she can do in the roles to which she hasn't been born. That is her reason for steering clear of glamor. That is her purpose in being an entirely different person in her career life than she is at home.

Young, pretty and patrician, she was born to the real life role so many of her sister stars have thrust upon them on the stage and screen. When she tells you that she was born in the Back Bay region of Boston—the city where the "Cabots talk to the Lowells and the Lowells talk only to God," she doesn't brag about it. And while she doesn't boast of her ancestry, she is a living example of the old adage, "blood will tell."

On one branch of her family tree, she is descended from Priscilla, the Pilgrim maid immortalized for her line, "Speak for yourself, John Alden." And not quite so far back is Cyrus Field, the man who laid the Atlantic cable. With two such persevering bloodstrains, Betty is a force to reckon with once she sets her mind on anything. And right now, she is determined to be a first-rate actress. Her purpose is as good as accomplished, for even if she had never done anything else her work in *Of Mice and Men* entitles her to a ranking place among Hollywood's glittering stars.

Betty's early education was acquired in Porto Rico; Newton, Massachusetts and Morristown, New Jersey. While Betty was a student at Morristown High School, she often attended the Saturday matinee performances of a stock company in Newark. After the performance, she would haunt the stage door—not in adulation of the stars but to find out how to become one. She wanted her information first hand. She wanted to experience the intricacies involved in breaking in. Soon her eager face became so familiar that one of the actors suggested if she was trying to get on the stage, a letter to the director might help. That night Betty wrote not one, but three letters!

A few weeks later, when she had abandoned all hope, there was a phone call. They

[*Continued on page* 75]

I'M GUARDING AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS SKIN
BECAUSE
I WANT TO KEEP ROMANCE!
If you want to keep your complexion alluring, use Palmolive made with Olive Oil!
NOW THAT I'VE WON THE MAN I WANT I'M NOT GOING TO RISK LOSING HIM BY LETTING MY SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING. AND THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!
BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO DIFFERENT, MARY?
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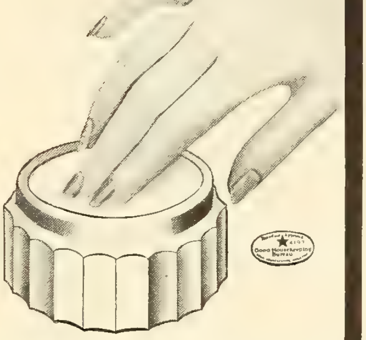
YOU REALLY ARE A DARLING, MARY, TO TELL ME HOW YOU KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION SO LOVELY! I'M GOING TO TAKE YOUR ADVICE AND MAKE PALMOLIVE MY BEAUTY SOAP, TOO!
PALMOLIVE
Made with Olive Oil TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG

New *under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
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COUGHS

are quickly relieved by the PERTUSSIN "Moist-Throat" Method

When you catch cold and your throat feels dry or clogged, the secretions from countless tiny glands in your throat and windpipe often turn into sticky, irritating phlegm. Then you cough.

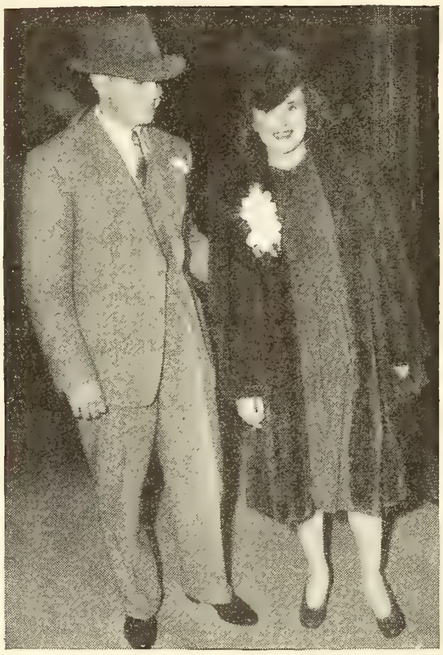
Pertussin stimulates these glands to pour out their natural moisture so that the phlegm is loosened and easily raised. Quickly your throat is soothed, your cough relieved!

Your cough may be a warning signal! Why neglect it? Do as millions have done! Use Pertussin, a safe and pleasant herbal syrup for children and grownups. Many physicians have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. It's safe and acts quickly. At all drug counters. For generous FREE trial bottle, write to Pertussin, Dept. XX-19, 440 Washington St., N. Y. C.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 72*]

Jackie Coogan helps future bride, Harriet Haddon, put on her skates. Harriet is in ice show at St. Regis Hotel, NYC



Most talked-about young couple, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, may wed any moment. They attend *First Love* premiere

STILL Brian Aherne sends flowers every day to Joan Fontaine.

■

LONG time ago, before the days of Jean Harlow, Bill Powell did a lot of twosoming with Ginger Rogers.

Today, it seems to be starting all over again—and Hollywood is watching, with profound interest, to see whether the current dueting between Bill and Ginger is a rekindling of the old flame—or just another Hollywood "We're-only-good-friends" manifestation . . . ?

Anyway, the Rogers-Powell dates have been frequent at the home of Myrna Loy and her hubby, Arthur Hornblow. Little foursome dinners—and a quiet doubly romantic evening by the fireside, is about the program. Very little night-spotting; neither Bill Powell nor Ginger go for the nite-life racket. . . .

Incidentally, one of the nite-clubs Bill and Ginger do NOT go to is the one where a lad named Jack Pepper is master of ceremonies.

[*Continued on page 76*]

Betty Field Wants No Part of Glamor

[*Continued from page 73*]

wanted the young correspondent to come to the theatre. It was only a non-speaking part they offered her—as a Chinese girl behind a lattice. But when that week was over, she was promoted. She was an actress at last!

NOT content with the meager experience she could gain from only one performance a day, Betty persuaded her parents to let her study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York. On her graduation day, however, Betty was not present to receive her diploma. She was already rehearsing for a New York play.

When her first show didn't last long, Betty took it in stride, hoping the English production of *She Loves Me Not,* for which she was hired, would open Broadway's eyes. When she returned to America, she thought that long-awaited moment had finally arrived, for she was given a fat role in a new show, *Page Miss Glory.* But when the play finally opened, Betty's part was whittled down to two or three lines.

Months passed and Betty almost thought that her career was finished. She was hired as an understudy in five or six plays, but no one ever got sick or quit. It was at this point in her career that her teeth-gritting faith in herself as an actress was justified.

Betty was called for an audition by Producer George Abbott. But as soon as he heard her read her lines, he decided to give her the feminine lead in the Boston company of *Three Men On a Horse.* When the actress who had played the same role in the New York production left the cast, Betty stepped in and from that minute on her career became a steady procession through a series of hit plays: *Boy Meets Girl, Room Service, Angel Island, What a Life* and *The Primrose Path.* Now, in New York on a six-month-leave from Hollywood, she has appeared recently in George Abbott's newest comedy, *Ring Two.*

AFTER she finished playing the lead in the Broadway production of *What a Life,* Betty thought she was a complete authority on the role. After all, she had done the same part night after night for sixteen consecutive months. However, when she arrived in Hollywood and was hurried to the Paramount lot to do the screen version, she found that the studio writers had made her into an entirely new kind of girl.

Instead of being the beautiful belle of Central High School, she was a little school drudge—a bookworm whose hair never experienced a "permanent" and who never made the local boys cast a second look in her direction when she sauntered past the town's drug-store. What was even worse, she was made to wear a dental brace—that bane of adolescence. It was mighty tough for Betty; especially that first day on the lot when the brace was clamped on her own pretty teeth. It brought back memories of the not-too-distant past when she actually wore one!

Fortunately, this didn't last for more than a few shots. She soon found herself transformed from the ugly duckling stage to one that did justice to her own pulchritude. In her six months in Hollywood, she made two other pictures, *Seventeen,* and *Of Mice and Men.* But during the time, she has learned so much about the strange routines and practices of the screen city that today nothing that's done there can make her bat one of her well-groomed eyelashes.

Betty's self-sufficient, self-confident air is not merely a pose. With her it's the real thing. She knows that she is on the way to bigger and better things in her film career and she is tirelessly preparing herself for them. Above everything else in life, she has the one desire to be a finished and accomplished actress. This is one of her main objectives. And because of it, she has very little respect for a career based entirely upon the glamorous physical qualities of an actor or actress.

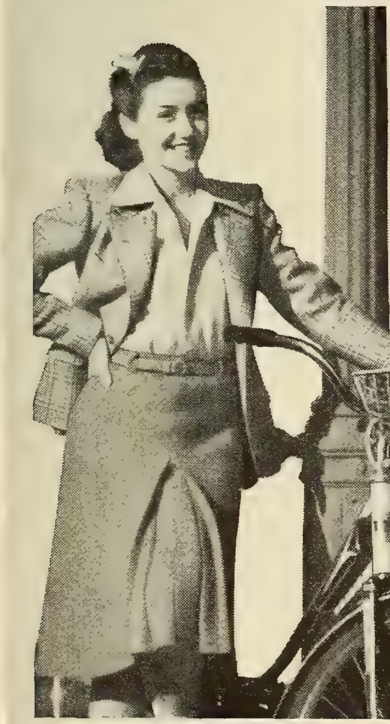
UNLIKE a great many stars, her principal concern is not "How do I look?" As a matter of fact, she never really cares much about her appearance. Her life is far too full of interest in what is happening to be too highly taken up with thoughts of personal vanity.

While on location with the Hal Roach company, she almost drove Lewis Milestone,

[*Continued on page 77*]

VIVACIOUS VASSAR SENIOR, BETTY BURLINGHAM, SAYS:

If you want glamour... get that modern natural look!



IT'S EASY WITH THIS FACE POWDER
YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

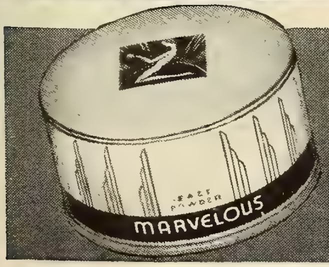
Powder that follows the *modern* trend in makeup—that gives you the fresh, *natural* look of gay, young "collegiennes"—that's what Richard Hudnut has created in Marvelous Face Powder, the powder you choose by *the color of your eyes!*

For eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to powder that matches and glorifies your own coloring . . . gives you that enchanting *natural* look that men adore!

So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's *easy* now to find the powder that is exactly *right* for you. Just ask for Richard Hudnut *Marvelous* Face Powder . . . the powder that's keyed to *the color of your eyes!*

Marvelous Face Powder goes on so *smoothly* . . . clings for *hours* . . . agrees so well with even the most sensitive skin! *For complete color harmony,* use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. 65¢ in Canada.



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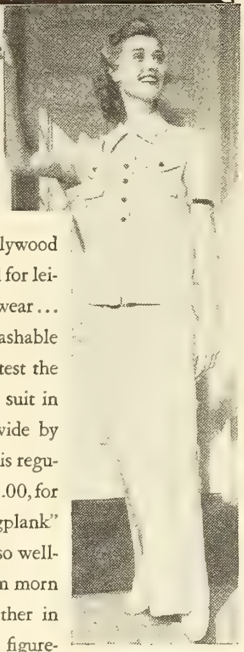
FACE POWDER
AND MATCHED MAKEUP

FW-340
RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. *I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.*
My eyes are: Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐
Be sure to check color of your eyes!

Name____________________

Street____________________ City________________



Special Introductory Offer:
Hollywood's Latest Slack Suit Success
"GANGPLANK"

Reg. $6.95 value direct from the manufacturer

$5 *post paid*

The suit the entire Hollywood screen colony has adopted for leisure lounging and sportswear... made of a lovely new washable fabric, "Gangplank." To test the possibility of selling this suit in large quantities nation-wide by mail, our factory offers this regular $6.95 seller at only $5.00, for a limited time only. "Gangplank" is beautifully made, and so well-styled it can be worn from morn till night. Shirt worn either in or outside enhances your figure-charms delightfully. In Dusty Rose, Powder Blue, Luggage and White; sizes 10 to 20. Extra slacks, $3.25. Sold on a money-back guarantee. State size and color; send cash, check or money order to

As worn by
ANITA LOUISE
Lovely Blonde
Screen Actress

*

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Studio FASHIONS
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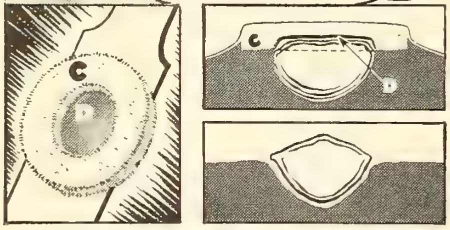

The truth about CORNS

WHAT CAUSES THEM—
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CORNS are caused by pressure and friction—often become large and painful. Home paring only gives temporary relief—means risk of infection.

Now you can remove corns easily, scientifically. Just put a Blue-Jay plaster over the corn. Felt pad (C) relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. Special medicated formula (D) acts on the corn, gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. You have wonderful relief! Then, simply by avoiding pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their coming back. Follow the example of millions who have gotten rid of corns this easy way. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25c for 6. Same price in Canada.

BAUER & BLACK **BLUE-JAY** CORN PLASTERS

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 74]

Dispelling rumors that Alice Faye and Tony Martin don't see eye to eye, they dance together—nearly cheek to cheek

Once upon a time, Jack Pepper was Jack Culpepper—and Ginger Rogers was his wife.

But to get back to the Powell-Rogers doubling: what makes Hollywood watch it with more than passing interest is the possibility that Lew Ayres, to whom Ginger is still married, may move for a divorce at last, now that Helen Gilbert has gotten her own divorce. Helen is Lew's real heart—and now that she's free, Hollywood wouldn't be surprised to see Lew ask Ginger for his own freedom, so he can marry Helen.

And THAT would leave Ginger free—to marry Bill Powell????

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Another twosome that's still high-powered:
Kay Griffith and Johnnie Howard.

■

IF OL' MAN TATTLER were in the crystal-gazing business, he'd take a chance on predicting that by the time you read this, Deanna Durbin might just possibly not be Deanna Durbin any more! She MIGHT be Mrs. Vaughn Paul!!

The catch is this: that in a few weeks, as this is written, Deanna'll be 18 years old. And in California, when a gal is 18, she can up and get married and to hell with any objections from mama or papa or the studio or anybody else.

And, despite the best efforts of the biggies to put cold water on it, the Deanna-Vaughn romance flame burns just as brightly today as it did several months ago, when everybody was expecting the kids to run off and get married via the elopement route, 18 or no 18!

Lately, Deanna and Vaughn have even been skipping lunch—so they'd have more time to sit in his car, holding hands. And recognizing the futility of trying to stop the romance, Deanna's studio bosses have all but given their blessing. . . .

And anyway, from her eighteenth birthday on, poor Deanna is a cinch to be constantly watched by reporters, looking for another Hollywood wedding yarn.

■

HEIGHT of something-or-other in pet names in Hollywood is Humphrey Bogart's for his wifie, Mayo Methot. He calls her—"SLUGGY!" Or "SLUG" for short.

[*Continued on page* 80]

Voluptuous Anne Gwynne gives you fashion tip for winter resort wear. It's a powder blue sports dress of sharkskin

Betty Field Wants No Part of Glamor

[*Continued from page* 75]

the producer and director, mad by continually asking "When are you going to kill me off?"

But Milestone merely laughed as he answered, "We're keeping you in suspense. Wouldn't you like to live until after Labor Day?"

Betty was so determined to be prepared for her screen death that she did quite a bit of practicing to perfect herself in the moribund art of dying. She selected the biggest and strongest technician on the set and made sure he had enormous hands. Then they stood before a mirror as he went through the motions of strangling her, and she made the proper faces in the glass.

After a few rehearsals Betty nodded with satisfaction at her performance and came back to Milestone. "I'll be ready to die by Labor Day," she laughed airily and went about her business, assured that she had mastered the intricate technique of dying.

While preparing to undertake her role, Betty set a sort of record for realism in fashions. For a total cost of eleven dollars she had three complete changes of costume.

When the picture was ready to go into production, the wardrobe department tried in vain to make numerous appointments with Betty for costume fittings. But she was in hiding—afraid that Hollywood might turn her into a clothes-horse.

So while the wardrobe department fumed and fretted nervously, and fingered their bolts of cloth and shears, Betty haunted the downtown Los Angeles stores where a girl like the one she was playing was most likely to buy her clothes.

Her expedition took her to the five-and-ten cent stores for wire and bead bracelets and rhinestone earrings; and the store for one-dollar-nineteen cent patent-leather pumps and red mules with feather pom-poms, and a fire sale where she found extravagantly flowered calico and gingham dresses, a tight-fitting serge skirt and an unfinished lavender chiffon waist.

BACK in New York for another season on the stage, she is brushing up on the technique which she temporarily abandoned while she served her apprenticeship in Hollywood. When asked if there was a great deal of difference between the methods of stage and screen, she answers with the intelligence and understanding of a person much older than her twenty-one years.

"It seems to me," she explains, "that the essential difference between the stage and screen, so far as the actor is concerned, is in the responsibility for pacing and timing the performance. From the moment you step on the stage, you control the tempo of your part. If the audience is slow and unresponsive, you can point the dialogue and action by stepping up the pace.If it's a good audience, you can take more time to get subtlety of character.

"In either case, the responsibility rests on you. But in pictures, the men who pull the strings are the director and cutter. Sometimes, the final effect, when seen on the screen, bears no resemblance to the very way you timed your performance. And in the actual shooting, once the scene is set and the camera starts grinding, woe unto you if you get any new ideas or begin improvising gestures.

"As for close-ups, while it may flatter an actress' vanity to have her face cover an entire screen, she loses her relationship to the scene and the other characters. In a word, she must 'freeze' while her aim should be movement and development at all times in the minds of the audience."

Among Betty's petty superstitions is the wedding ring she continually carries with her. No. She isn't married. But she used the same ring in four hits since she's been married that many times on the stage. It's not a special kind of wedding ring. Merely one she bought at her favorite shopping center—the five-and-ten-cent store. Betty has attached a great deal of faith to it and when in *Of Mice and Men,* a wedding ring was required, she lost little time in producing it and thus assuring herself of another hit.

In spite of the aura of the theatre which hangs over Betty, there is nothing theatrical about her. Rather, she looks like a Junior Leaguer and even acts like one. She is entirely devoid of the usual characteristics of so many actresses. She hates to gush or even talk about herself. She would rather discuss her work and the future of acting.

CHAPPED HANDS ARE CUT HANDS

THEY HEAL QUICKER WITH THIS SOOTHING MEDICATED CREAM— BECOME SOFTER, WHITER, LOVELIER ALMOST OVERNIGHT!

MAKE This Convincing Test! Apply snow-white, greaseless, *Medicated* Noxzema on one hand before retiring. So soothing! *Feel* the smarting and soreness disappear. In the morning compare your two hands. *See* how much *smoother, whiter,* less irritated your Noxzema treated hand looks.

SPECIAL: For a *limited time* you can get a generous 25¢ trial jar of Noxzema for only 19¢. Get a jar *today!*

Famous Medicated Cream Marvelous for Chapped Hands—Grand for Complexions, too

• Nurses first discovered how wonderful Noxzema was for red, rough Chapped Hands. And Nurses were the first to find what an effective Beauty Aid Noxzema is for Poor Complexions. Today over 15,000,000 jars are used yearly by women all over the world!

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NEW BIG 25¢ JAR Special 19¢
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AT ALL DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

How Ty Reacts to Marriage

[*Continued from page* 29]

the flower ordering, but there is a chaste limit to the list of recipients. Nowadays it would be to his wife he would send flowers —Annabella; and his mother, Mrs. Patia Power, and his sister Ann. But the advent of Annabella, and this important, has not changed the impulse. Annabella, with rare ability and what seems to be complete understanding of her husband, has seen to that.

It seems to me that Annabella has been good for Tyrone. It didn't seem, at their marriage, that the shackles of matrimony—no matter how sweet—were the thing for the handsome young lad, twenty-four, whom twenty-two million Americans had elected their King of the Movies for 1939. It seemed that he was too young, too hungry for life and adventure—romantic and otherwise—to be tied down by marriage. Besides, there were his youthful *femme* fans to think of. How could they shift their worship of a cinema Prince Charming to an Ideal Husband? It was almost too much to ask of them. But Tyrone and Annabella did.

"I THINK there was too much made of that," Ty says, serious for the moment. "There were some objectors—that's natural. But most people were too busy with their own affairs to worry whether or not a film actor was going to marry. Half of my letters offered me congratulations, and from the heart. Very few moaned at my desertion of the bachelor ranks. The rest ignored the marriage completely.

"Frankly, I don't see why marriage and a domestic life should ruin an actor's career. What he sells is entertainment, and that is not going to be affected by marriage, at least a happy marriage. I think that is the way the fans look at it, now . . . and, by the way, a lot of us" (meaning Gable, Taylor, Fairbanks, Jr., etc.) "married right at the same time, didn't we?" he asked with a grin.

"There was too much made of it," says Ty, again, and oddly enough you feel sincerity in the way the young actor attempts to shake off the maudlin sentimentality that attaches itself to a matinee idol. The reason? The fanfare of fame is all right, but he has an honest desire to be known as an actor, a fine actor. His father, you recall, upheld the traditions of the stage for years. His grandfather was a concert pianist. His great-grandfather was an Irish actor, with the same Gaelic name.

So now Annabella enters the scene, and what has she done for Tyrone? You sense a change immediately that you meet Ty. A new maturity, no lack of his usual ready smile and humor, no lack of camaraderie, a responsibleness, but most of all a crystallization of purpose.

Before his marriage he was all youthful enthusiasm, and why not? He was young. He had dozens of ideas, all simmering in his black-thatched head, adding light to the somber chocolateness of his eyes. Now these plans have assumed shape. The wildest, wackiest, have been discarded. The ones surest of being pushed through to success are the ones that are retained.

YOU'LL have to use a rolling pin to convince me that it wasn't a Good Woman, and I mean Annabella, who helped divert this churning current of ideas into constructive, cement-lined channels. Annabella is smart. Annabella is French, too, and that nation is known for the wisdom of its women —when it comes to handling their men. And she did it so painlessly that Ty undoubtedly thinks *he* alone is entirely responsible.

Take the idea of the famous personality whose life story, if Tyrone played it, would be perfect casting. The thought of doing it has been banging around in his head for two years. But only banging. With Annabella there, giving just the right amount of rapt, wifely attention, young Power is beginning to tie his idea into form. He is reading all available literature on the gentleman—we can't tell you who it is, for it's a Tyrone and state secret; and making story notes. Ty is all enthusiasm about this undertaking. So, too, is Annabella, and the subtle molding in her capable hands goes on.

Ty is not aware of it. What he notices is so much more freedom—yes, freedom—to do things. "Annabella has taken all the household responsibilities from me," he says. "Now I don't have to think to tell the cook that we're having guests tonight for dinner, and wonder if the cleaner will bring back my suit in time. All the household routine is her affair, and things run like clockwork. She installed a Finnish couple in the kitchen, and we have pastries that melt in your mouth. The cook makes soup, too, rich soup with unknown flavors that are wonderful. I can't even guess what goes into them.

Tyrone, who has thrived on excitement, romances, career adventure, finds that marriage agrees with him. He and Annabella deny they're EXPECTING in Spring

"Before I was married I ate at the Tropics or other places about three or four times a week, and went bowling or to movies," Ty continued. "Now we eat at home and spend the evening at home. But I can't say that's the rule, because there are weeks that are full of invitations and we are out every night. Then the invitations slacken and we re-discover home. It's a pretty good place, too.

"ANNABELLA is the most adaptable girl I know. In that way, she is different from any other girl I ever met. There are many girls, who, if they have a social whirl, can't settle down to an evening at home. But Annabella doesn't mind. Even such small pleasures as an evening at home after a week of dinners and parties is to her a great treat. She has the greatest capacity for enjoyment of small happenings and things that I have ever seen. A flower from the garden, for instance, or if I bring her a gadget of some sort as a gift."

Spoken like a man very much in love, of course . . . but isn't it grand that such love can actually thrive in the cynical soil of Hollywood? Ty goes on:

"When we don't have guests or someone drops in, we read. I read aloud to her because I think it helps her with her pronunciation of English, and besides there are so many American books that, as a French girl who has read Racine and Flaubert and France and Voltaire, she doesn't know. I read *Ethan Frome* half-through the other night and she was so excited about it that she finished it herself the next morning—after she took her swim in the pool. She is determined to swim every day in the year, although yesterday the water was icy and she dragged me in with her to give her courage.

"I don't know if you have ever had the experience, but there's a tremendous wallop in sharing fine reading and great writing with a person who is a stranger to them," said Tyrone. "If you love books and words, and the inspiration that fine writing can give you, it's a double thrill to make them live, say, for a girl like Annabella who is able to share the thoughts and emotions they bring to life. But some of the modern writing Annabella has no use for. Why do the modern writers try to outdo each other in writing about abnormalcies?" Ty asked me in direct question. And then a smile, proud as a parent, spread over that nice Irish face of his.

"Do you know what Annabella says?" he asked, and went on without waiting for the obvious reply. "She says that if the Lord made those unnatural people look on the outside as they think on the inside, they would be a strange crew, with funny misshapen heads, covered with huge bumps and excrescences." You see that Tyrone was pretty pleased over his wife's flight of fancy.

IT SOUNDS like the Powers' home life leans to the cultural side with huge gobs of literature and no small talk or fun to enliven the hours. But that's wrong. There is no bridge playing in the library of an evening, because the master doesn't like cards and Annabella doesn't see why he should be compelled to play. When the electric pin machine game, the electric train, backgammon, slight-of-hand tricks with nets of boxes and marked dimes fail to yield diversion they get into a jam session—of all things—with Shakespeare's plays.

Tyrone, true son of his Shakespearean father, is daft about the Bard's plays. Last year Annabella did *Rosalind* in Paris which further unites their interests, and the two young people get considerable satisfaction from Shakespearean readings. Favorites: Hamlet, Othello, King Lear . . . high tragedy, all of it, as you might know.

Of course an evening with Shakespeare can get a little thick so they balance the scale by giving dinners. Within shouting distance of the friendly colonial Georgian home that Tyrone bought from Grace Moore, live the Gary Coopers, the Frank Capras, Fred MacMurray and a few other congenial cinema souls. It makes it very cosy, and informal dinners fly thick and fast. Sometimes informal borrowing, too, just as you do.

The last time the borrowing privilege was invoked was when Gary and "Rockie" Cooper (the society journals refer to them as Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, and perhaps we should, too) came for dinner. After a *gemuthlicht* little meal wherein, probably, *Metsastajan Pihvi* which is Finnish for Hunter's Steak was served, topped off with a tasty little *Pappilanhatavara* (it's a dessert) or a Cold Fruit Soup, the hostess asked her female guest if she would have a *schnapps*.

"Yes," said "Rockie." "Vermouth would be very nice."

Now was the moment for Annabella to be embarrassed, for that very afternoon she had used the last of the Vermouth. But Mrs. Power was not to be thrown for a loss. She stated facts. "Then," said Mrs. Cooper, "we shall have to send for some of ours." That is why Karl, the Powers' butler, was seen walking down the dark street from the Coopers' with a bottle under his arm.

ANNABELLA'S resourcefulness manifests itself in other ways. Some of the "little dinners" are elaborate affairs for fourteen guests, and not buffets, either, but "sit down" dinners. Ty mentions this offhandedly, but you can see he is proud to be a *paterfamilias,* entertaining with dignity. On their invitation list you will find Ty's boss' name, 20th Century-Fox' Darryl F. Zanuck and Mrs. Zanuck, as well as Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz. What up-and-coming young business man—and actor, too—doesn't like to have his wife lay out the best napery, the sterling, the finest crystal and entertain the boss? Subtly, surely, Annabella knows this.

In creating background for Mr. and Mrs. Power, Annabella has not forgotten the spontaneity that first won Tyrone's interest. And it's a nice trick to cultivate in the business of Holding Your Man. Annabella is never upset when Ty suggests flying down to the little island, off Mazatlan, that he is renting by the year from the Mexican government, or hopping off to Europe or the Grand Canyon. Annabella has the enviable capacity of being ready to go anywhere, at any time.

She has, too, that nice ability to stimulate a husband's ego by making him an Official Information Bureau. The last of October she discovered Hallowe'en. "What is this?" she asked Tyrone. "Have you ever tried to explain to a foreigner what Hallowe'en is and how we Americans celebrate it?" Tyrone asked me. "The more you talk, the worse it sounds . . . grown people dressing up in sheets and pretending to be ghosts, and wilfully submerging their faces in tubs of water to grab a bite in an apple . . .! The more I tried to explain, the more bewildered, but with patient bewilderment, Annabella became. You could see what was running through her mind . . . 'What a strange country I have come to, and what strange customs.'

"Finally she said 'There are so many holidays here. Tell me one thing—do they give parties for this 'Allowe'en?' I told her they did, so immediately she thought it would be nice to have one. Later, when I looked at the telephone note pad, I saw a memo in Annabella's handwriting. She had written something about it, and spelled the day 'Hallowin' which to her French ear was quite correct spelling."

It can be seen that Annabella is strongly maternal, and about the finest thing that could happen to the Powers would be to have a child of their own. It has been rumored that this will happen in the Spring, but Tyrone denies it. "We wish it were true," he says. "We would like to have several children . . . not too much of a good thing, you understand, but we would very much like to be parents."

And then Tyrone said something that I think is the key to the very great happiness of the young Powers. It's a strange statement coming from a lad of his years, who has thrived on excitement, romances, career adventure. "I think the finest thing that Annabella has given me is peace," he said. Peace . . . you can see how Annabella has contrived it. Better jot that down in your How to Win and Hold a Man book, girls.

NEXT MONTH

Another beautiful color portrait—like the one of Charles Boyer on page 43 of this issue—will be found in the April MOTION PICTURE. It will be "America's Sweetheart"—GINGER ROGERS.

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IT'S Whip-Text FOR GREATER SMOOTHNESS

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Handy! Sure! Quick! No guesswork. Choose exact shade by life-like "fingernail cap"—coated with the actual polish! Only *sure way!* Only Dura-Gloss has it!

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Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 76]

Marion Martin, featured in *Invisible Stripes*, makes herself very visible in evening gown—one you can see a mile off

NO. 1 GETTER-AROUNDER in Hollywood these nights is Addison Randall, who's just as busy as a bee in spring. Lola Lane one night, Judy Starr the next, Fifi D'Orsay the third—and who's next?

◆

IF YOU'RE in a betting mood on a Hollywood romance, here's a tip—The Boulevard wisenheimers are laying two-to-one that despite their current ballyhooing, Jackie Coogan and New York Showgal Harriet Haddon will NOT get married . . .

Hollywood knows that Jackie's final divorce from Betty Grable won't go into effect until next Fall—and in that many months, Hollywood believes, the chances for Jackie's new romance are pretty slim.

◆

GOSSIP scouts report that Clifford Odets and Frances Farmer (he used to be Mister Luise Rainer and she used to be Mrs. Lief Ericson) have "discovered each other."

Wouldn't they?

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Hollywood's latest pair of stepper-Outers: Peter Lorre and Barbara Pepper.

◆

NOT so big a surprise to the insiders as it seems on the surface is the bust-up of Phyllis Brooks and Cary Grant. Despite all the talk of marriage that has surrounded these two, those in the know have always wondered whether Cary's interest in his career wouldn't be too big a hurdle.

Came the bust-up, and Phyllis herself made that wonder official. Said Phyl:

"We talked it over—and he has his career in which he is—ah—deeply interested."

So they called it off. And to make it a new deal all around, Phyllis promptly went out and changed her hair to golden brown, and announced that she, like her ex-sweetie, will henceforth devote herself primarily to her career.

Cary took the broken engagement quite seriously. His best friends say his disposition, for weeks after the announcement, wasn't worth a plugged nickel.

[*Continued on page* 100]

The stork, after hovering over the Wayne Morris menage, dropped heavenly bundle (Bert D.) to Bubbles and her man

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

time role as the *O'Hara,* she got herself a full-time role as Mrs. Willie Wyler!

And Carole Lombard!—whee, without even being IN the picture, much less *Scarlett O'Hara*—Carole got *Rhett Butler* all for herself. . . .!!!

Dunking Good Time

■ Silliest Hollywood pay-off of the year—the national association of doughnut manufacturers got Gracie Allen to be their queen, for their National Doughnut Week, recently. Part of her job was to press a button—like the President does when a new National Park opens, or something like that. Only when Gracie pushed the button, it started all the doughnut machines in America, turning out doughnuts. . . .!!!

Pay-off—

Well, Gracie got a GROSS of doughnuts. H'm, just dunk for dis!

Beeg, Beeg Secret

■ HollyWOULD like to know—what's biting Ginger Rogers? ? ? Has Ginger, one of the swellest gals in town, suddenly gone garboey? She's been dodging and defying cameramen. The other nite one snapped a flashbulb at her, while she was dancing in a nite-spot, and Ginger hit the ceiling. Few nights later, she ducked under her overcoat to dodge cameramen as she left a theatre. Up to now, Ginger's always been one of the photogs'-phavorites.

And to top it off, Ginger has just shoved off for a vacation in middle California, and instead of parking at the top hotels, as usual—or at ANY hotel, for that matter!—Ginger hies herself off in an auto-trailer, and stays in it, rather than come out and mingle with hoi polloi.

From Ginger's studio tattle-tales comes one explanation. They say the studio has given the Rogers strict orders to keep from being seen too much, and to keep from being photographed, until her new picture is out. You see, they've changed the color of her hair, and her hair-do—and the story is that the press-department wants to keep it a beeg, beeg surprise until the picture itself hits the screens.

Hmmmmm.

Male Fashion Wags, Please Note

■ Note to masculine fashion go-getters: Gable's gone back to turtle-neck sweaters!

Yessam, That's Hollywood For You

■ Title-trouble's troubling Hollywood again. Always, one of the biggest headaches in movies is to find a title for a new picture.

M-G-M, with its recent releases of *Ninotchka* and *Balalaika* has set the Hollywood tongues a-wiggle. They're wise-cracking about M-G-M putting out its films in double-talk. Or if maybe M-G-M, like Hitler, has signed a Soviet pact.

But M-G-M's title-tittles are as nothing compared to the dilemma that Paramount popped into when Madeleine Carroll suddenly up and began action for divorce, right in the middle of making the picture called *Are Husbands Necessary?*

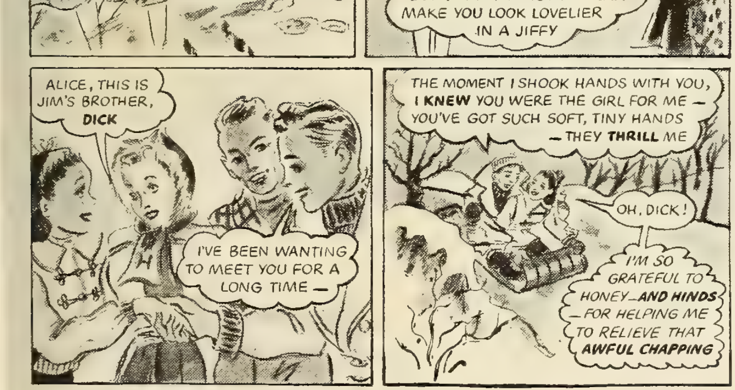
THAT was too much even for Hollywood! Rightly fearing they'd be kidded to death for keeping that title on about-to-be-divorced Madeleine's film, Paramount went into a frenzy to get a new title. The studio posted a reward for anyone on the lot who would suggest a title, but they didn't want the title to include either the word "honeymoon" or "bali." So everybody on the lot suggested titles without either—and what happened? Why, the picture was finally released as *Honeymoon in Bali.* Uh huh, sonnie, that's the way Hollywood does things.

Ham In The Sandwich

■ No self-worshipper is Rosalind Russell. Caustic-tongued, the Roz turns her keen wit against herself just as often or oftener than she turns it on somebody else. Latest Roz Russell crack came when someone asked her if she had any brothers or sisters.

[*Continued on page* 83]

Honey says
BEAUTY ADVISOR
"YOUR SKIN GETS EXTRA DRY IN WINTER — NEEDS EXTRA SOFTENING"
OH, HONEY, I JUST CAN'T GO TOBOGGANING TONIGHT—
WHY NOT, ALICE? IT'S YOUR BIG CHANCE TO MEET DICK!
I KNOW, BUT—LOOK! MY FACE AND HANDS ARE SO DRY AND CHAPPED AND RED. I LOOK AWFUL. I'VE GOT TO STAY INDOORS —TO SAVE MY SKIN!
NONSENSE! INDOOR DRY HEAT CHAPS SKIN, TOO. BUT WAIT A MINUTE — I CAN MAKE YOU LOOK LOVELIER IN A JIFFY
HERE — SMOOTH HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM ALL OVER YOUR FACE AND HANDS, NOW — AND AGAIN BEFORE YOU GO OUTDOORS TONIGHT
THANKS, HONEY, I'LL TRY HINDS...
HINDS IS THE MOST SOOTHING LOTION — MY HANDS AND FACE FEEL SMOOTHER ALREADY
IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY, EXTRA-SOFTENING, ALICE. SEE YOU TONIGHT!


ALICE, THIS IS JIM'S BROTHER, DICK
I'VE BEEN WANTING TO MEET YOU FOR A LONG TIME —
THE MOMENT I SHOOK HANDS WITH YOU, I KNEW YOU WERE THE GIRL FOR ME — YOU'VE GOT SUCH SOFT, TINY HANDS — THEY THRILL ME
OH, DICK!
I'M SO GRATEFUL TO HONEY—AND HINDS —FOR HELPING ME TO RELIEVE THAT AWFUL CHAPPING

WANT THRILL-SOFT HANDS?

NO matter how tough the weather or how hard you work, you *can* have the soft hands that thrill a man. Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream to ease away chapping—help tone down redness. It's extra-creamy, extra-softening. Coaxes back the softness that cold weather and indoor heat take away! A grand powder base, too—not sticky. Contains Vitamins A and D. $1, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢... **TRY Hinds Hand Cream. NEW! Quick-softening, fragrant, not sticky. In jars, 10¢ and 39¢.**

Wednesday Night's Fun Night with
BURNS AND ALLEN
GRACIE SAYS: "I USE HINDS, TOO!"
Columbia Network—Coast to Coast
7:30-8:00 E. S. T. See newspaper radio columns for exact time on your local station

Chapping • Dryness
Rough skin, elbows, arms
Weathered skin
Hangnails • Calloused heels
Powder base • Body-rub
After-shaving lotion

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HINDS HONEY & ALMOND CREAM
HINDS FOR HANDS

DRY, DULL HAIR

Reveals Hidden Radiance

THIS THRILLING WAY!

Mar-O-Oil Brings Out Hair's Full Natural Beauty . . . Leaves It Soft, Lustrous and Easy-to-Manage

AUTHORITIES generally agree that an oil treatment is wonderful for dry, unruly hair. *That is why thousands of women use Mar-O-Oil*—it contains imported olive and natural vegetable oils, and combines an oil shampoo with an oil treatment!

Mar-O-Oil is utterly *different* from other shampoos. Gives benefits you may never have experienced before!

Cannot Dry Out Hair!

Mar-O-Oil contains no free alkali, no harsh chemicals. *Cannot dry out the hair*, no matter how frequently used. Does more than merely wash off surface dirt. Its cleansing oils go to the *very base* of the hair shaft and gently flush away dirt, waste, loose dandruff flakes.

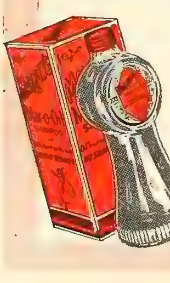
Mar-O-Oil forms no soapy lather, no sticky suds, and rinses away completely in rinsing water. *Leaves no gummy, oily film to dim hair's natural beauty.* Hair is left radiantly clean and lustrous . . . soft and easy to manage.

Ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-O-Oil Shampoo, or get a bottle today at any drug, department or 10c store, and thrill to the new gleam and sparkle of your hair!

Mar-o-Oil
SHAMPOO

YOU MUST BE SATISFIED—OR MONEY BACK!

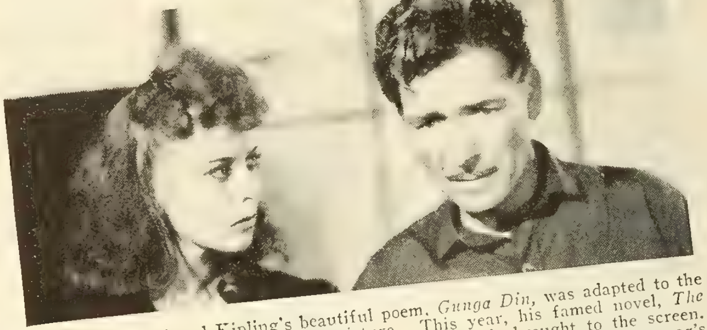
We are so confident you will like Mar-O-Oil far better than any other shampoo ever tried, *that we make this liberal guarantee:* Buy one bottle of Mar-O-Oil and follow directions. Use ½ bottle. *If not thoroughly pleased*, return to J. W. Marrow Mfg. Co., Chicago and your money will be refunded in full. Could anything be more fair? You be the judge.



PICTURE PARADE

THE LIGHT THAT FAILED

—AAA½—



Last year Rudyard Kipling's beautiful poem, *Gunga Din*, was adapted to the screen and resulted in an exciting picture. This year, his famed novel, *The Light That Failed* (screen play by Robert Carson), is brought to the screen. But while *The Light That Failed* isn't as thrilling or virile a film as last year's Kipling piece it is more romanticly flavored and contains much of his poetic beauty. And as Ronald Colman plays *Dick Heldar*, the artist who loses his sight through a head wound suffered in an imbroglio with the natives of the Soudan, you may be sure that Kipling's hero loses nothing in the transfer from paper to screen. Yet, while it may be all right for Colman's sight to fail him—it happened before in *Dark Angel*—it's another thing for Colman's women to fail him. You don't suppose Colman is losing his appeal? As to the others, Walter Huston, although caught with his pants down, is fine as *Torpenhow* and Muriel Angelus and Dudley Digges give you *Maisie* and *The Nilghai* with charming sincerity, but it's cockney *Bessie* as characterized by Ida Lupino that adds life and color to *The Light That Failed*, which you shouldn't fail to see.—*Paramount.*

FOUR WIVES

—AAA—

Not being a parent—father or mother—we can't get excited about Adam Lemp's *Four Daughters*—*Ann*, *Kay*, *Thea* and *Emma*—becoming *Four Wives*, but we do know—having a parent ourselves—that most mothers and fathers will approve and think what a lucky man he is to get his daughters—all four of them—married off in something like a year. As for us, we'd rather have the girls as they were in *Four Daughters*—young, gay, and romantic. But we'll probably be seeing them again in the next generation—and we're afraid it won't take those thirty odd years or so that it takes in life—for after a period of fainting spells, melancholia and hurried visits to the doctor, the "Four Wives" present their husbands—and movie audiences—with a new generation of daughters. Now don't get us wrong, we like babies, but one at a time, please. The cast remains the same—Priscilla Lane, Rosemary Lane, Lola Lane, Gale Page, Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn, May Robson, Frank McHugh and Dick Foran—and give the same fine performances. And so does Eddie Albert who has become a member of the family.—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page* 84]

"I fell in love
with their Parisian smartness!"
says VIRGINIA GILMORE
featured with Gary Cooper
in "THE WESTERNER"
Paris Fashion
SHOES
TRADE MARK REG.

From lovely star to smart little extra, the entire cast of Hollywood's fashion-wise sing the praises of PARIS FASHION SHOES. And women know that Hollywood chooses PARIS FASHION SHOES because they have the fine workmanship, beautiful materials and Parisian inspiration that Hollywood demands. Write Dept. P-1 for style booklet and name of dealer.

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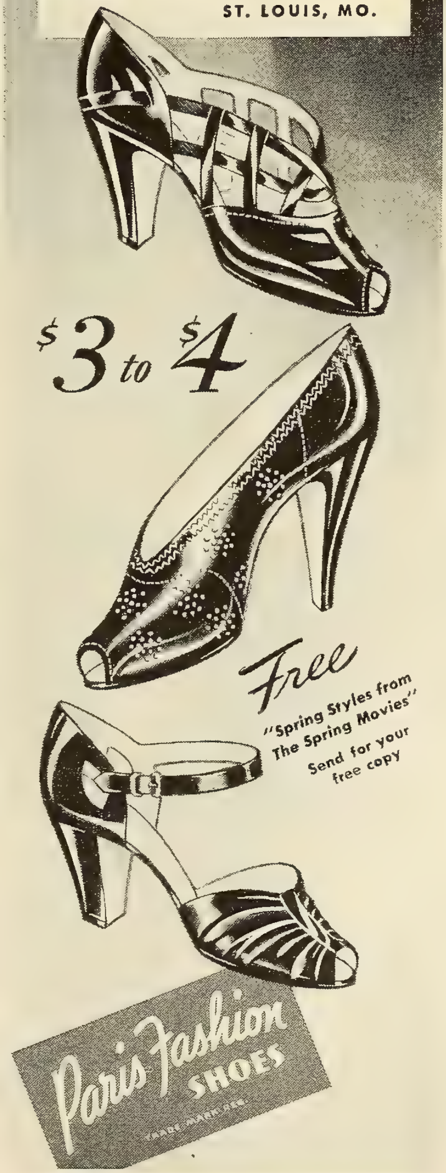


Guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 81]

Came back Russell:

"I have three older brothers and three younger sisters—which leaves me in between: the HAM in the sandwich!"

Make It Ham

■ And that self-made crack about ham reminds your favorite Hollysnooper that there's a certain handsome young leading man in Hollywood (you'd be surprised!) who's still in a pet because a nite-club patron the other night told him:

"Hey, fella—why don't you flatten yourself out and go to sleep between a coupla slices of rye?"

Keep 'Em Clean

■ If the latest double-bill marquee in that Hollywood theatre is right, the Dead End Kids are going in for co-educational research! The marquee read:

Dead End Kids
WASH THEIR DIRTY FACES
and also
THESE GLAMOR GIRLS

Grandma Knows Best

■ Mickey Rooney, who collects fan-mail, has this in his collection. It comes from a chap in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and it reads, in part:

"I just took my grandmother, who is 91 years old, to see her first movie. This picture was *Babes in Arms*. And after seeing it, grandma said: 'Well, I guess pictures are here to stay!'"

What—The—Heck

■ Famous as Hollywood's slowest producer is Charlie Chaplin. But even the molasses-in-January Chaplin is breaking all records on his new picture, *The Dictator*. After several months of production, he has just confided to a friend, he has only produced seven minutes of running film that satisfy him!

At that rate, Hollywood jitters, the war in Europe'll be over by the time Charlie completes *The Dictator*. But even so, Chaplin isn't worried. He harks back to *Shoulder Arms*, which was to have been a big morale-lifting propaganda film during the last war—but which he didn't actually finish and release until the war was over. Charlie's attitude is whattheheck: even IF the war is over, and even if Hitler isn't any more, the picture'll still be funny.

Incidentally, getting news out of the Chaplin studio is like getting news out of the war countries. The censorship is just as strict. Alf Reeves, Charlie's very English-accented general-manager-publicity-man, has for his main job the business of KEEPING publicity about Charlie's new picture OUT of print, rather than getting it IN. That is Chaplin's own order.

"If there's too much ballyhoo before my film is out," rules Chaplin, "then the public will have lost interest in it."

The 'Win and Influence' Man vs. Shirley

■ Most pertinent crack of the month—was uttered by Dale Carnegie, the psychologist-author of *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, after he had for the first time met and chatted with Shirley Temple, on the set where Shirly's making *The Blue Bird*.

Carnegie and the Temple tot talked for more than a half hour. Finally, when the author left, somebody asked him what he and Shirley had discussed.

"Well," twinkled Dale, "I did NOT tell her How to Win Friends and Influence People."

Now Tune In On Judy's Wave Length

■ Biggest news for the world's DX short-wave radio "hams" is the revelation that of ALL people, Judy Garland is getting interested in radio.

She has just bought all of the equipment for setting up her own short-wave broadcasting set, powerful enough to stretch from here to Australia and back. She's collaborating with Doug Smith (that's Pete's son), who is a radio nut of the most pronounced type. Doug is setting up Judy's apparatus and teaching her the works—

And soon, the voice of Judy Garland is going out all over the world, FREE to anybody who's got a short-wave set to catch it with.

AND—if you're the kind of short-wave enthusiast who has a transmitter, too, then you can talk with Judy, IF you can tune in on her wave length and get her to answer.

But after all, that's exactly what a lot of guys in Hollywood have been trying in vain to do for quite a while now— even without radio sets.

[*Continued on page* 85]

I TOLD THE CONDUCTOR WHERE TO GET OFF
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN GUM

"Where's your fare?" the conductor wants to know—and me without even a dime. "Right here," says I, passing him a stick of Beeman's. "Spent my last nickel for it. And is it a treat! Taste that keen, fresh flavor, that delightful tang—"

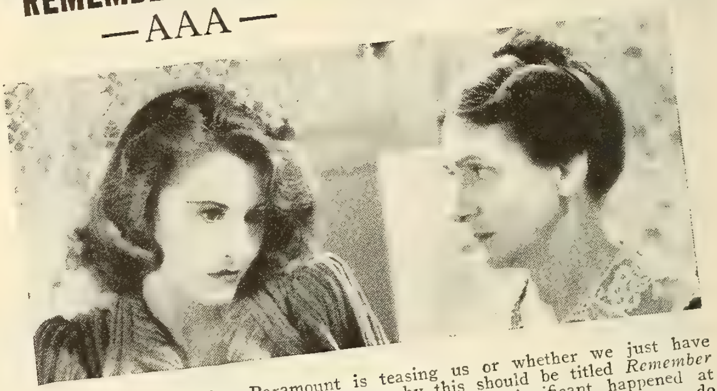
"Beeman's!" says he, looking mighty tempted. "I've been hankering for a chew of that smooth, tasty gum. Beeman's flavor rings the bell with me every time. Always fresh, always peppy. And just to show you I appreciate it—by golly, I'll lend you your fare myself!"

BEEMAN'S
AIDS DIGESTION

PICTURE PARADE

REMEMBER THE NIGHT

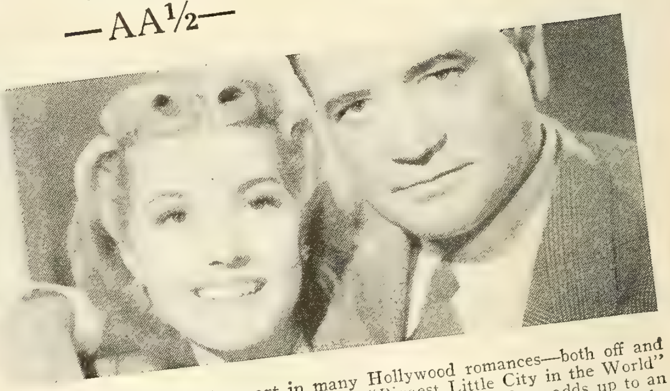
—AAA—



We wonder whether Paramount is teasing us or whether we just have a bad memory but we can't remember why this should be titled *Remember the Night*. As far as we recall nothing terribly significant happened at night—or is it possible that we're too naive to understand? What we do remember is Christmas back home on the farm (the *Sargent* farm)—and what a nice Christmas it was—so real and friendly—the kind that even you or I might have. Another thing to remember is the very fine performance of Barbara Stanwyck as *Lee Leander*, a girl who stole a bracelet for the simple reason—and she admits it—that she liked it. It wasn't a bad idea though for if *Lee* hadn't taken the bracelet she wouldn't have found romance and without romance there couldn't have been a picture. And then we couldn't remember Fred MacMurray as *Jack Sargent*, an awfully decent sort of chap who had a mean job—prosecuting attorney—but a kind heart. Neither could we remember Beulah Bondi, Elizabeth Patterson or Sterling Holloway. It's the homespun quality that makes *Remember the Night* such a cosy little opus.—*Paramount.*

RENO

—AA½—



Reno has played a leading part in many Hollywood romances—both off and on the screen—but this is the first time the "Biggest Little City in the World" gets star billing. And it apparently deserves the honor for *Reno* adds up to an hour and some fifteen minutes of stirring melodrama. It tells the story of the growth of Reno from a small mining town to its present renown as the divorce capital of the world. It is told in retrospect by *Bill Shane* on the witness stand when he is tried for running a crooked gambling joint on charges brought by his own daughter. You see *Bill* was one of the builders of the great divorce mill and became a victim of his own ambitions, but to save his daughter from the same fate he tells his own heartbreaking story into which the saga of Reno itself is woven neatly. Richard Dix is splendid as *Bill Shane* and Gail Patrick does the finest work of her career as his young wife. Anita Louise is fine, too, as *Shane's* unsuspecting daughter. There's also Paul Cavanagh, Laura Hope Crews, Louis Heydt, Hobart Cavanaugh, Astrid Allwyn, Joyce Compton and Charles Halton lending strong support.—*RKO-Radio.*

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 83]

Tarzan In Tails—Honest

■ Hollywood is betting on whether or not the gals will flock to see the next *Tarzan* picture or will they stay away?

Why?

On account of for the first time in his eight years on the screen, Johnny Weissmuller WEARS CLOTHES!!!

Honest!—Tarzan is dolled up in top hat and tails.

Off Again—On Again

■ M-G-M's stealing RKO's stuff in ballyhooing the Fred Astaire-Eleanor Powell dance-film. It was always RKO's publicity department's specialty to prattle about how much weight Astaire lost, doing those routines with Ginger Rogers. . . .

So now, M-G-M's putting out the same kind of stuff. They insist that Fred Astaire lost ten pounds doing his dances—with Eleanor Powell.

And so probably, when Astaire goes back to RKO to make those inevitable future pictures with Ginger, the RKO publicity boys'll have to insist that he's losing 20 pounds with Ginger, so his stuff'll be twice as good.

Tragic Irony

■ Gruesome news from Hollywood deals with the recent auto-crash death of Director George Nichols. At the time it happened, Nichols was directing Richard Dix and Chester Morris in *The Marines Fly High*.

Two days before the fatal auto accident, Dix and Morris asked Nichols if he'd fly to direct the air scenes. And Nichols answered:

"Not me! I'm going to stay on the ground. Where I'll be SAFE!"

Uncanny

■ That was ONE for the superstitious. And then came this other weird business—

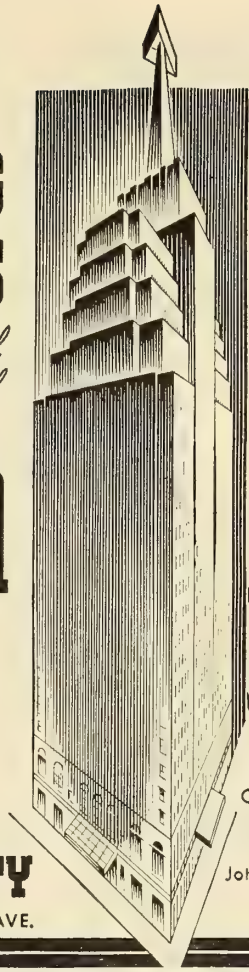
Less than 48 hours after the tragic death of Alice Brady, her pet poodle "Snooky" suddenly dropped dead in his tracks. And "Snooky" had been in perfect health up to that moment. And two hours later—Alice's canary, which she'd owned for years, fed herself, and made an unusual pet of, simply fluttered strangely and then keeled off its perch—dead!

Hollywood superstition-hounds crossed their fingers and swore it was just another uncanny manifestation of its famous "rule of three"—the superstition that when one Hollywood death occurs, two others are bound to follow!

Wuz Robbed By Her Public

■ That wasn't just her idea of starting a new fad, when Ann Sothern hopped along the Boulevard wearing only ONE shoe, the other midday!

—a fan had actually stolen her other shoe as a souvenir while Ann was being fitted in a shoe shop!



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by Andy Devine

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Bobs—That Watson Kid

[*Continued from page 39*]

promised to take the younger children on a camping trip when *Boys Town* was finished. The car was loaded, they had said goodbye to their womenfolk, they were clambering in. The phone shrilled. "Wait till I answer that," Mrs. Watson said. "I want to see you off."

The call was from the studio for her husband. A program to publicize *Boys Town* was going on the air. Father Flanagan, Spencer Tracy, Mickey Rooney were to appear. They wanted Bobs, too.

Bobs' father was regretful but firm. "I promised to take the kids on a camping trip. Yes, I know the program is more important than a trip, but a promise is more important than either. I've never yet broken a promise of mine to the boys, and I won't start now."

COY WATSON was a cowboy who rented horses to producers when the films were young. Eventually, he went to work for Mack Sennett—Keystone cop, prop man, assistant director. He married and bought a small house on the Sennett property. The babies started coming. It got so that whenever they needed a baby for a Sennett picture, they'd yell for a Watson to be tossed over the fence.

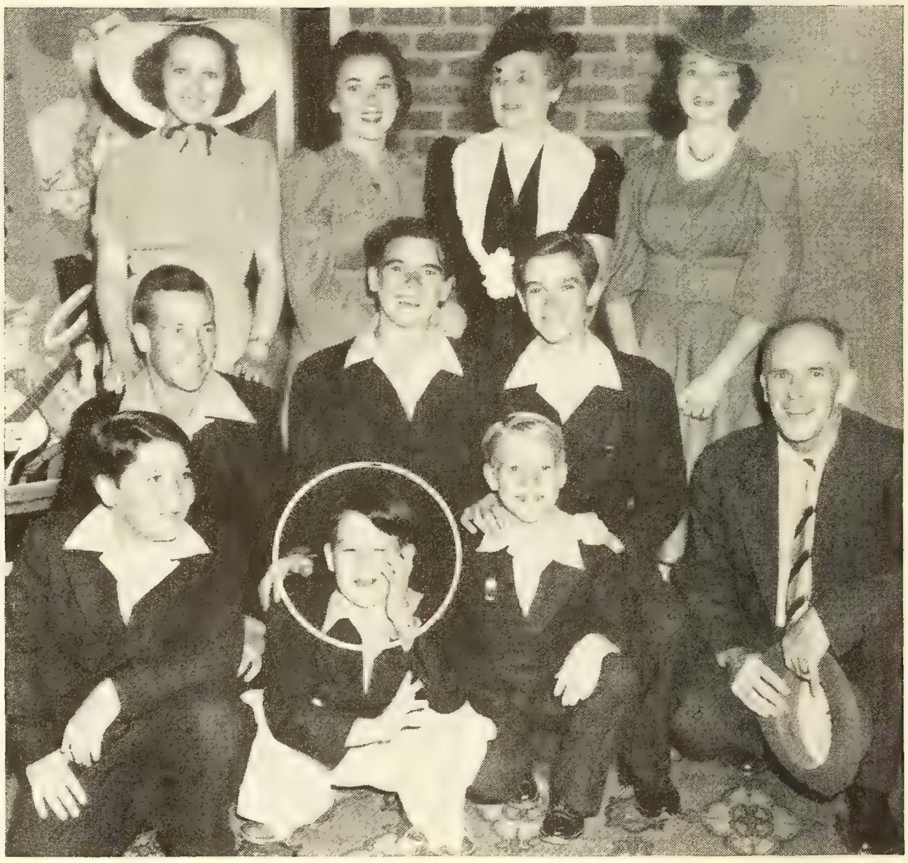
As they grew up, the demand kept pace with them. They weren't film-struck youngsters. When you've always lived with the movies at your back-door, they retain about as much glamor as a streetcar barn. They had the advantage of their father's training, and their father was wise in the ways of the screen. If Billy was cast for a part, Delmar would rehearse it with him while the others watched. Thus they acquired the tricks of technique and could face the cameras, when called upon, with the nonchalance of troupers.

By the time Bobs came along, movie-making was an accepted part of the background, and the youngest Watson slipped easily into the pattern. Sometimes he and Gary, two years older, would be tried out for the same part. Whichever got it, that was O.K. with the other. Sometimes, as in *Old Chicago,* they played together. Capra wanted all five for *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.* But that was when Bobs was being tested for *On Borrowed Time.*

As between two such alternatives, Mrs. Watson, looking much too fresh-faced and comely to be the mother of nine, summed up the family feeling. "It'll be nice if he gets *Pud,*" she said placidly. "And it'll be nice if he works in a Capra picture."

Lionel Barrymore watched him go through his first scene, watched him build it with flawless instinct to a shattering climax, then skip off to play marbles with his stand-in. The veteran shook his head. "When I was his age," he muttered, "they were still hauling me in out of the rain, for I hadn't the wit to keep myself dry."

He and Bobs got along from the start. Barrymore found the youngster gravely eying the ramshackle Lizzie in which *Gramps* and



At preview of *On Borrowed Time,* the picture in which Bobs scored his greatest hit, the entire family turned out. Standing are Gloria, Louise, Mrs. Coy (Mother) Watson, Vivian. Second row are Coy, Jr., Harry and Billy. At bottom are Delmar, Bobs (in circle), Gary and Coy, Sr.—daddy of the flock. All the children have worked in films

Pud stalled, that fateful Sunday morning, outside the church.

"Not scared of riding with me, are you, Bobs?"

Bobs gave him a look, man to man. "Say, Mr. Barrymore, I even rode in a covered wagon with Alice Brady, an' she's a *lady.*"

They discovered a common bond in art. Bobs loves to draw, and many a time, the young head and the old would be seen bent close together over a bit of cardboard, while Barrymore explained a trick of perspective. And when they celebrated his friend's birthday on the set, Bobs appeared, half proud, half shy, bearing a placard whose handwriting sprawled, whose sentiment was irreproachable, whose spelling bore witness to the fact that it was his own unhampered handiwork. "HAPY BIRTDAY TO YU MR BERYMOR," it said.

When the picture was finished, *Gramps* gave him a gold wrist-watch, inscribed "From Lionel Barrymore to Bobs." So overcome was Bobs that he had difficulty in stammering out his thanks. "I—I sure am pleased."

"Shucks, that doesn't amount to a thing."

"It amounts to a lot." The boy's earnest face flushed. "I wish I could give you something. *Say,* Mr. Barrymore, do you like turtles?"

He approves of Eddie Robinson, too, who played his father in blackmail. Robinson, the tough guy, is a pushover for kids. "He played with us all the time," Bobs marveled. "If Nick and me—*say,* I bet if we asked him to stand on his head, he'd do it."

The Watsons still live in the crowded little house which their father bought on the Sennett property twenty-seven years ago. But a large house is going up next door, and by the time this appears in print, the family will have moved in. They might have built in Beverly or Brentwood, but they chose to stay in the unfashionable neighborhood where the children had been born and gone to school and made their friends. "I didn't tell *them* we'd stay here," says Watson senior. "They told *me.*"

There's a rumpus room for the boys and a dark room for Coy. Billy, with an itch for carpentry, is building the bookshelves. Nine steps lead to the front porch. When they're freshly plastered, there will be a little ceremony *a la* Sid Grauman. With Coy at the top, little Bobs at the bottom, and their brothers and sisters between, each step will be marked by the footprint of a Watson child.

MEANTIME, they overrun the small house and spill out-of-doors into the corner lot where Sennett's clowns used to run wild. Bobs dashes in, followed by two eager dogs. His apparel consists of a pair of blue denim trousers, from which his small upper body rises, brown and firm. Seeing a stranger, he pauses, then, on being introduced, comes over to shake hands. The dogs follow. Not to be outdone by his master, one lifts his paw for a shake.

"That's Spotty," said Bobs. "The other one's Buck. Buck is Louise's. Spotty's the fighter of the family, he always fights an' eats. Like me." A moment's reflection, then: "I don't mind the eatin'," he grins.

His name is Robert. There used to be another film actor named Bobby Watson, with whom he was sometimes confused. "Once they called me up for a bartender, but I was too little, so Pop gave me the name of Bobs an' now they don't mix me up anymore."

His pet diversion is "playin' round with the kids. Like bicycle ridin' 'n' football 'n' baseball 'n' roller skates 'n' swimmin' 'n' divin'—"

"Not so hot on the swimming yet," his father put in.

"No, it's a funny thing. I can swim under water, but soon as my head comes up, the rest of me goes down. Pop'll learn me yet, though. He learned all the other kids. That's why I have no shirt on my waist," he explained. "I got tan a little already. I want to get tan some more, so I won't get sunburned, so I won't have to put a shirt on my waist if I go to the beach."

His best friend is Nick. "An' the best part of Nick is I can play with him here an' at the studio, too, because he's the stand-in, because he's the same size as me. They said, have you got a friend who's the same size, an' I said Nick. Boy, was *I* glad!

"Once in a while Nick has a nickel or I have a nickel, so we go to the drug store where they have all the funny books, an' we get a soda pop with two straws, an' we see almost three funny books a day sometimes. The man lets us on account of we bought a soda pop. He's a nice man anyway.

"The one we like best in the funny books is the Superman. Say, did you ever see that guy? He could tear down this house in one blow, it wouldn't even hurt him, he's a superman. He's even stronger than Popeye—*say,* he don't eat spinach, he eats *bullets* for breakfast. He pushes submarines out of the water, he don't even need no helmet, he could hold his breath for about five hours. I could hold it for about one minute, that shows you what kind of a superguy he is." Bobs drew a long breath. *"Boy!"* he added reverently.

HE DOES *not* care about school. His sentiments may be summed up in one expressive gesture of disgust and a "Yah!"

"What's there to care about? You do something bad, anyhow they call it bad, you get a ticket. One time I got a ticket, an' Nick said, I dare you to tear it up, so I tore it up an' I got two tickets. So where does it get you?"

He likes the movies, but he'd rather be taken to see Gene Autry than himself. The only reaction he gets to his own face on the screen is that "it feels funny to be two places at the same time."

The mention of girls brings another grimace. "Only my mom's my girl." In Omaha, where he was taken for the premiere of *Boys Town,* he insisted on stopping at a drug store enroute to the train, and emerged, bearing six pops in a paper carton. "I'm takin' 'em home to Mom. The man said they're right off the ice. Mom like to drink ice-cold pop right off the ice."

His favorite among his brothers and sisters is Louise, "because she does the nuttiest things. Like when she sings *Three Little Fishes* and screws her face up. I bet that's where they got the word screwy from."

He has two treasured possessions. One is the police badge they gave him at Omaha, which he flashes at the studio cop each time he enters the gates.

"Pooh!" said the cop one day. "Look what I've got." He displayed a leather case, holding two badges.

Bobs examined them and handed them back. "Yours don't say captain," he pointed out kindly, and marched on whistling.

But even the badge is less dear to his heart than the watch Barrymore gave him. He insists on keeping it in its original wrappings. "I only wear it for specials," he tells you as with tender fingers he lifts it out.

"That's something to keep and give your own little boy when you are all grown up."

He folded the tissue over it and spoke with deliberation. "That's sumpn my own little boy'll just have to whistle for. That's sumpn I'll keep forever 'n' ever a-men."

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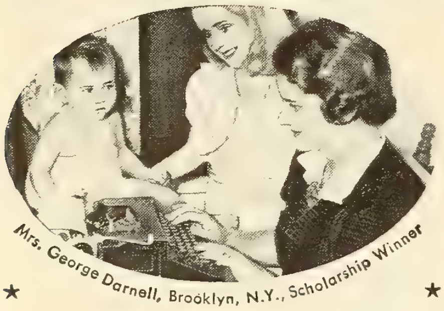

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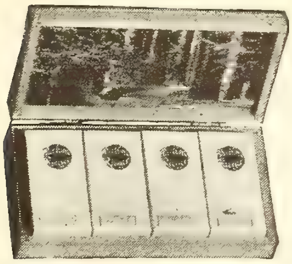

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Here's Rhett—You Asked For Him!

[*Continued from page 22*]

want people going to see Gable in *Gone With the Wind* and coming away disappointed because they expected to see a super-Gable. There just 'ain't no such animal.'"

He fumbled for a cigarette in one pocket of the camel's hair coat he was wearing over his rags between scenes. (The set was supposed to be the edge of a tropical jungle, but the temperature was sub-Arctic.) He fumbled in the other pocket for a match. Then, having touched match to cigarette, he continued:

"I tried to duck that *Rhett* assignment, you know. I didn't want any part of it. I had my neck out far enough, acting characters that only script writers had ideas about in advance, without sticking it out where everybody could take a swipe at it. Everybody this side of Tibet had read the book, and everybody had different ideas about *Rhett,* and it was a cinch I couldn't please everybody.

"They tried to tell me I was 'everybody's choice for the role.' They showed me a carload of letters to 'prove' it. The only way that made me feel good was that, in case I did play the role and there were any complaints"—he grinned again—"I could always say, 'Folks, you asked for it!'

"Then they tried to make out that Margaret Mitchell had had me in mind when she created the character. That didn't go down with me. The book came out in 1936. She had been writing it for three solid years before that, and planning it for years before that. According to my figuring, she thought of *Rhett Butler* long before anybody, anywhere, thought of me twice.

"I had an answer for all their arguments except one. That one floored me. It was: If I played *Rhett,* Selznick would release the picture through M-G-M, which would mean a lot to the home team."

He sounded like the fellow who went out for football for good old alma mater, not because he wanted to play football.

Clark laughed. "Yeah, I didn't think I wanted to play. But once I got into the spirit of the thing, I played my fool head off. And had a good time doing it—with Victor Fleming coaching and with running mates like Leigh and Howard and de Havilland. The only thing that bothers me is: I still don't know what kind of showing I made.

"I LIKE the picture; I think it's a good one; but that doesn't mean a thing. I got paid for making it. Besides, any ham likes any picture that gives him a meaty role. And what the critics say doesn't mean too much, either. They see shows on passes. The opinion I'm waiting for is the opinion of the fellow who plunks down thirty-five cents of his own hard-earned dough to see it.

"Meanwhile, I'm not retiring."

Suiting the action to the word, he took time out for a scene with Joan Crawford, who was also in rags and was also presumaably perishing from thirst. He left behind him an impression that playing the one and only *Rhett Butler* in a way to start talk of a second Academy Award hadn't gone to the Gable head; he was still blowing himself down, as always. When he came back and lighted another cigarette, he added to the impression.

"The thing that worried me most about that role was saying my lines like I had been reared at some mammy's knee. About the second day on the picture, I met a girl on the set who was from Charleston, South Carolina. You know—the place *Rhett* hailed from. You would have sworn she was Scotch. That was how she talked. I said, 'Tell me, does everybody in Charleston talk the way you do?' She said, 'Everybody.' From that day on, I relaxed. I had the perfect alibi, in case anybody didn't think my Southern accent was thick enough. I was from Charleston, suh."

Again that Gable grin—that you'll-have-to-pardon-me-if-I'm-myself grin.

"Something I can't figure out," he said after a smoke-blowing pause, "is why people expect you to be different off-screen when you do something different on the screen. I'm getting that now. People say to me, 'But, Mr. Gable, you couldn't be *Rhett* for months on end without its having *some* effect on you!' They're so positive about it, they've got me doing a double take every time I look in a mirror—to make sure I'm seeing straight.

"WHY, in the name of common logic, should *Rhett* change my whole life? The picture was in production five months; the rest of the time it was in the cutting-room and the Technicolor works. I was in it about two and a half months. I worked longer in both *Mutiny on the Bounty* and *San Francisco.* And the only times I worked at being *Rhett,* during those two and a half months, was when I was in front of a camera. Maybe you can picture me trying to be *Rhett* around home. You know the ribbing I'd get. And no mercy whatsoever."

In other words, you know Carole Lombard.

It was all right, his asserting that he had had a few spare moments this past year to be Clark Gable. But that wasn't saying that he hadn't changed, even if *Rhett* hadn't changed him. What had he been doing in those spare moments?

"Getting callouses on my hands," he said, "instead of where I used to get them. I've reverted to type. I've gone dirt-farmer.

"My dad was a dirt-farmer. I grew up on a farm. A 300-acre one, back in Ohio. I milked cows, and plowed fields, and pitched hay, and cultivated corn, until I was good and sick of it—at 17. I said then I never wanted to see another farm, except from something moving fast. Now I'm eating my words.

"I got fed up with being walled in, or hedged in, to get some privacy. So I bought those fourteen acres out at Encino. It had a house, just week-end size, hidden from the road by an orange grove. There wasn't much room inside, but there was plenty of room outside to move around, without bothering anybody or having anybody bother me.

"I started going there Saturdays and Sundays, to loaf in peace and quiet. Then I discovered something I'd forgotten: you can't loaf on a farm. Or ranch, as they call it out in this country. You see too many things that need doing. So I started doing a few things around the place, and I discovered something else I'd forgotten: when you start working with your hands, you stop worrying about other things. Hollywood was only forty-five minutes away, but when I got out to Encino, there wasn't anything to remind me of it, or acting, or any of the rest of it.

"I got some free time soon after I bought the place. I spent it out there. That cinched it. I wanted to live there. I wanted to keep my eye on the alfalfa." He grinned. "So—I started fixing up the house, and added a couple of rooms. Then I went at the barn. I took a trip out to the Adohr Milk Farms and looked the establishment over; then I built a replica of it, in every detail—for three cows. Then I started looking over the fields and the orchards.

"All the farm machinery out in this country is big stuff; too big for a place the size of mine. So I sent back to Indiana for a one-man harrow, and a reaper, and some other stuff—and a mule to haul it. Yeah, I've even got a mule. And chickens. Brother, when I eat a chicken, I know what went into the bird. And I know my scrambled eggs are fresh. And those vegetables—they taste like nothing you can get in town.

"NO, I'M not making any money off the place. This is just a play farm. It's costing me money. But no more than it would cost me to live in town. And think of the fresh air I'm getting free.

"The hired help consists of one farmer and one handy man. I get a kick out of my farmer. He says every morning, 'If we don't have rain pretty soon we'll never have any alfalfa. I was talking to So-and-So yesterday, and he says the same thing. There won't be any crop if it doesn't rain pretty soon.' The only difference between So-and-So and us being that So-and-So has a hundred acres in alfalfa—and we have three."

He lighted a fresh cigarette.

"I understand the word's out that Gable's changed—he's keeping people at a distance. Because I put up an electric gate and a No Trespassing sign. Let me tell you how that happened. I was working out by the barn late one afternoon when a car with three men drove in. One of them was in uniform.

"He got out and came over to where the farmer and I were putting some pipe together. 'Mr. Gable—?' he said. 'I drive for one of the bus companies that make regular tours of the Valley. We pass by your place every day. Mighty pretty place. We think folks would like to see it. Would you be willing to let us drive in? We wouldn't stop or anything. I've been looking over the layout—and the bus could turn around right over there.' He pointed. Before I could say anything, my farmer said, 'Why, you ——! Git!' And he got.

"How would *you* like it if strangers just opened your gate and wandered in, at odd hours?" Clark demanded. "Wouldn't you want to get a gate they couldn't open? . . . I'm no hermit. I'm an easy guy to meet during working hours. But when I get home, I want to be able to relax. You feel the same way. Anybody does."

What about that story that his swimming-pool was going to be something new for Hollywood—a replica of the old swimmin' hole, with grassy banks and an overhanging oak tree for a springboard?

"Don't believe everything you read," he chided. "I happened to tell a press-agent one day in a weak moment that when, and if, I built a swimming-pool, it wasn't going to be one of the de-luxe, marble, Hollywood kind—and, by the time he got through working on it, it was quite a story. Don't worry. I'm not going to have to climb a tree to take a dive. I'll have a springboard. I like modern conveniences."

He tried to think of other ways he had changed this past year, besides going back to the soil and getting a new bang out of life.

"Well," he said, "my taste in cars has changed—if that proves anything. I'm through with speed and splash. I've simmered down. I bought a new coupe yesterday, and I asked for something plain. Dark. Inconspicuous.

"I was driving Carole home in it last night and I noticed she kept flicking her cigarette ashes out of the window. I asked her why she didn't use the ashtray. 'What ashtray?' she said. I looked all over the dashboard. There wasn't one in sight. 'What kind of car is this?' I said. 'There's got to be an ashtray somewhere. Look in the instruction book.' So Carole looked, and she said, 'It says if you press here—' and she pressed. Down came a section of the dashboard with a whopper of an ashtray. All you have to do to make it disappear is push up the panel. That's pretty fancy for Farmer Gable."

He couldn't remember the last time he had been in a night-club. Or to a big Hollywood party attended by all the right people.

"I don't see what difference it would make if I went, so I stay away. You can go to all the parties in town, play politics to a fare-you-well, work overtime to impress this big shot or that—but if that fellow who plunks down thirty-five cents at the box-office doesn't like you, it's curtains. All that counts in this business is how you do up there on the screen. That's what I'm saving my energy for.

"And that's why I don't have any plans for the future. I'm not the one who's going to decide how long I'm going to keep on acting. The fans are going to decide that. All I know is that I have a contract here for two years more. After that—I don't know a thing. Nobody does."

THIS was pretty modest talk, coming from the man of the hour. But he wasn't talking just for publication. He has made blowing himself down a habit. For example, a few days before, a distinguished visitor from Greece had told him, upon meeting him, "You know, Mr. Gable, you're as well-known in Greece as you are in America." It took Clark just one second flat to answer, "Yeah, I know. That's why I've never been to Greece."

As long as he keeps that sense of humor, you don't have to worry about his losing his balance or letting roles or publicity or Hollywood or dirt-farming or marriage change him so that you can't recognize him.

Speaking of his marriage, that seems to be doing all right, too. Because the interview ended with his being called to the telephone. "Mrs. Gable calling," said the messenger. "Mrs. Gable," notice. Not "Miss Lombard."

I Faced Hollywood's Temptations

•

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New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO

Hank—Hollywood's White-Haired Boy

[*Continued from page* 25]

And yet, this triple-barreled daddy gets the cream roles on the Westwood lot. Right now, he's playing the most-talked of role in Hollywood in the most-discussed picture in Hollywood. It's the role of *Tom Joad* in *Grapes of Wrath,* and Gable's *Rhett Butler* in *Gone With the Wind* is just a yesterday's fried egg, compared with its current interest in Hollywood.

What makes Hank Fonda's position all the more remarkable is the undisputable fact that he's not a "glamor boy." He's not beautiful like Bob. He's not one of those virile so-and-so's, like Gable. Nor is he the suave, slinky, sneak-into-a-gal's-heart type, like the Rafts and the Romeros, *et al.*

Hank Fonda is just a tall, gangling, awkward lad with a funny face, not very much sex-appeal, and a physique that wouldn't worry Johnny Weissmuller for a moment. 'Way back in the old days, a casting director would have looked at Fonda, would have learned he was married, and would have dismissed him with:

"Hell; that guy could never be a leading man. Or a star. Make him a Keystone Kop, and let it go at that!"

SO WHAT'S the answer, then, to this mystery of why unprepossessing, muchly-married and ultra-paternal Hank Fonda, of ALL people, turns out to be 20th-Fox's White-haired Boy, now? What's he got? And what kind of fellow is he?

Well, the answers are a bit complicated—and they seem contradictory. For instance, it's a fact that everybody on the lot likes him, most of them well enough to call him Hank. And yet, an awful lot of the people he works with, day in and day out, think he's a stuck-up, snooty, high-hat so-and-so! But even so, they LIKE him! They can't help it.

Ask them why they think he's upstage, and they'll tell you it's because he won't talk much. Yet that's another contradiction. As a matter of fact, there are few men in Hollywood who are more fascinating conversationalists than Hank Fonda—on things like the arts, world affairs, the stage, philosophy. Get him into a conversation in that line, and he talks like a whirlwind.

BUT—he won't talk about himself and his family. He won't talk about his private affairs. He won't talk Hollywood talk about other people.

And because those are the things Hollywood mostly talks about, Hank Fonda has gotten the reputation of being a shut-mouthed guy who just won't talk! Get it?

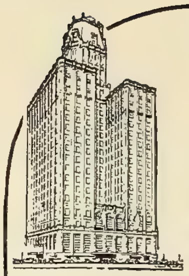
And for that reason, too, Hank Fonda is the despair of interviewers. Particularly the gushy-wushy kind of interviewers who infest Hollywood so badly. The kind who gallop gruesomely up to a movie star and drool things like:

"Tell me, is it true that you and your wife have separate bedrooms?"

With interviewers like that, Hank most positively and definitely is a close-mouthed problem. He won't talk about his private life, and consequently, there has grown up a sort of belief that his private life is something queer and mysterious and dark. But there's no mystery about it at all.

Hank's wife, as you probably know, is a woman who is often described as "society." When Hank met her—it was on

[*Continued on page* 92]



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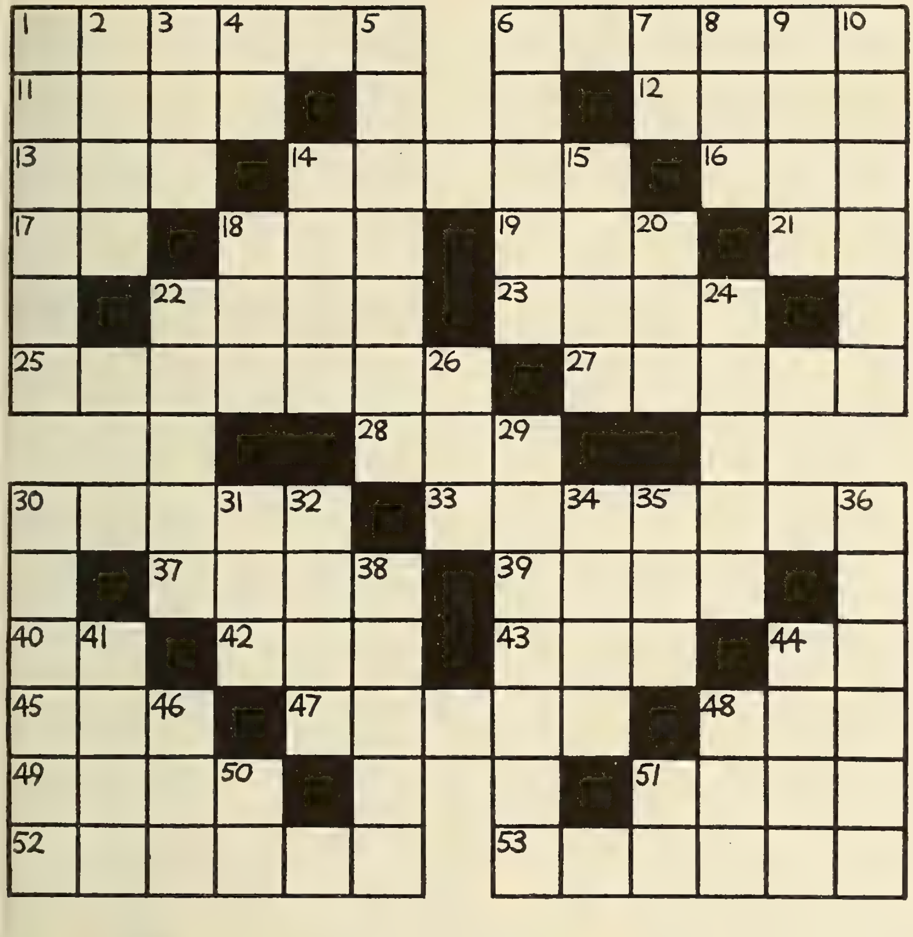

ACROSS

1. Star of *Fifth Avenue Girl*
6. Disney character seen in *Bachelor Mother*
11. First name of Miss Bennett who returns to screen in *Meet Dr. Christian*
12. Continent depicted in *Gunga Din*
13. *They —— Come Out*
14. *The —— Waltz*
16. She had lead in *Winter Carnival*
17. Initials of Loretta Young's youngest sister
18. *Each Dawn I ——*
19. Word used in most film titles
21. Mr. Crisp's initials
22. *—— of Washington Square*
23. Inexperienced actors (Slang)
25. *—— but Nice*
27. Portrayer of *Charlie Chan* roles
28. What those who work on cinema costumes do
30. Star of *Ninotchka*
33. He gave us those bathing beauty comedies
37. Actor's part
39. Lather from this is apt to be whipped cream in movie scenes
40. Initials of John Barrymore's brother
42. *Lullaby* in *Three Texas Steers*
43. Dorothy Ann Seese is one
44. Miss Russell's initials
45. She had feminine lead in *Panamint's Bad Man*
47. A star of *Bachelor Mother*
48. Jane Withers' screen father in *Chicken Wagon Family*
49. *Henry* in *$1,000 a Touchdown*
51. *Nancy* in *Hotel for Women*
52. *Hawaiian ——*
53. Heroine of *Nurse Edith Cavell*

DOWN

1. He was teamed with Margaret Lindsay in *Hell's Kitchen*
2. *In Name ——*
3. Short for first name of Mr. Roland
4. Bill Gargan's brother
5. *—— of New York*
6. *—— of a Champion*
7. Mr. Asther's initials
8. Al Jolson's real given name
9. You saw her in *Swiss Miss*
10. Eleanor Powell is one
14. Either of two sisters who were stars of silent films
15. *The Light —— Failed*
18. Baby Dumpling's pet
20. Miss Oliver's initials
22. *—— of the Sea* (sing.)
24. Robert Benchley showed us how to do this in one of his short subjects
26. *——, My Darling Daughter*
29. Popular term for a cowboy film
30. *—— Boy*
31. He was Nan Grey's boy friend in *Ex-Champ*
32. Jerrold Hunter in *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
34. Time of day when many movie theatres open
35. Jim Blake in *Everybody's Hobby*
36. A star of *The Rains Came*
38. Ways out of a theatre
41. Sob sister in *News is Made at Night*
44. *The —— Glory*
46. False hair sometimes worn by stars
48. *Million Dollar ——* (sing.)
50. Initials of Carol Hughes
51. Miss Arthur's initials

January Solution

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Hank—Hollywood's White-Haired Boy

[*Continued from page* 90]

a houseboat party on the Thames, in England, when he was over there, making *Wings of the Morning* for a British studio. She was then Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw, widow of George Brokaw, and mother of a young girl.

Henry, who had tried matrimony once before—with Margaret Sullavan, in their "little theatre" days—and found it didn't jell, fell head over heels in love enough with Mrs. Brokaw to be glad to try matrimony again. Mrs. Brokaw was equally happy about the idea. So they got married, to be sure, and that's all there is to that part of the tale.

She came to Hollywood with him, which is what any gal who loves her husband would do, isn't it? But the Fondas didn't take off and join the Hollywood aerial circus. Neither Hank Fonda nor Frances Brokaw Fonda think much of Hollywood's idea of the social life. Front-page stuff is, to them, something to be taken with the morning coffee, but not taken part IN! So they kept pretty much to themselves, and their own little intimate circle of friends.

Before very long, another baby came to join little Frances Brokaw, Mrs. Fonda's daughter by a former husband. Frances is about eight, now. And the young one is about two. Her name's Jayne Seymour Fonda. The Jayne is for Henry's mother, who was Herberta Jayne, and the Seymour is for Henry's wife's maiden name.

Henry is crazy about both little girls. But these days, he's even crazier about the one that's to come. Hank Fonda adores children. There glows in him a deep, fierce pride in the ones he has—his own daughter, and his wife's. And now that still another baby is on the way, Hank Fonda's paternal pride knows absolutely no bounds.

FOR this family he loves so fiercely, Henry Fonda has made provision that utterly typifies his outlook on life. He has bought them no gaudy, Hollywood mansion. Instead, he has bought a 325-acre ranch, more than a hundred miles from Hollywood, down near San Diego.

There's a ranch-house on it now. But it is not the home Henry plans for his family. Instead, Henry himself—an artist with the pencil, as well as in his soul—is drawing the sketch-designs. It will be a great, comfortable, homey place.

It will have none of the gaudiness and none of the glitter of Hollywood. Indeed, much of it he is basing on the substantial settings that you saw in *Drums Along the Mohawk*. Henry loved some of those interiors, and he wants them in his family home—particularly does he want the fireplace, the beams, the panelling that were in the tavern set.

Henry's drawing them into the plans for the Fonda family home he's going to build there on that 325-acre ranch, to live in with his wife and his children when he's through with movies.

By that time, he figures, the great citrus groves—lemons, oranges—which he's planting on the ranch, will support the Fondas, if they need supporting besides the picture money Hank is carefully investing.

Hank's philosophy of life is not the hey-hey kind. He figures that you can't have things without earning them. Henry, himself, got to where he is, the hard way. He's

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Hollywood

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a big shot today, and rolling in salary checks, but it's only a few years ago that he answered ads for people to address envelopes, or peddle socks. He sold flowers on the streets of New York, one Easter week, and made $35, and bought a lot of cereals because he knew they'd last longer.

Today, Hank Fonda is grateful for the experiences he had in those days.

"The hard going," he tells you, "paved the way for what I hope to do with *Tom Joad* in *Grapes of Wrath*. For one thing, it's made me sympathetic with *Tom Joad's* problems. He's not such a bad fellow, you know. He's caught by hunger, poverty of the worst sort. He gets shoved around. I know—from experience, mind you!—what that sort of thing is like. I can get under the skin of Tom Joad, because I understand him."

That sort of talk, from most other actors, would be just so much hooey. Hollywood is full of hams who shoot off their mouths about their roles, with high-sounding words that don't add up to anything, because you know, most of the time, that they're just parroting something their press-agents told them to say.

With Hank, it's different. Hank never says what his press-agent tells him to. Usually, it's Hank who tells the press-agent. And besides, when Henry Fonda talks about his work, it's Henry Fonda talking from his heart—because it's still a fifty-fifty bet as to which Fonda likes most: his work or his family.

He takes acting seriously. There are actors in Hollywood, and successful ones too, who tell you frankly that they're actors because it's a nice, easy way to make a living. It's a soft racket. That's not Fonda's attitude. Hank Fonda believes acting is far more than just a soft way to get some money.

HE PUTS his whole heart into it. He's as sincere about it as Paul Muni. Whatever role he's playing, he learns it inside out. Like his role in *Drums Along the Mohawk*. . . .

"Back in the old days of my stage career," Henry told me, "all I had to do was study my lines, learn to play the character with some conviction, get to the theatre in time for the performance, and then do as I pleased with the rest of my time. . . .

"But now—well, to do this sort of thing right, I had to learn to cut trees, to pull stumps, to plough land with an ox-drawn plough, to clear land, to raise a crop. And I had to learn to DO it, too—not just make believe I was doing it. For pictures, you can't just go through the motions and expect to make it look real. You can't kid ten million people. There are too many folk in your audience who know what farming is all about, and they can discover a boner or a fake quicker than a Hollywood columnist can discover a blessed eventicipation.

"In pictures, you have to know how to do the things your roles call for."

And then Henry adds the postscript that makes him different from the star who might tell you that, and then bellyache about having to do it. What Henry adds is:

"That's what is to me one of the great interests of motion pictures. You really get to know how people live and lived and work and worked in all ages, all times, all lands—because you actually live and work like they did and do. It's better than just reading about it in books."

Today, Henry's doing the same thing for his *Tom Joad* role. He visited the "Okie" camps in Bakersfield and Kern county, in California—right in the heart of Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* country. And with the courage of his convictions—a cour-

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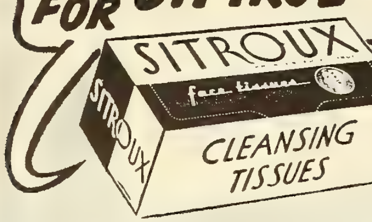

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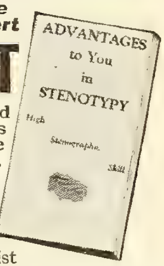
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age for which Henry Fonda is notorious in Hollywood, where he's a no-man among yes-men—he flies right in the face of powerful interests by coming out with a defense of the dust-bowl people.

"They're hard-working Americans," defends Fonda. "All they're asking is a chance to earn a decent living. At least, enough to eat. I heard no talk among them of Communism, or any other Ism. Most of them were hard-working, industrious farmers, before Nature made a hell of their land, and sent them out to fight a bitter world for the right to live."

And yet, despite all this forthright straight-from-the-shoulder-mess about Hank Fonda, there's a funny little quirk in the picture. . . .

Mind you, he sticks up for these people. He finds nothing reprehensible about them or their problem or the things they're forced to do. Yet, Henry Fonda would rather not BE one of them—even in make-believe—any more than he has to. He is playing the *Tom Joad* role, to be sure, in *Tom Joad's* filthy clothes, and with *Tom Joad's* whiskers and dirt on his face. But Henry doesn't like it, even though he insists he likes *Tom Joad.*

In fact, Henry Fonda hides in his dressing-room to eat lunch, rather than appear in public in his *Tom Joad* make-up—even in the cafe on the studio lot, where everybody's used to seeing actors in make-up of every imaginable kind! Henry won't let them see him, *a la Grapes of Wrath.* Instead, he brings his own lunch with him, and eats behind the closed door of his dressing-room.

And somehow or other, I can't help but imagine Hank Fonda going home from work, after playing *Tom Joad,* and taking a half-dozen baths in quick succession, probably in six different kinds of disinfectant, before he hurries downstairs to have dinner with the wife and kiddies. . . .

Tom Joad may be all right. But Henry's a married man, and he's got his family to think of, mind you!

Be Apt with Appetizers

[*Continued from page* 56]

Hors d'Oeuvres are appetite provoking morsels of many types. Sometimes they form the first course at a formal dinner; again they form the refreshments at bridge, afternoon tea or supper parties. They are served on a platter or tray in an assortment of varieties. With almost no exception, the true *hors d'oeuvres are eaten with a fork.*

Cocktails may be of alcoholic beverages in mixed forms, or fall into the classes of fruit or fruit juice cocktails, seafood cocktails or vegetable cocktails. As beverages, the cocktails may be served alone or with snacks; in the other forms it is used as a prelude to other courses.

Snacks is the more popular word for either a canape or any hors d'oeuvre or other novel specialty, and is usually more informal than the usual canape.

Spreads are the tasty and highly seasoned mixtures of which both snacks and canapes (and sandwiches) are made, and include practically any fish, meat or other paste.

But ALL ARE APPETIZERS!

ONE of the most pleasing forms of the cocktail is that prepared from flavorful fruit juices such as canned pineapple or cranberry juice or other fruit mixtures. A cocktail of citrus fruit juices is popular with all, and "umph" may be given by the addition of carbonated water or gingerale, etc.

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When the cocktail takes more solid shape and includes diced fruits, cherries, melon sections, etc., or when it combines oysters, clams, shrimp or crab, then it is dignified enough to stand alone as a first course to the dinner itself.

Canapes may be either piping hot or chill and cold. Many of the most delicious ones are to be found in the first group, as hot bites are ideal companions to cold drinks. Sometimes the mixture is a hot sauce, highly seasoned; or the crackers, bread or pastry base may be toasting hot; or the whole canape may be put into the oven to brown and heat before serving. Still another type is the "hot ball" canape which is a zestful mixture rolled small like a marble and fried in deep fat. Minced ham, tuna and cheese all make these delicious hot bites, which are to be eaten from picks.

Hors d'oeuvres in their simplest form appear as the tray of olives, curled celery and radishes, so familiar on the dinner table. When more elaborate, the hors d'oeuvre (meaning "beyond" or "extra" to the dinner proper) takes the shape of spicy pickles, piquant morsels of celery root, anchovies and sardines, endless novelties made of cheese, prunes, stuffed hard eggs, mushrooms and various salads. Platters of these assortments attract the eye as well as the palate, as may be clearly seen by the following suggested combination:

ST. PATRICK LENTEN TRAY

Sardine Fingers: Split tiny finger rolls and remove inside crumb. Spread shells with highly seasoned mayonnaise. Drain large sardines, remove skins, and place 1 in each shell. Garnish with picks of olive rings and pickled onions.

Shrimp Fingers: Spread shells with lemon butter. Place 1 large cooked shrimp in each shell and cover with green mayonnaise. Dust with minced watercress and paprika.

Cucumber Canapes: Combine ¼ cup grated cucumber pulp, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 1 tablespoon French dressing, 1 tablespoon sugar, dash of cayenne. Work mixture into 3-ounce package cream cheese together with 1 teaspoon anchovy paste. Add few drops green to tint. Spread on toasted round crackers and garnish with chopped olive.

Cabbage Bowl: Hollow out large well-shaped cabbage head, and fill with cole slaw well seasoned and drained. Garnish with cooked shrimp, green pepper rings or anchovies moistened with dressing and stuck on picks.

Carrot and Pickle Rings: With corkscrew or long sharp knife ream out centers of large carrots and dill pickles. Stuff centers with any cream cheese or savory spread, chill, and slice in thin crosswise rings.

ANOTHER interesting platter of hors d'oeuvres suitable for any occasion is:

TUNA APPETIZER PLATTER

2 cups flaked tuna
2 cups cubed herring
1 cup pimento-stuffed olives
½ cup mayonnaise
½ cup softened butter
¼ cup chili sauce
minced chives
heart lettuce
stuffed hard-cooked egg halves
midget ripe tomatoes
rye crisp wafers

Put fish and olives through food chopper, using fine knife. Combine with mayonnaise, butter and chili sauce and blend thoroughly. Press into oiled ornamental mold and chill overnight. To serve, unmold fish in center of large circular platter, and sprinkle with minced chives. Place lettuce, egg halves and tomatoes around base, and arrange heated crisp rye wafers in fanwise fashion all around plate. Offer with butter spreaders for each guest to "Spread his own."

The delicious quality of the "hot bite" has been previously mentioned, and is shown to perfection in all three of the following choice recipes:

HOT HORS D'OEUVRES

Ham Paste Savory: Blend 2 tablespoons devilled ham paste, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, ½ teaspoon minced onion, dash of salt and pepper. In double boiler melt 2 tablespoons butter, add 2 tablespoons Worcestershire and 1 raw egg yolk. Stir until sauce begins to thicken. Add meat mixture and spread on toasted crackers or bread rounds while hot.

Crabmeat Fancies: Saute 1 tablespoon minced onion in ¼ cup butter. Blend in 1 tablespoon flour and add 2 cups cream while stirring constantly. Add 2 cups canned flaked crabmeat and continue cooking until mixture begins to bubble. Trim bread to any preferred shapes and toast on 1 side. Spread crab mixture on untoasted side and spread with ½ cup grated cheese mixed with ¼ cup butter. Bake in hot oven 3 minutes.

Oysters on Mushrooms: Select uniform large mushroom caps, and peel. Set in baking tins, round side up and broil 5 minutes. Invert, fill cavities with butter and dust with salt and pepper. Continue broiling 3 minutes longer. Place on rounds of freshly made buttered toast. Then place 1 oyster in center of each mushroom, sprinkle with chili sauce and allow oysters just to "plump" under broiler. Serve immediately.

Of snacks and spreads there are no end! And because every hostess is always seeking something novel along these lines, to serve for the cocktail or late supper hour, there has been prepared a very special leaflet which will be sent free to readers. Every one of the recipes in "Toothpick Parade" is smart and sophisticated, and will help you make your parties memorable, whether the occasion be cocktails, dinner or dance.

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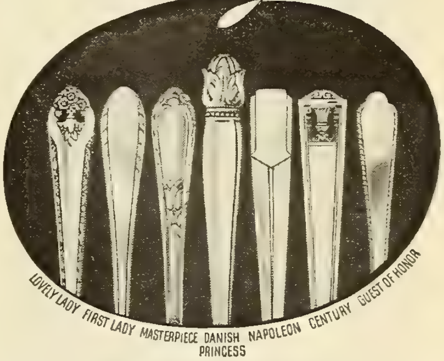

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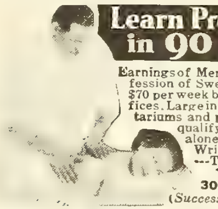

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"Love Can Wait"—Jane Bryan

[*Continued from page* 28]

"I don't know anybody I'm likely to fall in love with or who's likely to fall in love with me. Love requires leisure—and I can't see any leisure ahead. And I'm only twenty-one, with a lot of years ahead of me."

THE newspapers and magazines have been calling her "the most promising young actress on the screen" in *We Are Not Alone*. It sounded as if she might have been reading the newspapers and magazines. It sounded as if she might have made up her mind to have a career first, and love afterward.

The suggestion pained her. She shook her head violently, her long bob tossing from side to side. The suggestion also amused her. She laughed. "Don't tell me," she said, "that I look like A Career Woman. That would be the last straw.

"I don't have any objections to young marriage. In fact, I approve of it. When two young people are in love, they *ought* to get married—not lose a minute of happiness they might have together.

"I'm a product of young marriage, myself. My mother was twenty-two, I think, when she married. Practically all of the girl-friends I had in school are married now and have children. I envy them. I think it's fine for a girl to marry early—to get her family started young.

"If I had met the right man, I'd be married now, myself. In one way, though, it's lucky I haven't. It's pretty dangerous, trying to mix marriage and a career. It isn't fair to the man, or yourself, or your children. You can't raise a family when you don't see anything of them from seven in the morning until seven at night.

"There *are* actresses who have both careers and children—but somebody else, hired for the purpose, has to bring up the children. When I get married, I'm going to bring up my own. I'll paste down their ears, myself. Being my children, they'll probably *need* their ears pasted down."

SHE smiled, staring at the blaze in the corner fireplace of the large Spanish living-room, as if she saw her future offspring there. Then, soberly, she said:

"When I do get married, I'm going to take marriage seriously—just as seriously as I'm taking my career now.

"I'm not going to try to deny that I'm pretty serious about my career at this particular moment. I know I wouldn't be satisfied to give it up right now. But I don't have the slightest idea about how long I'd like to keep at it. I couldn't plan anything like that. It would be awful to be so methodical.

"I'm not cold-bloodedly avoiding romance. It just hasn't happened; that's all. And, until it does happen, I can't think of anything I'd rather be doing than acting."

Not that Jane hasn't had her romantic involvements.

"The first one was when I was four, if I remember correctly. He lived next-door, and we both went to a school called The Wee Tots' Villa, and held hands all the way there and all the way back. Then I had some in high-school. One lasted almost two years. I was still going with him when I started on the screen. When we finally split up, it wasn't because of my work. That would have been a pretty tawdry reason for splitting up. It was just a case of two entirely different people realizing how different they were."

[*Continued on page* 98]

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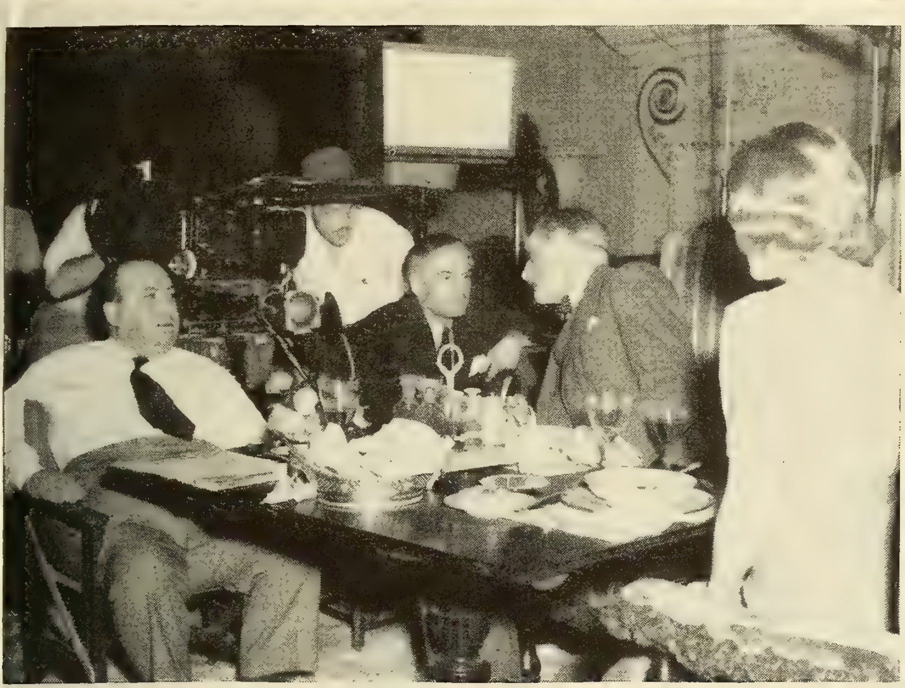
ON THE SETS WITH THE STARS



Laurence Olivier as *Maxim de Winter*, and C. Aubrey Smith "hold it" for camera crew during a scene in *Rebecca.* With just her back showing is Joan Fontaine who plays "I" or the second *Mrs. de Winter.* Critically watching, left, is director Hitchcock

ON-THE-SET Snicker-of-the-Month—came the day Joan Crawford, heading back for an afternoon's work after lunch on *Strange Cargo*, knocked at Clark Gable's dressing-room, with a bunch of green onions in her hand. As Clark poked his head out, she handed him the onions with: "You'd better eat these, Clark, before that love scene we're going to play. Because I ate some for lunch, and you may as well protect yourself." . . . Without an eyelash batting, Clark came back with: "Thanks, Joan, but never mind. I just had some garlic for lunch myself!" . . . On-the-Set mystery exposed—they've always wondered how Garbo, without a wrist-watch, knew when it was 5 p.m. Because always, prompt on the hour, she leaves the set at that time, yet nobody ever saw her look at a clock . . . An observant electrician finally solved the mystery . . . He noted that during the day, Garbo's maid frequently brings a glass of water onto the set for Greta. BUT—just before 5 p. m., the glass is only HALF full—and that was the tipoff to G! . . . During the shooting of *The Fighting 69th*, they come to that scene where Pat O'Brien, in his priestly vestments, is about to celebrate mass at the front. Regimental men in uniform crowd the chapel set . . . Director Bill Keighley is busy seating them, while Pat goes about his work at the altar . . . Suddenly Keighley screams: "Hey, you—YOU—take off that overseas cap; don't you know you're in church or supposed to be, anyway?" The offender turns around, and it's noted that he's Sammy Cohen, the comedian . . . He grins apologetically and explains: "Oy, am I sorry. I knew I was in church, but I forgot it wasn't my own church!" Pat almost split his clerical collar, laughing.

IT'S no cinch to play opposite Sonja Henie, if you can't skate. Before he became her leading man in *Everything Happens at Night*, Robert Cummings had never skated a stroke. But he had to learn—in two weeks . . . So okeh, he did pretty well when the picture was shot . . . But the other afternoon, after a "take" on skates, when the director called cut, Cummings slid to the sidelines and pulled a pair of heavy turkish towels OUT OF HIS PANTS . . . Sonja looked her amazement . . . Cummings explained: "A pillow, Sonja, was TOO big; it would have showed" . . . Crack-of-the-Month on the sets—came from Director Bill Dieterle, during shooting of *Magic Bullets* . . . It was a take where Edward G. Robinson, as the doctor, examines a patient, with the stethoscope . . . The "patient" opens his shirt slightly to permit application of the instrument—and at that juncture, Director Dieterle yells: "Open it BIG—open it WIDE—it's our only chance for SEX in this picture!" . . . They've just finished a tender, tender, tender but hot romantic scene for *Mercy Plane* . . . In the leads are Jimmy Dunn and his wife, Frances Gifford . . . They're the ones who have just pulled that torrid kiss for the cameras . . . The director calls cut . . . And Frances looks at Jimmy and cracks: "I wish you'd make love to me like this at home . . . !!!"

PRODUCTION Casualties of the Month—No. 1—In *He Married His Wife*, Nancy Kelly swings a dress over her head as she's packing to leave the man she loves . . . As she swings the dress, there's a dull thud, and Nancy drops like a stone . . . Terrified, the crew of the picture rushes onto the set—to discover that a heavy lead weight in the hem of the dress has conked Nancy Kelly on the temple, knocked her cold! . . . So on the succeeding takes, she uses an UNweighted gown . . . No. 2—Running down the wharf to meet Clark Gable in *Strange Cargo*, Joan Crawford trips, sprawls headlong . . . They rush to pick her up, and find that one of her high heels has caught in the slot between the wharf-planking, tripping her . . . So, for the following takes, they change her heels—make them flatter AND ROUNDER . . . And how the wisenheimers giggle at that . . . Inexpertness Note—During the barroom scene in *Little Old New York*, Richard Greene had to toss off a stiff gulp of whiskey . . . Two takes, and director Henry King wasn't satisfied . . . Greene only managed to SIP his drink . . . Shouted King: "From now on, Dick, remember you're a *two-gulp man*!" . . . On the sidelines, one of the electricians mutters: "Me, I'm a ONE-gulper!"

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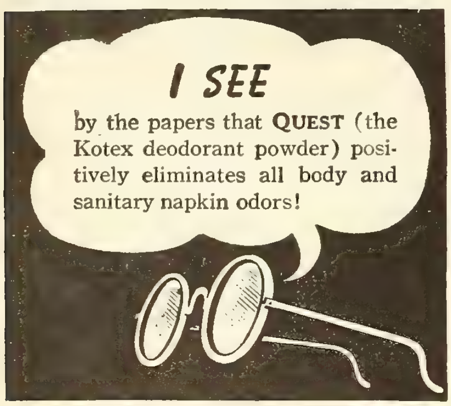
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"Love Can Wait"—Jane Bryan

[*Continued from page* 96]

She pulled her slack-clad legs up on the divan so that she could sit cross-legged—one of her favorite positions. She was staring at the fire again.

"I read somewhere the other day that I get a crush on every personable young male I meet. That wasn't quite fair. I do get terrific crushes—but they're a funny kind of crushes. They aren't the romantic kind. I don't know what you'd call them exactly. Fondness at first sight, maybe.

"Anyway, I meet these people, and I know instinctively that they'll push me around, and kid me to death, and tell me just what they think of me, but I get instant crushes on them. I want to know them. Then, when I do know them, I worry about them. You really care for people when you worry about them. Yet these crushes aren't love.

"I've had girl-friends ask me how long I have to know somebody before I fall in love. The only answer I have to that is: The first time I meet the right man, I'll feel right then as if I've known him all my life."

Did she think he would probably be an actor?

"I haven't the vaguest idea." She smiled one of her widest smiles. "I'm not going to limit myself."

DESPITE the impression created by the romance rumors, she has gone out with few actors, and then only a few times. Most of her girl-friends are girls outside the movies, whom she knew in school. And friends of theirs are her boy-friends.

The boys have a tough time of it at the O'Brien house. (Jane's real name being O'Brien, her father James M. O'Brien, Los Angeles lawyer.) She has three younger brothers: Jim, 19, Bill, 16, and Don, 13. Trying to have a romance with them around is more than difficult; it's "awful," to use Jane's own word.

The past few months, however, her brothers haven't had much chance to put a crimp in romance—because Jane hasn't had time for romance.

"I've made seven pictures since last February, including *We Are Not Alone,* for which I had to learn how to sing, how to speak German and how to dance. When I'm working like that, I can't go out—or even have anyone in. I'm dead around 9 o'clock. And when I'm not working, I'm not in town. I'm off at Clear Lake or Phoenix or somewhere, getting a change and a rest."

No one can say outright that her career has kept Jane from falling in love. But it has kept her out of circulation. There isn't any argument about that.

A change is in sight, however. Since her hit in *We Are Not Alone,* Warners have new plans for her. Bigger roles, fewer pictures. She will have more time for a private life. And dates.

WHEN this news gets out, the line will please form on the right. Jane is not only good company; she is also "the most promising young actress on the screen." It wouldn't do any Hollywood bachelor a bit of harm to be seen with her at the night-clubs.

Only Jane doesn't like night-clubs. "Let anybody see you in one with someone you haven't gone out with before, and immediately there are romance rumors—which embarrass you both and make your relationship strained right at the beginning."

She likes to dance—but not in cramped quarters. Her idea of a big date is to dress

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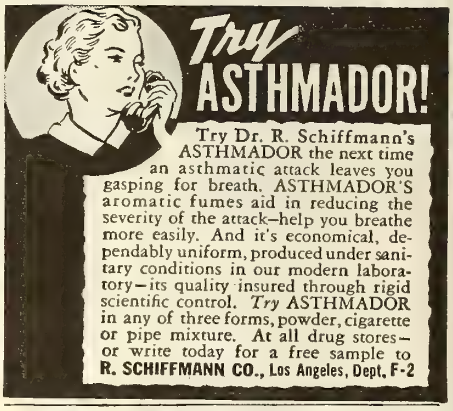
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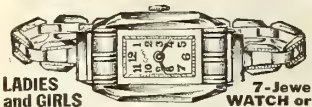
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up, put on flowers, and dine and dance in some hotel, where she can feel lost in the crowd. But dressing up is a lot of trouble. She doesn't do it often. "I'd love to be a glamor girl," she says, "—if I could be just as I am."

The dates she likes best are spur-of-the-moment ones. "I can't bear to think on Monday that I have a date for next Saturday. How do I know what I'm going to feel like doing on Saturday? Maybe I'll feel like getting out of town for the week-end.

"I like to have somebody call up around dinnertime unexpectedly and say, 'Have you eaten yet?' Maybe we won't get to a restaurant much before 9 o'clock, but by that time we're that much hungrier. Most girls don't like to be called at the last minute, as if they're afterthoughts. But anybody who knows me knows that, to me, unplanned things are extra-special.

"That's why, when I do get married, it will have to be an elopement. I couldn't stand the preparation for a church wedding."

She isn't one of these girls who consider a free evening wasted, if some one male isn't around, flatteringly attentive. She broods—but about her work, not some one male. She likes to brood, only she can't do it with anyone else around. So, any time she is alone, she can enjoy herself. Particularly if it's raining. ("Look at my hair—it's a fright. I was out walking in the rain last night.")

ANY would-be suitor who expects to take out an actress living her newest part is doomed to pleasant disappointment. Jane doesn't belong to that school of acting.

"I don't think living a part is acting. It's not what you do with a character that's important, so much as what you don't do. You give a look, you say something a certain way—just a suggestion of what a character is like, just enough to let the audience imagine the rest. That's acting."

No would-be suitor has to dread hearing her plans for the future. She has almost nothing to say on that subject.

"I would like not to play silly ingenue parts. I would like to do other things like *The Old Maid* and *We Are Not Alone*—parts with a little imagination. Sometime I'd like to try the stage. And I'd like to try comedy. *Brother Rat and a Baby* is comedy, but my part in it is straight. Somebody had to ask the questions—darn it."

Nor will a would-be suitor find a girl who expects to be treated as a star, now that she's being hailed as one. "A star? It just doesn't register."

He will find a girl who expects to be treated as herself. That attitude—You'll have to like me as I am, Heaven help me—sticks out all over her. She doesn't pose. She doesn't try to cover up her freckles. She wears the kind of clothes she'd be wearing if she had never seen the inside of a studio. (That's one reason why she still has the girl-friends she had before fame hit her.)

She's more talkative off-screen than on, more animated, more energetic altogether. "There's always something to get excited about," she says. "Look at all that's happening in the world today." She isn't self-centered. She has a pair of very level eyes that are interested in anything that comes within their focus. They aren't looking for applause.

She isn't as shy as she used to be. That's the only noticeable way in which Hollywood has changed her. She's still real. Real enough to say in a way that leaves no doubt that she means it:

"Love can wait till the right man comes along. Then I want to marry and have a family—no matter what happens to my career."

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 80]

The more you see Anita Louise and Buddy Adler together, the more you believe the gossip that they'll soon march to the altar

DENIAL DEPT.—Merle Oberon says she and Alex Korda are still just as happy! . . . Dolores Del Rio ditto concerning Hubby Cedric Gibbons . . . Alice Faye and Tony Martin still getting out their daily denial . . .

◆

THERE's no man in Hollywood whose love-life, if any, so interests the gossips as George Brent. That's probably because George believes that his love-life is nobody's damn business except his own—and the lady's, of course. But WHO is the lady?

The answer to that has Hollywood split into several camps. There are a large number who insist that the Brent-Bette Davis romance is far from frigid. Others insist that Greta Garbo is still No. 1 Mama in George's life. And, believe it or not, there are still others who proclaim that they KNOW, positively KNOW, that Marlene Dietrich is the gal. And the others are betting on Olivia de Havilland.

George won't tell. He never would. But here's a tip: all those ladies are actresses. And George once, in a moment of revelation, told your Ol' Tattler that it's his firm belief that NO Hollywood actress would ever make an ideal wife. If that means anything to you, make the most of it.

AND meantime, here's a chuckle: Joy Howarth, who used to use the screen name of Constance Worth, has just turned down an offer to do a personal-appearance tour.

Reason for the turn-down: the promoter wanted her to go out under the billing: "The EX-Mrs. George Brent." Which she is. BUT—!

◆

NEATEST trick of the month in Hollywood's scrambled romantic merry-go-round was Dorothy Lamour's stunt of having BOTH Robert Preston and Wynn Rocamora at the same dinner party! My, my—how that gal has LEARNED since she came to Hollywood, sooooo in love with Herbie Kay, only a year or so ago!

◆

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Pretty Anne Nagel and Vic Orsatti—
About that gal, he's simply batti!

◆

RANDOM Notes Entitled "H'mmmm!"—George Raft gets peevish when you ask him if it's really romance between him and Norma Shearer, but they sure do keep stepping out together at the BEST places! . . . Bob Riskin took Jean Gale out to dine and dance, but all evening long couldn't keep his eyes off Loretta Young, at a nearby table with Tom Lewis . . . Marlene Dietrich is still mixing them up: Jimmy Stewart and George Brent and Joe von Sternberg and Joe Pasternak—usually two beaux per evening! . . . now that Priscilla Lane and Oren Haglund have called off their two-year superheated romance, just watch Tom McAvity move in . . . when Lyle Talbot picks 'em, he picks 'em; his latest heartbeat is Adonelle Massey, whose monthly income from the oil-millionaire she was married to makes even a movie star's salary look like a relief check! . . . if Garbo is NOT engaged to Diet-Doctor Gaylord Hauser, why is she wearing his ring? . . . wonder what happened to that "almost" reconciliation between Al Jolson, in the hospital where he went for his bad cold, and Ruby Keeler, who rushed to his side when she heard he was sick—only to go storming out of his room after more than an hour's visit? . . . right while certain radiorators were broadcasting that their romance had gone sour, Arleen Whelan and Alex D'Arcy were swapping SUCH kisses at a Santa Barbara theatre stage-door that the doorman kept the fire-extinguisher handy! . . . reason Linda Darnell, cutest trick in Hollywood, hasn't more dates than she has is because she really IS only 16 years old—and even in Hollywood, even in Hollywood. . . .!!!

◆

NON-Nursery Rhyme:
Vehemently, handsome Nelson Eddy
Denies that he'll soon be a deddy!

WALLY BEERY, who just adopted a seven-months-old little girl to keep Carol Ann company, hints that he may even adopt a third child. . . .!

Cracks Wally: "They ought to be calling me Hollywood's Perfect Mother, if this keeps up!"

◆

WOOSOME TWOSOMES—Mary Rogers, whose dad was Will Rogers, taking up her interrupted romance with Eddie Grainger again . . . Hollywood gals better lay off RKO's new Dick Hogan; he's engaged to a gal back in Little Rock, Arkansas . . . Barbara Read and Don Briggs'll tell it to the preacher in February . . . and by the time you read this, Maxine Jones'll be Mrs. Noah Beery—JUNIOR . . . Sally Haines, who used to be Mrs. Bert Wheeler, outstepping with Jimmy Bryant . . . It's Mary Parker who's warming up Dennis O'Keefe's winter evenings . . . Anita Louise says she isn't Mrs. Buddy Adler YET, but by May, it'll be different . . . Rudy Vallee and Marjorie Weaver are vibrating again . . .

◆

BUST-UPS of the Month: Chester and Suzanne Morris, after many denials, finally make it a legal separation, dividing the community property and the children, too . . . and they're still having their dinners together, hoping against hope for reconciliation . . . Lyle Talbot's wife wants $700 a month separate maintenance on account of she says Lyle was so cruel that it "destroyed the objects of matrimony" . . . Connie Bennett formally announces that at last she's going to file suit, right here in America, for divorce from the Marquis Henri de la Falaise. But Hollywood wonders why Gilbert Roland has been stepping out with Louise Stanley, in that case? . . . Penny Singleton who gets along so-so with *Hubby Dagwood* on the screen didn't have much luck with her real hubby, Dentist L. Scroggs (really!) Singleton, whom she's divorcing after two years of matrimony . . . the Ricardo Cortez's, after five years of matrimony, are calling it off and putting 3,000 miles between them—she in New York, he in Hollywood . . . Priscilla Lawson has finally agreed to file for divorce from Alan Curtis, who's been Sonja Henie's steadiest date recently, if that means anything . . . Astrid Allwyn, divorcing Robert Kent without alimony, gets indignant when you ask her if she's picked a successor yet.

◆

QUAINT use for a sweetie-pie, as discovered by Virginia Field:
She uses Richard Greene's picture for a book-mark.

◆

IT WAS Joel McCrea's sixth wedding anniversary, and on his way home, he stopped his car at the stand of a Japanese florist with whom Joel once went to school, and from whom he now buys his regular bouquets for wifie. . . .

"Look, Joe," said Joel, as he hopped out of his car; "make me up a very special bouquet this time, wilya? I've been married six years today!"

Silently, the florist went about the business of fixing up a splendiferous bouquet, which he handed over to McCrea with this sage observation:

"Six years married, eh? Well, not so long, not so long—but PRETTY GOOD FOR A HOLLYWOOD MAN!"

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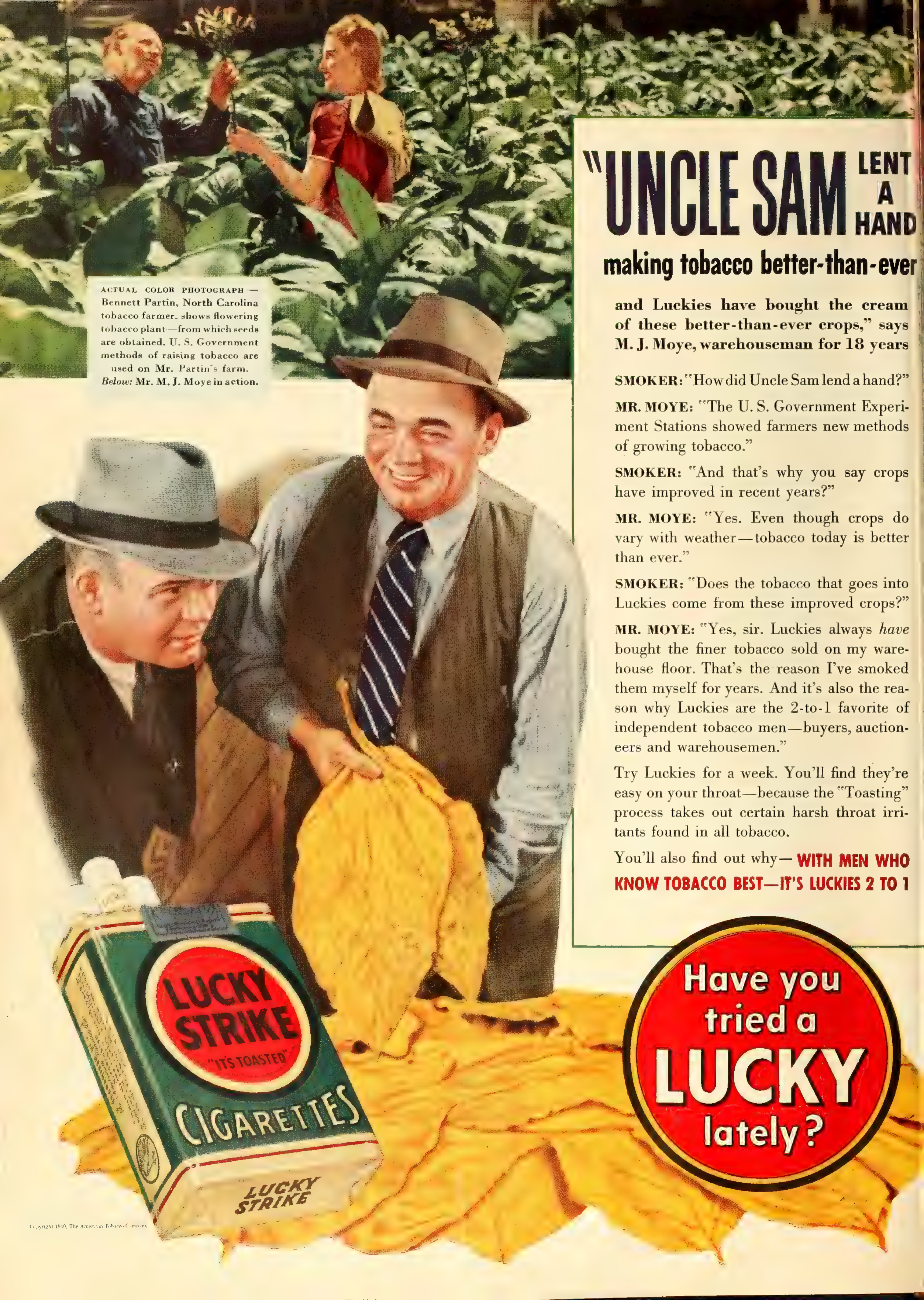

ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH—Bennett Partin, North Carolina tobacco farmer, shows flowering tobacco plant—from which seeds are obtained. U. S. Government methods of raising tobacco are used on Mr. Partin's farm. *Below:* Mr. M. J. Moye in action.

"UNCLE SAM LENT A HAND

making tobacco better-than-ever

and Luckies have bought the cream of these better-than-ever crops," says M. J. Moye, warehouseman for 18 years

SMOKER: "How did Uncle Sam lend a hand?"

MR. MOYE: "The U. S. Government Experiment Stations showed farmers new methods of growing tobacco."

SMOKER: "And that's why you say crops have improved in recent years?"

MR. MOYE: "Yes. Even though crops do vary with weather—tobacco today is better than ever."

SMOKER: "Does the tobacco that goes into Luckies come from these improved crops?"

MR. MOYE: "Yes, sir. Luckies always *have* bought the finer tobacco sold on my warehouse floor. That's the reason I've smoked them myself for years. And it's also the reason why Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite of independent tobacco men—buyers, auctioneers and warehousemen."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find they're easy on your throat—because the "Toasting" process takes out certain harsh throat irritants found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why—**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

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IRST SCREEN MAGAZINE—FOUNDED 1911

MOTION PICTURE

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

APRIL

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FAWCETT PUBLICATION
OTION PICTURE
10¢

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1940
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LAURENCE OLIVIER
SOON TO MARRY
VIVIEN LEIGH

COLOR
PORTRAIT
OF GINGER
ROGERS

XCLUSIVE THIS ISSUE

GOOD GIRLS CAN BE BAD—IN HOLLYWOOD

WHEN A WOMAN
LOVES A MAN!
12 CONFESSION STORIES—NO SERIALS
Life Story
BETWEEN ME AND MY BOSS?
TRAPPED BY MY SINFUL PAST
BOOK-LENGTH TRUE NOVEL

From such situations as this comes the real drama of life. Novels and stage plays can only imitate life, never equal it.

That is why REAL LIFE STORY goes to life itself for its material. Life and love as they are lived and experienced by real men and women are the ingredients that make every story in this magazine vital, thrilling and completely absorbing.

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The April issue of REAL LIFE STORY is now on sale everywhere for only 10 cents. In it you will find *twelve complete* confession stories, including a book-length true novel. There are no serials.

You won't want to miss such stirring stories from life as "I DROVE HER TO HIS ARMS," "TRAPPED BY MY SINFUL PAST," and "I HUNGERED FOR HIS KISSES."

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MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LIX. No. 3 APRIL, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

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RICHARD GREENE—AND THIS BUSINESS OF LOVE

Richard Greene, who has become one of Hollywood's romantic figures, has something to say about Love. And he says it in next month's issue of MOTION PICTURE. He's one of the two or three remaining bachelors in Hollywood—and he will reveal What Every Young Man Should Know About Love In Hollywood. There will be scintillating stories about Rosemary Lane, Judy Garland, Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Melvyn Douglas and others. You'll find another interesting fiction version of a top-notch screen-play—as well as a beautiful colored insert of a leading star. The issue will also be rich in newest art poses of the stars—and a Gossip department that tells ALL. So order May MOTION PICTURE from your newsdealer NOW!

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

Patricia Morison and her pooch, Judy, get some rest and a touch of sun between scenes of Paramount's *Untamed*

IT'S absolutely the CUTEST goo-item of the month—that ducky-wucky little trick that Adrian has whipped up in advance for his baby. Or maybe we'd better say Janet Gaynor's baby, for after all, SHE's the one who's going to have it.

In June.

And Papa-to-be Adrian has topped all his previous designing inspirations by designing for the expected baby—of ALL things!—diapers with ZIPPERS!!!

Hollywood just can't WAIT....

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Miriam Hopkins and Bruce Cabot:
Dinner-twosome's becoming a habot!

■

MAKE-what-you-can-of-it note: Within 24 hours after the final divorce decree was entered between Bette Davis and "Ham" Nelson, Bette and George Brent picked a darkish corner at the Cafe LaMaze to have a so-quiet dinner together, and you couldn't have pulled a strand of spaghetti between their noses!

But—Ol' Man Tattler still lays all bets at all odds that George Brent won't marry Bette—or Greta—or anybody else, for that matter. Not for years to come, anyway.

Once upon a time, not many years ago, George broke down in a moment of confidence and told your Tattler that he'd be good an' dodgammed if he'll (a) marry before his contract with Warners' expires in 1942 or '3, or (b) marry any actress anyway. Actresses, George seems to think, are all right for EVERYthing except MARRYing.

So whenever you hear or read about any Georgebrentics with the gals, remember THAT. And don't say Tattler didn't tell you so.

■

DON'T be surprised if, by the time you read this, two Hollywood gals will be brides: Dixie Dunbar'll be Mrs. Gene Snyder (he's a producer), and Barbara Read'll be Mrs. Donald Briggs.

■

SEASON'S record in proposals has been set by Madeleine Carroll, that sexquisite honey who just divorced her English husband. Within one week after the newspapers printed the news of the divorce, Madeleine had received 274 proposals—by telephone, mail, telegraph, cable and radio!

And she said NO—274 times.

■

THIS is in the nature of a more-or-less personal memo to George Raft:

Dear George: As long as you were going to make such a public display of the way you feel about Norma Shearer, why did you get so hurt-in-the-face when I wanted to write a story about it, not so long ago? For a guy that's sensitive about getting Norma talked about, you're certainly pulling the window

[*Continued on page* 8]

During a recent winter carnival held at Lake Arrowhead, Marilyn Merrick, Warner starlet, was crowned snow queen

Bill Powell chucks single life, up and weds starlet Diana Lewis. Elopement and marriage surprised the gossipeers

CUPID'S UN-COUPLET: **Ann Sheridan and Cesar Romero Finis!! Katput!! He's got the air-o!**

■

STILL the neatest working arrangement in Hollywood is that Ginger Rogers-Lew Ayres set-up. It's a sort of insurance against further matrimonial toe-stubbing. Having decided long ago that marriages and careers don't mix, Lew and Ginger separated—but in all these years, they've never gotten a divorce.

And so they go their merry way, now and then climbing aboard the Hollywood romance merry-go-round, but always quite safe. Because no matter with whom Ginger steps out, he's gotta remember she's still married. And all of Lew's gal friends mustn't forget he's still got a wife. Cute, wot?

Most recent towsomings of the Ayreses: Lew's been nice to Greer Garson. Ginger to Walter Plunkett.

■

WONDER how long Rosalind Russell and Madeleine Carroll are going to divide Richard Halliday between them?

■

ALL this talk about Sonja Henie doing a Hollywood twosome with whoozis and whatsizname doesn't amount to a row of press-agent's asterisks. You can write it down in your little red book that EVERY romance that Sonja's been publicized into since she made her Hollywood debut has been the publicity blah—except the Ty Power affair, which scorched the edges of the little Norwegienne's heart more than a little. All the other He's you've read about in her life have been phony-romeos, as far as Sonja's real heart is concerned.

[*Continued on page* 68]

GLAMOUR'S THE WORD FOR YOU
when skin has this fragrance men love!

Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Pure instinct tells you how much more fragrant your skin can be, when bathed in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

WHEN it's a must that you be loved by a certain man, winning is twice as easy if your skin has the *fragrance* men love.

For nothing throws so much cold water on a man's desire, as an indelicate scent from your skin. In fairness to yourself, be critical of the fragrance left by your bath soap.

Go by the smell test when you buy soap to combat body odor. Instinctively you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love. A fragrance with affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume. Be radiant and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking. Use it to help reveal a smooth, exotic beauty in your neckline and shoulders.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢
Wherever fine soaps are sold

Cashmere Bouquet

Cashmere Bouquet Soap
The Fragrance Men Love

Tune In . . . WAYNE KING'S MUSIC AND SEVEN FREE DIAMOND RINGS EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, 8:30, E. S. T., COLUMBIA NETWORK

TEST
Thynmold
for 10 days
. . . at our
expense!

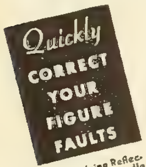
GIRDLE OR BRASSIERE may be worn separately

Appear
SLIMMER
. . . at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses *sizes smaller?* That is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES *Smoothed Out* **INSTANTLY!**

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*



BEFORE . . . A Bulging Reflection in Your Ordinary Girdle

AFTER . . . Sizes Smaller in Thynmold! No Bulges

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate...its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

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Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

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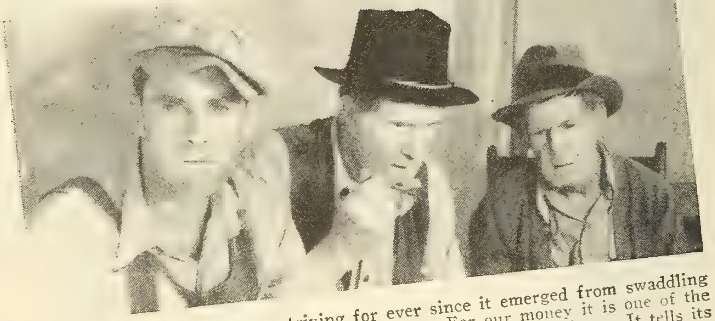
Address...................................

PICTURE PARADE

ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS—AAAA—

Robert E. Sherwood won the Pulitzer Prize last year for his *Abe Lincoln in Illinois* and while it may be too early in the year to make any predictions about the cinema's yearly award—the Academy Award—we don't see how RKO's production of Sherwood's stirring play about Honest Abe can miss. Grover Jones' adaptation follows the original religiously and with Raymond Massey continuing his superb portrayal of Lincoln on the screen the result is every bit as striking. Being a biographical play it relies almost entirely upon the performance of the player in the title role. His portrayal of Lincoln will probably be remembered as one of the finest characterizations of the great humanitarian drawn on stage or screen. Also earning encomiums are Gene Lockhart for his Stephen Douglas, Ruth Gordon for her Mary Todd, Mary Howard for her Ann Rutledge. While this gives the story of Lincoln from his young manhood to his departure from Springfield for the White House it also carries a strong message—and a timely one—on Americanism. But how could one draw a portrait of Lincoln and escape that? Don't forget to take the children.—*RKO.*

THE GRAPES OF WRATH—AAAA—



What the screen has been striving for ever since it emerged from swaddling clothes has been achieved here—stark realism. For our money it is one of the few great pictures of all time. No sops are thrown to conventions. It tells its story as graphically, as humanly, as pointedly as Steinbeck wrote it, minus his pungent dialogue. And yet the dialogue is entirely appropriate as expressed by the migratory workers—looking for the Promised Land once they leave their broken homes for California. And the theme—the great tragic note sings its song relentlessly, embroidered with realistic touches—even to the daybreak calls of crickets, frogs—and the symphonies that greet anyone in the open spaces. It is a masterpiece of direction and photography. The salient points of the story bore in—and you become a part of the action. In fact you *are* a Joad and living a Joad's hopes and dreams and sorrow and disillusionment. And from the time Tom walks from prison at the beginning into a breaking dawn until he leaves his family and steps again into a breaking dawn you are gripped by the futility of their lives. It is marvelously cast, perfectly acted. The movies have grown up with *The Grapes of Wrath.* We warn you—don't miss it.—*20th Century-Fox.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

THE Hollywood glamor gals seem to be out-glamming their reputations with the clothes they're wearing these winter nights . . . It's been a long time since I've seen so many jewels and such dressy-looking outfits as I've noted at the many premieres, hotel openings and nighteries these past few weeks . . . But in all this confusion of diamonds, ermine and velvet, Norma Shearer takes my prize for "tops" this month with the sheer *simplicity* of the gown and wrap she wore to a picture premiere 'tother night . . . I always have a heck of a time describing Norma's clothes, because she never goes for the more "gaggy" type of things that my typewriter eats up . . . All I can say is, that over a clinging trained gown of soft white crepe, Norma wore a hip-length swagger coat of gold lame . . . Elbow-length gloves of the same gold material completed her outfit . . . That's all there was, but the utter plainness of it had more than one feminine head turned in envy . . .

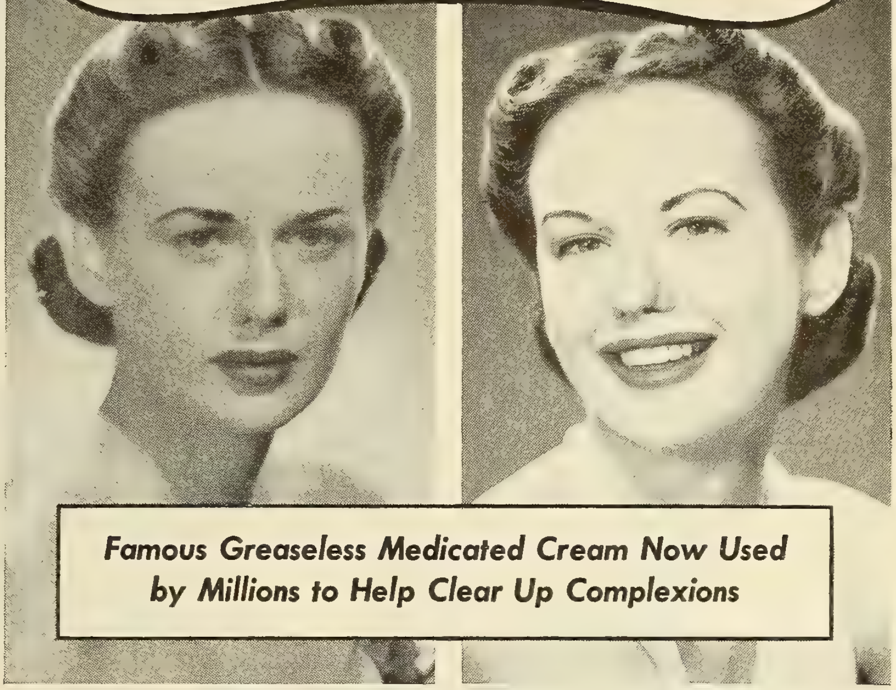
REMEMBER last month I told you how popular silk jersey was becoming? Well, don't forget things like that, 'cause just the other night I saw Muriel Angelus in a midnight blue gown of this material . . . Her gown followed the newest fashion theory of "cover up" with its long fitted sleeves and high draped neckline . . . A brief apron peplum effect in front was accented with brilliant colored pailettes in an all-over design . . . And in line with the times, Muriel wore a matching wrapped turban which completely concealed her hair . . . The two-piece evening gown is still popular, thank goodness! . . . Don't know what I'd do if it went out of style —it's so simple to buy a new blouse and sash for last year's skirt! . . . Claudette Colbert was dancing a few evenings ago in a soft crepe gown made with a shocking pink blouse and *very* bouffant skirt of a Burgundy color . . . The same night I saw Lillian Cornell in a taffeta-and-flannel version of the same style . . . Lillian's full skirt was a vivid plaid taffeta in shades of red and blue . . . Her blouse was tailored of white flannel and embroidered with gold sequins . . . Just to look around that dance floor, you would think diamonds had just been discovered . . . Never have I seen so many of them loose at one time . . . Paulette Goddard wore a diamond clip in her hair which seemed to catch all the lights in the room . . . Gail Patrick's black taffeta strapless gown was accented with diamond earrings and pendant . . . Sally Eilers wore a white jersey (there it is again) gown, the neck of which was fastened with diamond clips . . . Dottie Lamour had on diamond earrings in the shape of starfish . . . When I told her my eyes were practically dazzled by so much high-powered jewelry, Dottie told me she had a necklace she would like me to see . . . Made of moonstones, diamonds and rubies set in platinum, it can be taken apart and worn as a clip and two bracelets . . . She also told me she had a *hobby* of collecting diamonds.

I USED to go for butterflies and I know a guy who collects stamps . . . But diamonds! ! . . . Right then I decided that what I needed was a vacation, so next day I was off for Palm Springs and got some swell looks at resort clothes for you . . . The smartest trick at the Springs was the white linen slack suit with the reversible jacket which Isabel Jewell wore . . . The little jacket was made of woven bamboo and lined with green Chinese silk . . . Isabel told me that over wet beach clothes she wore the jacket wrong-side-to, and over slacks she wore it with the bamboo side out . . . It would also make a grand jacket for a sports dress . . . You don't have to worry about there being many drastic changes in resort wear this season . . . The favorite is still the slack suit, and your own imagination is still the limit.

THERE is quite a bit of accent on the waistline of slacks this season . . . Ann Rutherford was soaking in the desert sun dressed in high-waisted navy flannel slacks, with wide cummerbund-type of belt . . . Ann's slacks were very full, the unpressed pleats giving an almost skirt-like appearance to the trousers . . . She wore a crimson crew-neck sweater, and just in case the desert night got *too* cool, carried a knee-length, double-breasted reefer of navy wool lined with red . . . This navy, red, and white is just as popular in sports clothes this year as it was last.

Mlle. Chic

POOR COMPLEXION?



Famous Greaseless Medicated Cream Now Used by Millions to Help Clear Up Complexions

If your skin is coarse or rough—if externally caused blemishes spoil the natural beauty of your complexion—if you long for a clearer, softer skin—try this famous *medicated* Beauty Cream.

Nurses first discovered how wonderful Noxzema was for chapped hands—and how it helped clear up so many Poor Complexions, aiding in restoring skin to normal, healthy beauty. Today over 15,000,000 jars are used yearly *all over the world!*

How it works—Noxzema helps soften and smooth rough skin. Its soothing medication relieves most skin irritations—helps more quickly heal externally caused blemishes and chapped, weather-roughened complexions. Use it as a Night Cream—massaging it into the pores. *Feel* how it soothes and refreshes. It's snow-white, *greaseless*—a real pleasure to use! In the morning rinse your face thoroughly with cold water and apply a thin film of Noxzema as a protective Powder Base. It's a grand day-long foundation for make-up.

What women write

"The improvement in my skin since using your miracle cream is almost unbelievable. *Blemishes* and large pores are disappearing* and my skin is smoother than ever before."—*Mrs. Hazel Miles, Attica, N.Y.*
*externally caused

"I used to be troubled with *blackheads,*† but since using Noxzema as a Night Cream they've disappeared completely. And it also helped reduce my enlarged pores."—*Mrs. Carl Nigro, Omaha, Neb.*
†Noxzema retards formation of blackheads

"I've been using Noxzema as a Night Cream and Powder Base for only a short time, but what a wonderful change it has made. Blemishes are disappearing and *my skin is lots smoother.*"—*Mrs. Ella Muender, Hales Corners, Wis.*

"All winter long I've been ashamed of my '*sandpaper hands.*' My regular hand lotion and several others I tried helped not at all. The first time I tried Noxzema the roughness started to go and in two days my hands were as soft as when I did no housework at all."—*Mrs. Warren P. Eldridge, West Somerville, Mass.*

Limited time offer

For a limited time you can get this generous trial size jar of Noxzema for only 19¢. See if Noxzema can't help solve *your* skin problems. Get a jar *today.* At all drug and department stores.

Chapped Hands Are Cut Hands

Red, rough Chapped Hands *need* medication. Smooth Noxzema into the tiny cuts and cracks. *Feel* the immediate soothing relief—*see* how Noxzema helps restore hands to normal, soft white loveliness. It's not sticky! Not greasy!

25¢ JAR ONLY 19¢

NEW BIG 25¢ JAR Special 19¢
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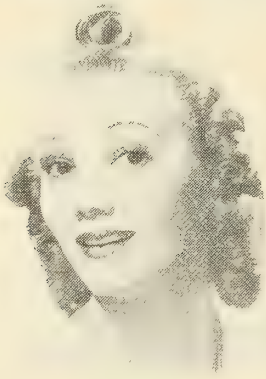
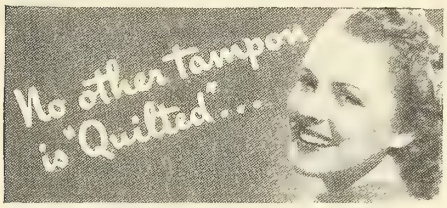
I'm "Choosey"

...and here's why I choose

FIBS* THE KOTEX* TAMPON



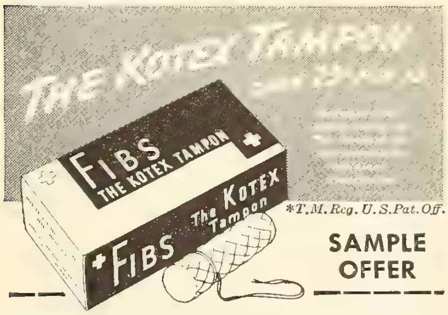
The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features,* is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Because of the rounded top *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!* A Kotex product, Fibs merit your confidence!


No other tampon is "Quilted"...

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues.

Absorbs faster than cotton!

Made of Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) which absorbs far more quickly than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a *full dozen.* Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.



*T.M. Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

SAMPLE OFFER

FIBS—Room 1400A, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago.
I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

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Address ______________________________

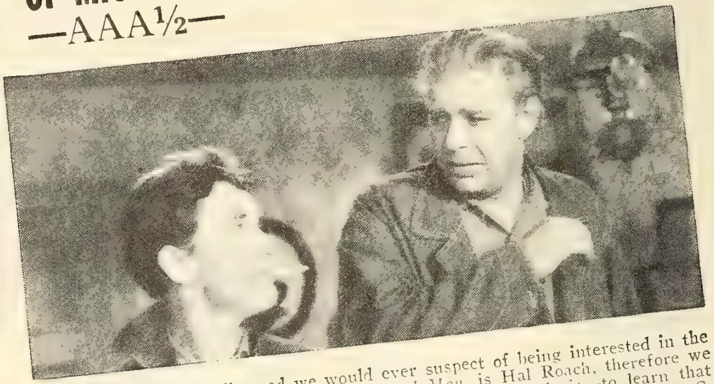
City ________________ *State* ______________

PICTURE PARADE

THE SHOP AROUND THE CORNER—AAA½—

Whether you are out shopping for a movie or not, we urge you to drop in and take a look at *The Shop Around the Corner.* Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are the proprietors but it's Ernst Lubitsch, the director, and Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, Sara Haden, Felix Bressart, William Tracy and Inez Courtney, the staff, who make your visit such a delightful one. The "Shop" is in Budapest, the little Paris of the Balkans (and from what we hear from our traveler-friends every bit as romantic as the one in France) and it's intimate—both as to size and personnel—but just you ask for anything—romance, comedy, drama—and *The Shop Around the Corner* has it. Samson Raphaelson saw to that when he wrote the screen play which is based on an original by Nikolaus Laszlo. Jimmy Stewart and Margaret Sullavan work together and not too well (demands of the plot) but *how* they love each other is what really makes this romantic comedy so charming—that and Mr. Lubitsch's famous touches. We're sure you'll agree with us that your visit to *The Shop Around the Corner* was very enjoyable.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

OF MICE AND MEN —AAA½—



The last man in Hollywood we would ever suspect of being interested in the screen rights to the prize play, *Of Mice and Men,* is Hal Roach, therefore we shouldn't have been so surprised—Hollywood being what it is—to learn that Mr. Roach had secured the movie rights from Sam H. Harris and George S. Kaufman and was producing the screen version of John Steinbeck's unhappy story of an overgrown imbecile and his pal. Should you wonder at our expression of surprise let us remind you that this is the *same* Mr. Roach who earned his reputation producing comedies like *Topper,* etc. But now we admit we'll never be surprised again at anything Mr. Roach does for while *Of Mice and Men* has lost some of its rawness in its transition from stage to screen it has lost none of its pungency and remains a sympathetic but deeply stirring psychological study of human nature. Burgess Meredith as *George,* Lon Chaney, Jr., as *Lennie,* Betty Field as *Mae,* Roman Bohnen as *Candy* are splendid and Charles Bickford as *Slim* and Bob Steele as *Curley* also add fine support to this stark drama.—*United Artists.*

[*Continued on page* 60]

Ingrid Bergman, who returned to Sweden after finishing *Intermezzo*—to spend holidays with family, smiles her prettiest to be back to continue her career

sonality to be dropped without a struggle . . . Only the day before her Chicago wedding, Jane was telling the newspaper folk that she was through with romance for a long time.

HOLLYWOOD ON THE LOOSE: The Beachcombers, patterned after the popular Hollywood rendezvous of the same name, opened its doors to a packed crowd . . . It's informal and intimate and you really rub elbows with your favorite star . . . Betty Grable put in an appearance with Phil Silvers, young comedian just signed by M-G-M . . . Betty's head hasn't been turned by the attentions of the local boys . . . she's waiting for Artie Shaw to return from Mexico . . . Louella Parsons ("our darling Lolly" to her Hollywood pals) and her troupe, Arleen Whelan, Susan Hayward, and June Preisser, held court at a table . . . Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman were too tired to join the party . . . after a morning of sightseeing . . . their first trip to town . . . and four shows a day at Loew's State . . . At The Colony: An increasingly popular luncheon spot with the visiting cinema celebs . . . very expensive and very exclusive! . . . Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone . . . doing the usual Joan-Tone act . . . holding hands, gazing raptly into each other's orbs and showing off their best camera angles . . . Joan looks lovelier than ever . . . The Rainbow Room: The New York Critics' Circle threw a grand cocktail party, announcing their awards for the best picture and best performances of the year . . . No one agreed, but it was fun . . . Sam Goldwyn made a modest speech accepting praise for *Wuthering Heights* . . . Vivien Leigh was wired in over the air from Hollywood . . . and Jimmy Stewart did a scene from *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington.* Swell as Jimmy was, Robert Donat should have received acclaim for *Mr. Chips* . . . Joan put in an appearance only to hurry away to the party Tallulah Bankhead and John Emery were giving for her at their apartment . . . Joan and Tallulah have become close friends, Stork Clubbing several nights in a row . . . The critics' party made up for

[*Continued on page* 61]

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Miss Elizabeth Stuyvesant Fish, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish of Washington, D. C., is a popular debutante. Here, she and some of her deb friends primp between dances.

Making Her Debut

Miss Janet Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, has been working for almost two years in one of Cleveland's leading department stores—is ambitious to be a buyer some day.

Writing Sales Slip

BUT BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN FRESH AND YOUNG LOOKING WITH POND'S

Washington's smart young people take an active interest in national affairs. Miss Fish shows out-of-town guests some of the city's historic landmarks.

QUESTION TO MISS FISH:

Miss Fish, when do you believe a girl should begin guarding her complexion with regular care?

ANSWER: "The younger the better! I think if you want a nice skin when you're older, you *have* to take care of it when you're young. That's why I began using Pond's 2 Creams when I reached my 'teens. Every girl wants a lovely complexion! Using both Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream every day helps to keep *mine* clear."

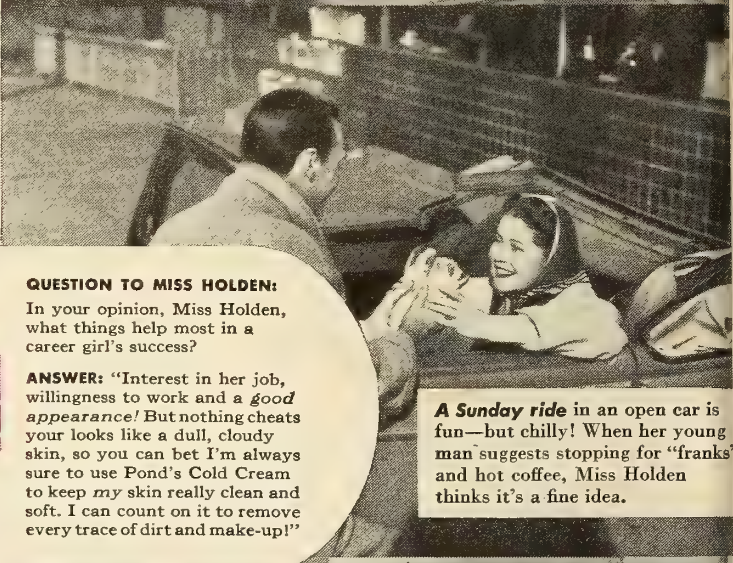
QUESTION TO MISS FISH:

Would you describe what each Pond's Cream does for your skin, Miss Fish?

ANSWER: "Yes, of course. Every morning and evening I use Pond's Cold Cream to freshen up my face. These regular cleansings help keep my skin looking soft and healthy. Pond's Vanishing Cream serves an entirely different purpose. I use it before powdering to give my skin a soft finish that holds powder smoothly for hours."

POND'S
COLD CREAM FOR
Cleansing
POND'S
VANISHING CREAM FOR
Finishing

Life for a Washington debutante means a constant round of parties—this spring Miss Fish is having the busiest season she has ever known.



A Sunday ride in an open car is fun—but chilly! When her young man suggests stopping for "franks" and hot coffee, Miss Holden thinks it's a fine idea.

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:

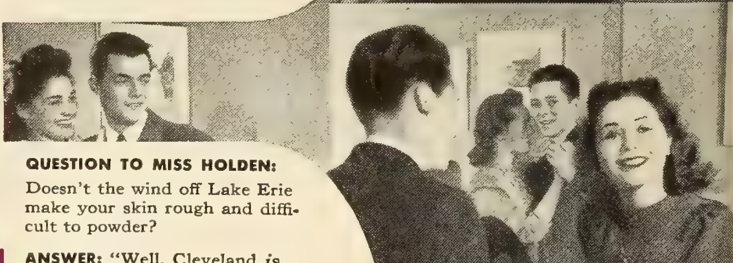
In your opinion, Miss Holden, what things help most in a career girl's success?

ANSWER: "Interest in her job, willingness to work and a *good appearance!* But nothing cheats your looks like a dull, cloudy skin, so you can bet I'm always sure to use Pond's Cold Cream to keep *my* skin really clean and soft. I can count on it to remove every trace of dirt and make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS HOLDEN:

Doesn't the wind off Lake Erie make your skin rough and difficult to powder?

ANSWER: "Well, Cleveland *is* mighty breezy, but little skin roughnesses don't worry me a bit. I just use another Pond's Cream to help smooth them away . . . by that I mean Pond's Vanishing Cream. And besides smoothing and protecting my skin, it's perfect for powder base and overnight cream because it's absolutely non-greasy!"



Miss Holden entertains. The rugs are rolled back, she takes her turn at changing the records, and it's "on with the dance" to the tune of the latest swing!

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVD, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough f 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond's Va ishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Cream (quicke melting cleansing cream), and 5 different shades Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postag and packing.

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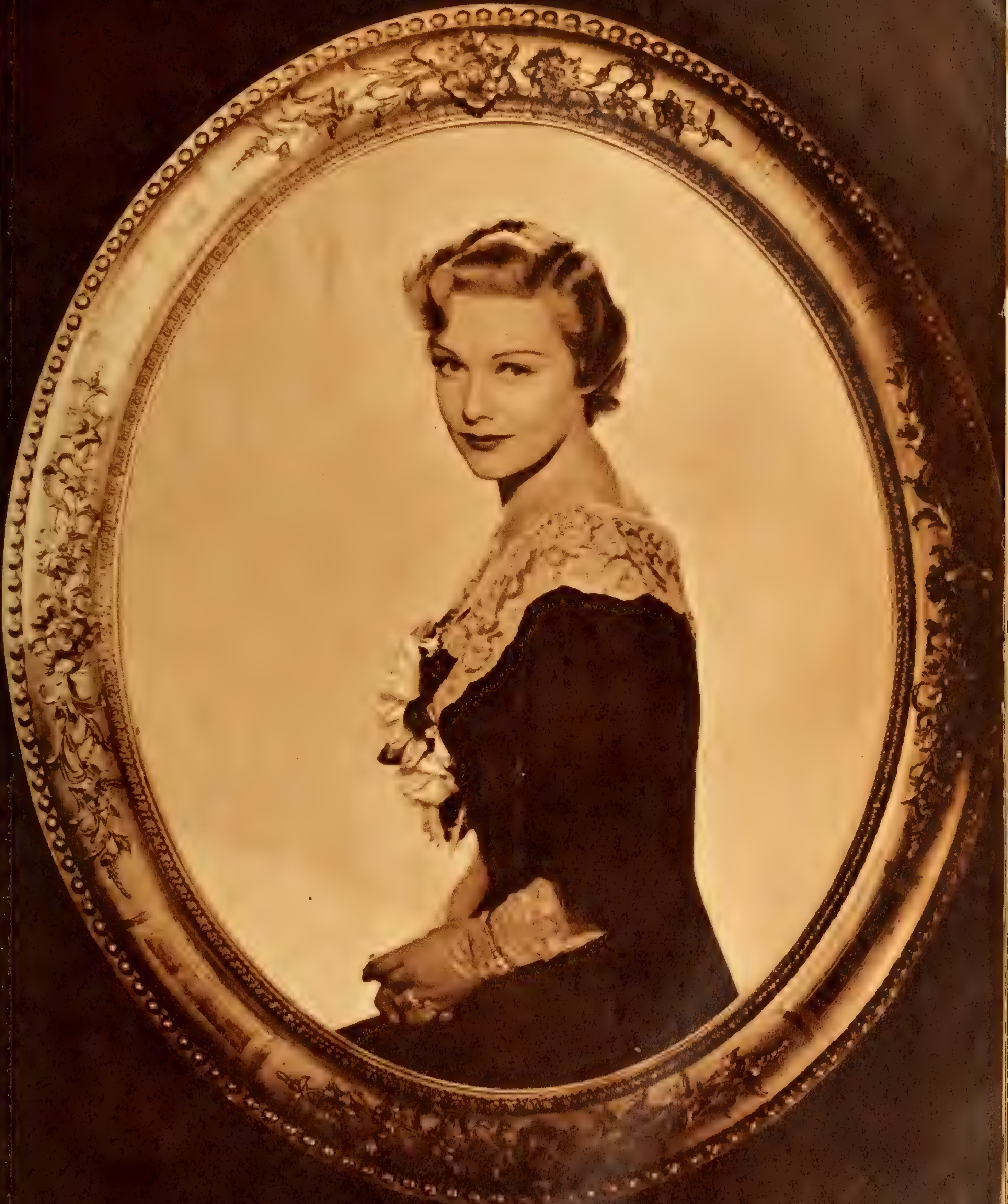


Madeleine Carroll

When you see Madeleine the beloved of Brian Aherne in *My Son, My Son*, you'll be calling her . . . My Girl, My Girl

THE IDOL OF THE MOMENT

By
FRANK T. FARRELL

(New York World-Telegram Drama Editor and Staff Writer)

As things are developing now, Laurence Olivier knows Vivien Leigh quite well. One of these days when things get settled with present mates they intend to wed

IF YOU DON'T THINK THAT THE TALL, DARK LAURENCE OLIVIER IS THE IDOL OF THE MOMENT IN HOLLYWOOD, THEN STOP SOME PRETTY LITTLE THING AT THE NEXT STREET CORNER AND ASK HER

THE male animal will be slightly alarmed to discover that, if he is to have any victims among the female of the species this season, he will have to imitate a new type of leading man. For, unbelievable as it may seem, the god of the moment in Hollywood is not Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant, Robert Taylor, Charles Boyer, David Niven or Tyrone Power. No, nor is it Clark Gable who so virilely seized *Scarlett,* dashed up all those steps to the *Butler* boudoir and left her wincing with delight the morning after.

No, it's a tall, dark, rather dour-faced Englishman whose name meant little in these columns a year ago—it's Laurence Olivier. And if you don't believe it's Laurence Olivier, stop some pretty little thing at the next street corner and ask her.

In all fairness to Nelson Eddy, Boris Karloff, Wallace Beery and the candidates previously mentioned, we asked a few pretty little things, and our confirmation couldn't have been more complete if we got anointed and a middle name with their answers.

Twentieth Century-Fox's beauteous Nancy Kelly sparkled at the opportunity to make known her secret aspiration. She split her inner devotion between Laurence Olivier and

[*Continued on page* 58]

THE WORLD'S NUMBER ONE HERO

By
DAN
CAMP

HOLLYWOOD'S LEADING MEN, GLAMOR BOYS CAN HAVE THEIR SEX-APPEAL AND GLAMOR GIRLS BUT COWBOY STAR, GENE AUTRY, WILL TAKE HIS HOSS AND 40,000 FAN LETTERS A MONTH. THAT MAKES HIM THE WORLD'S HERO

A GUY who chews gum ALL the time, doesn't own either a dress-suit or a turtle-neck sweater, and has never kissed a glamor girl (either on the screen or off it!) is the Number One movie hero of the world today, if you can believe his fan mail . . . !

He isn't a foreigner, either. He's right here in Hollywood, making movies practically every day. And to make it even sillier, the chances are pretty fair, my Dear Reader, that YOU have never seen him on the screen!—if you're one of that vast army of movie fans who go to the so-called "key" theatres, the big screen houses, then it's almost a cinch you haven't seen him. But you will; believe me, you WILL ! ! !

And when you do, you'll understand why forty thousand loyal and rabid fans a month, all over this world, write letters to Gene Autry, the "hoss-opera hero" who makes every other Hollywood leading man and glamor-boy look like an abandoned dill pickle when it comes to fan-worship.

Gene Autry is a cowboy star, and nothing else but. He works 24 hours a day, seven days a week, fifty-two weeks a year at being a cowboy star, and let the Clark Gables and the Bill Powells and the Brian Ahernes have their sex-appeal and their glamor girls; Gene'll take his hoss . . . !

Sure, let Clark Gable have Lombard. Let Bill Powell take Myrna Loy, and let Brian Aherne have Joan Fontaine and the whole Folies Bergere chorus thrown in too, if he wants it. But give Gene Autry his hoss, his guitar, his chewing gum, his 40,000 fan letters a month, and his cowboy clothes, and the world's oke. Above all, his cowboy clothes—and there's a story in that.

YOU see, Gene Autry, like everybody else, was a kid once. And when he was a kid, he was simply nuts about a movie hero. Gene's movie hero was, as you might easily have guessed, a cowboy star.

[*Continued on page* 66]

Ann Sheridan

When Ann was chosen as The Oomph Girl she thought it was just a dream, but now she tells you *It All Came True*

UNMASKING

Louis Hayward!

By

TEMPLE CRANE

THE MAN BEHIND "THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK" IS UNMASKED AND STANDS FORTH AN ACTOR WHO HAS HIT HIS STRIDE THRU BELIEVING IN HIMSELF. YOU'LL SEE HIM IN "MY SON, MY SON!"

LOUIS HAYWARD knew the desire to act before he learned to walk. Naturally at that time he had very little to say in the matter, so he carefully considered the wishes of his parents and under their supervision learned the fine art of putting one foot in front of the other. It was all rather prosaic business for one who knew he was born to be an actor. But Louis learned to look upon it as a valuable lesson in the virtue of patience.

What Louis did not realize was that his patience would be tested for some twenty-odd years. Meanwhile, ever nurturing his histrionic desires, Louis attended to such minor details as school, hunting lions in South Africa, and becoming a proficient athlete.

His acting debut occurred in his twentieth year—not in London, nor in the provinces. He chose Campere, France, for this important event. Here with the village as his setting—the sky as a proscenium arch and passers-by for his audience, Louis Hayward acted for the first time—on the street. No, he did not stop traffic with a loud-voiced recitation of Hamlet's *Soliloquy*. Louis was more subtle. Frequently approached by English tourists seeking information, he would answer them in a strong French accent. He pretended to speak and understand very little English. Everyone was fooled. Delighted, Hayward knew he was an actor.

Impulsive, enthusiastic and young, Louis knew that something would have to be done about his long-cherished desire to act. With a fictitious sick aunt as an ally, Louis freed himself from his minor job in Campere to return to his native England.

In London, Louis made the rounds of agents and managers—determined to be neither awed nor frightened by the ominous reports he had heard concerning the infrequent opportunities available to fledgling actors. At long last Louis connected with a company about to tour the provinces. He toured and toured—always hoping to reach that mecca of all English actors—London's West End.

Says Louis, "It was Gerald Du Maurier who gave me my first hope of a part in a London show. I was to have played in *The Pelican*. But Derek Williams got the part. Later a chance came for a role in *The Breadwinner*—a younger gaga brother sort of thing that would have created [*Continued on page* 81]

I FACED HOLLYWOOD'S TEMPTATIONS

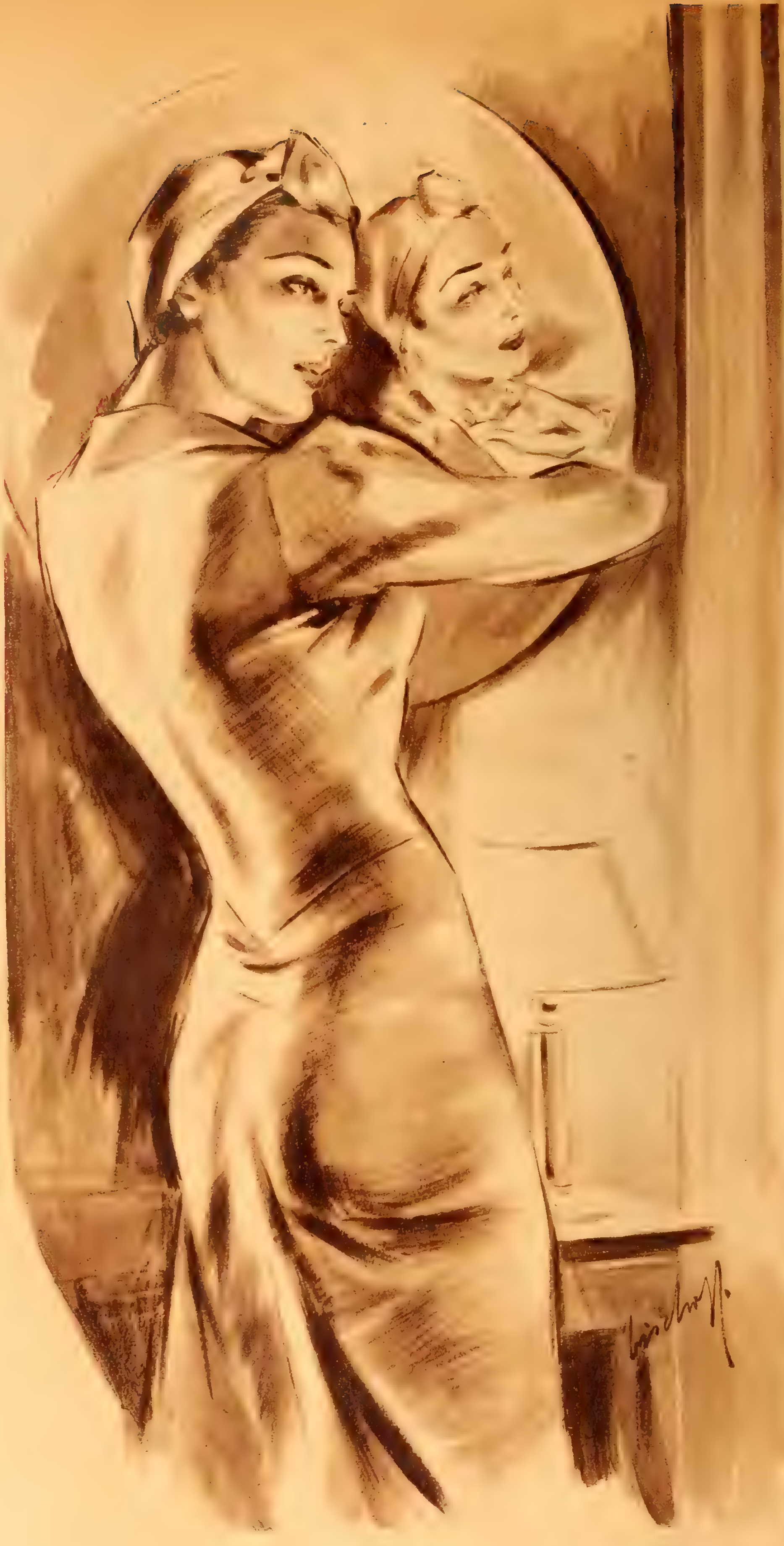
NOT EVERYTHING A GIRL HAS TO DO IN HOLLYWOOD IS WRITTEN INTO HER CONTRACT. AS FOR THIS PARTICULAR GIRL WHO PREFERS TO REMAIN ANONYMOUS, SHE TELLS HER STORY IN THE HOPE IT WILL OPEN THE EYES OF OTHER GIRLS WHO FEEL THE LURE OF HOLLYWOOD AND ITS MOVIES

—*EDITOR*

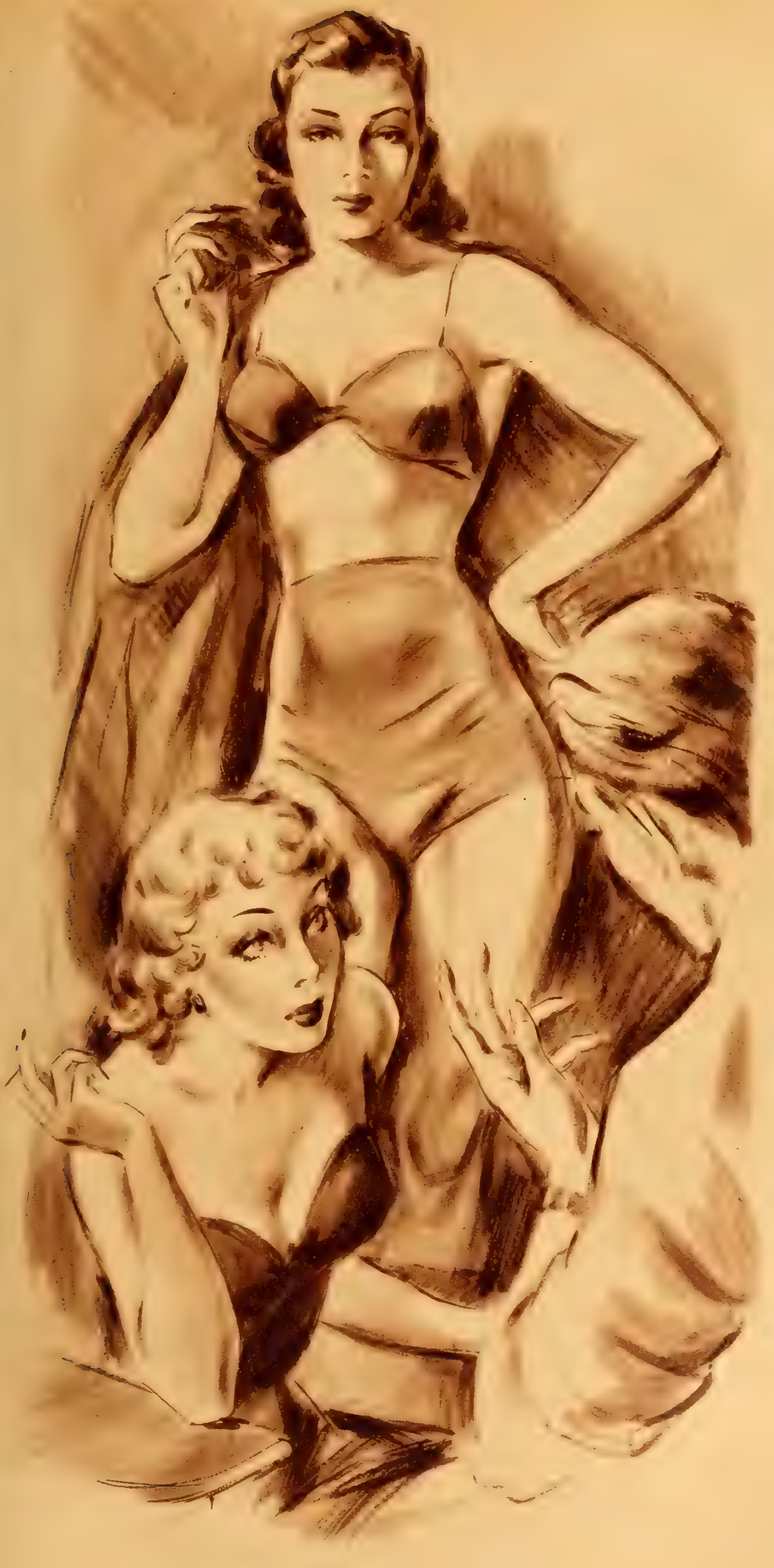
MY STORY starts at the wrong end, so to speak. Most of it unfolds backwards. But so do so many, many untold stories of Hollywood. That's why it is called heart-break town; because the goal that thousands struggle to reach so often turns out to be a "not a through street" sign, leaving them stranded at a dead end. Then they give up, or go back and start all over again, as I did.

No—I'm not giving my plot away. It has been exposed too many times in the life stories of our stars and in the tragic court records of Los Angeles for me to worry about a surprise ending. And it is too packed with things a girl should know about the movies for me to worry about interest and suspense.

Although not anxious to recall its de-



At the far end of the reception room was a mirror that intrigued me. Reaching it, I couldn't help seeing through an open door and overhearing what was



going on in a small rehearsal room. Apparently an instructor was giving some last minute advice to two girls just prior to their leaving for a job

tails, I want to tell my story in the hope that it will open the eyes of other girls who are feeling the lure of the movies—and give them a glimpse of Hollywood "angles" their imagination cannot conceive. I'd like to prepare them for the sort of disappointments and temptations that came my way—and that may come theirs. Because I've discovered that temptation is as big as a girl is desperate—or lonely—or hungry. And as dangerous as she is unprepared, or gullible.

I'll let others tell of their struggles to "crash" pictures, of the wiles and tricks they had to practice to get Guild cards and a chance to work as extras—and of what it means to be alone and friendless in the tinsel-covered, sponge-rubber heart of Hollywood.

My story starts in fools' paradise—at the end of the rainbow where so many millions think fame and fortune begin—in the motion picture studio test stage. But first I must tell how I got there.

My break came back in Chicago when the manager of a big movie house who had seen me in amateur theatricals got a studio to have one of its talent scouts drop off to see me on his way west. This scout, who had the manner of always running for a train, rushed me to a photograph studio and had pictures made of me from every angle.

"No retouching," he warned the photographer. "And air mail us the negatives. We'll make our own prints."

Later, he explained to me. "If there's anything wrong with the way you photograph," he said, "I'd rather find it out while you're here than after you get to Hollywood. Save us both a lot of grief. I like to let casting see for themselves—before I build up somebody's hopes and send her on a long trip that will only end in disappointment."

Then he had me sign an agreement that his studio should have first chance to test me and put me under contract in case they brought me to Hollywood.

"And now," he said in way of parting, "you'd better forget all about it. You may never hear from us again. Nine out of ten don't."

But I did. Within a week I received a telegram instructing me to pick up my expense money at the local film exchange and report at the studio as soon as possible.

That's how it happened that two weeks later I was one of a half-dozen girls gathered in the most jealously-guarded spot in one of Hollywood's major studios—the testing stage. Girls who believed they were facing the ultimate answer to their hopes, the magic "Open Sesame" to glittering success. The subdued excitement: the [*Continued on page 62*]

DOUG SIZES UP HOLLYWOOD

By LEON SURMELIAN

YOU'LL SEE MANY CHANGES IN HOLLYWOOD—SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC—TWO YEARS FROM NOW. DOUG, LIKE A PROPHET, PEERS INTO THE FUTURE AND GIVES YOU THE LOWDOWN

IN THE salons of Beverly Hills, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., gives the lowdown on the war situation and the diplomatic chess game behind it. He has golfed across the English landscape with lords and dukes, and is on terms of conversational intimacy with political bigwigs—Chamberlain, Churchill, Anthony Eden—as well as with many business and professional men.

And it is no secret out here that he has important Washington connections, is a friend of President Roosevelt, Secretary of State Cordell Hull, etc. (I'm afraid he will squirm when he reads this. So much nonsense has been written about his going Mayfair, as if he will collapse if anybody below the rank of marquis talked to him. Doug, take my word for it, is a regular guy.)

He has a knack for political cracks, a brilliant mind, and charm. Sartorially speaking, he looks as if he has just stepped out of the pages of a novel by his pal, Michael Arlen. He has made himself popular on both sides of the Atlantic, with the high and the low. The Governor General of Canada may entertain him as his personal guest, and the Dukes of Kent, Windsor and Gloucester may be more than nodding acquaintances of his, but he rates mighty well with the rank and file, too.

And so the other day I asked him how the war is changing Hollywood, and what this town will be like, say two years from now.

I was waiting for him in his portable dressing-room on the set of *Safari* at Paramount, where he is being co-starred with Madeleine Carroll, in one of those love-and-adventure-in-Africa photodramas. The dressing-room was just a shabby cubby-hole, with room enough for a couch and a chair. Papers and magazines were everywhere, for Doug does considerable reading.

He came in as a strapping khaki-clad warrior, with a Hollywood bandana knotted at his throat, walking in that resilient long-legged gait of his. His handshake is firm and cordial. He threw himself onto the couch, flung off his military hat, and lit a cigarette.

"Every major event has its repercussions," he said. He is not slangy and habitually expresses himself [*Continued on page* 83]

Ginger Rogers, America's sweetheart, enters MOTION PICTURE'S gallery of beautiful, exclusive color portraits. Having established herself as a dramatic actress of first-rank, Ginger will next appear—opposite Joel McCrea—in *The Primrose Path*. Next month—the May issue—MOTION PICTURE will feature another one of these gorgeous color portraits, free of printed matter and on heavy stock. It will be of another one of your favorites—Errol Flynn

BOGEY MAN!

By

GLADYS HALL

TRAPPING HUMPHREY BOGART, THE BIG, BAD VILLAIN IN HIS DEN, YOU FIND HIS WIFE MAKES HIM OUT A LAMB IN WOLF'S CLOTHING. . . . A FERDINAND THE BULL. BUT BOGEY CAN TAKE IT

IT GETS so *tiresome*, the jolly clown with the old, breaking heart; the suave leading man who turns out to be just a small town boy at heart; the hard-berled villain with a lollipop for a heart . . . ALL of them with hearts. Hearts and Flowers! Surely there must be some tumbleweed of a buffoon with a heart that rollicks as he frolics, some suave leading man with city slicker morals, some villain who would drown little kittens and do a damsel dirt?

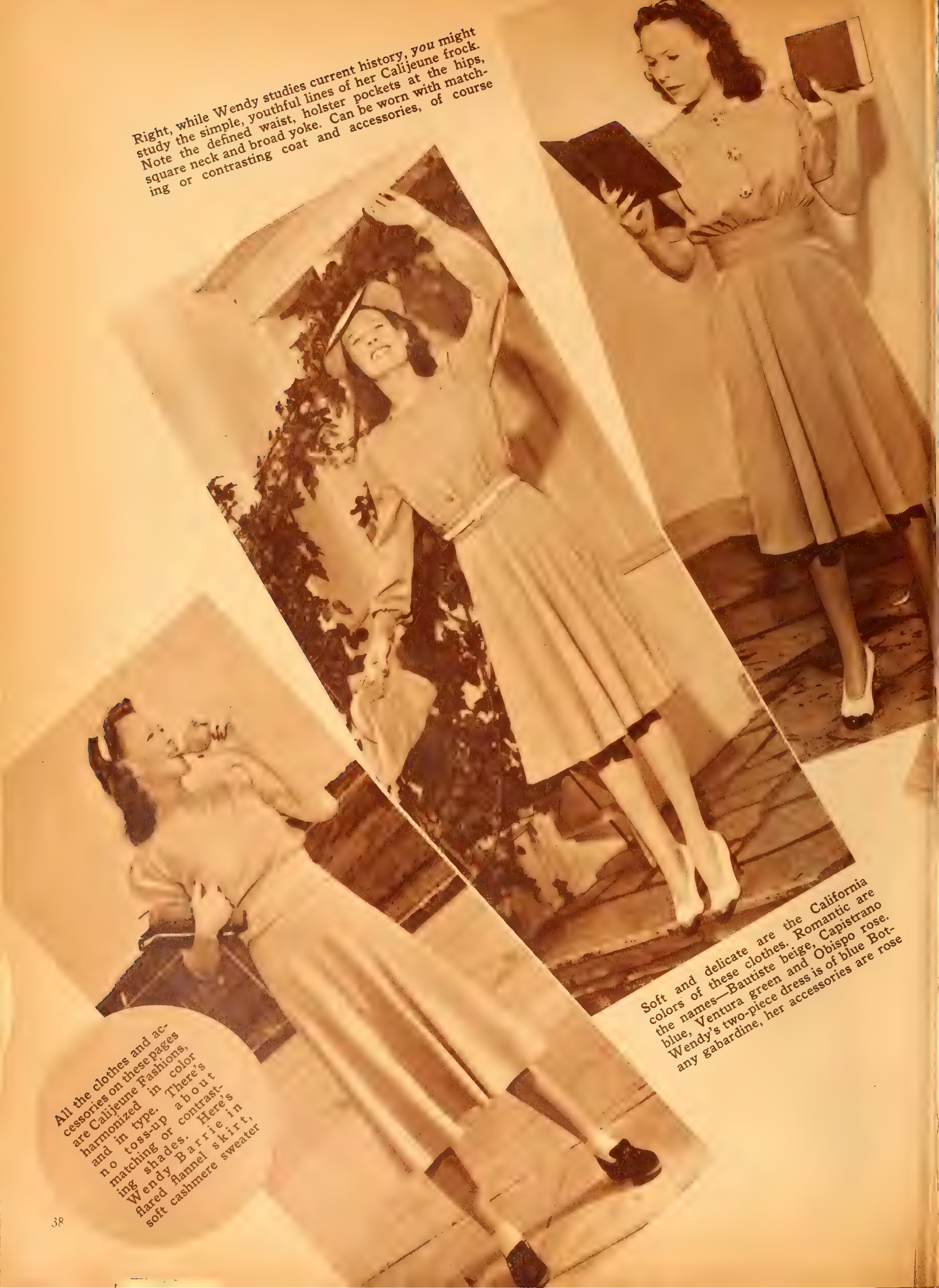
It seemed an experiment in human behavior worth the trying, anyway. So, having decided on Humphrey Bogart as our clinical guinea pig, we laid a trap. We would go to his home, unexpected, uninvited, on a sudden afternoon. No studio interview, this. For in the studio Bogey might be on guard, might be talking for the Press, doing the pretty-pretty. At home, he might be off guard, revealing his colors as Black, his standard as Sin. We might deceive the deceiver into talking to us as just a friend, paying a social call.

And so we rolled up to the Bogart home atop a hillside in Hollywood. The home Bogey bought for Mayo Methot, his bride. The only home Bogey has ever owned, furnished and, I am afraid, loved. Everyone calls him Bogey here in Hollywood, by the way. Bogey, short for Bogart—not for Bogeyman.

Bogey was in the garden, a hose in his hand. Also, he was cussing. Well, anyway, he was muttering to himself and the expression in his dark eyes indicated that he was not saying nursery rhymes. This looked promising.

As I came closer I heard him snarl, "I'll fix him, I'll fix Bunky!" . . . and then he saw me, nodded hospitably toward the open front door told me to go right in, Mayo was there, she'd be glad to see me, he'd be right back . . . and then he hoofed it down the hill, hose in hand, in his [*Continued on page* 70]

Right, while Wendy studies current history, *you* might study the simple, youthful lines of her Calijeune frock. Note the defined waist, holster pockets at the hips, square neck and broad yoke. Can be worn with matching or contrasting coat and accessories, of course

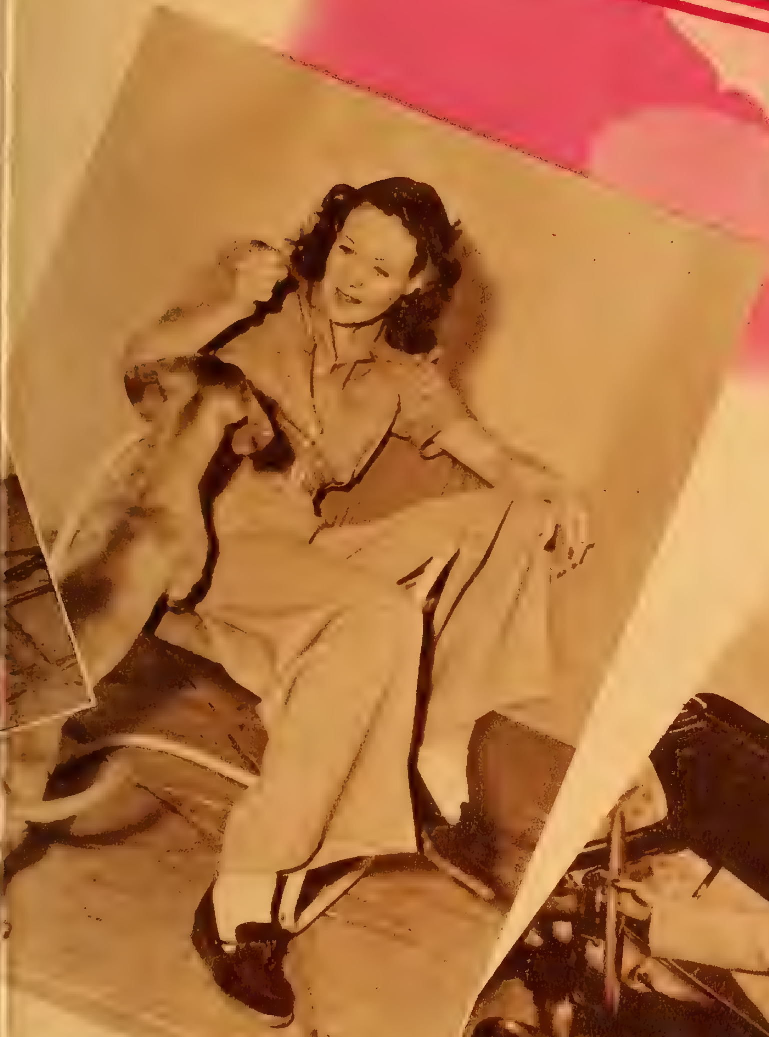


Soft and delicate are the California colors of these clothes. Romantic are the names—Bautiste beige, Capistrano blue, Ventura green and Obispo rose. Wendy's two-piece dress is of blue Botany gabardine, her accessories are rose

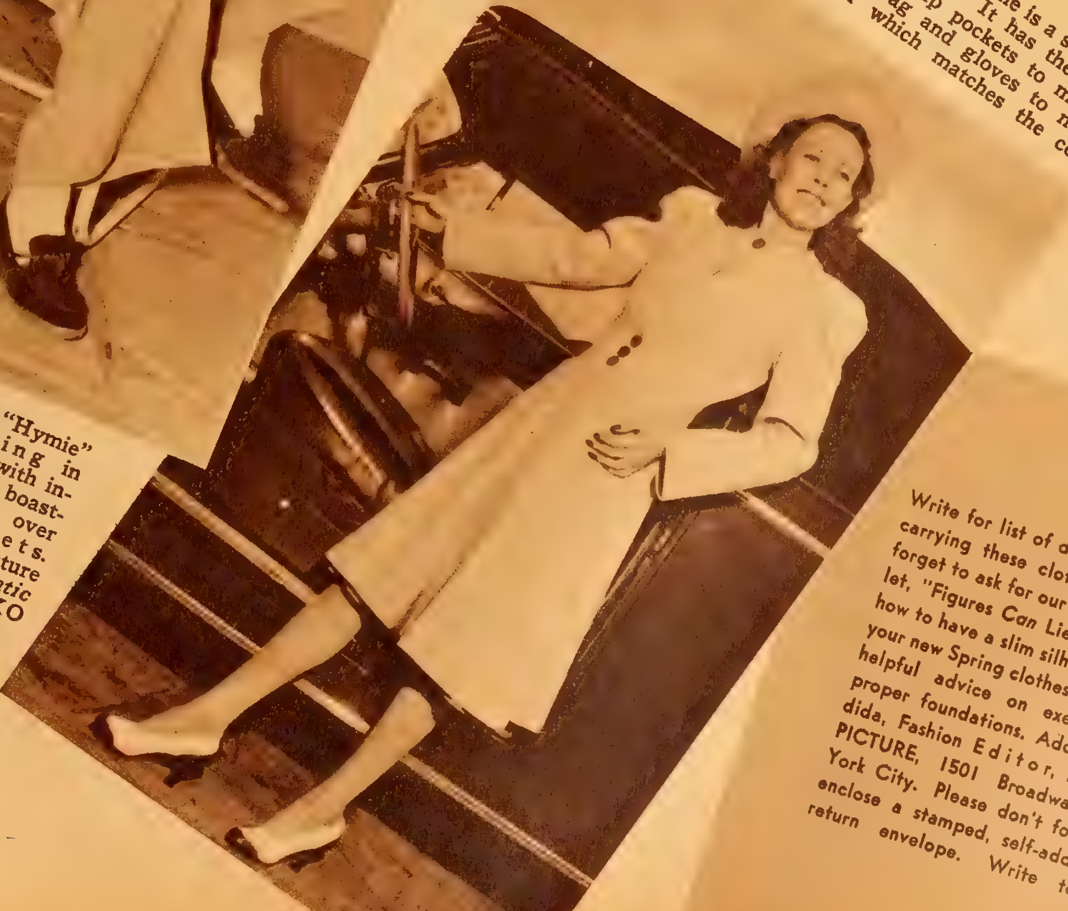
All the clothes and accessories on these pages are Calijeune Fashions, harmonized in color and in type. There's no toss-up about matching or contrasting shades. Here's Wendy Barrie in flared flannel skirt, soft cashmere sweater

Perfect Harmony

By CANDIDA



Wendy teases "Hymie" while relaxing in pleated slacks with in-and-outer shirt boasting double tabs over breast pockets. Wendy's next picture is to be *The Romantic Mr. Hinklin* for RKO



The finale to this symphony by Calijeune is a smart collarless coat with set-in waistband. It has the saddle shoulder sleeve and generous hip pockets to mark it "Spring, 1940." There are bag and gloves to match the pert Breton felt sailor which matches the coat!

Write for list of department stores carrying these clothes. And don't forget to ask for our new free booklet, "Figures Can Lie," telling you how to have a slim silhouette for all your new Spring clothes. It contains helpful advice on exercises and proper foundations. Address Candida, Fashion Editor, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. Please don't forget to enclose a stamped, self-addressed return envelope. Write today!

The THIEF of BAGDAD

"From the beginning of Time I have searched for you," Ahmad said in a soft voice. The Princess moved. Then all at once her lids fluttered open

"Steady, steady," Abu warned Ahmad. "We must wait. In an hour they'll eat and after that they sleep—and then it's time we go"

os by
Rhodes

CAST

Abu, the Thief	Sabu
Giafar	Conrad Veidt
The Princess	June Duprez
Ahmad, the Prince	John Justin
The Djinn	Rex Ingram
Halima	Mary Morris
The Sultan	Miles Malleson

An Alexander Korda production, released through United Artists.

Script by Miles Malleson with Sir Robert Vansittart. Directed by Ludwig Berger.

The Giafar laughed. His wicked plan had worked. Ahmad had awakened the Princess and now she would surely belong to him

"I don't want to be a king. I'm a thief," Abu cried. "I only want to save my friend"

THE Thieves' Market of Bagdad was at its busiest, there under the noonday sun. The tide of humanity ebbed and flowed and the cacaphony of noise was one great voice, calling its wares, bargaining for fruit and cakes, demanding alms for the love of Allah.

On the high wall crouched the slim, brown boy, Abu. His dark eyes missed nothing. That one there, descending from the brocade litter, was rich, he decided. But the man had guards. It would be difficult to steal from him. Now those two merchants, the one in a purple cloak, the other in red, would make fine pickings. But they were too far away. One would have to move and that would be intolerable.

Now a camel passed, laden with a pannier of fruit and cakes. A grunt of satisfaction passed Abu's lips and he leaned down. Quickly, he grabbed up a grapefruit and an apple, hid them inside his ragged tunic and took on an air of sublime innocence.

But the camel man had seen.

"Stop, thief, stop, thief!" went the cry as Abu took to his heels. His stolen treasures tumbled away as he crossed the market place and jumped into a large, empty oil jar. Then he popped out as his pursuers flew past. Thinking himself safe, he mounted the wall of Bagdad. But suddenly, thick hands grasped his shoulders and despite his entreaties he was dragged off to the nearby prison.

It was dark inside the dirty cell and as Abu sensed the presence of another he shrank against the wall and feigned tears. "No, no, no, I don't want to die. I'm too young. No, no, no."

A hand touched him gently and a voice said, "Poor boy, they've driven you mad."

Abu looked at the other prisoner. It was a fine, sensitive face he saw—young, but stricken with suffering. "Me mad?" he asked. "They said *you* were mad. Are you really?"

The other threw out his arms crazily. "That's it. I'm mad. I must be mad. The maddest of all the madmen that ever lived in the Sultan's Palace."

Abu nodded. Such ravings. "You *are* quite mad."

"What does it matter?" was the bitter reply. "In the morning with the sunrise we will both die by the executioner's hand. The madman and the thief. And I don't want to die."

Abu began to giggle. "No. As the sun rises we'll take a boat and go down to the sea and find Sinbad the Sailor. I've always wanted to go to sea because there we shall see fishes as big as the Great Temple and boats with sails like clouds and—and—" Now he glanced around stealthily. Then he held something up and whispered, "Look."

Tenderly, Ahmad touched her. "Don't be afraid," he told the Princess, "I am not a Djinn. I'm your slave"

"And now you've found me, how long will you stay, Ahmad?" The fires of his heart blazed in his eyes as he replied, "Till the end of Time. For me there is no beauty in the world but yours"

"What's that?"

"The key to the prison. I just stole it from the guard."

Wild eyes looked into his. "The key! Give it to me."

"Steady, steady," Abu warned. "You need someone to look after you. No, we must wait. In an hour they will eat and after they eat they sleep—and then we go."

And so it was. As night fell and the guards dozed, Abu and his new-found friend stole out of the place and made for the rushes by the river. At dawn, they reached the small sailing craft that Abu had waiting. But as he loosened the boat and stood ready to leave, he heard a sound. Then he looked up incredulously. His companion was turning away. "Come on. What are you waiting for? We've got to get off."

The other shook his head somberly. "No, I must stay and fight."

"Fight! For what?"

"For my Kingdom."

Abu was really annoyed. "Now I know you're mad."

Suddenly there was a single bugle call from the distance. "Listen." Abu's friend's face whitened. "The Lord Vizier Giafar knows of our escape." The bugle sounded again.

Abu was a bit uncertain. "Well, Giafar would not make all that fuss over me. What is your name?"

His friend turned toward him. He said, "I am Ahmad. Son of Akbar. Grandson of Haroun-al Rashid. I am Ahmad, the King."

Abu stared at him. He wasn't exactly awed; rather, he was impressed. Yes, 'twas a tale whispered around the city—how Giafar had tricked the King into going among the populace like a beggar, and caused him to disappear one night.

Abu found his usually nimble tongue. "But, Lord King," he pointed out, "you can't go back and fight now. You'd be killed."

"There are things more valuable than life. I must go back."

"No," Abu said positively. "And never mind about your kingdom for a bit. We'll get it back for you and I'll help you."

Ahmad looked at him queerly. "Why do you want to help me?"

The boy thought it over. Then a grin lighted his impish face. "Well, I like you. Don't you like me? Aren't we friends?"

Slowly, Ahmad nodded. "Of course, Abu. You are the first friend I ever had." He stepped into the boat.

Now Abu threw him the sail rope and with a kick of his foot set the boat into the water.

[*Continued on page 72*]

Photos by
Charles Rhodes

Alan Curtis, Sonja Henie's new flame, takes her for whirl at Victor Hugo restaurant. They have eyes only for each other—at present

Toni Lanier on one side—Lana Turner on other—help Bill Powell celebrate last days of bachelorhood at Arrowhead Springs before his marriage

A Thousand Times "No-o-o"

All Hollywood is waiting, as this is written, to see if Mrs. Gertrude Temple (yes, that's Shirley's mamma) is going to make good on the decision she announced a few years ago.

That was when Shirley was riding high, annually topping the motion picture box-office poll as No. 1 Box Office draw of the screen. At that time, Shirley's mamma announced:

"If and when Shirley ever drops from first position, we'll take her out of pictures forever!"

SO—the 1939 box-office poll has revealed, as you know, that Shirley is down to Position Number FIVE! And to make it even more so, No. One spot is held by Mickey Rooney, of ALL people.

And now Hollywood is wondering: will Shirley Temple quit the screen?

(P.S.—Hollywood is betting "NO"—a thousand to one.)

Diana Lewis of the younger set, took a springboard and leaped into marital sea with Bill Powell. It's her first, his third

As escaped convict and cafe entertainer, Gable and Crawford are co-starring again in *Strange Cargo* and forget prisons and cafes for love

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Fame

A downtown Los Angeles burlesque theatre is featuring a strip-tease queen, billed as:

ANNETTE SHERIDAN

Naughty—Naughty

Giggle-of-the-Season in Hollywood is the line which the Hays office DELETED from *Destry*—the line which Allen Jenkins quipped when Marlene Dietrich hid a pouch of gold in her bosom:

"Boy, thar's gold in them thar hills . . . ! !"

Silver Threads

Time-Marches-On note: Ronnie Colman's hair is turning snow-white. It's as white as Chaplin's, now. Oh, girls . . . ! ! !

After GWTW, Civil War stories are on the make. Newest is *The Man From Dakota* (presenting the Union side) with Wally Beery, Dolores Del Rio and John Howard

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Beeg Hearted

■ Impulsive Lupe Velez has two names on her lists—a new friend and a new enemy. The friend is the blind man who stopped her on the boulevard the other day, with his tin cup and his pencils. Lupe, impulsive as always, learned his name—and promptly went to everybody she could reach in Hollywood, raising money to buy the blind man a Seeing-Eye dog.

The enemy is the well-known star (we won't mention her name here) who was the only person who refused to chip in when Lupe raised the money for the dog.

Like R. R. Time Table

■ MARQUEE SIGN of the month: —was on that tiny theatre in Hollywood, with the very small marquee. It read: E.FLYN & BET. DVS in "LIZ & SEX"

Ah There, Madeleine!

■ It's Groucho Marx's crack, as he stepped down the gangplank of the boat on which he came back from his first visit to Hawaii.

"How'd you like Hawaii?" asked a friend.

"I'd rather," back-cracked Groucho, "look at Madeleine Carroll on a clear day."

Not Electric Kind

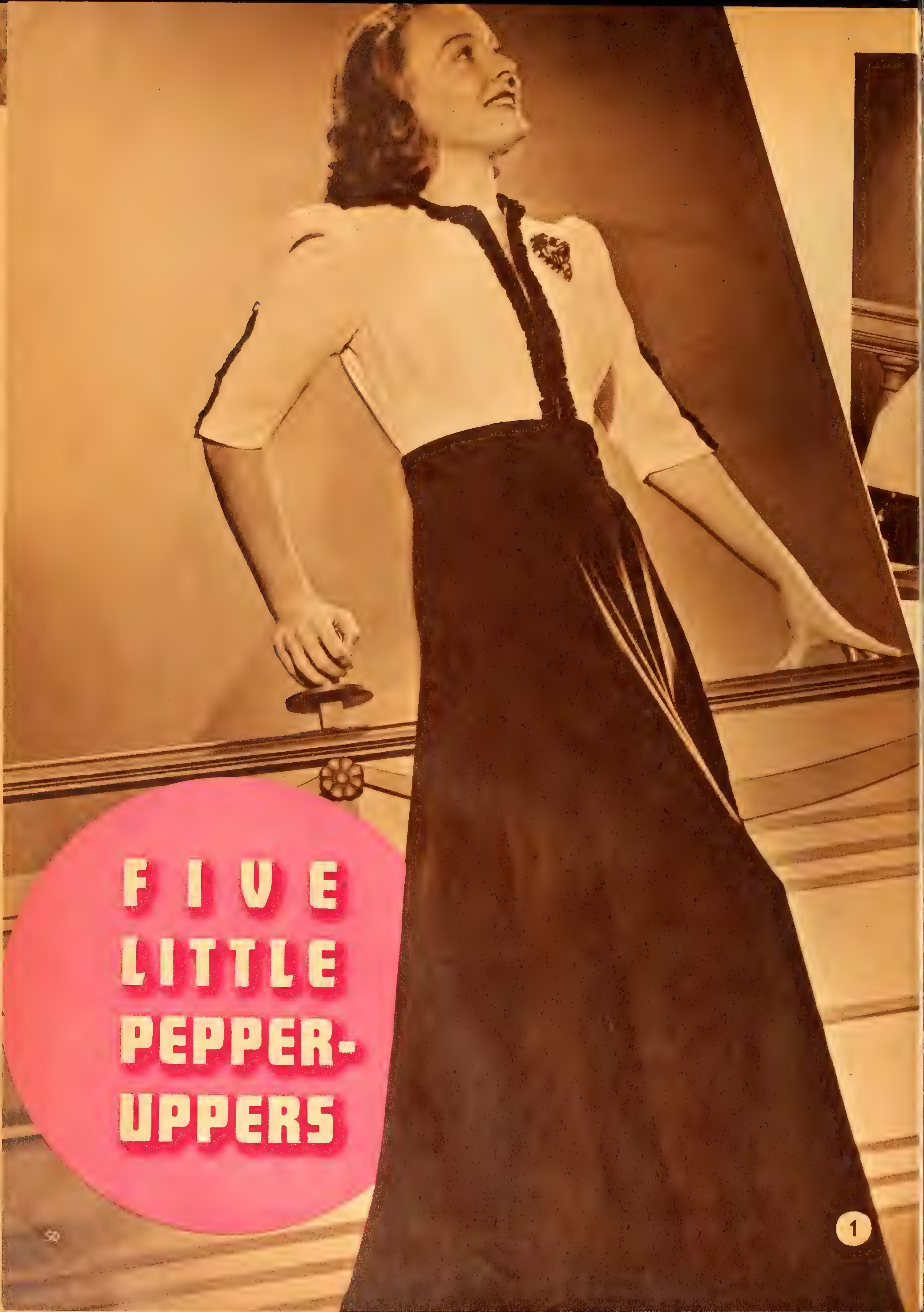
■ Hollywood's still giggling about what happened on Tyrone Power's recent trip East. On a hot day, he telephoned from his hotel room to the desk: "Send up a couple of fans, please."

In two minutes, two breathless girls arrived, bearing autograph books.

[*Continued on page 77*]

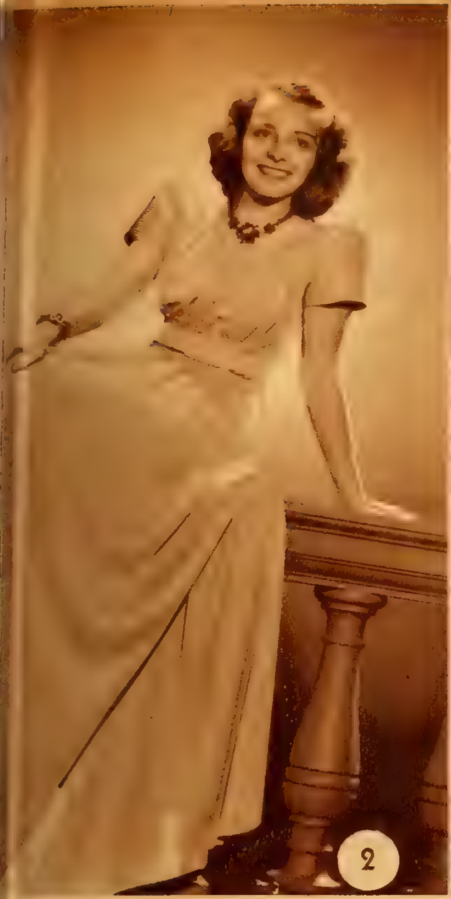
Marilyn (Body Beautiful) Merrick is one of Warner starlets. You'll be meeting her again in *We Shall Meet Again*

The screen brings virile pages of *Northwest Passage* to life, with Spencer Tracy as Major Rogers—and Robert Young and Walter Brennan as his sidekicks



FIVE LITTLE PEPPER-UPPERS

1



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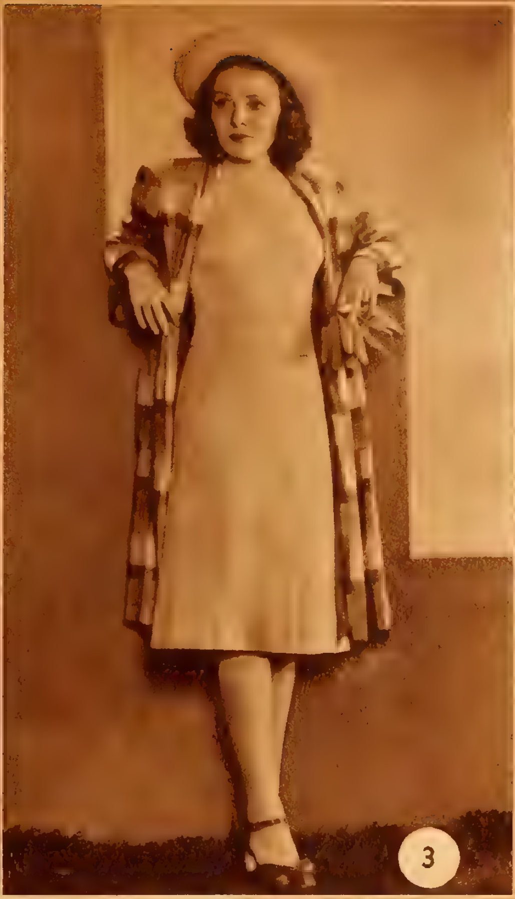

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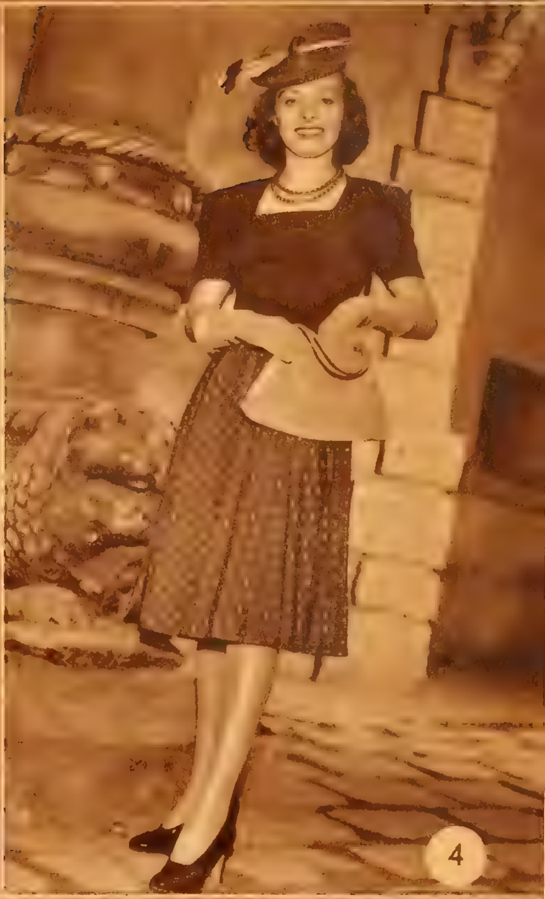


4

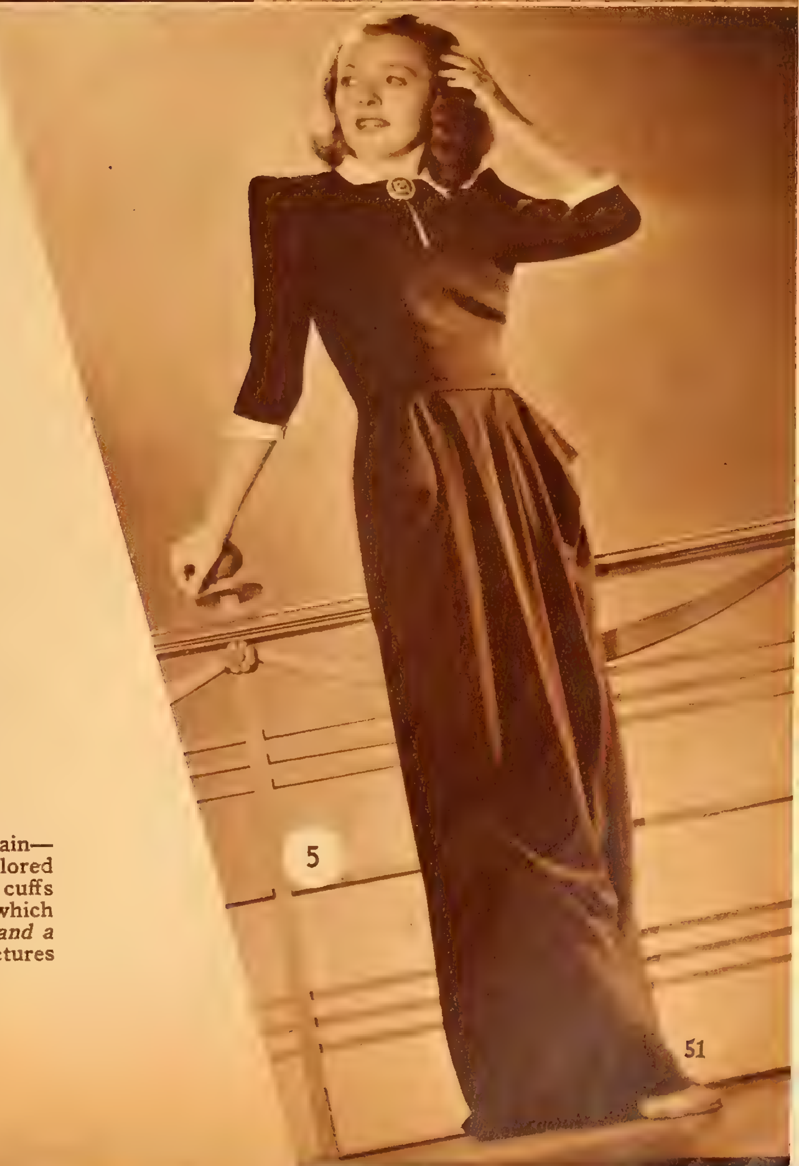
1. Jane Bryan—who was hit by Cupid's DART (first name Justin) recently—wears one of her new dinner dresses. It is black crepe, topped with chalk white crepe and accented with black braid around neck, down front and on sleeves. Black and white is always a pepper-upper—not that Janie ever needs one

2. The young bride—Mrs. Justin Dart, to you—must be preparing for a busy social season as we also found this dusty rose jersey dinner dress in her Spring collection. Both color and fabric are important this season. The only trimming is the use of pin tucks on the sleeves

3. Jane must have been planning a honeymoon trip when she chose this gay ensemble—a natural for traveling. The straight lined skirt is yellow wool and it is worn with a matching angora sweater with a crew neck. The loose, plaid wool coat combines shades of yellow, green and red

4. To serve as a pepper-upper for a lunch or cocktail date, Jane has in reserve this brown and white street dress. The long-waisted top is brown crepe, the billowing skirt, brown and white dots. Dash is added with accessories—breton sailor, bag and gloves—in mustard gold

5. And there's Jane thinking of dinner again—in a black flat-surfaced crepe gown. The tailored top is trimmed with turned down collar and cuffs of white. Note the interesting peg top skirt which narrows down at the hemline. *Brother Rat and a Baby* and *Invisible Stripes* are Jane's new pictures



5

AUNT PITTYPAT

By **MARY STANDISH**

LAURA HOPE CREWS, THE AUNT PITTYPAT OF "GWTW," KNOWS HER WAY AROUND. SHE HAS TAUGHT DICTION (SHE MADE AN ACTRESS OF CAROLE LOMBARD), DISCOVERED TALENT. IS A HOLLYWOOD BOOSTER

MENTION Vivien Leigh—and Laura Hope Crews will toss her chapeau into the air. Talk about Shirley Temple—and Miss Crews will do a jig for the sheer joy of her enthusiasm over the pride of the Temple family. And just hint Greta Garbo's name to Laura Hope Crews—and that veteran of stage and screen will blow a fanfare of praise for the blond Swede's histrionic ability.

In other words, filmdom's greatest fan is Laura Hope Crews—and when Laura enthuses about her fellow-players, she enthuses! Laura will forget her own triumphs to live again the thrills she got out of working with such players as Vivien Leigh, Shirley Temple and Greta Garbo. But then Laura confesses that it is her enthusiasm that keeps her outlook upon life so cheerful and youthful.

Laura, despite her mounting enthusiasm for filmdom's great personalities, still is as stage-struck as ever. It was a wide-eyed *Aunt Pittypat* who had been going night after night to New York's shows during the course of a Manhattan holiday, and it was an imperious *Mrs. Luxury* who had been reading plays and still more plays in the hope that some ambitious dramatist might pen another *Silver Cord* for her. But no matter what the decision may be, Laura and Hollywood will remain bound to each other.

Laura admits that she comes from a theatrical family. That is, her mother always had wanted to go on the stage—and did, until Laura, at the tender age of six, watched her mother act. The young actress-to-be ran backstage, weeping. "Mother," begged this youthful critic, "please, please don't act again. If you promise never to act, I'll always take care of you!" Mother retired.

But mother's passion for the stage was transmuted to the youthful Laura who, it must be said, kept her promise about taking care of her parent. Young Laura was put through a course of training that today, in turn, has been the background for the ability of such players as Carole Lombard, proud to be considered a Laura Hope Crews pupil.

Incidentally, mother's faults became virtues in the hands of the young aspirant for stage fame. "Mother never had a sense of humor," explained Miss Crews.

[*Continued on page* 85]

"Have you ever wished for a
BRAND NEW SKIN?
Well, you're going to get one!" says Lady Esther

Just beneath your present skin lies a Lovelier You! Help reveal your new beauty to the world with my 4-Purpose Face Cream!

EVERY SECOND that you live and breathe, a new skin—a new-born skin—is coming to life upon your face, your arms, your whole body!

Will it be more glamorous, asks Lady Esther? Will it flatter you—be soft and lovely—make you look more youthful? Yes, says Lady Esther, that new-born skin can bring you a new-born beauty—if—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you to free your skin from those tiny, invisible flakes of worn-out skin that must be removed gently before your new-born skin will be revealed in all its glory!

For these almost invisible flakes of old, worn-out skin can be the thieves that steal your beauty. They leave little bumps you can feel with your fingertips—keep your powder from going on smoothly—they can make your complexion look drab and dull!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream *lift that veil!* Gently and soothingly it wafts away each tiny flake—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—loosens embedded impurities—leaves your complexion softer—lovelier—more glamorous!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he's a specialist on the skin. If you have a vitamin deficiency—follow his advice. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin with your face cream!

Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream clears away the dirt, impurities, worn-out skin, and accumulated grime concealing your new, young skin about to be born!

Then, try my face cream *at my expense.* Use it three times a day for thirty days. See what a *perfect* base it makes for your powder. See how it *does* help reveal your glamorous new skin—how it *does* help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample *FREE!*

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

Lady Esther • Face Cream

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (54)

LADY ESTHER, 7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name____________________

Address____________________

City____________ State________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

SPRING SONG

By DENISE CAINE

You've heard the Hungarian Rhapsody often, but you never were able to see it. Not until Ilona Massey, the Hungarian singing star, appeared in M-G-M's *Balalaika*

SPRING IS HERE AND YOU HAVE TO "FACE" IT. BUT NOT ALONE. ILONA MASSEY, AS LILTINGLY LOVELY AS ONE OF HER SONGS AND EVERY BIT AS SWEET, IS READY TO HELP YOU. SHE GIVES YOU HER BEAUTY SECRETS

A GLANCE at this picture of Ilona Massey will tell you that she is as liltingly lovely as one of her own songs. With that golden blond hair, that fair skin, that beauty patch pointing the way to her dimple, she looks like a fairy book princess. And the Hungarian singing star of *Balalaika* is every bit as sweet as one, I discovered, when we chatted together at a party high above New York's Radio City Music Hall.

Skin care may seem a dull subject for party conversation—but not to this beauty editor. I know just how much most of you would like to have the lovely freshness of skin that is Ilona's. And I discovered that she is just as enthusiastic about the why's and wherefore's of soap and water and cream use as I—so we had a beautiful time exchanging secrets!

ANY BEAUTY PROBLEMS TODAY?

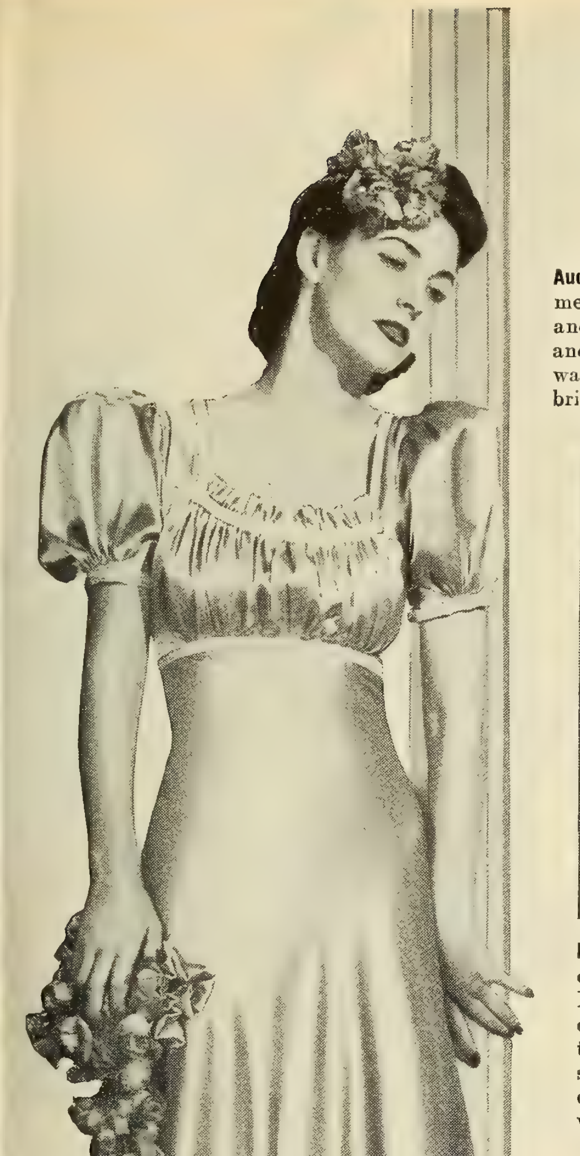
Denise Caine will be glad to help you with suggestions for hair or skin care, with a make-up analysis, or special exercises for your type of figure. Write her today about your troubles, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply. The address is Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Ilona has that delicate, sensitive type of skin that goes with her fairness. That means she has to be particularly careful to use a mild soap and plenty of lubricating cream to keep it in the pink of condition. She wouldn't think of omitting either from her beauty routine, because the skin needs both the stimulation and cleansing of the soap, and the softening and soothing of the cream.

Here's what Ilona considers the perfect cleansing routine. She washes her face in the morning, and again when she returns from the studio at night, with a mild soap and warm water, and she works up plenty of soapy lather with a soft-bristled complexion brush. The friction from the brush keeps her skin clear of blackheads, and helps remove any rough flecks of dead skin caused by sun or wind. She rinses twice, then sometimes when she's removing studio grease paint, she lathers up again. After the final rinsing with cool water to shock the pores back to normal size after their warm water bath, she dries her face thoroughly. The slightest dampness could cause uncomfortable chapping, and aggravate the dryness of her skin.

Cream applied after washing will soothe irritation of delicate skin, Ilona knows. She uses only a tiny bit, because most creams

[*Continued on page* 80]



I VOWED I WOULDN'T DANCE AT HER WEDDING

Audrey is my very best friend. So when she asked me to be a bridesmaid, I fished out my savings and sank them gladly into a lovely pink frock and hat and slippers. I was as excited as she was. And then came the day. Bright—but not bright for me . . .

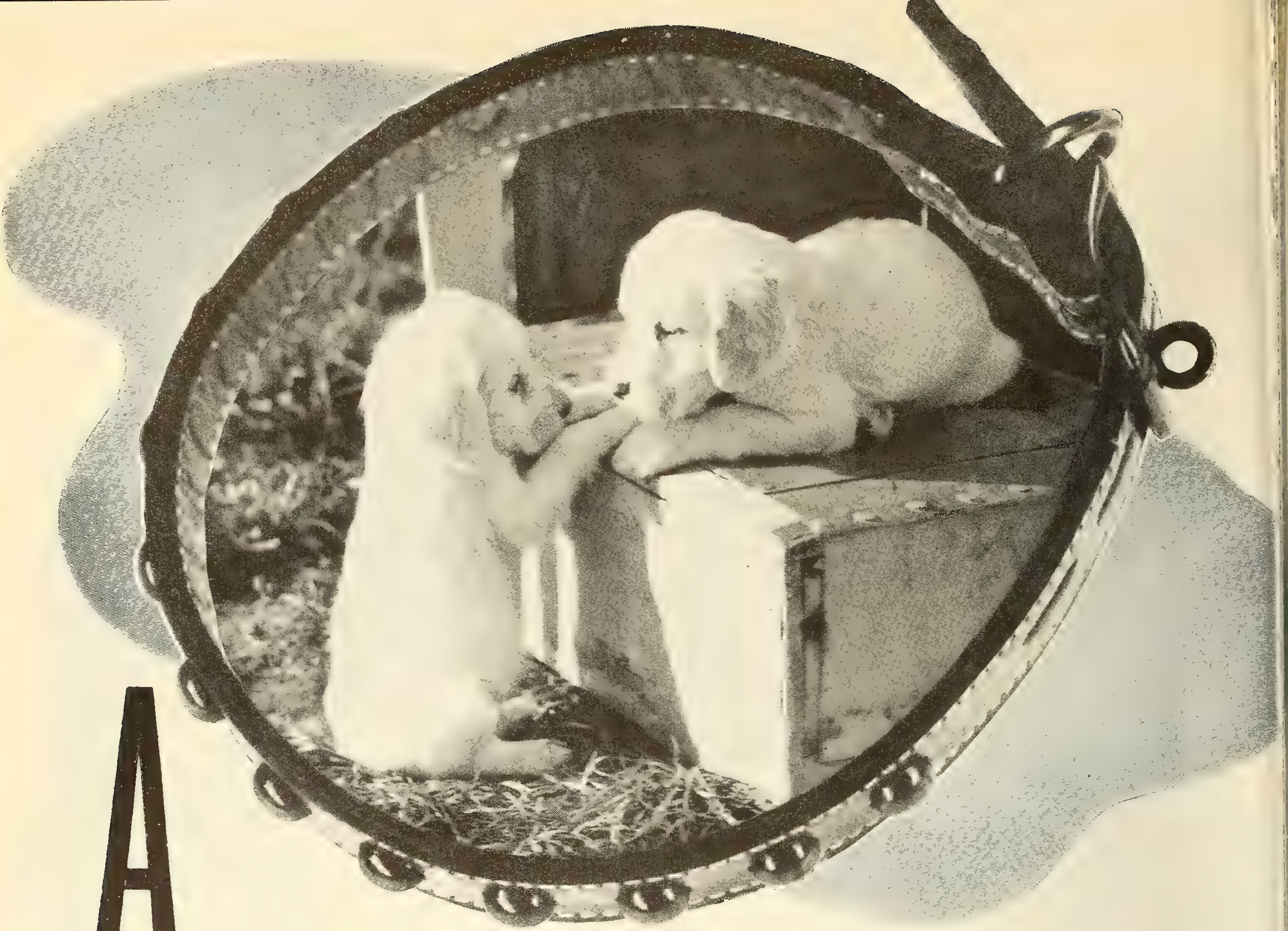
For it turned out to be one of my "difficult days" and long before the reception was over, I was terribly uncomfortable—you know how chafing is! The minute I could, I flew upstairs to dodge the dancing. And there Audrey's sister found me. "Why, darling!" she exclaimed, "whatever on earth?" And soon I was telling her my troubles.

"Just you wait!" she ordered, "till I get some Miracle Modess. It has a wonderful new feature—'Moisture Zoning'." And back she came in a minute to show me how "Moisture Zoning" acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad, leaving edges dry and soft and comfortable longer than ever before.

"Now, see this." She opened a pad—pointed to Modess' fluff-type filler—as downy-soft as a powder puff. Then she took out Modess' moisture-resistant backing, and, sprinkling water on it, she proved that it didn't strike through. "So go ahead and dance—with a light heart," she counseled.

Well, I did. And soon I was not only having a grand time, but I caught the bride's bouquet. As I wrote later, to Audrey's sister, "Thanks to you, I danced every dance as carefree and comfortable as you please! And was I surprised to learn that your wonderful Modess with 'Moisture Zoning' costs not a penny more!"

NOW—NEW MIRACLE MODESS BRINGS YOU "MOISTURE ZONING"



A DOG'S LIFE

AN ANIMAL IS NOT HUMAN, BUT IT IS NONETHELESS RESPONSIVE TO GOOD CARE. MOTION PICTURE GIVES SOUND RULES TO FOLLOW WITH YOUR DOG

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

"MAN'S best friend" is no meaningless phrase, as anyone who has been lucky enough to own a dog understands. Whether your pet be any one of the popular pedigreed breeds, or just an appealing mongrel, family unknown, his happy welcome whenever you return home is more enthusiastic in its emotion, than anything other members of the family are able to turn on. And it's not an act either. For whether his dinner is involved with your return or whether he has just been fed, it's all the same to him so long as his master is with him again.

For the companionship, entertaining antics and pretty manners of your pet, there is of course a price. And anyone unwilling to pay that price has no right to the animal who might otherwise have a better home. The price is low in money and not excessive in time, but it involves, above all, patience and a willingness to learn what constitutes the best care for these loyal but dependent friends. A dog can be supremely happy (and don't think they don't show it) with people who love him, no matter how humble his home, while the very best in kennels or tiled front porches do not keep him from grieving himself sick when he is lonesome for human companionship.

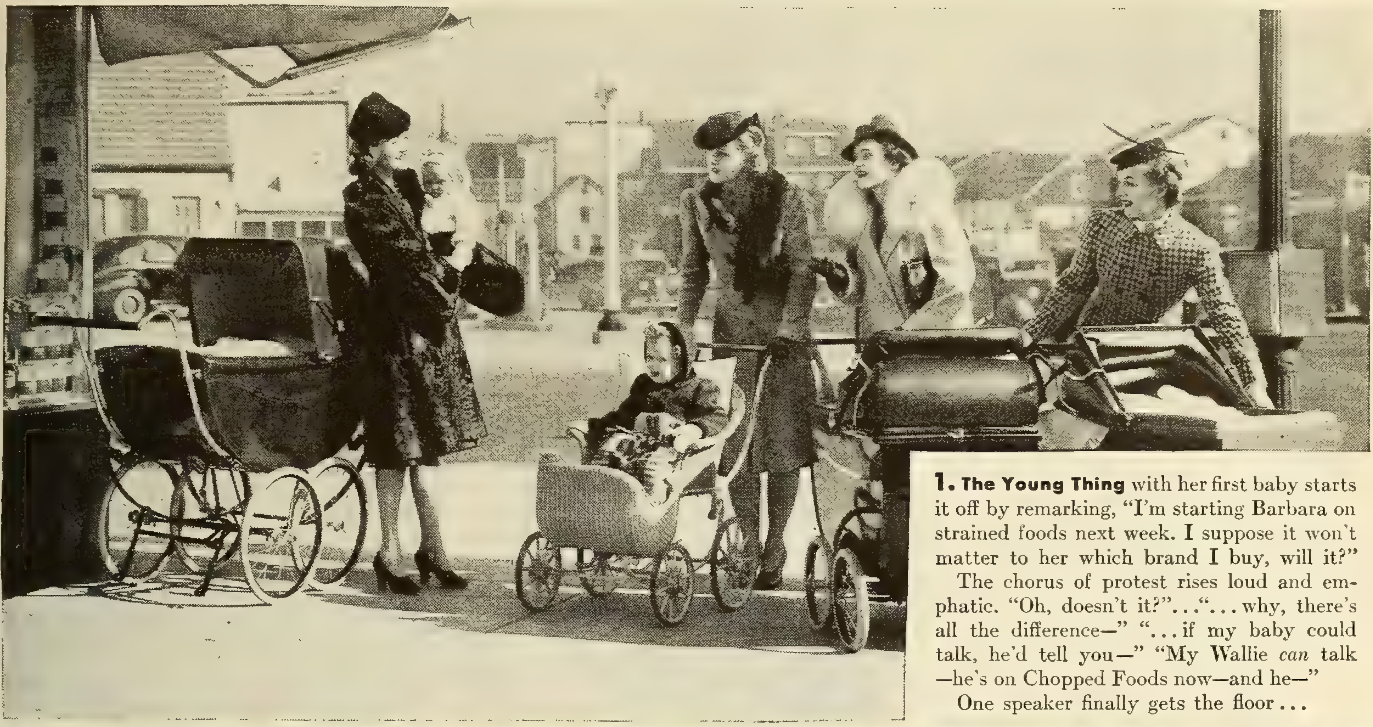
MANY people, through careless ignorance, own a miserable creature of whom they are constantly complaining: the dog's too much trouble; he's noisy; he's not house-broken; he's destructive; he chases cars; he's this and he's that. Or, he's always sick: has fleas, mange, upset stomach, rickets or a poor coat. All of these complaints would be made less often and with more shame, if it were fully realized that the dog's behavior and physical condition is the responsibility of the owner and not of the dog. And none of these complaints would exist if it were realized that because an animal is not human, it is nonetheless responsive to good care.

So here are the soundest rules to follow with your dog:

Never buy a puppy less than 7-8 weeks old at which time it should be completely weaned. If you are weaning it yourself, start at about four weeks to give it a little warm milk from a shallow saucer. Rub a little of the milk on its mouth and whiskers at first, which it will lick off, and gradually and gently shove its mouth toward the milk until it gets the idea of drinking it. Keep the mother away from it for 4-hour intervals at first, for about a week, except at night when puppies need her warmth. At about the sixth week, start the pup on solid food, lean raw beef or a good canned ration. There is a new product on the market for weaning puppies, in the form of a liquid food resembling milk somewhat, and containing nutritive elements, which is very helpful. Puppies should sleep 18 to 20 hours a day, and should be fed at least three times a day; milk and/or raw egg for breakfast, [*Continued on page* 87]

THE MAIN STREET FORUM AGREES—

"Babies take to Clapp's!"



1. The Young Thing with her first baby starts it off by remarking, "I'm starting Barbara on strained foods next week. I suppose it won't matter to her which brand I buy, will it?"

The chorus of protest rises loud and emphatic. "Oh, doesn't it?"..."... why, there's all the difference—" "... if my baby could talk, he'd tell you—" "My Wallie *can* talk —he's on Chopped Foods now—and he—"

One speaker finally gets the floor...

2. The energetic ex-business girl says, as she tucks a week's groceries away at the feet of her offspring, "Babies are very choosy about flavor. And Clapp's are so fresh-tasting. They seem like vegetables right fresh out of a garden. You just ought to open up all the brands of strained or chopped spinach some time and taste them yourself. Clapp's would win in a walk!"

3. The former schoolteacher who has read up on infant diet gets in a word: "Clapp's vegetables are specially raised for baby foods. Clapp's aren't ordinary canners, you know. They made baby foods long before the others, and they don't make anything else. They've spent years working with plant-breeders to develop vegetables full of vitamins and minerals and flavor."

4. The comfortable mother of four says, "Listen! It's texture, too. Some foods are too thick for a baby's tongue, and some are so thin he doesn't learn to eat. Clapp's are exactly right. And you'll be glad you started with Clapp's when your baby's older! Clapp's Chopped Foods have the same good flavors, and she'll go on to them so easily—and thrive on 'em for years!"

17 Strained Foods for Babies

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Vegetables with Beef • **Vegetables**—Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Apricots • Prunes • Applesauce • Pears-and-Peaches • **Cereal**—Baby Cereal.

Clapp's
STRAINED
FOODS

12 Chopped Foods for Toddlers

Soup—Vegetable Soup • **Junior Dinners**—Vegetables with Beef • Vegetables with Lamb • Vegetables with Liver • **Vegetables**—Carrots • Spinach • Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens • **Fruits**—Applesauce • Prunes **Dessert**—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins.

Clapp's
CHOPPED
FOODS

Clapp's Baby Foods

OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

The Idol of the Moment

[*Continued from page 22*]

Spencer Tracy, describing them as "the sexiest men in Hollywood."

Harriet Bennet, the photogenic centerpiece of Earl Carroll's Vanities, was dining with Franchot Tone when she was queried. She said:—"One look at him on the screen and you squirm in your seat and wish he'd come down off the wall, throw his arms around you and muss your hair." Mr. Tone's addendum to Miss Bennet's candid exposition of heart and mind will have to be supplied via self-addressed, stamped envelope to the curious.

A society editor, Laura Brown, felt that while Clark Gable shows it more, she suspects that Laurence Olivier possesses it in greater quantities and that he would be more gentlemanly in its evolution. By far, she would choose him over all the men in Hollywood for her canoeing companion as soon as the picnic can be arranged. And she would be "damned careful" where she introduced him among the "400."

Superficially Mr. Olivier is a brown-eyed, brown-haired, trimly set-up individual with an English accent and the rest of those requisites which qualify a young man for the odious title, "Matinee Idol."

Like most actors Laurence Olivier once aspired to do *Hamlet*. He did—in 1937—and the thud was heard for miles around London's "Old Vic."

Unlike most actors Laurence Olivier seems unable to realize that he has made a perfect three-point landing in what is known as "the clover," playing the roles that have been assigned to him on Broadway and in Hollywood.

Cash customers jammed the box-office, and autograph-hunters almost beat down the stage door when he was playing in *No Time for Comedy* with Katharine Cornell in New York. His portrayal of *Heathcliff* in *Wuthering Heights* was the chief reason the New York film critics named it the finest film of 1939. And to all indications *Rebecca* will stand as another monument to his acting ability—as his public wants him to act—but not as far as he is concerned.

Come hell or Mickey Finns in his whiskey and soda, Mr. Olivier is bent upon abandoning both Broadway and Hollywood to become leading actor, director, manager and everything but ticket-puncher in an English stock company. Egad!

For his perfervid love scenes in *Wuthering Heights,* which have won for him international fandom, Mr. Olivier can express nothing but personal embarrassment:

"Why, dash it all," he says, "it certainly seems silly saying all those gooey things in front of a camera."

This, no doubt, will come as a crusher to his thousands of admirers. But Mr. Olivier is an unusual young man, and no matter what he does to admirers he seems unable to lose them.

Once we had occasion to inform Mr. Olivier that more than a hundred autograph-hunters stood outside the door of the place in which we were sitting. We were curious to know if he felt as warmly about them as they did about him.

"Of course not," he replied. "It doesn't make me proud and it doesn't make me happy. It's meaningless—at least, I don't understand it. Those people want something. They want your autograph. They want to see you, touch you, if they can. But they're not nice about it. In fact, they're dreadfully rude."

When it was suggested that perhaps some nod, some semblance of a smile from him, no matter how trivial, would lighten the hearts of a heap of subway-crushed maidens, he replied:

"You make it sound rather nice. To me it always seemed a most unattractive manifestation of sex-starved curiosity. Mind you, this fad and the miserable manners that go with it are not confined to this country. It's every bit as bad in London. Surely you haven't forgotten what my dear fellow-countrywomen did to Toscanini—trampled him down in the rush to get at Spencer Tracy."

It would be little short of a sure thing to bet that if Toscanini, Barbirolli, Pogany, St. Leger and Mendelssohn himself were lined up in front of Laurence Olivier, they would all be trampled down in a similar rush, so high is his charm appeal today.

AND who is this handsome young man? "I'm the son of a priest," Mr. Olivier is prone to announce without preface. It rocks you a bit until he explains that his paternal ancestor was a member of the High Episcopal Church and thoroughly within his rights having children.

The background of the family seems to be French, its origin having been traced back as far as the Huguenots who fled to England after the St. Bartholomew's Day Massacre. They were inclined toward France, however, so there was much intermarriage with the French among these new settlers in England. And there seems to be more French in Mr. Olivier than merely the spelling and sound of his name.

His acting began at the age of nine. It seems that there was a remarkable man named Geoffrey Heald at a school in All Saints' in Margaret Street, who had a way of producing plays that attracted patrons like Ellen Terry and Forbes-Robertson. Laurence Olivier used to act in them, and also in the cast were fellows named Ivor Novello and Tony Burkel.

Later Laurence Olivier attended St. Edward's at Oxford and the Central School of dramatic art where Sybil Thorndike had introduced him to Elsie Fogarty. It was no time before he had a job, and when the company came to Latchworth, his home town, Mr. Olivier saw to it that all his relatives, including the family cook, got tickets. After the performance the scullion was a bit perplexed.

"Master Laurence," she said. "I kept looking and looking, but I didn't see you."

"Did you hear the bell after the tea interval?" he demanded rather huffily. "Well, I rang it."

Mr. Olivier's job with the company, we hesitated to advise, was sinecure to an assistant stage-manager.

His next job was something he likes to forget. He played with an indefinable company that seemed to play all the outposts.

"Everywhere," says Mr. Olivier, "we used to play in swimming-pools, town halls, town baths, barns. We referred to ourselves as the Lavatory Players because we usually dressed there."

His next move was a big one. He played *Henry VIII* with Sybil Thorndike. And when the company reached Birmingham he joined Sir Barry Jackson's Repertory Company, a distinguished group of the period.

When Vivien Leigh flew to New York from Atlanta, where she had attended premiere of G. W. T. W., Olivier accompanied her. Mr. O. smiles, he's so happy with Vivien

He went to London two years later, opened in Elmer Rice's *Adding Machine* and drove everybody nuts by learning an American accent and persisting in employing it.

Mr. Olivier was the original *Stanhope* in *Journey's End.* He played it on Sunday nights before it began its regular run. The whole production cost only $750, and he could have had a share in the profits—a gold mine of the theatre—but he turned down the part in the regular run.

He turned it down to take the lead in Basil Dean's production of *Beau Geste,* which promised to be a stunner. It flopped in four weeks.

He was in a succession of plays from then on, none of them doing more than seven weeks. Finally he went into *Private Lives* with Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence. It was a smash hit in London and New York, to which fair city the play occasioned Mr. Olivier's first visit. Though he returned to London, M-G-M had its eye on him, ultimately signed him to do *Queen Christina* with Greta Garbo.

He went to Hollywood, put on whiskers and turned up for duty on the set. But Garbo sat reading a magazine, out of contact with an entire world of entreating producers, directors, cameramen and actors, among whom was Mr. Olivier. It was no use, so Mr. Olivier took off his whiskers, left Hollywood and went back to London.

The producing virus seized him. He went for three shirts in three different plays. All seemed lost, until along came John Gielgud with whom Mr. Olivier put on a roving *Romeo and Juliet* that caught the fancy of the fastidious public.

Next thing you know he played with an actress named Vivien Leigh in a film called *Fire Over England,* both of which were turning points in his life.

Fire Over England established him as a Hollywood possibility of grand dimensions. And Miss Leigh, it appears, is the chief reason for his parting with Jill Esmond, to whom he was married in 1929.

Officially, proceedings have not been instituted between Mr. Olivier and Miss Esmond, but they have between Miss Leigh and her estranged spouse. And the corespondent is Mr. Olivier.

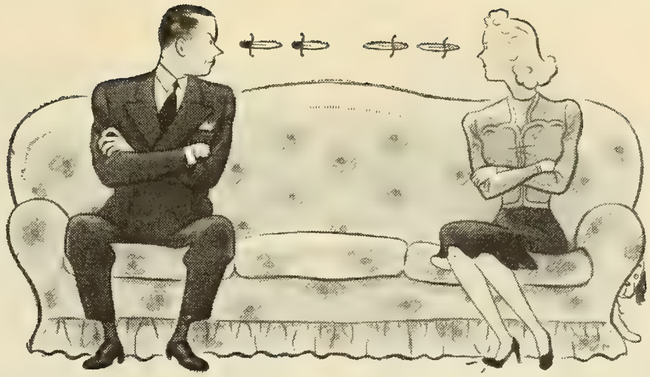
THE name is pronounced Oh-lee-vee-ay, and a dashing lad he is proving himself, no matter what he tells the admiring cosmos about himself.

"Really, I'm just a dull fellow," Mr. Olivier insists. "Really, I am. I just sit here and don't say anything. I suppose I should have a viewpoint, but I don't. Not about anything. I just sit here and try to say something dangerous, but nothing happens."

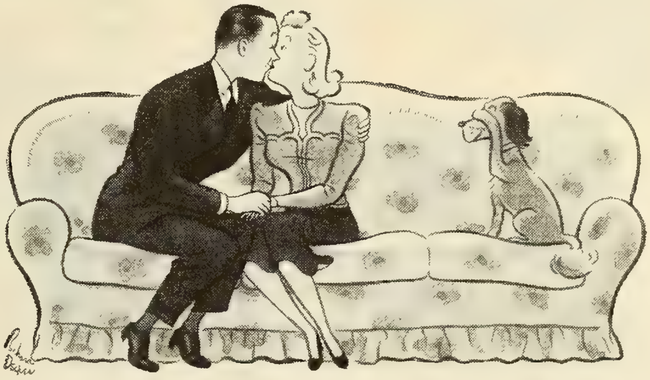
It is a matter of record that Mr. Olivier was never at a loss for words or sentences with which to flout Samuel Goldwyn in the course of producing *Wuthering Heights.* In fact, there are witnesses to state that Mr. Olivier has a positive genius for flouting people without letting them know about it. And writers, long since, have learned not to take Mr. Olivier too seriously, especially not since one day last summer when he strode down the gangplank of the *Ile de France.* The ship newsmen were having difficulty locating Vivien Leigh who was supposed to be on the boat, heading for Hollywood and *Gone With the Wind.* Finally they solicited Mr. Olivier's aid.

"Vivien Leigh?" Mr. Olivier inquired. "Why, I didn't even know she was on the boat. Who is she?"

It developed that Miss Leigh had fled down the gangplank earlier and secretively. And as things are developing now, Mr. Olivier knows Miss Leigh quite well. Yes, indeed.



"It used to make me hopping mad—the way my husband was always kicking about his shirts. I know they were a mess—everything in my wash was full of tattle-tale gray. But I worked like a beaver. I didn't know my lazy soap left dirt behind. I had no idea what ailed my clothes until . . .



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BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

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IF YOU want to be more attractive—use Nestle COLORINSE. It aids in rinsing away that soap film which dulls the hair, robbing it of its natural sheen. COLORINSE adds lustrous highlights to your hair—produces a richer tone. . . . Nestle COLORINSE is easy to use—easy to remove—washes out completely with a single shampoo. Try COLORINSE tonight. Notice the improvement in the appearance of your hair—notice, too, that it will be easier to comb, easier to style. . . . Choose the color suitable for your own shade of hair from the twelve flattering shades of COLORINSE. Consult the Nestle Color Chart at Toilet Goods counters.

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THE FIGHTING 69th

—AAA½—

In placing the Hollywood Celts in a war picture so that they not only fight for their flag and regiment but also among themselves—you are sure to have something doing every minute. In this glorification of New York's famous 69th, the onlooker is treated to one of the *fightingest* stories ever screened. We follow the regiment from the day it drills its raw recruits to the day it returns with colors flying—meanwhile projecting the humor of camp-life, the stark, raw drama of the trenches—and the character building as men go through the crucible of war. Its chief protagonists are George Brent as Colonel Wild Bill Donovan, Pat O'Brien playing its lovable Father Duffy and James Cagney as a buck private. It's the latter character who makes himself obnoxious to his buddies with his smart-aleck wise-cracks and general disagreeableness. He also disgraces the regiment and causes the deaths of poet Joyce Kilmer and others through his insubordination and disobedience. But he comes through a man before he's killed. The war episodes—the screeching of shells, the continuous zero hours—build terrific suspense. In all, an exceptional picture.—*Warner.*

THE SECRET FOUR

—AAA—

Frank Lawton, Griffith Jones, Hugh Sinclair and Francis L. Sullivan bring to life—on the screen—Edgar Wallace's *Four Just Men* from the novel of the same name, and like the novel, the cinema is equally as exciting having been directed by Walter Forde. Perhaps these names don't mean very much to you but let us remind you that Frank Lawton starred in *The Mill on the Floss* and also appeared in *David Copperfield* and *Cavalcade*. Griffith Jones you may remember for his work in *A Yank at Oxford*, *The Mill on the Floss* and *Escape Me Never*. These two talented gentlemen, together with the others mentioned above, and Anna Lee, the feminine interest, have scored in numerous English productions and it won't be long before their names will be as well known here as our Gables, Taylors, Crawfords, *et al.* *The Secret Four* makes suspenseful melodrama as these men—they're sort of a private secret service—go around righting wrongs—particularly to their Empire. Their greatest job is trapping the plotters of a scheme to destroy the British Empire and while they are tracking down these conspirators we sit in on a few murders—and they're not of the ordinary kind, either. It's hokum—but it's exciting.—*Monogram.*

Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 17]

its lack of glamorous names by a flock of pretties like Anita Louise . . . who was celebrating her birthday the very next day . . . Buddy Adler gave her a party . . . Anita met Buddy's family for the first time and there's nothing to prevent their marriage now . . . The blond starlet is friendly and full of fun once she relaxes in your presence . . . Lucille Ball was another young player meeting the boys and girls of the press . . . Nancy Kelly went almost unrecognized, she's shot up so fast since her last visit . . . quite tall and very slender, Nancy really looks grown-up . . . regretfully she had to turn down the lead in Clifford Odet's *Night Music* . . . but she is happy that Edmund O'Brien can return to Hollywood with her . . . Her long-time boy friend is doing well for himself on the Coast . . . Zanuck and Mother Kelly willing, Nancy will be an early bride. . . .

ROUND THE TOWN: Norma Shearer took to her bed after wisdom tooth trouble . . . She came on from Sun Valley where she had been taking in the winter sports with her children, to see *The World We Make*, the Kingsley play . . . It will be her next picture . . . George Raft follows, as usual . . . Virginia Peine still refuses a reunion with Georgie until the almost legendary Mrs. Raft agrees to a divorce . . . which will never be, according to that adamant lady . . . So Raft is devoting himself to Norma with a clear conscience . . . Bob Montgomery left for England to resume film production on the other side . . . Judy Garland spent several days seeing everything with Johnny Downs . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald plans to come on to New York to have her baby . . . Margaret Sullavan is play-shopping seriously, looking over all the plays Joan Crawford didn't take back with her . . . Al Jolson, Martha Raye and Ruby Keeler go into rehearsal for a Rodgers and Hart musical . . . Al refused to listen to the producers' advice to leave Ruby out of his professional life . . . John Garfield rejoins the Group Theatre in *Heavenly Express* . . . Ingrid Bergman, who was so sensational in *Intermezzo*, returned to continue Hollywood activity . . . Charlie Laughton made a pleasant impression at a party in his honor, by being quiet-spoken and docile and very devoted to his wife, Elsa Lanchester . . . His reddish hair comes as a surprise and he's one off-screen villain who doesn't look as though he spends his spare time patting babies and children . . . He has a strange personality . . . He is the only Englishman I've ever known who doesn't worry about the crease in his trousers . . . Sir Cedric Hardwicke was another guest . . . Mickey Rooney has grown up . . . He vacationed in Miami with such oldsters as Ben Bernie, Jolson, and Georgie Jessel, topping them gag for gag . . . He took many a rib because Bill Powell was supposed to have married his girl . . . Mickey dated Diana Lewis several times he said, but his real heart is Dolly Thom, a dancer . . . I knew Bill's bride some years ago when she was starting her professional career in the chorus of a Hollywood musical comedy . . . She has something of the freshness Janet Gaynor had in her early years . . . But when she was screen tested, it turned out that she photographed much like Gloria Swanson . . . Diana was so thrilled! But nothing much has come of several stock contracts . . . She's a sweet youngster and Bill's a lucky guy . . . It must have been very lonely for the actor these last unhappy years.

Lady Esther says

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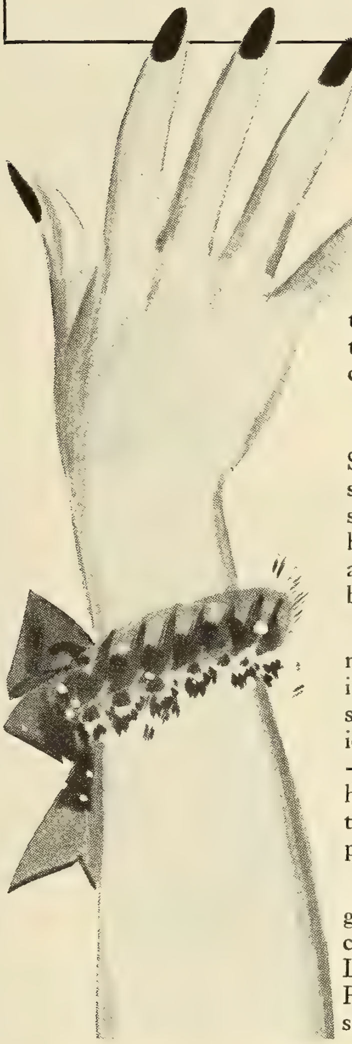

I will send you *free* my 12 Magic Fingertips so that you may try the 12 shades of my 7-Day Nail Polish

HOW WOULD you like to try on all the smartest, newest nail polish colors —to see them on your own nails, to find the one color most flattering for you? Then what a thrill to know you can wear that loveliest, luckiest color *7 long days at a time*... thanks to Lady Esther!

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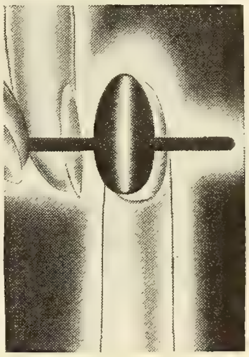

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Big Boy Takes a Tip!

BOB: Say, fellow... are you taking Ex-Lax? Thought that was for women and kids.

JIM: Wrong, Brother! I've been taking Ex-Lax for years. It fixes me up fine!

BOB: Oh yeah! Well, I'm a pretty husky fellow... I need a laxative with a wallop.

JIM: Don't kid yourself, Big Boy! Ex-Lax may taste like chocolate ... but it's plenty effective!

LATER

BOB: Thanks for the tip, pal! I tried Ex-Lax and it's great stuff!

JIM: Right you are! It's the *only* laxative we ever use in our family.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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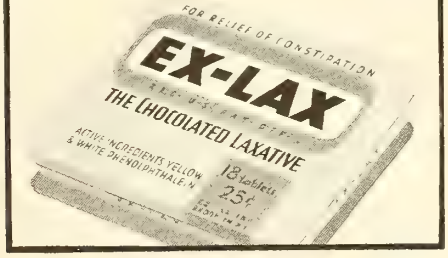

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I Faced Hollywood's Temptations

[*Continued from page 33*]

eager, expectant faces; the shining eyes; the tight-lipped tension of half fear—all proved that every girl there felt as I did, that the test ahead was the beginning of thrillingly-romantic future.

Standing back in the shadows, I watched the girls moving about just outside the glare of the brightly lighted set. Like myself, they had been in the hands of the experts of the studio's make-up and hair-dressing department, and one by one they edged over to have a peek at themselves in a battered full-length mirror.

A couple affected smiles and a nonchalance; but mostly they were excited and nervous. One or two were almost jittery. A colorful blonde, caught in the light reflected from the mirror and looking like a cameo come to life, was straightening the collar of her dress with a trembling hand. A shapely brunette bit her lip and clenched her fists as she waited her turn at the mirror.

Twisting a handkerchief into a writhing knot, a little redhead was repeating her lines, half aloud. But so bewildered was the look on her face that I was sure she hadn't the slightest notion what she was saying.

All of which was comforting. Knowing I wasn't the only one who wanted to run, helped me fight the sunk feeling in the pit of my stomach and the lump in my throat. So just to prove to myself that I was calm and ready for my big chance I started to rehearse the lines that had been given me three days before. I was to do the scene from *Accent on Youth* in which the secretary tells her employer goodbye. Closing my eyes, I began:

"Well; before I say goodbye, I want you to know that I love you. I want you to know that the two years and three months I spent with you have been the most wonderful, happiest years I've ever—"

"All right, girls, attention, please."

Mr. Stein, head of the casting department and chief of the talent scouts was speaking. He stood in the bright light, his hand on the shoulder of a tall, gray-haired man in a blue pin-stripe suit.

"THIS is Mel Riley," he continued, "who will direct your tests. And let me add that you are very fortunate to be under his direction. It is not often he has time to do this for us."

There was a flutter of excitement among the girls, and two or three looked very pleased. Apparently they knew Mel Riley or his reputation.

"We know we're fortunate, Mr. Stein," spoke up a tall, quiet-looking girl with a voice like the note of a cello.

"Thank you, Kathleen," acknowledged Mel Riley gravely. "And just for that we'll start with you."

Then, pausing for an instant, he looked around. "Come in a little closer, girls," he said. "Let's get acquainted. Because there are some things I'll have to tell you."

As we moved toward him he continued:

"Now, kids, believe me I know just how you feel. Nervous, and maybe a little afraid. Just between ourselves, I'd be plain scared if I were in your place.

"But that's no good. The whole trick is to relax. Don't take your part in your teeth. Just play it easily, be natural and don't worry about me smashing the camera if you make a mistake. I promise you I won't. I'm all for you—because the ones of you who make good I'm going to claim as my discoveries. So leave everything to me, except being natural. That's your job.

"We're testing two parts today—one from *Accent on Youth* and the other from *Stage Door*. Four of you play one, four the other. The most inexperienced of you will be tested last, so they'll have a chance to watch the others, get an idea of how it's done and become used to the lights and action.

"But remember you are to express yourself in your own way, and not attempt to copy the personality of the girl ahead of you. Your possible value to pictures lies in putting your own individuality in your part. Don't forget that for a second."

He stopped and surveyed us. Then: "Any questions?"

The girls glanced at each other self-consciously, but none spoke. I had a lot of questions to ask, but couldn't think of a single one right then.

"O. K., then—let's go. Come on, Kathleen. We'll try two rehearsals."

"PAUL, Paul Bowen," bellowed someone across the set. "Paging Paul Bowen."

"Here!" called back a slender, dark-haired youth rising from behind the camera. "Ever alert, ever ready. I was just giving Pete some fine pointers on cinematography, but now I've time to guide friend Riley through his tests."

He grinned, and I know every girl on the set got a thrill. I'd seen his face on the screen often, but I never knew his name.

Stepping toward Kathleen, he bowed and offered his arm.

"May I escort you to the guillotine, Anne Boleyn?" he murmured. "'Twill be a neat job. Late into the night me heard yon director whetting the knife."

"Perhaps 'twas but the cutter you heard," replied the tall girl, accepting his arm, "sharpening his shears against your scenes."

"Meow," cried the boy, jerking away his arm. "Methinks the kitten has growed up."

"Mel Riley likes Paul to cut up before the tests," explained a voice behind me. "It helps relax the youngsters and makes them forget their fear. Once relaxed they'll be so fascinated watching what's going on they'll forget their own names."

I turned and saw the hairdresser who had said she would be over to take care of us.

"They're all so nice here," I agreed, "that I almost think it will be fun. And I thought everybody would be so—so cold and superior and impatient that a test would be like a nightmare."

"Some of them are—especially the silent ones. They're murder. Just putting you up in front of the cold eye of that camera and telling you what to do and what to register. You're lucky not to have to take one of them first."

I guessed I was lucky, but before I had time to say so, Mel Riley was talking to us again.

Now all relax—but pay attention. And keep quiet. Show the people up here the consideration you'll want when your turn comes.

"This first test is not one for newcomers. Kathleen Green is one of our contract players and she is being tested for a part in our coming picture *Hearts Away*. I've included this with your tests so you will have the benefit of watching her—and because you will take your tests with Paul Bowen who plays opposite her now.

[*Continued on page 86*]

Telling on Irene

[*Continued from page* 24]

So she signed with RKO—to do musicals. Just about the time she arrived, Hollywood stopped making musicals, by popular request. The public was fed up with them, RKO, not knowing what else to do with its singing find, put her in pretty-girl roles in pictures-that-didn't-matter. One of them, a comedy about the Marines, bore the subtle title of *Leathernecking*.

She was desperately lonely and bitterly unhappy. She lost completely whatever small desire she had once had for a movie career. Then she met Ernie Westmore, of the Make-Up Westmores. Or perhaps, since the Westmore boys do get around, Ernie met Irene. Anyway, he said to her, "You would be perfect as the girl in Cimarron. They've tested everybody in town, and I haven't seen anybody yet who looks the part as you do."

Irene said, "Would you mind if I told that to William Le Baron?" then head of RKO. "I'm going to a dinner party at his house tonight."

Next morning, the willing-to-be-quoted Ernie was hardly inside the studio when he was summoned to the Head Man's office. Le Baron said, "So help me, Ernie, if you ever again tell an actress she's the type for a role, I'll fire you. That Dunne girl spoiled my whole evening, bothered me to death—all because of you. You ought to know better. She's no actress. She's a singer."

"I don't know anything about her," Ernie mumbled, "except that she looks to me like the girl in *Cimarron*."

"Don't let *me* hear any more about that," said Le Baron, "or it will cost you your job. I mean it."

DAYS passed. Ernie saw some more of Irene. And every time he saw her, his first impression was repeated. He had to do something about it. The next Saturday, a big football game was coming up; the studio would be deserted. He said to Irene, "If you're willing to skip the game Saturday, I'll make you up as the girl in *Cimarron,* and I'll get Bachrach to stay and take some pictures. I still think you're It."

More because of Westmore's belief in her possibilities than because of any belief in herself, she skipped the game (and crazy about football, too), let Ernie make her up as a young girl, a mature woman and an old woman, and faced Bachrach's camera. Bachrach stayed up all night, developing the pictures. Sunday morning, early, Ernie and Irene were at the studio to see what the results might be.

At 9 a. m. Monday Ernie was in the office of Wesley Ruggles, who was to direct *Cimarron,* showing him the pictures. "Who is this girl?" demanded Ruggles. "A girl who's been under contract here a year," Ernie said, "and hasn't had a chance yet to show what she can do." Ruggles said, "Come on, we're going over and show these to Le Baron."

Ernie tried to duck; Ruggles made him go along. Ruggles handed the pictures to Le Baron with the words, "Here's the girl we've been looking for." Le Baron took a look at the top picture, saw who the girl was, and said to Ernie, "If you're behind this, you can start walking right now." Ruggles asked him to look the pictures over. Le Baron started riffling through the pack, slowed down after three or four, paused at the tenth, and said, "She's got the part."

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She's nobody's April Fool! With her transparent "bumbershoot" this young lady can look ahead . . . see where she's going!

But the umbrella people aren't the only ones with new ideas in protection. The Kotex Laboratory has developed an improved type of moisture-resistant material...made specially for Kotex sanitary napkins. And a protective panel of this material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad!

So remember this new Kotex feature – all you who believe in "Safety First"! Remember, too, all the other advantages Kotex has to offer . . .

Many a time – you'll be thankful for the flat (patented) ends of Kotex . . . so different from napkins with thick, bunchy ends!

Thankful, too, that Kotex is made in soft *folds* (with more absorbent material where needed...less in the non-effective portions of the pad). This makes Kotex *less bulky*... more comfortable . . . than pads having loose, wadded fillers!

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All 3 sizes have soft, *folded* centers ...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant, "safety panels". *All 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

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Lorr Laboratories,
Paterson, New Jersey

One of Irene's closer friends heard this story for the first time only the other day—from someone else. She asked Irene if it were true. It was. Irene added, "I owe Ernie Westmore my undying gratitude." Why, then, had she never told the story? Irene said, "Nobody ever asked me about it. I didn't know if anybody would be interested."

That is Irene Dunne. The motion picture star.

Her first interviewers didn't know she was story-blind about herself. They warned their confreres that she "didn't give." She was "cold." Why, she didn't even go out on dates. None of them suspected she was married. When that fact finally emerged, it was set forth as proof that she was human, after all.

There was considerable drama in her marriage. Their separate careers forced Irene and her husband to spend most of their time a continent apart. But it never occurred to her to discuss the dramatic problems of long-distance marriage until she was asked.

When she adopted a baby, she had no impulse to dramatize her longing for a child. Her impulse was to keep her personal emotions to herself.

Hollywood doesn't understand the reticence of good taste. It has never understood Irene—who is a lady first, an actress second. Hollywood calls her "secretive," "distant," "difficult to know."

People fortunate enough to know her make a habit of confiding in Irene. She won't confide back—but they can be quite certain their secrets will be safe with her. They can also feel that her advice will be sound. She is a thoughtful person.

Most of us are what our backgrounds make us. Irene is no exception. She was raised in a genteel Southern home. She cut her baby-teeth on the tradition that the right sort of people have the right set of manners. Added to that, she had only a short while of frivolous girlhood. Her father died when she was 14. She saw him die. (This is another untold story.) Just before the end, he called for her, to talk to her about something he had never let her know about before: life's hardships. He said, "I'm leaving very little. You're going to have a great responsibility. Your mother has always been protected. You're going to have to look after her." Up to that moment, Irene had never had to be serious. After that, she could never be carefree again.

One thing she inherited from her Irish father was a quick wit—which she thoughtfully curbs. She is desperately afraid of hurting people. So much so that you are entitled to the suspicion that she was once hurt badly, herself.

That fear of hurting someone also partly explains her reticence. She kept her marriage to herself because she foresaw what would happen: Hollywood would call Frank "Mr. Dunne." She has been afraid to talk about her love for her little girl lest she hurt the baby's real parents, who gave her up.

HOWEVER, Irene is less reserved than she used to be. This has been particularly noticeable since "the doctor" has come to the Coast to live. It isn't necessary now for her to be on the defensive about her marriage. Anyone can see that it is in good working order.

She has always yearned to be one of the girls. She has been held back by shyness. But success, after nine years or so, is beginning to give her confidence. She is a much better mixer than she used to be.

If you don't believe she is acquiring confidence, glance at her fingernails. For years they were a "natural" hue. Then they took on a pinker cast. Then a rosy tint. Now they are a deep exuberant red.

She believes that a happy marriage needs something more than love to thrive. It also needs mutual respect. Few husbands get the respect that lucky Dr. Griffin receives. He reciprocates.

She received a fan letter the other day that said: "I can't sleep at night for thinking of you. And my wife can't sleep for thinking I'm thinking of you." She is constantly receiving proofs that people think she has sex appeal. She does nothing to encourage the notion. She doesn't show off her pretty legs, accentuate her pretty figure with tight dresses. If she, herself, is conscious of her sex-appeal, she doesn't let anyone know it.

She buys her clothes as no other star does. Strictly on impulse. She will be driving along Wilshire Boulevard, see a dress in a shop window, like it, go in and get it. The only gowns she "prepares for" are evening gowns. She has three a season.

A fashion expert out from New York attended a lush Hollywood party, agog about finding out who was the screen's most smartly-dressed woman. To her surprise, Irene Dunne was the most attractive woman there—and the most simply dressed. In a room full of glittery sophisticates, Irene stood out as warm and feminine.

SHE is on every list of Hollywood's ten most beautiful women. She is forever dieting. But to gain weight, not lose it.

It isn't fashionable, but she likes to have her main meal at noon.

A friend once asked her if she liked to be called a beauty. "I'd rather be called a sophisticate," Irene said, and started to tell why. Half-way through her reasons, she stopped short. "No," she said, "I've changed my mind. I'd rather be pretty than sophisticated. A pretty woman is more feminine."

She doesn't have the glamor girl's habitual expectation of comments on her appearance. All "the doctor" has to do to give her a glow for a whole evening is to tell her, just before they step out, "Honey, you're pretty tonight."

Irene's principal ambitions are three in number. In the order in which she rates them, they are (1) to be a great singer, (2) to be a great actress, (3) to be a great beauty.

She has no intention of giving up work, ever. After the movie career is over, she'd like to go on to opera. Every day she has free from the set, she has a singing lesson, plus an hour's singing practice. Her teacher is also Jeanette MacDonald's. If she can't make the operatic grade, Irene would like to do settlement work.

She's a sucker for a hard-luck story. Once upon a time, all that anyone had to do to get charity from Irene was to write her a heart-rending letter. When "the doctor" became her business manager, he saw to it that a cynic went through her mail before Irene did—and that any plea for help was investigated before help was sent. But he didn't save her any money. She sent heavier checks to charity groups. Usually under the name of Irene Griffin. That was less conspicuous.

A few years ago, she was almost physically ill when someone revealed that she was sending a young singer through a conservatory of music. She didn't want the girl embarrassed in any way.

Producers say, with annoyance, that she is too fussy about stories. She admits she's fussy. She's convinced that nothing is more important to her career than the stories she does. She believes that every picture she makes should have a definite moral.

Few people know it, because she has never stressed it, but she is devoutly religious.

She would like to do a biographical picture, but not of a DuBarry or a Marie Antoinette or a Queen Elizabeth or any other historical *femme fatale*. Her idea of an historical character worth portraying is Madame Curie.

She has few close friends. Her closest in the movie colony is Jeanette MacDonald, whom she has known for years. They may not see each other for a month at a time, then one will call the other, and they will get together. That's the way she likes friendship to be—not too demanding. Few Hollywood friendships are that way. They are, instead, time-killers.

Irene has little time to kill. When she's making a picture, she never goes out. She hates confusion—and there would be plenty of confusion if she rushed home from work to dress to go out. When she isn't working, she has singing lessons and singing practice; she tries to play 18 holes of golf a day—that being her only exercise; and she has to read scripts constantly, looking for future picture material. The rest of her time she spends with "the doctor" and their four-year-old, Mary, better known as "Missy."

FEW stars are socially acceptable to the "400" of Southern California. Irene is one of the few. She is, as aforementioned, a lady. Also, she has made a point of being acceptable. When she married wealthy Dr. Griffin, she married into the New York "400." When "the doctor" started vacationing with her in California, he came armed with cards to golf clubs that were on the exclusive side. The men he met there were much like the members of his own clubs back East; well-to-do business and professional men. He and they talked the same language. Irene, aware that he wouldn't have much in common with the movie people, made a point of accepting invitations from the people with whom Frank did have something in common.

A few weeks ago, the Griffins gave a large party—Irene's first, by the way, during her entire stay in Hollywood. Forty people were invited. Ten of them were movie names. The others were society names.

Don't think from this that Irene is beginning to put on the swank. She isn't. She still doesn't have a personal maid, except on the set. At home, as far as she is concerned, a personal maid would be a nuisance. "I can still manage to get myself hooked up," she says.

She has two unfortunate habits. She puts things off. (She says she's lazy.) And she judges people before she knows them, and it takes her a long time to change her mind, though she has been known to change it. There was a certain divorced actress she was sure she wouldn't like. They finally met, casually, at a party—and Irene surprised herself by liking the girl.

"Temperamental," they call her, because she doesn't like visitors on a set. That's what she gets for being conscientious about her work, anxious to make every detail as perfect as possible. Every visitor is a distraction. She doesn't see even her press-agent when she's working. That's why she likes to work with Charles Boyer. He's the same way.

She gets mad streaks, between pictures, of wanting to go out every night in the week. Then she's content to stay home for weeks.

A New York editor, recently visiting Hollywood, asked plaintively, "Why is it movie stars don't have happy faces in person? They all look harassed. I've seen just one happy face since I've been here. Irene Dunne's. Don't the others know how to be happy?"

It's very possible that they don't.

1.
Lena Rue
2.
3.
4.
5.

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The World's Number One Hero

[*Continued from page 29*]

He was Hoot Gibson. Remember Hoot Gibson? Well, Hoot Gibson was Gene's childhood screen hero.

Until, one day down in Oklahoma, where Gene was living then, he SAW Hoot Gibson in person. And Hoot wore just ordinary store clothes, like you can buy for $29.50 if you walk upstairs and save ten dollars. Just ordinary shoes and pants and coat and hat. And BANG went Gene Autry's kid illusions, because he couldn't imagine his hero in anything but boots and chaps and a cowboy shirt and a ten-gallon hat, and so to hell with Hoot Gibson from that day on.

Gene never forgot that childhood disillusion. And so, when Fate worked her strange magic, as I hope to tell you in this story, when and if I get around to it, and Gene became the screen's No. 1 Western Star of today, he remembered it.

"Danged if I'll ever disappoint no kids like Hoot knocked me for a loop," swore Gene. And from the very beginning, although Gene Autry's wardrobe is one of the biggest in Hollywood, there has never been anything in it but cowboy clothes. White ones, green ones, red ones, brown ones, multicolored ones—but nothing else. He pays $25 apiece for his cowboy shirts, and he has more of them than Basil Rathbone has stiff-front shirts. His boots cost $75 a pair, and they're made to order. And each of those ten-gallon hats of his cost Gene fifty bucks. Let Adolphe Menjou stick THAT in his pants-presser and think about it!

And wherever he goes, whatever the occasion, wherever the place, Gene Autry is always decked out in full-tilt western costume. And no little boy, and no one of those 40,000 people a month who write him letters, is ever going to be disappointed by seeing Gene Autry looking like a church usher. In Hollywood, where they're always making wise-cracks, the wags insist that if ever Mrs. Gene Autry sues Gene for divorce, it'll be on account of extreme cruelty—because Gene won't take off his spurs when he gets into bed. But I hardly think that's true.

Yes, he's got a wife. Her name used to be Ina May Spivey, and she's an Oklahoma gal, and he's been married to her since before he ever came to Hollywood, and he's still married to her, which shows how unHollywooden this guy is. Outside of Gene's hoss, "Champion," Ina May gets just about all of Gene's kisses. She's used to sharing them with "Champion," though. You never saw a cowboy that didn't kiss his horse, did you?

NOW let me tell you some more about this Gene Autry, on account of you might as well get to know him since 20th-Fox yanked him out of the small-time western circuit, and teamed him with Janie Withers to make a super-feature western that you'll be raving about by now.

In the first place, Gene Autry's real name is Gene Autry. He was born in a place called Tioga Springs, Texas, but it's going to be called Autry Springs any day now. That started out as a press-agent idea, and Gene thought it stank. Gene is so modest that it hurts when they try stunts like that. Said Gene:

"That town was called Tioga Springs long before I was born there, and there ain't no reason to change it now." He got so mad about it that he went back home, unbeknownst to his studio one day, and called a meeting of the townsters and told them that this idea of changing the name to Autry Springs wasn't none of his thinking-up, and to hell with it. Whereupon Gene got the surprise of his life! The whole durn town—oldsters and all—up and voted unanimously to honor him by making it Autry Springs, and so from the next postal directory time on, it'll be Autry Springs!

Gene's pa was a hoss-and-cattle trader, and his grandpappy was a Baptist minister. When Gene was a little kid, he thought there were only two things in life to be—a hoss-trader or a Baptist minister, and Gene figured he'd rather be the hoss-trader. But he got sidetracked early in life, and somehow turned out to be a railroad telegrapher instead, who liked to sing. That's how it all happened—

He was tap-tap-tapping in the railroad station at Sapulpa one day, and when he got done with the key, he picked up his crummy old guitar and strummed a few notes and began singing a cowboy song.

In walked a grey-haired guy with twinkling eyes and said he wanted to send a message. That didn't bother Gene very much. Gene finished his song, and not until then did he take the message, and laid it down.

"Say," drawled the stranger, "kin you sing 'They Plowed the Old Trail Under'?"

"Kin I; I sure KIN!" said Gene, and he did.

Then the stranger picked up the guitar and whammed a few himself, and broke out into "Casey Jones." Then he laid down 87 cents to pay for the telegram, said to Gene: "You got somethin', young feller. Wisht I had time to set around here a while, mebbe you co'd teach me to sing like you kin. But I gotta begoin'—say, you ought to be in Hollywood, feller!"

Then he went out—and not until Gene remembered about the telegram after a few more songs, did he read the signature and discover that the stranger had been Will Rogers . . .!!!

AFTER that, Gene took his singing seriously. He took Will's words to heart, and plugged away until he got a job on a small radio station. He got so popular that it led to a vaudeville contract. And that led to Hollywood, and Gene finally arrived in Hollywood—at just about the time that Will Rogers, the guy who'd really started him, hit the end of the trail.

Republic Studio was looking for a new type of cowboy star. That's how they picked up Gene. They heard he could sing, and some bright lad figured that it'd be a swell gag to have a cowboy hero who could strum a guitar and sing "Home, Home, Home On the Range" while he was knocking off the cattle-rustlers with a row of shots from his trusty ol' six-shooter. So Gene got the job, and he rode, shot, sang so well that it made him what he is today, whatever that may be.

Forty-thousand fan letters a month is no piffle. But compared to what it represents, Gene's salary is a belly-laugh. Gene gets only $20,000 a picture—and compare that with the $150,000 and $200,000 or more per picture that some of the other top names get in movies—and if they get as high as a thousand letters a fan month, they're around at the front office, hollerin' for a raise to a million a film!

Modesty—except in his personal costuming—is Gene's all-predominant characteristic. He lives in a little two-by-four sort of farmhouse on a piddling two-and-a-half-acre lot that wouldn't even be sniffed at by the average movie star. He doesn't go to night-clubs, because they make him uncomfortable, and he'd rather have a bowl of chili than an order of *pate de foie gras,* which he can't pronounce, anyway.

He hasn't much time to do any Hollywood hell-raising, even if he wanted to, because out at Republic, they keep him too busy making pictures in a hurry. Right now, at Fox, he's worried over them taking so long with scenes and takes.

"I gotta hurry back to Republic and make six or eight pictures," he complains.

Gene's best friends are his horse and Mr. and Mrs. Smiley Burnette. Smiley is the 250-pound western comedian who works in Gene's pictures—and who under a three-year-contract can work in no other films.

The Autrys and the Burnettes are practically a unit. Gene first met Smiley when Autry needed an accordian-player to round out his vaudeville act. He heard about Burnette, who can play 52 instruments, believe it or not. Of the 52, the accordion is Smiley's favorite. That was in Tuscola, Oklahoma. Gene'd made a date to see Burnette, over the phone. Gene drove down.

The first glimpse Gene had of Smiley was Smiley's 250 pounds backing out of a little Austin auto. And if you can imagine what the rear-view of Smiley Burnette must be, emerging from an Austin! Smiley's first view was almost as startling—he saw Gene, dressed in a bright red shirt, a bright green bandanna, a brilliant white ten-gallon hat, brown boots that shone like a headlight, and skyblue chaps.

Both of them nearly split their sides laughing, and they've been laughing at each other since.

Gene's horse, "Champion," is 13 years old, now, and lives in splendor greater than Gene's. All the trimmings on Champion's harness are solid silver. The horse goes from location to location and personal appearances in a trailer in which the Maharajah of Bnopal needn't be ashamed to travel. It's bright red, fifty feet long, mounted on specially constructed springs which wouldn't jar an oat in Champion's breakfast.

There's room for another horse, to keep Champion company, and if Mister Hays hears what goes on sometimes—but never mind. There's also a built-in bedroom for Champion's groom, who's really a personal valet to the horse—or for Gene himself. For lots of times Gene travels along in the fancy trailer, with Champion. And the whole contraption is elaborately wired with an electric burglar-prevention gadget that would shock any breaker-in into unconsciousness with enough volts to all but do murder.

Gene bought Champion for a hundred dollars, nine years ago. Today, Gene sets a book value of $25,000 on the horse, but wouldn't sell him for a cool million, cash. Champion doesn't work as hard as Gene. Gene uses Champion only for close-ups and trick riding. Long shots, gruelling cross-country chases, and all that sort of thing are done by a double—a double for Champion, but no double for Gene.

Gene takes his popularity seriously. He sees it as an almost holy obligation to live up to the ideal that his screen self really is, in the minds of those 40,000 fans who write him every month, and the millions more who don't write. Of them, he knows the vast majority are youngsters; his mail is almost entirely from 'teen age folk. He has dedicated his life to the one basic precept—never disappoint them; never break down their ideal. His life, onscreen and off, is so clean that it's a wonder Hollywood, of ALL places, doesn't pass a law against him.

On tour he devotes himself to the entertainment and pleasure of youngsters. He's a cinch to make visits to every orphanage, kids' hospital, and similar places. He plays and sings for them, he puts Champion through his tricks. And he always gives away a pocketful—nay, trunksful!—of pictures of himself and Champion and Smiley Burnette. At the rate of two bits a picture, which other stars *charge* their fans, Gene Autry must have given away, FREE nearly a hundred thousand dollars' worth of photographs already!

"Aw, heck, I got no other way to show my appreciation for what the kids have done for me," he protests, when they ask him why he spends so much time and money on them. "And besides," he adds a moment later, "I LIKE kids!!!"

So there's your Gene Autry. A guy who has more friends than Hitler has enemies. And who's as modest as all the rest of the movie stars in Hollywood, added up, aren't! Modest?—well, look—

At 20th-Fox, the other day, they said they were going to let him use Will Rogers' dressing-room bungalow.

Autry got as mad, when they suggested it, as though he'd been asked to chop Champion's head off.

"Lissen," he wept, "not me nor nobody else is ever going to be half big enough to fill Will Rogers' shoes, let alone his dressin'-room!"

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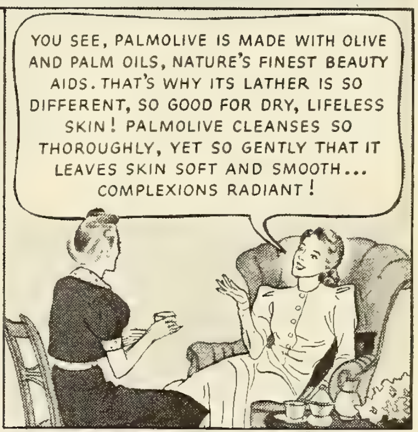
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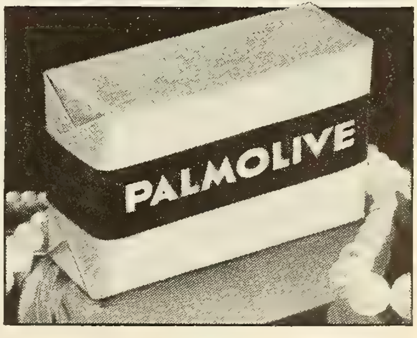

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"Why didn't I notice those big, beautiful eyes before!" said Bob the next time we met. "How about a date for dancing?"

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 11]

Dressed in her gaudy finery Mae West might be asking Bill Fields to "come up and see me" in *My Little Chickadee*

BUT—jot down the name of George Windsor in your mind. And keep an eye on that lad and the Henie. Georgie is a new York dance expert. And those close to the picture insist that if there's anything closer to Sonja's heart than her career, it's this Windsor.

They met on a trans-Atlantic boat. Since then, they've been writing and telephoning to try to efface the 3,000 miles between them while Henie's doing her stuff on Hollywood ice and George is doing his stuff on New York waxed floors.

He has created a special dance-step for her—to be done with skates, on ice.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Joyce Matthews and Bentley Ryan—
Holdin' hands, and muggin' and syan!

■

NORMA Hall didn't take long to get over her grief at Jackie Coogan's engagement announcement. Bruce Cabot and Jimmy Bryant helped her. Plenty.

■

JUST as though three or four years haven't intervened, Glenda Farrell and Drew Eberson are at that stage, again.

■

BABY-TALK:.. the name is Wendy Joan for the daughter which Ol' Doc Stork gifted the Henry Wilcoxons with . . . but

[*Continued on page* 76]

Andrea Leeds, having married into a racing family when she marched to altar with Bob Howard, son of Seabiscuit's owner, takes in races with hubby at Santa Anita six feet seven, remember, I got tangled up with him somewhere in New York and. . . ."

"Oh, that was so-o-o funny," gurgled Mayo, "Bogey had to climb up on the bar and stand there or he would have been *pulverized*. . . . Now, John Garfield knows all the tricks. He could Handle Things. But Bogey knows nothing about the tricks. He learns to do them on the screen but the thing is, he has to *learn*, you see. . . ."

"If you think that just because Garfield had a gang when he was a kid in New York. . . ."

"Why, Bogey," cooed Mayo, "you know you've told me yourself that when any gang like Garfield's came after you, you . . . you used to run like . . . you used to run. . . ."

"I suppose I didn't have a gang, too?"

"Oh, you *did*, dear. He did, Gladys. His gang was called the West End Marys. You see," continued Mayo, a help-meet if I ever met one, "Bogey can't help it that he has to *act* at being a tough guy. But he's a *wonderful* actor, that's why he's so good at it. Yes, you are, Bogey, I say and I mean that no one can beat you at—at *acting*.

"But you see, Gladys, he wasn't brought up properly for good, bona fide thugginess. He didn't have any of the advantages of Hell's Kitchen and Third Avenue and all that. The West End, Park Avenue and such milieus have handicapped him. That he has overcome these handicaps so handsomely proves that he is a trouper, par excellence, as I said. His father was a surgeon, his mother an artist. Why, he was even born on Christmas Day, which is rather sweet. Then, too, he has two sisters and sisters do so much to *soften* a boy, don't you think, and he went to Andover and. . . ."

". . . and I was kicked out, wasn't I?" demanded Bogey, "kicked out for ducking a junior professor, wasn't I? Because I didn't like the way he wore his face. I. . . ."

"But a *junior* professor, darling," murmured Mayo, "a little *junior* professor, kinda spindly is the way I always think of him. . . ."

"I was about to say I then joined the Navy, didn't I? I suppose I didn't have a lot of fights in the Navy, always talking out of turn like I did and. . . ."

". . . and getting licked, darling," sighed Mayo, "as you've often told me when in a meditative mood . . . not that Bogey is often in a meditative mood," Mayo gave me this . . . "there's nothing moony about Bogey. He's being temperamental and tense all of the time. He can't relax, not at any time. He can't sit down and just read a book. He's just going-going-going, all the time. Boats, gardening, fishing, he *adores* the sea . . . and golf. . . .

"OH, BUT I must tell you," caroled Mayo, "about Bogey's golf . . . he *was* called one of Hollywood's Grimmest Golfers but now he's given it up. Now he plays croquet at home. He claimed that golf was spoiling his disposition. And besides, after we bought this house, Bogey hated to be away from it any more than he could help, He loves to potter and to tinker, Bogey does. He just *dotes* on the place. He's such a *home-body*, Bogey is. Well, so now Bogey plays croquet at home. No, of course not the 'sissy game,' darling, whoever said so? Why, there's a little golf in Bogey's croquet. He has hazards, sand traps, hills, bunkers and the such. And some of the wickets are a hundred yards apart. Bogey is so *cute* about the game, he says it should be called 'croquolf' or 'golquet'. . . ."

". . . . but what I say when I miss a wicket," hissed Bogey, "and anyway, as I was saying . . . I served in the Navy right through the War, didn't I?"

". . . and got out as soon as you could afterwards, dear, and quite right, too, because, as you said, 'Adventure is too strenuous.' That's Bogey, Gladys, always thinking things out which will insure him the minimum of effort. . . ."

"I bucked Wall Street next," rallied Bogey, "that takes guts. High Finance. Bears and Bulls, Buccaneers of the Ticker Tape and all. . . ."

". . . and you were *so* happy, weren't you, dear, when William A. Brady 'rescued' you, rescued is the word you always use when you speak of it, I believe, and gave you a job backstage in one of his productions. . . ."

". . . plenty of fights in New York in those days," puffed Bogey, "that guy on the subway one night. He was stepping all over my feet. I resented it. I gave him a good shove. He ups to me and he said 'howsabout getting off at the next station?' I didn't want to get off at the next station because I . . . well, because I had a date. But I did get off and we were rolling all over the place, he was all over me and I. . . ."

"He 'beat the lights' out of you, wasn't that the way you told it to me, dear?" helped Mayo. "I know it still worries me when I wake up nights thinking about it. . . ."

"He was a prizefighter," said Bogey, "he *could* have been a drug store clerk, a soda-jerker with anemia, but he had to be a prizefighter. . . ."

(Mayo was certainly helping Bogey now.)

"But there's one thing about Bogey," Mayo picked up the thread that was

[*Continued on page* 91]

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Very Light . . . ☐	Blue . . . . . ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark . ☐
Fair . . . . ☐	Gray . . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark . ☐
Creamy . . . . . ☐	Green . . . . ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark . ☐
Medium . . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark . ☐
Ruddy . . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . ☐	*If Hair is Gray check type above and here* ☐
Sallow . . . . . ☐	Black . . . ☐	
Freckled . . . . ☐	LASHES [*Color*] Light . . . . ☐ Dark . . . ☐	
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The Thief of Bagdad

[*Continued from page 42*]

"Pull!" he called lustily. "Come on. We're going."

The sail to the nearby town of Basra was the greatest joy Ahmad had ever known. The sky had never been bluer, the air never cleaner. The melon that Abu had stolen and the fish they caught were better than anything that his hundred servants had ever brought him. But best of all, there was freedom, whole wonderful days of it. They reached Basra on the third afternoon and as they went over the curving bridge into the town, Abu reached out, and from here and there among the crowd, filched some delicious pancakes and honey.

They were eating in quiet content when suddenly they heard a great clarion call. Then a hundred horsemen appeared, driving the people brutally out of their way with whips. And all at once the streets were empty—except for one stranger whose garment Abu grasped. "What's happening?" he demanded. It was the Princess, he was told. "Then why does everybody go?"

The stranger shuddered. "It's death to look on her. Her beauty is like the Sun and the Moon but no man has ever seen her; nor shall till her father gives her in marriage." With a terrified yelp, he darted away.

Together, Abu and Ahmad climbed into the awning of a shop. Then they shrank back as the procession of musicians and soldiers appeared. There followed dancing girls and coal-black slaves. But as the jeweled palaquin approached, Ahmad suddenly exclaimed in rapture. "Abu—she *is* like the Moon and the Sun."

And indeed it was so, as she lay there in her ivory litter, gowned in the fragile stuff of a pink, pearly dawn. Her lips were red ripeness of pomegranates, her skin, clear, precious alabaster.

The procession moved past—and she was gone.

Abu rubbed his eyes. "Well, we looked at her and we're still alive. Now to the harbour for Sinbad, the Sailor."

As if in a trance Ahmad shook his head. "No."

"What?"

"I must see her again."

Abu took one look at him and knew it was useless to argue. "All right. If you see her once more, will you then come with me to find Sinbad?"

"Yes."

"Then we must find where she lives." Suddenly, he saw the stranger and called to him. The man sidled up but as he answered their questions about the direction of the Palace, terror came over his face.

"Remember," he finally squealed, "She's the Sultan's daughter and it's death to look on her." He started away. "Allah be with you. But I doubt it."

THE next day they found the palace gates. Ahmad's eyes clouded as he saw the guards but Abu merely observed, "There's always a way in." This he proceeded to prove with a little game that he had once picked up from a wandering magician. The whole idea was to shuffle up some cocoanut shells, pick one up and lo! and behold! there was a gold coin.

The guards were immediately entranced by the idea and in a few moments they were all betting their swords on the result. It was an easy matter for Ahmad to slip past them while Abu held their attention with his trickery.

Inside the grounds he wandered around for a bit. All at once he stopped. There, in the midst of a green, flowering garden, was a marble bathing pool, which, like a mirror, reflected the thickly-leafed trees.

Then his heart almost stood still. Reclining with her handmaidens at the edge of the pool, was the Princess, exquisite as a bit of porcelain. And in a voice like the nightingale's, she was singing a lovesong.

Ahmad came closer. But just then, one of the girls saw his face in the pool and screamed with terror. "An evil spirit. A Djinn!" They ran, helter-skelter, like so many peacocks and disappeared behind the great hedges. All but the Princess. Cautiously, she drew her silken garments about her and looked into the water. She stared in fascination at the reflection of Ahmad's face.

"Oh, Djinn," she breathed, "you don't look wicked. Don't go away."

Tenderly, Ahmad touched her arm and with a sharp intake of breath she rose and faced him. "Don't be afraid," he said, "I'm not a Djinn."

"Who—who are you?"

"Your slave."

"Where have you come from?"

"From the other side of Time . . . to find you."

Her voice was as low and sweet as the whisper of a flower. "How long have you been looking?"

"Since Time began."

Her cheeks tinted delicately with color. "And now you've found me, how long will you stay?"

The fires of his heart blazed in his eyes. "Till the end of Time . . . For me there is no beauty in the world but yours."

And then the Princess knew. Here was the love that had always colored her dreams—here it was to the end of eternity. "For me there can be no more of pleasure in the world but to please you," she said huskily.

Through the long sun-dappled afternoon they spoke in the language of lovers. And then it was time for Ahmad to go. She was wonderously in his arms as he asked, "Will you be here in the garden tomorrow, at the same hour?"

Her violet eyes clouded. "There is a gardener here who watches night and day for lovers. His name is 'Death.' Are you not afraid?"

He but clasped her closer. "No."

But she cried, "You must not come again!"

"Forbid me, then."

Try as she would, all her being cried out against it. Finally, she said, "I cannot forbid."

"Tomorrow then?"

"And all the tomorrows."

But the Princess had not told him about her father, the Sultan. And perhaps had he known, the youthful recklessness of his heart might not have cared. For the Sultan was not as other ruling warriors. There were some who spoke of him as the Greatest Collector of Toys in the world. There were others who merely said bluntly that he was an old man—silly and greedy.

Suffice it to say that on the third day when Ahmad was in the garden with the Princess, Giafar, the Grand Vizier of Bagdad was in the Palace making formal plea for the Princess' hand. His method was simple. He had brought the Sultan a toy horse that would fly—a plaything so marvelous that the old man could not resist and immediately sent for his daughter to give her in marriage.

Strangely, she could not be found. Then, in his magic crystal, Giafar saw her, blissful in the arms of Ahmad. A terrible rage possessed him.

So it was that the two "beggars," Ahmad and Abu were discovered on the grounds. They were brought in by the guards and hurled to the marble floor.

But as Ahmad raised his head and saw his enemy, Giafar, the man who had made him outcast from his kingdom, he rose to his feet and thundered, "Giafar! At last! Face to face. Man to man. Sword to sword." He grasped Giagar's arm savagely. "Why do you mutter so? Is it for shame?" He turned to the Princess' father. "Great Sultan, I speak the truth. My eyes bear witness."

But now Giafar's evil words could be heard in incantation.

> *"The Powers of darkness blind,*
> *The spells of Satan blight*
> *The skylight of your mind,*
> *O Prisoner of the Night."*

"My eyes bear witness," Ahmad cried again. Then suddenly he moaned and touched his face. The world was black before him. "My eyes! My eyes have gone. I cannot see. I am blind."

But Abu rushed forward and threw himself before the Sultan. "Listen, O most High and Just, I know the truth." He faced the assemblage. "Listen, good people—"

Now Giafar stood over *him*. He smiled cruelly.

> *"Son of a dog, by this my magic runs,*
> *Be what your fathers were and bay the moon."*

And the Abu felt evil spirits take hold of him. His body worked this way and that. Struggling wildly, he began to run. Then he stared into a mirror and saw—a dog. Yes, there were four legs, two up-pointed ears and a tail. The dog was—himself.

Giafar's terrible laughter rang out. "And this is my curse that I lay upon you both." He turned to Ahmad. "*You* shall walk in the darkness of the blind." Now he laughed down at Abu. "And *you* remain so, in the form of a dog . . . until that moment when I shall hold the Princess, willing for my love, in my arms."

FOR many moons, the blind Ahmad wandered with his dog. Always, Abu guided his footsteps and led him away from danger. But Ahmad's heart was as bleak as his sight—until the day that the woman Halima approached him in the market-place near the river.

She seemed to have come from nowhere but her message gave him the first hope he had had in many days. It was news of his Princess that she brought—dread news, to be sure, but at least it was word of her.

When Ahmad had been sent away by Giafar to wander, his Beautiful One had run off, Halima told him. Then she had been captured by slave-traders and sold here in the Slave Market. The richest merchant in the town had bought her but as soon as she was taken to his house, she had fallen into a deep, unshakable trance. She lived but was as dead. No doctor could restore her. Only the one she called "The Djinn of the Pool" could bring her back to life.

Ahmad threw back his head in exultant laughter. "*I* was the Djinn. Take me to her."

Halima led him through the streets with Abu trotting along at his feet. Then, finally, they came to the great house and he was taken to the Princess' sleeping chamber.

Her sweet voice reached his ears as she spoke from her trance. "O, Djinn, shall I never see you again?"

Ahmad whispered, "Guide my hand to her." Tenderly his fingers touched her silken hair, her sweet lips. She stirred slightly. "From the beginning of Time I have searched for you," he said in a soft voice.

Again she moved. Then all at once her waxen lids fluttered open and she looked at him. "My lover, my lover," she breathed. But tears of crystal formed in her eyes and she turned away. "The dream," she wept, "my dream—always the same."

Ahmad put his arms around her. "This is no dream."

Wonderingly, she looked at him again. And then she saw that he was real. "Ahmad." She said with ringing joy.

His lips caressed her throat, her eyes, and the rich warmth of her mouth. "The dream is over, my own. It has come true."

She sighed deeply. But then a sense of something wrong went through her. "Don't look at me. Suffering has left its mark."

"For me," he said throbbingly, "your beauty will always be as I first saw it."

But now her fears were real. "Your eyes. They are so strange, so full of pain."

"One cannot pass through fire and not be scorched."

Her lips formed to speak again, when she saw Halima motioning to her. The woman touched her eyes and a terrible pain lanced through the Princess' heart as she knew that Ahmad was blind.

Now Halima spoke to him. "Ahmad, you must go. The Master has returned."

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"I'll not go. Never. I stay here." His voice rose. "I would rather die than leave her again. I can still fight."

Halima smiled pityingly. "It will be a short fight. And think of the Princess. They will kill her too. Come away with me and when the Master sleeps, in the heart of the moon, I'll bring her to you."

"Yes, my love," the Princess begged, "go with her. She is our friend."

Abu began to jump up and down and bark. Ahmad spoke to him sharply. "Quiet. From now on, you are not only mine. You belong to the Princess as well." Once more he tenderly kissed his Princess, then walked outside with Halima.

She said to him, "Go to the boat wharf where I first met you."

"Very well. Hurry. I'll wait for you there."

But as he left the place, Giafar, sitting in the patio above sent an ugly laugh after him. His agent, the woman Halima, had done her work well. She had caused Ahmad to awaken the Princess and now she would be his. "King of the Beggars, of Poverty and Hunger," he cursed, "your only Kingdom will be the road beneath your feet."

Down at the river Ahmad sat and waited. He thought of many things and especially of the soothsayer's prophecy the night that Giafar's soldiers had seized him.

"Have no fear," the old man had said, "Trust in Allah. One day in the Blue you shall see a boy, mounted upon a cloud. And from the ranges of the sky he shall destroy the tyrant with the arrow of Justice."

Hours passed and then a queer uneasiness possessed him. There was a reason, though he did not know it, for always Giafar had spirited the Princess on board his black boat and was offering her a cruel bargain: In exchange for her promise to wed him, her lover's sight would be restored.

At the wharf, Ahmad's frantic foreboding grew stronger. Where was Abu? The dog had been absent for a long time, ever since he had left the house with Halima. "Abu, Abu," he called. And suddenly a miracle happened. His eyes were open, truly open. He could see. *He was no longer blind!*

Then he turned and stared. There was Abu coming out of the sea. And he was no longer a dog but a boy again!

Abu rushed to him. "She's with him, Ahmad. They took me on the boat then threw me off to drown. And in the water there, I changed back to a boy again. But now she's with Giafar—"

Ahmad's eyes were dark with despair. "What good is my sight to me without her?"

"Is there nothing for you without her?" Abu asked tearfully.

"Nothing."

As usual, in a crisis, Abu took to action. He indicated a small harbor boat. "Then we must follow her at sea. Come. Hurry."

But out in the ocean, with the shore faded from sight, a tempest, sent by Giafar, suddenly rushed down around them. The world darkened and the sea howled and raged. Desperately, Ahmad and Abu tried to keep afloat. But it was useless. The boat was torn apart and they were flung away from each other into the stormy swirl of wind and water.

EONS later, the morning came and Abu woke. He looked around and saw a beautiful, peaceful island. But he was alone, and he began to cry bitterly. "Ahmad, Ahmad, Ahmad." Then suddenly he heard a tiny squeal.

He started. That was funny. The noise had come from that small bottle, lying on the sand. His sobs stopped and he reached out for it. He heard the squeal again. Curiosity overcame him and he loosed the top of the bottle.

The cork popped off—and suddenly a small head stuck out of the bottle. "Yow!" Abu cried throwing it from him. Black smoke began to pour out of the bottle and then, from the midst of the smoke, stepped a shadowy figure as big as a Palace. It began to sing.

"I'm free, you worm
Now you can squirm
And let the sons of earth beware"

Abu thought he would die of fright. Why, he had let loose a Djinn.

"I'm free again," the Djinn was shrieking, dancing around. "After two thousand years, since King Solomon, Master of all the Djinni, imprisoned me in this bottle. But for *you,* you insect, this is the last moment of your life."

Abu looked at him in outrage. "But Sheik of Spirits," he protested, "I opened your bottle. I set you free. You can't be so ungrateful."

"Ungrateful," the Djinn scoffed. "Slaves are not grateful. Not for their freedom."

Now Abu thought hard. He must do something and do it fast. With a beguiling expression, he turned to the Djinn. "How comes it that you, as big as a mountain could ever get into that bottle that I can hold in my hand? You weren't in it really, were you?"

"Of course I was."

"Oh, no, you weren't."

"I was."

The argument went back and forth heatedly and finally to settle the matter, the Djinn insisted on showing Abu just how he had gotten into the bottle. That was Abu's chance. Quickly, he clapped the cork on again and when the Djinn began to plead for his liberty Abu imposed his conditions. Only on the oath that he would behave, that he would call Abu, "Master" and that he would grant three wishes, would he let the Djinn out again.

From the bottle there came groans and moans and curses but finally the promise was made and since it was bound with the Oath of King Solomon, Abu knew it would be kept. But when he had again released the Djinn, excitement overcame him so that he wasted a perfectly good wish by asking for some home-made sausages. Then he berated himself. No, no, that would never do. He must stop to think next time.

Now, instead of making a wish he asked tentatively, "I wonder if I could see Ahmad."

"Master," the Djinn said, "to do that you must look into the All Seeing Eye. It is a great Ruby in the eye of the Goddess. There are many guards about it but I will take you there."

Abu nodded and the Djinn hoisted him to his back and they were off. Over mountains and rivers they went, right over the curve of the world, sun, moon and stars and all.

BOY! DO I GO FOR—

Chuckles

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Then finally Abu saw the Goddess. There she sat, supported by seven pillars, with her feet in the sea of Eternity.

Trembling like a leaf, Abu mounted her huge foot. He was just walking across her chin when suddenly a score of guards appeared. Abu slid past them like an eel and scrambled into her mouth. The guards were after him. Now the chase went from the Goddess' mouth to her ear and then up and down her cheeks. Finally, Abu made a leap to the eye. Then he pulled with all his might and the great Ruby was in his arms.

The Djinn took him on his back again and not until they were in a safe spot did they stop. Then the Djinn said, "Look into it. Look hard."

Abu peered into the ruby. He gasped, for there in a deep ravine crouched Ahmad, tired, dejected and hopeless. Abu cried, "And now my second wish. Take me to him."

"To hear is to obey," the Djinn said sonorously. "Hold tight, little brother. We have to return half across the world."

Off through the clouds and the sky they went, not stopping until they had reached the ravine where Ahmad was resting. Abu dismounted from the Djinn and ran to his friend. "Don't be afraid, Ahmad," he said, "It's me. And I'm the Djinn's master."

With his first smile in days, Ahmad embraced his friend. Then he looked up as the Djinn burst into an uproar. "What's he laughing like that for? I don't like the sound of it."

The Djinn swayed again with mirth. "I'm laughing for my freedom. It's at hand." Like a knife flash he turned to Abu. "Your third wish, Master?"

But Abu was quicker. "No, no, no." He turned to Ahmad. "Phew! he's big but he's sharp. I've got to be careful. Only one wish left."

Ahmad sighed. "I have only one wish. If I could only see her again."

"See her!" Abu exclaimed. "Is that all?" Grandly, he pushed the ruby in front of Ahmad. "I needn't waste a wish for that. Look. Look into it hard."

Bewildered, Ahmad stared into the stone. Then his face lighted up for through the red fires of the jewel he could see his beloved. She was in a garden in Bagdad, holding a blue rose, and inhaling its fragrance.

Then Ahmad was plunged into despair again for in the distance he could see Giafar in his laboratory talking to his alchemist. The Grand Vizier was rubbing his hands in glee. "It is done. Let her inhale the fragrance and she will forget Ahmad and the past. Her mind will become blank.

Ahmad jumped up. "Why did you bring me this?" he said hoarsely. "I can't look any more. There are worse things than blindness. I am worse off than before you came!"

Now Abu became really angry. "And I risked stealing the ruby for you! I'll *never* have anything to do with a moon-struck lover again."

Ahmad was just as incensed. "Good. Have nothing more to do with me. I wish I were in Bagdad."

"I wish you were too," Abu retorted.

And then, all at once, there was a great thunderclap and Ahmad was gone. Abu looked up dazedly. "Ahmad, Ahmad. Where are you?"

"Where you wished him," the Djinn chortled happily. "In Bagdad. And now, you have had your three wishes and I am free. Free! So farewell, Little Master of the Universe." Singing his songs of freedom lustily he danced away.

Like a lost child Abu began to wander around aimlessly, crying all the while. But he could not keep away from the ruby. Finally, he peered into it. But as he looked a howl of anguish tore from his lips. There, in the Bagdad garden was Ahmad with the Princess but Giafar stood before them with drawn sword. To his guards, he was snarling, "Take them below. Chain them to opposite walls so they shall spend their last night face to face. In the morning they die."

BAFFLED and torn with despair Abu looked up at the Heavens. "How can I help?" he asked. "I must help. But how?" He eyed the ruby with loathing. "But if I can't help, I won't see." And in an outburst of fury, he raised his arm and threw the ruby from him. Then suddenly, fantastic fireworks exploded and the whole earth seemed to be spitting asunder.

After a long time Abu again had the strength to open his eyes. But as he did so, they widened like saucers. Why he was all dressed in cloth of silver and was standing in the doorway of a royal tent. An old king, surrounded by his courtiers was looking at him. They were all of petrified stone.

"Welcome, Little Prince," they all chanted and stirred for the first time.

Abu took a deep breath and looked around him. "Father of a Beard! There's some mistake. I'm not a Prince."

But the old King smiled. "Yes. For you, we have been waiting twice two thousand years. This is the Land of Legend where

[*Continued on page* 88]

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 68]

George Raft-Norma Shearer may deny romantic interest but howsabout the get-togethers at L.A. & N.Y. premieres?

the Wayne Morrises went much fancier! They called their new son Bert DeWayne Morris III—and even his mama, who used to be "Bubbles" Schinasi, thinks that's quite a load, because she says she's going to call him Michael for short, because she likes that name. Wonder if Wayne's wondering who Michael was . . . it'll be a midsummer baby for the Kent Taylors . . . and it won't be long now before there's a new little Stephenson at the Jimmy's . . . snicker-of-the-season in Hollywood is the crossed-signals business at the Woody Van Dyke home . . . the doctors all said it'd be a girl . . . BUT Ol' Doc Stork crossed them up, and delivered a boy . . . and the Van Dykes had even picked its name—Gretchen!!! But Woody, being a director, is used to quick changes-of-title, so he switched the name to Winston Stewart Van Dyke . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald says it'll be a May baby . . . and the Tim Holts are building a nursery on their house, for the time when handsome screen hero Jack Holt becomes a granddaddy.

■

IT'S old stuff by now—the cordial and friendly attitude that one has come to expect in Hollywood, between ex-wives and current wives and all that sort of thing. But it remained for Clark Gable's women to put on the real clincher—

It concerns Josephine Dillon, who was Clark's first wife, years ago, and Carole Lombard, who (as you may know) is Mrs. Gable currently (as this is written). Not alone are Josephine and Carole friendly—but the other day Josephine revealed that it was Carole Lombard, herself, who helped Josephine get the grand break that's just come to her—the appointment as head drama coach and instructor in charm and personality at Christian College, in Missouri.

"When Clark was getting divorced—the second time, I mean; not the one from me—Carole called me up and said she'd like to talk to me," Josephine tells it. "I was all aflutter. But she was just lovely. She sent her press-agent to me, and between them, they worked so hard for me that it's due to their efforts that I'm as well off as I am today."

■

CUPID'S UN-COUPLET:
Marg Lindsay and Friend Eddie Norris have called their romance deddie!

■

HOLLYWOOD'S most active girl-friend these days seems to be June Lang, who gets around faster than a whirling dervish. One night you find her holding hands with James McKinley Bryant (who's no slouch himself!); the next it may be Lew Ayres (when he isn't Greer Garsoning); and then again it may be Alex D'Arcy, or maybe Bob Oliver.

But it's NEVER Vic Orsatti. Vic, who used to be June's Mr., is finding Ruth Hussey grand company, these evenings.

[*Continued on page* 89]

Al Jolson may not have his Ruby now but he's happy with his son, Al, Jr., who climbed into pappy's arms in N. Y.

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

Just Like the Movies

■ Even in Hollywood, there's a man who believes everything he sees in movies. He's the carpenter to whom Errol Flynn gave the job of building some jumps on the riding-track on Errol's ranch.

The carpenter went to work. A few hours later, a ranch-hand happened by, and saw with amazement that the man had built no barrier LESS than six feet high. He protested—"don't you think they're a little tall?"

"Hell, no," drawled the carpenter; "ef'n Mister Flynn rides like I seen him ride in pictures, these here now jumps had ought to be a CINCH!"

A Cuppa Coffee and You, Ann

■ Not to her head has all this oomph gone, which leads to this neat little item about Ann Sheridan. She rides a bike, you know, to keep that figure oomphy. But she doesn't ride so well, and the other day, she got excited when a big truck turned a corner in front of her, and before she knew it, she had smacked into a tree and was sprawled all over the roadside.

The truck-driver got down to help the gal, and found out it was Ann Sheridan. Not at all abashed, he told her he was sorry and could he do something to make up for it. Equally unmiffed, Ann looked about, saw a hamburger stand a few yards away, and said she'd call it square if he'd buy her a cuppa coffee.

He did—and now they're swell pals, the queen of oomph and the truck-driver.

Burglars Use 'em, Too

■ Next time you see Dorothy Lamour, you can ask her to autograph your front window. On account of her latest present from boy-friend Wynn Rocamora is a diamond-pointed pencil!

He Knew What He Wanted

■ Hollywood kids (even the ones NOT in pictures) know what they want. Anyway, the one who sneaked into Joan Crawford's back garden did. He had a candid camera, and he was trying to snap some shots of Joan in her bathing-pool.

Joan caught him. She scolded him. Then she gave him candy, and told him to run on home now. He did—but as he reached the gate, he turned back and yelled:

"Aw right, Miss—but c'n I come back and take the picture TOMORRER?"

A Corset Held Her Back

■ Lackadaisical reaction of Hollywood youth to the Guh-reat Moments of Life, as typified by Bonita Granville:

In *At Good Old Siwash,* Bonita got her first screen kiss, as you remember, from William Holden. Curious about her reactions to the experience, Holden himself asked her, afterward, how she felt about it, and how she liked the kiss.

Cracked Bonita:

"I didn't notice. My corset was pinching me."

Windfall

■ This guy Bob Hope—luckiest stiff in town. The other day, he and Bing Crosby played a golf match, and Bob won—including the two-bit side bet.

Bing paid, and Bob took the quarter and dropped it into the slot-machine in the clubhouse bar.

And hit the jackpot!

Helping Pop

■ Playing in *Swiss Family Robinson,* Tim Holt, son of Jack Holt, had to grow an almost shoulder-length head of hair for his role.

All his friends kidded him about it. Finally Tim came back with this crack-of-the-month:

"Well, it's all MINE anyway—and when I'm done with this picture, I'm going to make a toupee of it—AND GIVE IT TO POP!"

HONEY BEAUTY ADVISOR *asks:* "DOES YOUR HUSBAND WANT TO SHOW OFF YOUR CHAPPED, RED HANDS?"

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GOSH, HONEY — I'VE HURT ANN'S FEELINGS. BUT HER HANDS ARE AWFUL. MAYBE YOU CAN HELP...
THAT'S MY JOB — HELPING HANDS

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So You'd Like To Be a Star at 18!

[*Continued from page* 43]

(She has just been Joel's bride in *He Married His Wife.*) She gets paid plenty. Enough to buy anything she wants, and have a fortune left over.

Other girls dream about escaping the old home-town, getting to Hollywood, where Life Is Glamorous. Nancy's there. She can have a hacienda for a home—a palatial hacienda, with a sunny patio beside a huge and private swimming-pool. Any morning in the week, she can have breakfast in bed. Any night in the week, she can dance at the Trocadero. She can move among famous people, call them by their first names, have them for friends. She can go out with the world's handsomest bachelors, be a romantic rival of the world's most beautiful women.

She can always look more beautiful than she is, with the help of make-up magicians. She can always *oomphasize* her figure, with the help of dress designers and dieticians. Whenever she goes out in public, photographers' flash-bulbs explode, autograph books are thrust at her, people stare. She is an object of acclaim. She is famous.

Girls in unnumbered hordes sigh: "Oh, to be a movie star—at 18!" They don't know whereof they're sighing. Take it from Nancy Kelly. Herself. In person.

NANCY has brown eyes and a wistful mouth. The brown eyes go serious and the wistful mouth twists into a wry smile, as she says: "People ask me how it feels to have all this happening, at eighteen. And I truthfully can't tell them. I don't know how it feels to be eighteen. I don't know how eighteen differs from any other age. From sixteen, say—which was what I was, when I signed my contract.

"I've been too busy, playing girls of an indeterminate age, somewhere beyond the teens, to find out what it's like to be my own age.

"That's part of the penalty of becoming an actress very young. You don't have much time to be with people your own age.

"One day, you're a child player; the next, you're playing young grown-up roles. Just like that. At least, that's the way it was with me. And I'm sorry. Especially when people ask me what it's like to be eighteen. As if—because I'm eighteen—I should be feeling some marvelous sensations, never felt before, and never to be felt again. Threshold-of-life sensations.

"I just don't feel them. I've missed out on those, too—by having done so much, so young. I don't feel as if I'm about to have an exciting new existence. I can't see anything ahead of me except acting. And I've been acting as long as I can remember.

"Sometimes, when I let myself think about it, I wonder how I'll look at life when I'm twenty-five. Will I be bored stiff, because all my ambitions are old and tired? Twenty-five isn't antique. That's the age when most actresses are getting into their stride, looking toward their greatest performances. But will I still have a movie career by the time I'm twenty-five?

"Seven or eight years are the most that anybody can hope to have, they say. I've already been around a year and a half, and twenty-five is seven years away. Unless the law of averages goes completely haywire, I'll have worn out my welcome before then. I'll be a Hollywood has-been—at twenty-five.

"And I'm supposed to be overjoyed that all this is happening to me at eighteen!"

MAYBE Nancy should stop thinking. Maybe, like some other pretty females in the movie village, she should relax and let herself be unconditionally envied. But, worse luck, she can't. Growing up ahead of time, she has the habit now of doing everything ahead of time—even facing facts and the future.

"I envy other girls my age," Nancy says with all the earnestness at her command, which is considerable. "They can look back on countless carefree memories. I can't. Do you know that I've never been to a prom? I've been at the theatre at 8:45, instead.

"At eighteen, too, most girls can look ahead to countless years in which to achieve their ambitions. The farthest I can look ahead is to next option-time—six months away. If I make a couple of bad pictures in the meantime, what would happen then?"

Don't think, from this, that Nancy cries herself to sleep every night, bemoaning the unhappy lot of a girl who is a movie star at 18. She does nothing of the sort.

"I'm lucky, and I know it," she testifies. "I just insist that my being where I am doesn't entitle me to anybody's envy. Because, for everything I've gained, I've had to give up something. I've found fame of a sort, but, in doing it, I've had to give up part of my youth. If I had it to do over again, I'm not sure I'd let myself in for that bargain.

"What gives me something to think about," Nancy continued, and the light in her eyes grew wistful. "I've had nothing but good luck so far. And I'm bound to have some bad luck, before long, to balance it. Things have to balance. I'm as convinced of that as I am that it's daylight. It isn't a comfortable thought—but there it is. I can't get away from it. I can't kid myself out of it.

"I used to envy people who were lucky. I didn't know what I was doing. Anybody who owes everything to luck lives in dread of the day when the debt will have to be paid. I've found that out. I live from day to day, literally. I don't dare make plans, for fear of inviting bad luck. If I thought I might get married tomorrow, I wouldn't dare say so today." (There have been rumors of her marrying Edmund O'Brien.) "Love isn't out—but talking about it is. I don't want my bad luck to strike *there.*"

The funny part of this is that Nancy is serious about it. This is how a movie star of 18 feels. It's all very disillusioning. Like her denial that she leads a dramatic, exciting life.

"Now, if I actually fell in love with the hero of every picture I'm in, my life might be exciting. Or if I had the habit, like so many heroines, of constantly daring death, my life might be dramatic. But so far I haven't swooned in anybody's arms or risked my neck once. I've just worked here.

"It's nice work if you can get it—dressing up and making believe you're somebody else. Usually it's interesting. Sometimes, it's an actual pleasure. But it's still work.

"I don't get my breakfast served in bed. I don't get it served anywhere. Not at 7 a. m. I have to be at the studio at 7:30, to give the hairdressing and make-up departments a chance to make me beautiful before the day's shooting starts. I'm on the set at 9 a. m. From then until 6 p. m., with an hour off for lunch, I do what the boss—the director—wants done. And I have to do it just the way he wants it, or do it over.

"After I'm through for the day, I can't just put on my hat and go home. I have to change my clothes. I have to get the grease-paint off my face and give my skin a going-over, to bring it back to life. By the time I get home, it's 8 o'clock. I stretch out my dinner as long as possible. Because, after dinner, I have to study my lines for the next day. And be in bed by 11 p. m., because I'm a wreck if I don't get eight hours' sleep. A fine chance I have of dancing at the Trocadero any night in the week—except Saturday night!"

But how about those larger pay-checks? Don't they—er—compensate? Don't they make life a little more exciting?

"The first few—yes. They give you a sensation of walking on air. You have visions of getting all those things you've always wanted and have never been able to afford. You have yourself such a spending spree as you've never had before in your life. Then one day you sprain your ankle, or something else happens—and you can't go to work. You suddenly think, 'What if I could *never* work again?' That puts fear into you—and your money into the bank. You may have a bright and shining career now, but even if you stay well, you aren't going to have it too long. And what about afterward?"

Why worry about "afterward?" That's a long time away. The important thing is—isn't she living now in the luxury to which a star is entitled?

"You mean sensational luxury? No. I'm still renting the same house in Beverly Hills that I rented on my arrival. I almost bought it last year. Then I got to thinking that that might look to the Fates sort of like making plans. So I called the deal off."

Such qualms as that may prevent her from living in palatial style. But there is nothing to prevent her from living a freer life than she ever lived before. Or is there?

"Only the fact that I'm a girl, and under twenty-one. In Hollywood, girls under *eighty*-one can't live alone, without getting talked about. Anyway, who wants to live alone? I like having my family around me—my father and mother, my two younger brothers and my younger sister.

"My home-life is exactly the same as it has always been. And don't think I'm sorry about that. I've always had more fun with my family than with anybody else. My mother is only twenty years older than I am. That makes her practically a contemporary. I don't call her Mother; I call her Nan—and my father, Jack."

EXCEPT for the rumors linking her with Edmund O'Brien, whom she first met when they were both on the New York stage, Nancy hasn't had her name in the romance departments of the columns. Isn't she human? Doesn't she want to have the world think that the world's handsomest bachelors are smitten with her?

"When I first came to Hollywood, they wanted me to go out with this one and that. I refused. I didn't want to go out with anyone just for the possible publicity. I didn't want to fool the public, or the man—or myself."

One after another, Nancy blows down the alleged reasons why she is to be envied, as a movie star of 18. Even the one about her learning the secrets of glamor, from experts.

"Sometimes I think it would be fun to try to be a glamor girl—only the pace would be killing. That's one thing Hollywood does to you. It makes you super-conscious of your facial faults. Why, they've even got me looking for wrinkles—at my age. . . . Really, I envy girls who have never met a make-up expert. They must live fairly unworried lives. It's hard to remember, but it almost seems as if I lived that kind of life once, myself."

What do you mean—*you'd* like to be a star at 18?

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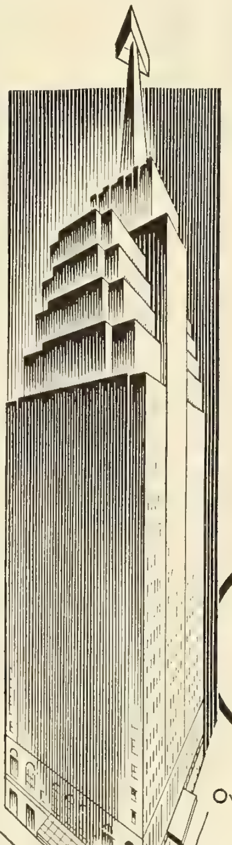

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Spring Song

[*Continued from page* 54]

nowadays are designed to melt quickly on the skin, and to go a long way. And she leaves that cream on for not more than twenty minutes at a time—it does all the softening it's going to in that space, she feels sure. Then she removes it with facial tissues, and pats on a bit of mild skin tonic with cotton squares. That does away with any greasy feeling, and keeps the pores of the skin from enlarging.

Follow Ilona's routine if your skin is dry and sensitive, but reverse the procedure if yours runs to oiliness, with blackheads and large pores thrown in. You should use cleansing cream first, then scrub your face thoroughly with soap, warm water and your complexion brush.

YOU can avoid the reappearance of blackheads by washing your face thoroughly and often, by faithfully rinsing it with cool water, and using your skin tonic afterwards to tighten the pores, and by always cleansing your face before applying fresh make-up.

The weekly use of a good facial mask will keep your skin fine-pored and satiny of texture. It will stimulate the circulation so that the tiny oil glands in the under layers of the skin receive the so-necessary fresh supplies of blood that keep them going on an even keel, and producing just enough and no more facial oil. That means that a face pack will help normalize over-oily, and too-dry skins!

And that's not all the magic it can work. As the mask dries, it contracts, mechanically tightens the skin somewhat. That helps refine enlarged pores, firm flabby skin, and smooth out wrinkles and fine laughter lines. All this is temporary—if you use the mask only once! But you can extend the benefits by using the mask weekly.

Be careful always to follow the directions for the mask you are using—exactly. Some masks may be mild and gentle enough in their action to be used close to the eyes—but many may cause a slight puffiness and redness of the tender skin in that area. Unless the manufacturer specifically says his product may be used near the eyes, it's best to play safe and leave a half-inch clear space.

All masks should be applied to an absolutely clean skin. Don't let a trace of cream remain on the skin, because that might prevent the mask's taking hold and acting properly on the skin. Apply the pack with upward, outward motions from the base of the throat (the chin and throat skin need stimulation, too) to the hair line on your forehead—then lie down for about 15 minutes while the mask dries. Keep your head absolutely still, and don't talk, because that will just crack the mask, and you'll lose half the good of it. Use lukewarm water and a clean washcloth to remove the mask, then rinse your face with cool water and pat dry.

One of our better manufacturers puts out two grand masks—one for dry, sensitive skin, the other a heavier, more stimulating preparation for oily skin. Both will help refine large pores and prevent blackheads. These particular masks dry quickly—but that doesn't mean they'll give you a skimpy beauty treatment. No, indeed! Each will act as an immediate bracer to your face, whip up the circulation of the blood, and make the skin feel and look ten times firmer and finer and fresher. A little bit of either mask will go a long way—and they cost only a dollar apiece. Want the name?

YOU'LL want a pure, quick lathering soap whether your skin is dry or oily. And I can give you the name of a perfect one. It's mild, and just chock full of skin vitalizing ingredients. It lathers like fury in lukewarm water and rinses off just as quickly with cool water. There's something about this soap that seems to perk up dull, tired-looking skin—try it and see! After rinsing the soap off thoroughly, dry your face, and pat on the skin tonic from the same manufacturer. It's mild, but it will give your skin that necessary stimulation, at the same time helping to refine enlarged pores, and cut excess oiliness. Use it after washing your face, and always after creaming it. It comes in 10 and 50 cent sizes; the soap costs a few pennies a cake. Interested?

Looking for a quick melting cream for cleansing and lubrication? I can give you the name of one that is as effective as it is inexpensive. It comes in several sizes from 10 cents to about a dollar, and is even more economical than it sounds. A teaspoonful will do a complete cleansing and smoothing job on your face and throat! Because this particular cream is of the all-purpose type, you can use it as cleanser, lubricant and powder base. It softens the skin so that make-up will cling long and smoothly, without a trace of nose shine.

Spring time means pink and blue hats, sheer blouses, pastel suits and all kinds of frills and flowers to me. So it's only natural that I should like lighter, pinkier powders then—to go with all those baby tones. I found two grand ones the other day. One is called orchid, but it's definitely a delicate soft pink—most flattering with a baby blue bonnet, I discovered. The other is named champagne rachel, and is more on the brunette side, but with a slight rosy tint to it all the same. The first would be grand for blondes and brownettes, the second for brunettes and certain red-heads. You can get lipsticks to harmonize—all the way from a red-red to go with navy blue or black and your red hat to a deep red with a blue undertone to wear as a darker accent to your pastels. Both powder and lipstick come in 10 cent sizes as well as larger ones, and it goes without saying that each in its way will stay on well. Want to know more?

Speak of make-up, and I automatically think of cleansing tissues. They go together because tissues are the start and finish to any good make-up—you use tissues to remove cream in preparing for your make-up—and as the final touch when you blot off excess lipstick . . . One of my pet tissues is out in a brand new package with a smaller opening that serves you one tissue at a time—and only one—and keeps the rest cleaner and neater than before. The tissues are lintless, with no fuzzy leavings to get up your nose and make you sneeze. You can tell that by looking in the bottom of the box after using the last sheet! A box of 500 costs under 30 cents, and you have your choice of several pastel shades.

Write to me before April 15th if you want the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped (U. S. postage, please) self-addressed envelope and address Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, for your reply.

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AT ALL DRUG STORES

Unmasking Louis Hayward!

[*Continued from page* 31]

a bad impression. I was too young an actor to take a chance so back to the provinces I went. When I came to London the second time I was determined to wait. The waiting was rewarded with a part in a short-lived play. Did I say part? It was not even that. I was an understudy—something I'd sworn I'd never be. The play lasted four days and Edward Scott Galli—the star whose understudy I had been—took a great liking to me.

"'Let's go for a tour,' he said when the engagement was over. 'Delighted,' I replied. But when I discovered the tour was to be on motorcycle, I refused. I had tried hanging on behind but my idea of a good time was not to sit on the back of a bucking, vibrating motor. Two days after my friend had left London, I was shocked to read in the newspapers that he had been killed in a collision with an automobile.

"Shortly after this took place, Du Maurier called me and offered a part in *The Church Mouse*. I happily accepted it for it was an excellent role. Noel Coward saw the opening performance. The result was a part in *Cavalcade*."

AT THE conclusion of the lengthy run of the Coward hit, Louis packed his belongings and went to Corsica expecting to stay for a few days. Instead he remained a whole year—living like a king on four dollars a week.

The days of simple living took nothing away from his work as an actor. When he returned to London, there was an excellent part awaiting him in *Conversation Piece* opposite Yvonne Printemps.

"My vegetating in the simple Corsican villages and my lazy days along the Mediterranean shores were justified. I had had time to think—to read—to assimilate life—something virtually impossible when one is bucking the so-called swim of things. After *Conversation Piece* I went directly into *Hay Fever* with Constance Collier and then *Rats in Norway* with Raymond Massey and Gladys Cooper."

It was in *Pointe Valaine* that critical New York first saw Louis Hayward. It was a Noel Coward play written by the author for his devoted friends, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. The critics thought the play a lesser Coward work and tactfully suggested that there were many better plays to suit the talents of the popular Lunt and Fontanne. This reserve, however, did not extend to Louis Hayward. He made a personal success of an extremely difficult role—one that labeled him as a most promising young actor and won him a picture contract with M-G-M.

"My first impressions of Hollywood, the place I now call home by virtue of marriage, owning a house and a contract—was one of billboards and cardboard houses. I felt this was a 'wolves paradise.' But I knew it was mine. I liked the perfume of the orange groves, the rose hedges and the ever enveloping sun. Here even a tent could be a paradise."

Louis' first picture was *The Flame Within*. Today Louis is most amused when he recalls those first days on the set. He wanted to appear taller than his five-feet-eleven—and as he analyzed it, there was only one way to accomplish this—by walking on his toes. To the consternation of the director and more experienced players—Louis proceeded to do just this. He walked around—creating a strange lunging effect which rose to its greatest heights when Louis opened doors. He stalked up to the door—looked at it—clinched his toes in his shoes—swayed back and forth and finally opened the door with the full force of his body behind it.

There was a disarming naivete about Louis Hayward—one that is just now becoming apparent to the general public and quite probably accounts for his climbing popularity.

Although Louis enjoyed his California life his career was disappointing. He did some splendid work—was acclaimed by the country's critics, but failed to make anything but the slightest impression on the public at large. His pictures were poor and however well Louis acted his roles, they lacked that all-important quality of sympathetic appeal.

AFTER four years in Hollywood, Louis felt he was through with pictures, at least for the time being. He planned to return to England. As it had so often before, Fate intervened in the form of that tragic and untimely death of Jack Dunn who was slated to play the title role in Edward Small's production of *The Duke of West Point*.

A large sum of money had been spent on the film's preliminary work. It could not be abandoned. It may have been desperation that caused Small to turn to Louis Hayward. Whatever the reason, the first day's rushes convinced the producer that in Hayward he had a real "find." The role of the duke was everything a young actor could wish for—sympathetic—athletic—appealing alike to backwoodsmen and sophisticates. It was the type of part Hayward needed and had never before played on the screen. Louis knew this. He played it to

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the hilt. The picture was successful. Hayward was "in." Small lost no time in signing his discovery to a long-term contract and rushing him into an exacting dual role in *The Man in the Iron Mask.*

Having shaped his career toward success, Fate dealt another hand—this time marriage was the trump card. Of course you know the story of the wooing and winning of "Lupe" as Louis calls Ida Lupino, the girl he delighted to razz as an actress before they discovered each other on a Hollywood hilltop. Two solitary walkers, they struck up an acquaintance—discussed this and that—Hollywood and England until suddenly they thought it time to introduce each other. "I'm Louis Hayward" . . . "My name's Lupino . . . Ida." Louis blushed to the roots of his hair as he recalled the off-handed manner in which he had frequently discussed this favorite daughter of a famous British theatrical family.

Ida teases him about this now. Louis' opinion of Ida's acting ability has changed. He believes she has never had a chance. But that was before her appearance in *The Light That Failed.* The Haywards are all for each other and rightly so. They share everything in common—even their impulsiveness.

Recently the Haywards took a drive before breakfast to the beach. Before they reached there—they had bought a house—a small place with a lovely view. Now they are tearing down a wall here and adding a closet there. But they both love it in spite of a few unexpected inconveniences.

BUT with all their emotionalism, their love of vagabonding, their impulsiveness, the Haywards live quietly, unpretentiously and sanely. In the film city this is by no means an easy achievement—particularly for a young, ambitious and enthusiastic couple. For say what the debunkers will—there is still a great deal of glamor to the film colony—superficial though it may be.

It is a type of glamor whose most fatal influence is on the young actor or actress who feels that to be a success in pictures—one must become a part of its whirl—to understand and know its cliches—feuds—to attend its parties and to revel in its gossip, small talk and big talk. Lulled and reassured by well-meaning friends that this is the way "in" the newcomer strives valiantly to keep up with Hollywood until as is frequently the case, he belatedly discovers that actually his efforts have been in the direction marked "out."

That Louis Hayward is now a full-fledged star with a promising future assured is a tribute to his poise, good sense and confidence in his acting ability. For Louis has never so much as considered employing this devious success route. He has belied the admonitions of those pepper-uppers who advocate fighting the world—who tell you to know what you want and then go out and fight for it. Hayward told me, "Never fight for a thing—take it easy. I don't mean that fame will be dropped into your lap—far from it. But fame will come tapping at your door if you do all you possibly can to fit yourself for whatever comes along in the natural course of events."

That Hayward has pursued this philosophy is evident on the face of his success. According to Hollywood standards—he can hardly be called good-looking—his profile is far from Barrymorean—but Louis Hayward has charm, ability and a sense of values. He likes the good things of life—quality—not quantity. He's gotten them too—completely on his own merits. So he looks to the future eagerly. He believes only in today and tomorrow.

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Doug Sizes Up Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 34]

in good English. "In a way, the war in Europe, tragic as it is, has had a salutary effect on Hollywood. It has brought us closer to the people and their problems and sentiments. It has given us an international consciousness. It has made quite a few people realize that Hollywood, after all, is a part of America and not situated on another planet where there is nothing to remind them of the world you and I live in except income taxes.

"We aren't directly involved in the war," he went on, "but we are in it economically and emotionally. Our whole national economy is now geared to the actual and anticipated demand of war orders. And we know on which side the sympathies of the overwhelming majority of the American public lie.

"Hollywood is the most international community in the country. We have an enormous European and British colony here, stars, directors, writers and technicians representing every country in Europe. Many of them have been through the first World War, and they have friends and relatives on the other side. To them the war is a very real and terrible thing."

But he thinks the big war pictures will be made *after* peace has been signed.

"The immediate effect of the war right now," he added, "is in the direction of more cheerful things on the screen, not only for our domestic market, but especially for the British and French theatres. People want to forget their troubles and laugh during periods of emotional stress. It is only when we are safe and comparatively happy that we can afford the luxury of tears. So in 1942, if the war is ended by then, we'll have a flood of war pictures; if not, we'll go on being cheerful." He flashed a typical Fairbanks smile—a smile that begets a smile from you.

"People look to the screen primarily for entertainment," he stated, "and not for information. It's the task of the press and to a certain extent the radio to supply them with information, but the art of the motion picture is based on action and emotion. The trouble is there is considerable divergence of opinion as to what constitutes entertainment.

"Producers are still going on the assumption that they must make pictures for a public with a collective mental age of 14 years. Perhaps it's 18 years now. I think it's high time that we find it out. Hollywood has always lagged behind the public in that respect."

HE BELIEVES in striking a happy medium. He knows that cinematic surrealism, a completely adult fare, cannot and should not be expected from the commercial screen. And furthermore a picture has to rake in the shekels in the hinterland as well as in sophisticated metropolitan centers to keep its producer out of the red. That means compromises.

"It's different on the stage," he explained. "On the stage you play to very limited city audiences, and a few thousand people can keep a play going for several weeks, even months. But on the screen you have to play to a world-wide audience of diverse national elements and cultural level. Many stage actors have a superior attitude toward the screen, without realizing its possibilities and limitations. I think the Germans and Russians have in the past done some very fine, revolutionary things on the screen. Then they went to the other extreme and became too intellectual.

"I love the movies. You get annoyed with the production methods, but the medium itself is first rate. In matters of entertainment, the public is always right."

Doug said he has had two great difficulties to overcome, the handicap of being the son of a famous father, about which much has been written, and the new conventional setup, the established machinery, for making commercial pictures, about which he unburdened his soul.

He has courageous and sensible ideas about making pictures, although he has never been a producer.

"Criterion Films was advertised as my company, but I had only a small share in it and was in it for only ten months. After certain difficulties I walked out. I was blamed for things that weren't my fault."

HE BELIEVES the solution of Hollywood's problems lies in making pictures on a cooperative basis, by round table discussion, with everybody sharing in the profits on a percentage basis.

"There is a great distrust between producers and actors," Doug said, and his eyes grew serious. "They are two factions growing apart. By not meeting on a common ground both sides are bound to suffer. Actors as a rule don't have a high opinion of the intelligence and methods of producers, and the producers feel the same way about actors, and often use on them high-handed tactics.

"I think the best pictures are made when the director is also the producer. The director is much closer to the actor, perhaps he used to be an actor himself, he has an understanding and sympathetic attitude toward him. But as things are now, one group fights the other and tries to dominate it.

"I should say that in 1942 we'll have in Hollywood a number of small, select companies making excellent pictures on a cooperative basis. They will keep abreast of the times, have their finger constantly on the public pulse, and make the screen a more vital and popular medium than it is today. Such creative gamblers will dare to do things which the biggest studios cannot even attempt."

"How about the star system in 1942?" I asked.

"The star system goes in cycles. There will be, of course, new faces. But when you have significant stories to film, stories about which the whole cast is enthusiastic, the emphasis will be on the material and team work. On the star question I stand for the middle ground. I know that I like to see pictures showing the artistry of Garbo, Bette Davis, Spencer Tracy. We'll still have stars in the present sense, but they will have to be good actors if they are going to survive."

Doug is in favor of lowering the price of admission. Many people can't afford to go even to a neighborhood theatre. The average American family of five lacks the means for patronizing, regularly, the first run houses. Many stars, no doubt, will be glad to play for a portion of what they are getting today if they can only have a voice in their production.

The social life of Hollywood is changing too.

"People are getting more serious. The war is the main topic of conversation. There is a wave of economy. On the surface it has not affected anyone appreciably except

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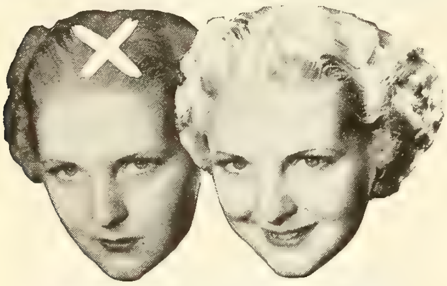

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among the British and French. But in all circles there is an undercurrent of apprehension about the future. Nobody knows what's going to happen. We are living in a period of transition, and the future depends more on what others do than what we do. You can't make any definite predictions in times like these. But after every war social life undergoes major changes. All I can say about Hollywood life two years from now is that it will be farther away from the razzle-dazzle of former days."

I WANTED some details about his present social life. His closest friends in Hollywood are such people as the Basil Rathbones, his father's group, David Niven, Cary Grant, and some others who aren't in the profession.

"I play tennis, swim. I do a lot of boating, except out here. I used to have a motor boat in England, but I sold it. I have one in the East; it's built for smoother waters than the Pacific. There is no place here to go except Catalina. I rent a house in the Pacific Palisades and own a farm in Virginia. I travel around so much, and the responsibility of owning property in Hollywood is so great, that I'd rather live here in a rented house."

"Your plans for the future, say, in the next two years?"

He said: "My plans are vague. It's difficult to chart a course for yourself in this business. I had intended to spend a year in Europe. Then, after finishing *Safari* I wanted to go East for a five months vacation on my farm in Virginia . . . But now, I don't know.

"I like Hollywood, I like the movies and my friends here, but I'm not particularly fond of its climate. This might be blasphemy in the eyes of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, but I prefer the four seasons to perpetual sunshine."

"What's your greatest ambition from now on?"

"Well, I hope to continue acting. I'd also like to be a writer."

He has had many articles and short stories published in national magazines, admitted receiving his share of rejection slips. In France, during the difficult years of his early youth, he wrote a novel and then tore it up. There is something Byronic about Doug. He is a dreamer with the stuff of adventure in him. Yet he has both feet planted firmly on the ground.

I, for one, will not be surprised if Doug leaves his mark on the world also as a diplomat. In fact, I'm tempted to make a little prophecy of my own: Some day he may be our ambassador to the Court of St. James! He will cut a fine figure in those fancy breeches, and drive to Buckingham Palace amid scenes of feminine sighs.

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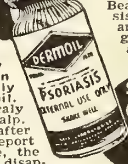

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Aunt Pittypat

[*Continued from page* 52]

"To help her understand a funny story, I had to dramatize it. To dramatize a funny story, you just had to be a comedienne. And so I became a comedienne." Miss Crews, however, has done exceedingly well in some of the more dramatic things of the theatre.

IF MISS CREWS ever retires as an actress, she may always be certain of a spot as a talent scout. Even before she turned Carole Lombard into an actress, she had unearthed the acting ability of Alfred Lunt, starting that young man off to a career on the stage and as the matrimonial better-half of the acting team of Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne.

Finding Lunt was a combination of luck and desperation. Miss Crews then was planning a vaudeville tour ("but vaudeville really never had wanted me," she complains) and needed a leading man for her skit.

With Philadelphia and opening night of the tour just twenty-four hours distant, Laura was desperate when a tall fellow opened the door of her hotel room. He wanted experience; he wanted to work with Miss Crews—and salary was no object. He read his lines—he rehearsed on the train—and Alfred Lunt was launched on his career.

The vaudeville tour flopped, but Laura sent young Lunt on the road with Lily Langtry, pending preparations for the production of Laura's next stage play, *Romance and Arabella*. It was in those days that both Laura and Alfred discovered the sparkling talent—the emotional flair of Lynn Fontanne, then acting in a series of six plays. Just arrived from London, Lynn had won critical acclaim and the two, Laura and Alfred, decided she would make a good friend. Lynn did. For she married Alfred (Laura Hope Crews was a bridesmaid at the wedding) and the three still remain the best of friends.

If finding talent is one of Laura's hobbies, buying houses is a Laura Hope Crews obsession. Laura's best friends just won't tell her when there's a "For Sale" sign outside of some house—for she'll whip out her check-book and take possession before the friend can even point out the gas tank in the backyard. Laura did own three houses, until recently, when she disposed of her Connecticut farm. Now she has the only colonial mansion in Beverly Hills, haven of neo-Spanish haciendas, and a bungalow in Santa Monica.

The colonial house is a story in itself. Every Hollywood architect threw up his hands in horror at the idea of a colonial mansion in Beverly Hills. But persistence brought her to Roy Selden Price, a Scotchman who agreed with Miss Crews about building such a home—and then disagreed with her all during the course of the home's construction. Laura knew what she wanted—Price knew what he wanted—but the house did get built. Now, both of them are proud of the Beverly Hills' contribution to home life.

Just another side light on a Laura Hope Crews foible. If you have an antique chair or sofa or table, keep it away from Miss Crews. The actress hates exercise, but she'll walk or drive miles to ferret out an antique. She'll send them on to her home, if she's on tour, and months later will revel, like a small girl, in the surprises of her purchases. One "surprise" was a Duncan Phyffe table, *circa* 1779, and acclaimed a real museum piece by those who know.

Laura's stage career started at four, leading the maypole dance at Woodward's Gardens in San Francisco, but her first real "chance" came when she was six. It was then that Laura, earning $7.50 a week as a permanent member of the Alcazar stock company in San Francisco, played the leading role in *Editha's Burglar*, which was the *Pinafore* of its day. At that time, no stock company repertoire was complete without *Editha's Burglar* and a child actress to lisp her way through its lines.

But San Francisco had its limitations (amounting to $15 a week as the top salary) and so Laura hied to New York to become a part of Henry V. Donnelly's Murray Hill stock company where Henry Miller found her and made her his leading lady.

Laura's lisp and plump figure may have been "cute" to those who liked that sort of thing, but to Henry Miller it was just something to kid about. "Henry Miller cruelly imitated my lisp and my waddle, and my joy in my easy success died right then and there," explained Laura. "I worked to eliminate the lisp and the waddle, and tried to become a good actress instead of a cute one."

Belasco may have been a great stage director; Daniel Frohman is rated high by those who know—but to Miss Crews there was no one but Henry Miller, and she gives him full credit for her later success on the stage, when such plays as *Merely Mary Ann, Joseph Entangled, The Great Divide* brought her to the stardom she achieved in *Blackbirds, Mr. Pym Passes By* and her greatest role, that of the mother in *The Silver Cord*, which she considers the greatest play ever written.

HOLLYWOOD beckoned to Laura—but not as an actress. Miss Crews, if you please, was one of filmdom's first teachers of diction, in those uncertain days when the screen began to talk and Hollywood's beautiful swans made sounds most reminiscent of duck-like quackings. Signed for six weeks, Laura stayed twelve years—which indicates some sort of record. But Hollywood needed actresses, as well as teachers, and so Laura made her first picture, *Charming Sinners*, following that with a film version of *The Silver Cord*.

From then on, more and more roles came her way, climaxing a most ambitious screen career with her work in *Camille*, where she became a Garbo enthusiast; as *Aunt Pittypat* in *Gone With the Wind*, where she learned to bow before Vivien Leigh's fine talents, and as *Mrs. Luxury* in *The Bluebird*, to genuflect at the shrine of Miss Shirley Temple, America's home-grown genius.

"It may be Miss Temple on the set," states Miss Crews, in explaining her heroine-worship, "but that child is sweet, hard-working and the brightest thing in all Hollywood. And a good bridge-player, too!"

Of Greta Garbo, Miss Crews gives her the accolade of accolades: "She's a great trouper." And to prove that she thinks Miss Garbo is grand, Laura tells how the Swedish star sent her a bouquet of American Beauty roses as a Christmas gift. So Laura, wishing to return the compliment, drove miles in search of a camellia and then more miles (in some typical Hollywood rain) to find Greta, only to learn that she was gone. The camellia ultimately got to its destination, but not before Laura got thoroughly soaked. That's being a fan for you!

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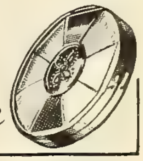

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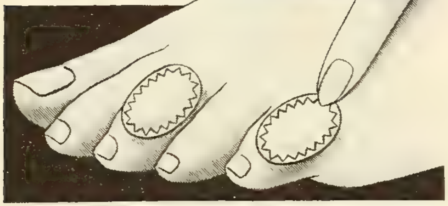

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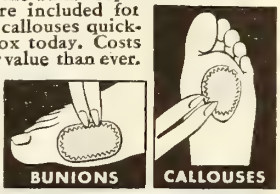

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I Faced Hollywood's Temptations

[*Continued from page* 62]

"Notice how easily they work—how they seem to underplay everything. You girls who have appeared on the stage must remember to hold your gestures and action small. Because the camera's eye is a lot closer to you than the people out in your theatre audience. And the microphone is considerably more sensitive than the ears of anyone in a theatre seat.

"We'll rehearse twice and then shoot—God willing. When Kathleen's test is in the can Paul will work with the girls doing the *Accent On Youth* scene. So if you'll just watch closely and keep quiet, we'll start."

DURING the next three hours I was probably as close to heaven as I will ever get. First thrilled with the sight of a girl being tested for a real part in a big movie, and then fascinated by the cool, friendly, understanding manner in which Mel Riley worked, I forgot my fears, forgot even that soon I'd be up there in front of the camera.

At luncheon time I managed to get in a little worrying, but by now the girls were exchanging confidences, experiences and ambitions, and we were back in the middle of it again before anyone had a chance to tie themselves into nervous knots.

There it came!

"Lois Sears. Miss Sears please for rehearsal."

The bustling young man who had come from the casting office with Mr. Stein, and who was assisting director Riley, called again:

"Right over here, Lois Sears."

As I took my place beside Paul Bowen, Mel Riley smiled encouragingly to me.

"We'll rehearse it twice, Lois," he said. "You've seen it done several times and know how to play it with Paul. You won't have any trouble at all. Just remember to take it easy."

I'd been assuring myself for hours that it would not be difficult, and that I would be as nonchalant about it as Paul was. But now with everybody watching—the lights blinded me, the microphone frightened me, the camera looked like an evil eye and I didn't know what to do with my hands. In fact, I didn't even recognize my own voice when I heard it.

At the end of the first rehearsal I heard Paul say: "Not bad, eh?"

"Lois, you're a lucky girl," declared director Mel Riley. "You're fine, and your voice is just right for the 'mike.' So you can forget about that camera and 'mike' and read these lines naturally. Don't attempt to *put* anything into them, but let any natural little habit or quirk slip through as you read them. Don't act; just do what you would if you were really the character you're portraying."

I took that test eighteen months ago—and got a six month contract. The salary was disillusioningly low—only $35 a week. I never dreamed they paid people who were hired to play in pictures, even the rawest recruits, less than three or four times that much.

But a skimpy pay-check couldn't deny me the thrill of being given a contract—of being hired as an actress by one of the world's great studios.

I was truly in the seventh heaven and fairly walked on air as I followed Mr. Stein's advice and prepared for my test for a part in a

[*Continued on page* 92]

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10¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

A Dog's Life

[*Continued from page* 56]

puppy biscuit or cottage cheese for lunch, and meat for dinner is a good rule for puppies of two months and more.

Grown dogs need be fed only once a day, although a dish of fresh water should be always available. Their diet should never consist of table scraps (garbage!), should contain no starch whatsoever, and should go light on cereal foods in favor of meat. Raw meat keeps a dog healthy and active, and if you don't want an active dog don't have any dog! Besides raw or lightly cooked beef or lamb, alternated with good prepared canned dog foods, an egg once or twice a week will be good for his coat, while a few leafy vegetables supply necessary vitamins. Never feed an animal ice cold food but heat to take the chill off or let stand to room temperature. Dog biscuits or very dry toast are excellent "good behavior awards," and candy should never, never be given. (There is a dog candy for sale in pet shops which may be used as a special birthday (!) treat or for dog gift occasions.) A raw veal bone every so often acts as a good toothbrush, but never give a dog small soft bones which are likely to choke him to death.

If, when you buy your puppy, he cries all during the first night and keeps everybody for acres around wide awake, do not throw him away the next day. A baby would do the same. And in a day or two the pup will grow used to his new home and lose his first fear of the dark without his old comrades. In training animals (as well as children) never lose your temper or resort to violent punishment. It is just as easy (and much easier on your own nerves) to train a dog to repent and obey with a word, than it is to make a commotion and have to spank him each time he is learning. Dogs become very sensitive to their master's tone of voice, and this is the best way to make them sense approbation or disapproval. Never hit a dog directly, but if you must punish him, smack him across the rear with a folded newspaper. The noise this makes scares and impresses him, hurting his feelings without breaking his spine.

TO HOUSEBREAK a dog is not so difficult as many people believe. Here again regularity and patience win. Take the dog out after his meals, at the same time every day, and to the same spot. He will soon learn what is expected of him. If he makes a mistake in the house, put his nose close to it, say "No," and put him right outside. If he is to be trained to paper or sawdust in a box in a corner in the house (as many puppies and city dogs are, especially the first year of their lives) place him on it at the first signs of his sniffing around the floor or making a mess where he shouldn't. By leaving a small bit of soiled paper in the box for the first few days, the dog will learn to associate the place with the act. Also when he begins to catch on to what he is supposed to learn, in any kind of training, always praise him—pat him and say "good dog."

To train a suburban or country dog not to run into the road or chase cars, take him for his first walk around your grounds yourself, let him sniff the boundaries at leisure, and call him back whenever he strays beyond the borders. After doing this a couple of times, he will know where his domain ends, and if he does sneak off later will expect disapproval.

If you don't want your dog to be a pest at table and make everyone feel every mouthful they eat is rightfully the dog's, keep that pleading, begging look from his face by never giving him anything from the table in the first place. Of course it's hard to stop the habit once you've encouraged it, and although it may be "cute" at times, it's not the best procedure from any point of view.

Dogs should never be allowed to sleep in a damp place such as a cellar, and are happiest when they have a bed of their own, either one of those wicker beds with sanitary pillow and protecting sides to keep off drafts, or a home-made box bed with soft lining. If your dog is small and yearns to sleep on the foot of your own bed (and keep your feet warm!) you may provide a washable cloth of some kind for him to lie on, and not feel too guilty, as this has been allowed in some of the best dog-ridden households!

IF YOU want to keep a puppy from eating your shoes, give him an old one for his very own (preferably one with a strap so he can shake it from his teeth, thus having a swell time and looking very comical) and keep your good ones behind the closet door. Or, try substituting some toys of his own—a solid rubber bone (chocolate flavored, perhaps!) a hard rubber ball, with maybe a bell inside, a leather "teether," or a leather strap (this takes two to play with, and after learning how, doggie will bring it to you so you can hold one end, while he works himself into a dither pulling at the other).

The well-dressed dog usually requires only a collar containing an identification holder of metal, in which is contained his name and address in case he strays, and his license number. Small thin-skinned dogs, living in steam-heated apartments, sometimes need a sweater in winter, in which case the pull-on type is best, as zippers have an unhappy way of catching in the coat. The real fur coat should of course be brushed daily if possible. By removing loose dirt in this way, baths are seldom necessary; the animal's paws may be washed off from time to time, but regular bathing has to be done with great care to prevent colds, and is rarely essential to health and well-being. After salt-water swims, always give the dog a shower of fresh water, as salt drys out the fur and skin.

When your dog is ill, take it to a good veterinarian. However, there are several minor ailments which may be successfully treated at home, if recognized, and as there is no space to describe them here, do write for the free leaflet offered below. You wouldn't neglect your "best friend," would you?

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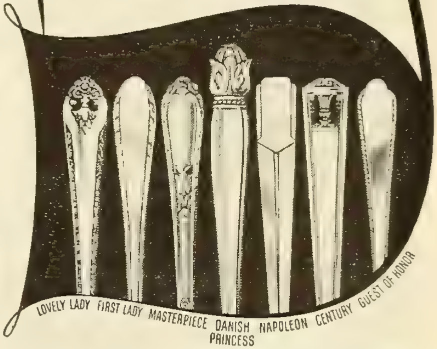

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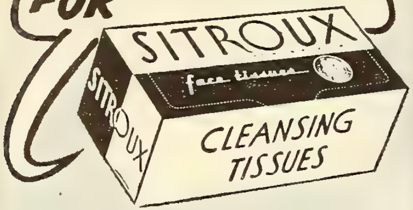

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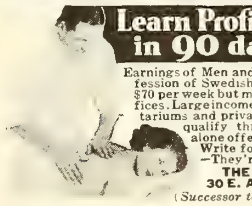

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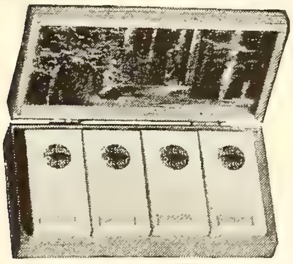

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The Thief of Bagdad

[*Continued from page 75*]

all things are possible and you are the golden-hearted child who has released us. Now, here is your insignia of true kingship." He held out some golden arrows and a bow. "Aim these only against injustice and they cannot miss."

But Abu drew back and wailed, "No, I don't want them. And I don't want to be a king. I'm only a thief and I only want to save my friend."

"Then these will help. And so will your army here." The old king held out a box of pebbles. "When you throw them on the ground they become soldiers. And now—all *I* keep is my flying carpet—so that I can fly to the houris in Paradise at the appointed time."

In humble silence Abu stood there, until finally the royal servants took him to his tent.

But night came and he could not sleep. What would happen to Ahmad if he did not go to help him? With the threatening thought, he crept from his bed and went to the old king's tent. Noiselessly, he picked up the flying carpet and breathed a prayer. "Oh, Allah, I know you don't much like stealing and after this I'll never steal again. But please, Oh, Allah, just this once so I can get to Bagdad in time."

He stepped on the bright green carpet but nothing happened. "Oh, Allah," he began again but suddenly he began to rise and a moment later he was skimming through the morning light of Heaven. His face was radiant. "Oh thank you, Allah," he said in joyous gratitude. "Glory be thy name for ever. Carpet, fly!"

For a long interval of time he and the carpet soared through the air like one great bird but at long last he spied the Court of Giafar. Then he almost spun around with fright.

There below, stood Ahmad and the Princess bound together. And the executioner was making ready with his shining sword. Quick as a flash Abu fitted his arrow into his bow and sent it through the executioner's heart. Then he brought out his pebbles and dropped them to the ground. The carpet descended and his pebble soldiers rose like magic around him.

In a fury Giafar advanced on him. "You! Would you be a dog again—and for ever?"

But Abu shouted in boyish triumph, "I'm not afraid of you any more. The old king told me, 'Aim this against injustice and it cannot fail.'" Then in the wink of an eye, he shot his second arrow through Giafar's heart and the Grand Vizier was dead.

At court that night there was a great celebration. Ahmad, with his Princess in his arms, stood on the terrace and addressed his courtiers. "Everything I owe to Abu," he said. "And when he grows into a man, he shall be my Grand Vizier. He shall be sent to the best schools in Bagdad, he shall be the wisest of men. He shall learn history, the science of government, mathematics, philosophy."

Stealthily, Abu edged towards his carpet. Then he stood upon it. "Fly, carpet," he whispered and instantly he rose.

"Hi!" Ahmad shouted, "Where are you going?"

Abu called back. "No school for me! You've got what you wanted and now at last I'm going to find what I want."

"What's that?"

Abu's reply came faintly. "Another adventure." Then away he flew.

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Bogey Man!

[Continued from page 71]

strangling the life out of the story I'd hoped to do, "he's not tied to any woman's apron-strings, he. . . ."

"Me? I should say not," said Bogey, taking heart of hope along with me, going into his stride again, "I should *say* not! Why, I feel sorry for some of these guys who run to a telephone every five minutes and call their wives, even have to tell 'em when they're going to be a little late for dinner. . . ."

"Bogey never calls me," said Mayo, "when he's going to be late for dinner—*he has his stand-in do it.* Every single night his stand-in calls and says, 'Mr. Bogart will be home in fifteen minutes.' He's funny like that, it's a sort of fussy quality in him. . . ."

"You miss the point completely," said Bogey, coldly, "it's the Regimental Sergeant in me, it's the wanting things done, it's the Files-on Parade. . . ."

"Then, too," said Mayo, "Bogey is sentimental. No, no, don't look like that, dear . . . you're not *articulate* about it. Now, I hear husbands say to their wives, 'You look so sweet tonight, darling,' and I sometimes wish Bogey would say things like that. He never does. It's a pat on the fanny from Bogey. But it's in his *eyes,* too. . . ."

"Words," said Bogey, "have no value to me at all. I used to say things like 'the golden sheen on your hair,' but. . . ."

"OH, BOGEY, that must have been long before I met you," wailed Mayo.

"Yep," said Bogey, "it was. Just saying 'I love you' is an awful easy thing for anyone to say. Easy things to say don't mean anything. A good slap on the . . . a good slap can go deeper than any words.

"I am to a certain extent," Bogey continued, a somewhat subdued Mayo offering no interruption, "anti-social. *I hate women. . . .*" (Mayo gasped. So did I. But not for the same reason).

"They tie men up in knots, women do. They can talk better. They're cleverer than men. They get a man all squirrelled up. I like individual women very much, they're quite necessary to me," said Bogey, with a kindly beam in his eye for the muted Mayo, who revived enough to chip in with . . . "and Bogey really is old-fashioned about women. He may not think our place is In The Home but he'd like it to be. He'd really rather I gave up my career. I have, largely. Though I did just do a part in *Brother Rat and The Baby.* But I always have to be home before Bogey gets here and I wouldn't dream of buying a dress or a hat without first asking Bogey's opinion. . . ."

"She came home with a hat the other day," said Bogey, "and I swear to God I thought it was going to explode. I exploded instead and the hat went back to its maker. I'm anti-social about other things, too. About sitting at dining-room tables through long dinners, my knees get to itching, I get so damned bored with it. I don't like food. Only steaks and chops. I don't like flatterers. I hate sloppy emotions.

"And I *still* say," said Bogey, suddenly wheeling in his tracks, and facing us, "I still say that one of these days I'm going to do in real life what I've often done on the screen . . . I'm going to take a swipe at some bloke, shove his cigar down his throat, he'll go BOOMP, I'll dust my hands with my handkerchief and say 'take him away. . .' "

"But it will be a *monogrammed* handkerchief, darling," purred Mayo, "I know because I. . . ."

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I Faced Hollywood's Temptations

[*Continued from page* 86]

picture; which he said would be in two or three weeks. Meanwhile it would be a good idea for me to get acquainted with the artists in make-up and hair-dressing, and to go over to see the studio's physical instructor.

Of course, he assumed, I realized I must brush up on my diction. Miss Cummings, the talent coach, would advise me what I should study. Later I would be assigned to her for coaching, and she would train me for work in pictures.

As I said, it was eighteen months ago that I realized I was living the fondest dream of millions of American girls. I not only had a screen test but I had won a contract. And that, I assured myself, was just the beginning. It was—the beginning of an experience that a thousand other girls have suffered—but that none has even anticipated. An experience being shared by scores of girls in Hollywood studios today.

I didn't get that second test; I didn't go under the instruction of Miss Cummings the talent coach; I didn't receive any training for pictures and I didn't get to play even the smallest bit in a picture. Not because I had failed—I never got the chance to fail.

Along with five other girls in the studio, I just went through an endless routine of self-imposed training and posed for hundreds of fashion and publicity photographs. Being a commercial model, I was a "natural' for this role.

THAT'S how we earned our salaries—posing before the "still" camera at all hours of the day and night—doing what I'd been paid three times as much for (with pay-and-a-half for overtime) back in Chicago.

Yet in spite of drawing midget versions of the well-known "Hollywood" salary, we carried on happily for months. Although a little worried at times because my second test and an opportunity to play in a picture both failed to mature from week to week, I was still in the clouds.

Then bit by bit we girls compared notes, and added to our own findings what girls from other studios told us. For ours was by no means an unusual case. It was happening all the time . . . By the end of the fifth month we saw the writing on the wall. When the time came for renewing options those of us who had never appeared in a picture would be dropped. Especially since it was the studio's practice to bring in new prospects, test them and sign the most promising.

And that's how, at the end of six months, I happened to be in Hollywood without a job. And how five of the other girls who had been on our studio's probationary list happened to be in the same fix.

I was disappointed, disgusted and angry. But not particularly apprehensive. I felt I knew Hollywood, had an acquaintance with movie people and understood the making of pictures. Also that I had learned quite a little about the technique of acting before a camera. In other words, I knew what it took and believed I had enough of it, at least, to make a start. So I would contact an agent and have him get me bit parts. Then I'd turn in the kind of work that would guarantee my getting real parts later on.

Although not employed steadily during the year I modelled for Chicago commercial photographers before leaving for Hollywood, I had managed to save a hundred dollars. That, together with what I banked while working in the studio, gave me a working capital of slightly over two hundred dollars. I had lived very economically in Hollywood, but buying the clothes I felt that I needed as a studio contract player prevented my saving more. As it was, I felt that my clothes were a sound investment.

So, Hollywood-like, my story has worked back to the situation in which thousands of girls find themselves—out of work, and too proud to give up and go back home. Not that I considered myself stranded—as I felt I was in a better position than ever to "crash" pictures. It might take time, but I would do it.

Twenty-two, reasonably attractive, able to take care of myself, and of self-confident Irish-American stock—I wasn't worrying. That is, for three months I wasn't. After that I began to wonder what was wrong. I took to analyzing myself and sitting up nights figuring how to make one dollar do the work of five.

I changed agents because mine had failed to get me a picture assignment of any kind. But during the month I had had the new "flesh peddler" he had done no better.

Then a girl who had "been around" informed me that agents weren't interested in getting $25 a day bits for players, as their percentage on them seldom amounted to more than fifteen or twenty dollars a picture. Most agents didn't want to be annoyed with commissions smaller than $50 a picture. Unless the bit player held unusual promise there must be some special inducement offered before they would attempt to "peddle" such small fry.

So I started scanning the help-wanted columns. Not because of lack of confidence in my ability to get into pictures (with or without an agent) but because my faith that everything will turn out all right in the end is stronger when I have a comfortable bank balance than it is when I'm down to my last $30.

I had already registered with the commercial photographers of Los Angeles, but so had a couple of hundred other experienced models and Lord knows how many beautiful extras and extra "types." With but few accounts to sell to I realized the photographers could use only an occasional girl or two, and therefore didn't depend much on that source of revenue.

We'll skip the next month, and my crusade for work at theatres, stores, doctors' and dentists' offices, advertising agencies and even restaurants and factories. Nor will I go into detail regarding the type of cheap lodgings I found and my recipe for living on next to nothing a week.

Finally I answered an advertisement for attractive girls, under 25 years, for floor routines and simple dancing—no experience necessary. Because the advertisement carried the name of a dance studio I was a little suspicious that it might be just a scheme to get dancing students.

When I arrived there and saw several groups of girls under dancing instruction, the head of the school must have read my thoughts. Immediately upon learning I had called in answer to the advertisement he assured me that I would not be expected to spend a penny on lessons. In fact he seemed much more concerned in supplying employment than he did in selling dancing instruction, and added that if I needed a little training he would furnish it free of charge.

This looked a little strange, until he explained that he had promised certain clients to deliver graceful, attractive girls for their show, and now was in a quandary over it. Due to unexpected demands his own productions had taken most of the dancers his school had trained. But he was going to live up to his word and furnish those clients girls that would satisfy them, even if it meant training them at a loss to himself. But there was always a silver lining to every cloud—and eight girls were going to get a break because of his dilemma. And he believed that maybe I was going to be one of them. But would I please let him see my profile. I turned my head, and he laughed very much as one does when a little child fails to understand.

"No, no, dear, I mean your body 'profile.' Please take off your coat. I'm sure it's very attractive.

"Hmmm—Hmmm—" he glowed as I complied, "it is. Now walk a little. Very graceful. A very pleasing contour. Let me congratulate you, my dear."

I was beginning to experience the crawling chills that my brother Jimmie's appearance with snakes and worms always inspire in me. This man was too oily for comfort.

"What is the work you have to offer me," I asked, a little strained, I imagine. "Where is the job, and what will it pay?"

"In one of the better night spots," he explained. "In fact you may have your choice of three. All of them are patronized by the best people in pictures. It will be an excellent place to make valuable acquaintances. Especially if you are interested in pictures. And with your body, face and personality you should be.

"You would merely do a simple floor routine at first—until you were trained for a dance group. You see it is not dance technique but beauty and personality my clients want. Of course there will be opportunities—"

I was afraid I wouldn't get out of the place before the head of the school returned. So I just skimmed down the stairs. I knew then that the school was just a front that drew in girls who would not answer an ad for night-club work and that the promise of free dancing lessons was the bait to get them to take jobs as cigarette girls, hat-check girls and "hostesses," or glorified "B" girls.

By this time I discovered that the temptations most girls meet in Hollywood are not of the penthouse variety we hear so much about. The bait is more often a square meal or a chance to earn a few dollars, than a pearl necklace, an apartment or an opportunity to star.

ALMOST a year has passed since that episode at the dance place. And since then my break has come. The assistant casting director at the studio that tested and put me under contract for six months was made head of casting for a smaller studio. He called three of us girls in and told us that while he didn't have a budget that would carry young contract or stock players, he was going to use us for bits. And he promised that as fast as we proved we could handle them he would give us better parts.

His studio doesn't make many pictures, and our earnings don't call for swimming pools. But I have worked in four productions for him and been paid as high as $50 a day. And other independents have used me, too.

I have an agent now who says it won't be long until the big fellows decide to give me something to chew on.

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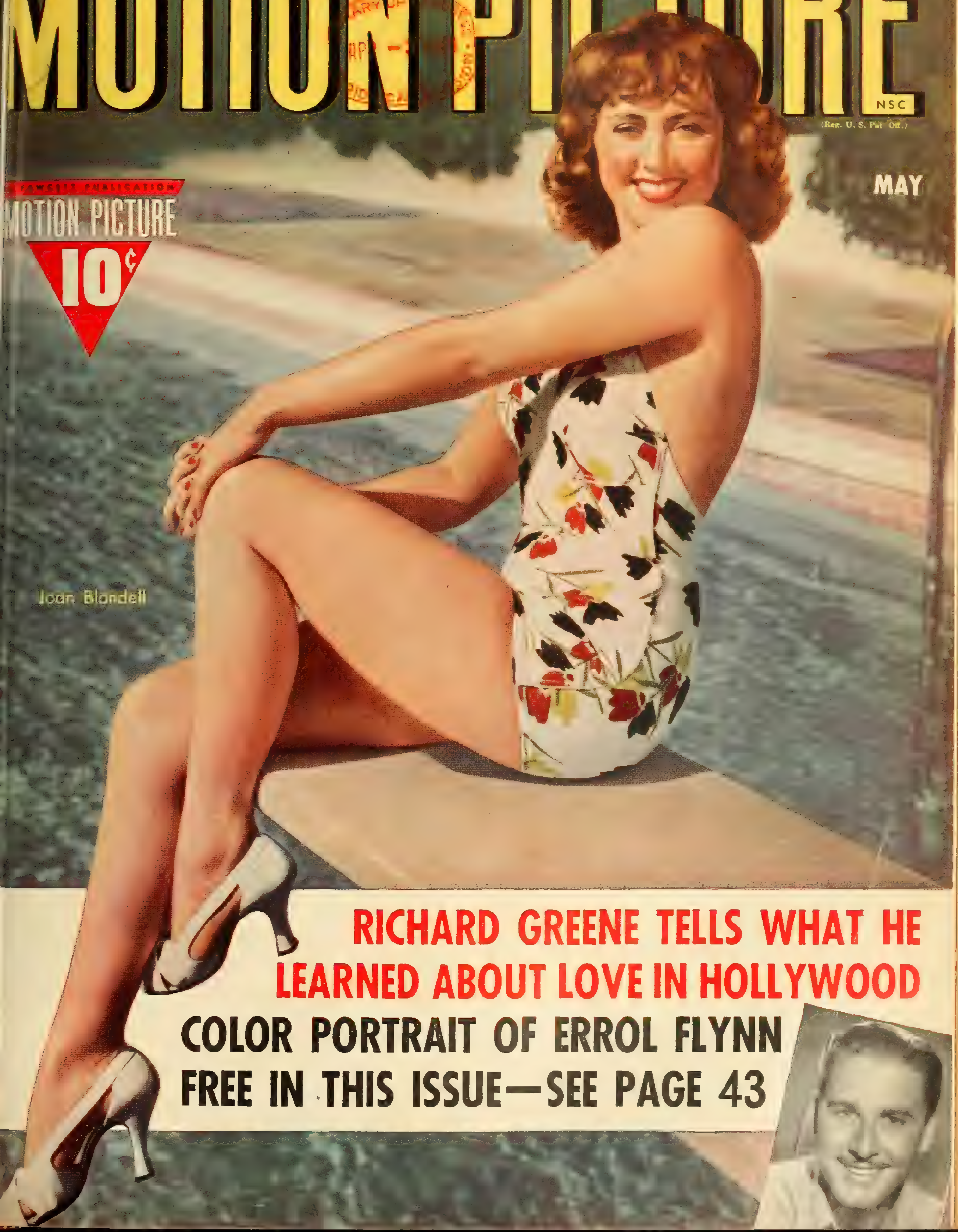

Joan Blondell

RICHARD GREENE TELLS WHAT HE LEARNED ABOUT LOVE IN HOLLYWOOD

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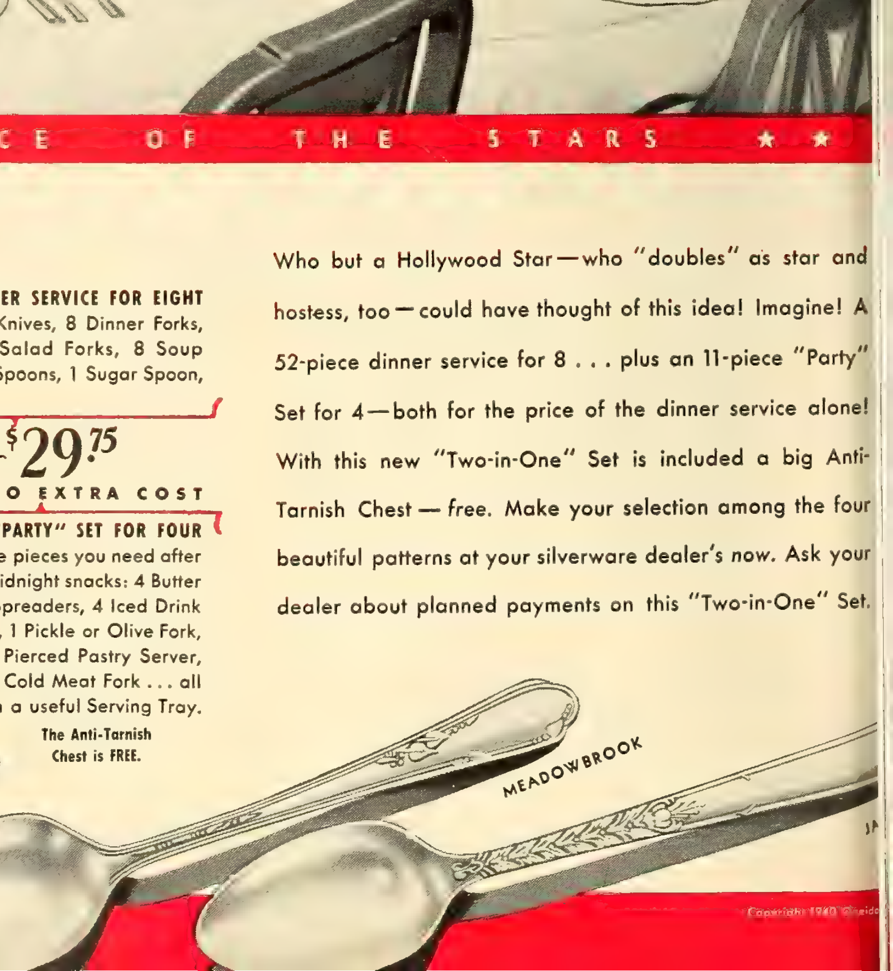

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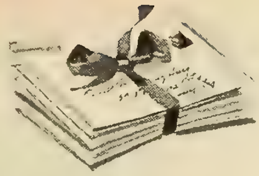

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INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LIX. No. 4 MAY, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

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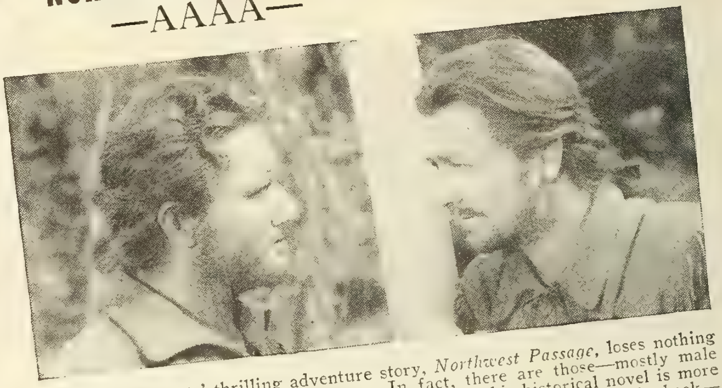
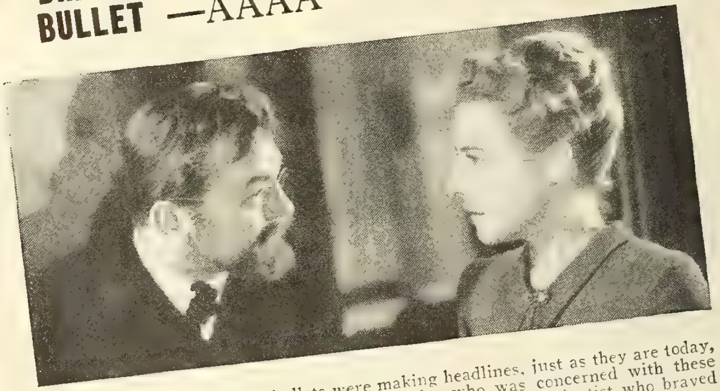


Kenneth Roberts' thrilling adventure story, *Northwest Passage*, loses nothing in its transition from book to screen. In fact, there are those—mostly male we'll admit—who maintain that the picturization of this historical novel is more exciting and colorful, even though it only deals with the first part of the book—Rogers' Rangers and the French-Indian War. After you see this first part though, we're sure you'll join us in hoping that M-G-M will bring the second part to us in the not too distant future. Spencer Tracy plays the part of *Major Rogers* and while he is a more sympathetic soldier than the one etched by Kenneth Roberts his rugged personality fits the role perfectly. And handsomely, we should add, for the gorgeous Technicolor flatters the virile Spencer dressed in the hunter's green buckskins of the brave and dashing *Major.* Robert Young as *Langdon Towne* and Walter Brennan as *Hunk Marriner* closely associated with the *Major* in his bouts with the Indians lend splendid support. In fact, the entire cast is splendid—Ruth Hussey, Nat Pendleton, Louis Hector, Robert Barrat, Lumsden Hare, Donald McBride, Isabel Jewell, Regis Toomey and others too numerous to mention.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

DR. EHRLICH'S MAGIC BULLET —AAAA—



Fifty years ago in Berlin bullets were making headlines, just as they are today, but with a difference. For it wasn't a Hitler who was concerned with these bullets, but a Dr. Paul Ehrlich, a great humanitarian and scientist who braved conventions to relieve human sufferings. Dr. Ehrlich's bullets were magic—they didn't destroy lives, they saved lives, millions of them—from diphtheria, syphilis and other social diseases. For his great contribution to medical research Dr. Ehrlich was awarded the Nobel prize nearly half a century ago. Today another great tribute is paid to this great humanitarian by Warner Bros., the producers of this brave and beautiful picture. Now, you, too, can add a tribute and at the same time be entertained by supporting this splendid adventure in the realm of motion pictures. Edward G. Robinson, who plays the title role, will make history, too, for his portrayal of Dr. Ehrlich is magnificent make-believe. Ruth Gordon as Mrs. Ehrlich, Otto Kruger as Dr. Emil Von Behring, Albert Basserman as Dr. Robert Koch, Donald Crisp as Minister Althoff, Sig Rumann as Dr. Hans Wolfert also add outstanding characterizations to this deeply stirring story of a great man.—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page* 12]

MADELEINE CARROLL
as Livia Vaynol
BRIAN AHERNE
as William Essex
LOUIS HAYWARD
as Oliver
My Son, My Son!
Howard Spring

L. V.

I love you both too much,
William, darling, to let
my love come between
you. You and Oliver-
a son hating his father-
a father despising his
son because of me - it is
better that I never
see either of you
again -
Livia

Edward Small presents

MADELEINE CARROLL
BRIAN AHERNE
LOUIS HAYWARD

My Son, My Son!

The year's mightiest novel brought to flaming life upon the screen by a perfect cast!

with LARAINE DAY · HENRY HULL · JOSEPHINE HUTCHINSON · SOPHIE STEWART
BRUCE LESTER · Screenplay by Lenore Coffee · Directed by Charles Vidor · Released thru United Artists
From HOWARD SPRING'S best-selling novel — praised by more than a million readers

(See it soon at your favorite theatre)

CAPTIVATED BY

Irresistible Lips

Inviting, exciting Irresistible lips for you with Irresistible Lipstick... the softer, more lasting, non-drying lipstick that's **WHIP-TEXT** for greater smoothness. Whipped again and again by a secret new process to assure that tempting dewy-fresh look... and to achieve the clearer, lovelier colors that distinguish Irresistible Lipstick from ordinary lipsticks. In luscious new **FLASH RED, FUCHSIA PLUM, RED OAK, ORCHID** and other smart shades with matching rouge and face powder.

IT'S *Whip-Text*

FOR GREATER SMOOTHNESS

10¢

AT ALL 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

PUTS THE YOU IN IRRESISTIBLE YOUTH!

PICTURE PARADE

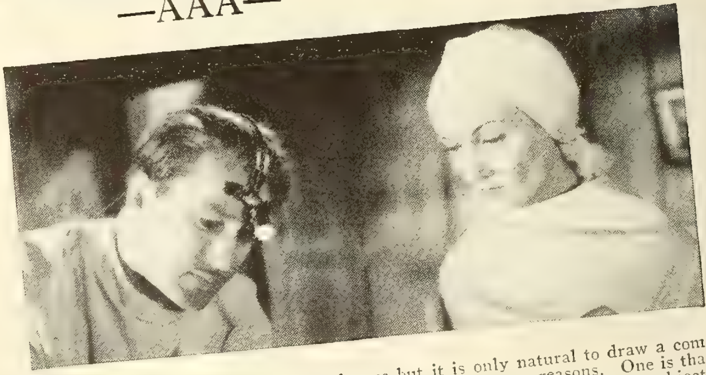
YOUNG TOM EDISON

—AAAA—

The foreword tells you, "This is a story of courage. The courage and triumph of a typical American boy. In all its essential facts, it is a true story. This boy actually did experience the adventures—the joys and sorrows portrayed here. His name might have been Sam Henry or John Jones. It happened to be Thomas A. Edison." And playing the title role is another typical American boy—Mickey Rooney. And a brilliant one, too. Now don't quarrel with us, we beg you, not until you have seen Mickey as *Young Tom Edison*. This was inspired casting for young Rooney delivers a masterpiece of characterization. The entire cast is superb—particularly Fay Bainter as *Mrs. Edison*, the youngster's mom, Virginia Weidler as *Tom's* beloved sister *Tannie*, George Bancroft as *Samuel Edison*, father of one of America's greatest men, Eugene Pallette as *Mr. Nelson* and a long list of supporting players. The story is human and warm—full of heart-tugs and laughter. It's the saga of young Edison from his early boyhood in Port Huron until the time he leaves for Detroit and his first job as a telegrapher. It is rich with homespun qualities.—*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

VIGIL IN THE NIGHT

—AAA—



We know that comparisons are odorous but it is only natural to draw a comparison between *The Citadel* and *Vigil in the Night* for two reasons. One is that both stories are by the same author—A. J. Cronin—another is that both subjects are closely aligned. One is the medical profession, the other its sister profession—nursing. We don't know where the fault lies, not having read Mr. Cronin's *Vigil in the Night*, but we do know that this suffers considerably in comparison with *The Citadel*. It is too heroic, too melodramatic and not nearly as human as the earlier work. It's sad and bleak throughout, unrelaxing for a moment. Perhaps hospitals aren't happy places but one does occasionally hear some laughter escaping from behind the doors that lead off those cold and silent corridors. Or, perhaps, they sacrifice the personal element for technical perfection. We believe that's true of Carole Lombard's performance as *Nurse Anne Lee*—she's too unbending, too noble. There's also Brian Aherne as *Dr. Prescott*, Anne Shirley as *Lucy Lee*, Julien Mitchell as *Matthew Bowley*, Robert Coote as *Dr. Caley* and Peter Cushing as *Joe Shand* lending admirable support.—*RKO-Radio.*

[*Continued on page* 99]

GIRLS WHO KEEP SKIN **SWEET** WIN OUT! I USE **LUX SOAP** AS A BATH SOAP, TOO. **ACTIVE** LATHER LEAVES SKIN FRESH —DELICATELY PERFUMED
THE SCREEN STARS ARE **RIGHT**! I NEVER DREAM OF GOING OUT WITHOUT A NICE **LUX SOAP** BATH TO MAKE ME **SURE** OF DAINTINESS!

On OLIVIA de HAVILLAND'S dates—on YOURS sweet, fragrant skin WINS!

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND knows no woman can afford to neglect the charm of perfect *daintiness*. She uses her complexion soap as a daily bath soap, too, because it has ACTIVE lather—makes you *sure*. When you step out of a Lux Toilet Soap bath, you're fresh from top to toe. Your skin is *sweet*, fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

YOU will love a luxurious daily beauty bath with Lux Toilet Soap—a bath that makes daintiness *sure!* This gentle complexion soap has ACTIVE lather that leaves skin *really* clean—fresh and *sweet*.

LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU

Jeffrey Lynn has been playing no favorites on the Coast. But when he blew into New York he "let the cat out of the bag." The rumor that he has a girl friend back East was verified when he was seen places with Doris Carson, Broadway actress. Here they are at Broadway's South Sea Island rendezvous, the Beachcomber

LETTUCE LEAVES AND LOVE: Nils Asther once tried to explain Garbo by assuring me the Swedish mystery lady was a simple, average girl whose aloofness was the timidity of a stranger in a strange land. . . . With the recent arrival of her family to make their home near her on the West Coast, Garbo seems at last to look upon the United States as home. . . . Never has she been so radiant. . . . Though Greta made the rounds—she was everywhere—in her usual severely tailored clothes, flat-heeled shoes and wide-brimmed hats. . . . She had Valentina, who did so much for Hepburn, design some things for her; had her first beauty treatment and permanent; and did everything a visiting Hollywood star does. . . . She avoided photographers with her usual skill. . . . During luncheons at Twenty-One with Mercedes D'Acosta and Gaylord Hauser, Greta thawed on vegetables and fruit juices. . . . Dr. Hauser is a friendly soul and has never been averse to discussing his theories on diet with the Press. . . . The "new" Garbo left for Palm Beach with her long time writer-friend and the good doctor where reports have her being very social indeed. . . . Garbo doesn't wear furs and does use make-up, but so artfully applied the result is complete naturalness. . . . THE GENE MARKEYS: When Stork-Clubbers turn a hair at the appearance of a celebrity, that's news. . . . When Hedy Lamarr with a high temperature and a bad cold arrived for a week's stay, she showed up a few of the famous glamor gals who wear their titles a bit self-consciously. . . . She is so beautiful, even if her beauty seems like a mask worn for her public. . . . Behind it is the Hedy who likes to talk of her recently-adopted child and her adoring husband. . . . In public she speaks little. . . . She insisted on accompanying Markey to the theatre and clubs, not wishing to spoil his vacation. . . . The anticipated meeting between the actress and her former husband, munitions king Fritz Mandl, happened at the Stork. . . . Mandl has been very much in the public eye since his arrival from Europe with a young bride. . . . Flashing thousand dollar bills and throwing big parties has given him the attention he evidently craves. . . . Hedy and Mandl came face to face without a sign of recognition. . . . He left with his party a few minutes later in obvious embarrassment.

Dorothy Lamour has been taking in the N.Y. shops, shows and night-clubs. She was center of attraction at Beachcomber

ON THE TOWN: Ty Power and his Annabella occupied the Park Avenue apartment of a friend. . . . Ty accepted the keys of the place from an "extra" pal, thinking to have a modest hide-away while here, only to discover that he was in the midst of such grandeur as even a Hollywood star finds *aweinspiring* !!! . . . They attended the John Barrymore opening and ogled Elaine in the first row. . . . The aging Profile found the excitement of that evening and the rest of the evening too much for even his robust constitution. . . . He spent a week at a hospital from which he managed to escape one evening, only to be recaptured wandering about Harlem. . . . He is still under medical care, but the show *My Dear Children* goes on nightly to crowded houses. . . . To return to Elaine . . . and opening night. . . . The reconciliation at the Monte Carlo was too touching . . . or don't you think? Diana Barrymore slapped her step-mama and stalked out in tears. . . . John and Elaine posed ecstatically . . . and Doris Dudley who was by way of being John's newest romance, saw her role in the play reverting back to the fair Elaine. . . . The New York critics and John's theatrical cronies are shedding a tear for the former glory that was his. . . . Only young Diana can carry on the tradition that was Broadway's royal family. . . . She has the beauty and the spirit. . . . Mrs. Phil Ammidown expects to join Errol Flynn in Hollywood . . . if Lili Damita doesn't change her mind again. . . . Errol admitted on his arrival in town that Lili has decided to divorce him . . . which didn't dampen his spirits any. . . . He's never looked so well. . . . He escorted the young socialite to all his usual haunts. . . . The Warners had a nice party for Errol at the Waldorf. . . . Errol really showed up and was on his good behavior. . . . The going got tough after a while, with the feminine half of the Press surrounding him. . . . Errol handed them over to director William Dieterle . . . who said something about the girls being in awe of directors and not of actors. . . . If only the directorial ranks held such dashing lads, now. . . . Miriam Hopkins looked in for a moment, got a glimpse of Flynn, and vanished. . . . They're not too friendly since *Virginia City*, and they're a couple who don't pull their punches. . . . It's Bennett Cerf, the book-publisher and Sylvia Sydney's

[*Continued on page* 88]

Now! CAMAY brings you this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

Let Camay help you to a Lovelier Skin and a More Radiant Complexion . . . with these three Wonderful Aids to Beauty Cleansing!

NEW, WINNING *Fragrance*

New Camay's entrancing fragrance invites Romance!

MORE ABUNDANT *Lather*

New Camay's refreshing creamy lather comes quicker to reveal her hidden beauty!

GREATER *Mildness*

New Camay's gentle cleansing care helps her skin to look its loveliest!

THE MOMENT you open a cake of this wonderful, new Camay you'll *know* it's different. There's a new, entrancing fragrance that just lasts and lasts! Note, too, new Camay's abundant lather, its unusual mildness!

Women everywhere are turning to the new Camay... discovering in Camay their ideal beauty soap . . . adopting the Camay Way to Beauty. Perhaps you, too, can find new loveliness by following this Camay beauty method as printed on the back of the Camay wrapper.

Camay's 3 Advantages Proved by Tests!

Our tests against 6 other best-selling toilet soaps proved Camay's advantages. Time and time again, Camay proved it possessed a greater mildness than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time, had a fragrance that most women preferred!

Because of these tests, you can definitely trust yourself to Camay's gentle cleansing care and expect it to help you in your search for a lovelier skin, a more radiant complexion, new allure!

Go to your nearest dealer. Look for Camay in its famous yellow and green wrapper. It's cellophane covered to protect freshness. Get 3 cakes of Camay . . . give Camay every test you can think of . . . and feel your skin responding to its gentle beauty cleansing care!

Now—more than ever

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"A PERFECT BEAUTY SOAP!"

Read this interesting letter from Mrs. George D. Lawrence, Bronxville, N. Y.

Your new Camay is so mild, gives such marvelous, gentle lather, and has such a lasting, lovely fragrance. I find it a perfect beauty soap to help keep my complexion wonderfully soft and fresh and radiant.

(*Signed*) ELIZABETH L. LAWRENCE

Bronxville, N. Y. (Mrs. George D. Lawrence)

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

Trade-Mark
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

New, long-lasting Fragrance that 2 out of 3 women preferred!

We asked hundreds of women to compare Camay's fascinating, new fragrance with that of 6 other famous toilet soaps. Approximately 2 out of 3 women voted for Camay. *You'll* like Camay's new fragrance, too. It lasts in the cake just as long as there is a bit of soap left!

The Beauty News of 1940 is the New Camay!

The Camay your dealer now has is the New, Improved Camay. No change in the familiar green and yellow wrapper. The change is in the Soap.

LET YOUR FRIENDS IN ON THE TAMPAX SECRET!
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

IN EVERY circle, there are women who lead and women who follow. That is how Tampax has spread so rapidly, from friend to friend, throughout the nation, until over 250,000,000 have been sold.

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is *worn internally,* thus solving many problems of monthly sanitary protection. It does away with chafing, wrinkling and "showing." Of course Tampax is invisible, and the wearer does not even feel it. Made of pure surgical cotton, it comes to you hygienically sealed. By a patented method, your hands do not touch the Tampax! It is dainty beyond comparison.

Tampax lets you dance without care and travel with a light heart. It cannot come apart and is easily disposed of. No belts, pins or odor. Now sold in *three sizes:* Super, Regular and Junior. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (4 months' supply) saves up to 25%.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

Read about the 3 sizes
REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR
Super TAMPAX
Junior TAMPAX
Regular TAMPAX

TAMPAX INCORPORATED FWG-50-B
New Brunswick, N. J.
Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:
( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR
Name__________
Address__________
City__________ State__________

TAKE YOUR VACATION IN HOLLYWOOD!

Paramount Pictures

HOLD EVERYTHING. MAKE PLANS TO GO ON MOVIELAND TOUR TO HOLLYWOOD THIS SUMMER—AND HAVE THRILL OF YOUR LIFE!

When you take Movieland Tour to Hollywood you'll be partied by Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. You'll be guests of Paramount studio where you lunch with stars and see big pictures being made

HERE'S your chance for the vacation of a lifetime!

The 1940 Fawcett Movieland Tour makes it possible for you to enjoy a glorious two weeks of travel, entertainment and fun, climaxed by a behind-the-scenes visit to Hollywood with Joan Blondell and Dick Powell as your hosts!

Not only will you be the personal guests of these charming Hollywood stars, but Paramount Studio has thrown open its doors to the Fawcett Movieland Tourists, permitting them to see a major studio from the inside and watch pictures being made.

The modest price of the Fawcett Movieland Tour includes every major expense of the trip—railroad fare, meals, hotels, a tour of Hollywood, the visit to the studio, the cocktail party at the home of the Powells, and incidental pleasure jaunts. For as low as $180 you can enjoy this entire program.

[*Continued on page* 96]

Hollywood's
Trick Parties

ANYTHING-MAY-HAPPEN Invite of the Month—was the one Ann Rutherford sent out, for the big spring Easter-Day fashion breakfast she plotted 'way in advance . . . Early in January, Ann sent out her invitations—25 of them . . . And the reason ANYthing may happen is this: Ann ordered each of her guests to wear some fashion innovation modelled by herself—or even HIMself . . . "Yes-sir, even the men must wear some new style trick they've thought up themselves—even if it's a gag!" warned Ann . . . "That's why I sent the bids out so early—so they'd have plenty of time to think up something." . . . It ought to be TEEEE-riffic!! . . . Christening Party of the Month—was the one for the adopted tot of Basil Rathbone . . . It looked like a register of Who's Who in Hollywood, because the Basil-and-Ouida-Rathbone home ALways entertains the BEST people, and the christening was no exception . . . The name bestowed on the nine-months-old baby girl the Rathbones have taken into their home is Barbara Cynthia . . . Reason: "Cynthia" has always been the favorite girl's name of both Basil and Ouida . . . That may be a coincidence, but it's only one of the coincidences that attach themselves to the Rathbones' names—for although Ouida was born in Virginia and Basil 'way around the world in South Africa, the name of each's mother was Barbara!—and the name of each's father was Philip . . . So the baby's name is to be Barbara, after the foster-parents' mothers, and Cynthia, after the foster-parents' preference . . . It was quite an ordeal for the tot, this christening . . . Only the gold-watch-dangling of Johnny Farrow stopped one flow of tears, and the mugging of Maureen O'Sullivan distracted it from another outburst of weeps . . . Godfather was Louis Lighton; Godmothers, Hope Lighton and Gladys Peabody.

PARTY-DIN of the Month—came when Mickey Rooney hopped to the bandstand at the Victor Hugo the other night, took over the drums, and played them through the entire evening . . . Baby Party of the Month—was the brat-brawl engineered for little Peter B. Good under the expert auspices of No. 1 Party-Thrower Elsa Maxwell, specially retained for the occasion, to honor both li'l Peter and *Brother Rat and a Baby* . . . Rule No. 1 was that NO adults could attend without bringing a baby . . . And the scramble to get infants was SOMEthing in Hollywood, because EVERYbody, regardless of whether they had a baby of their own or not, wandered IN to see what kind of a baby party Elsa would throw . . . Once in, the comers saw plenty . . . There was a BAR—with two old-fashioned bartenders, complete with moustaches . . . But they served such concoctions as "Cow's Delight" and "Dairy Dynamite" and "Bossie's Best" and "Milkman's Special"—and ice cream; oh, plenty of ice cream . . . Elsa, herself, presided . . . wearing a BABY BONNET . . . There was all sorts of fun, including a shower of positively hundreds of balloons of every shape, size and color . . . Veteran baby-star who attended was Baby LeRoy—and if you don't think time FLIES—Baby LeRoy is now SIX years old!

PRESS-PARTY of the Month—was the shindig thrown in the newspaper press room at the Los Angeles city hall, to meet the latest star of the perennial stage and film play *The Front Page* . . . This time, guest of honor was Rosalind Russell . . . Other guests included Pat O'Brien and Lee Tracy, each of whom has played the top role in the Hecht-MacArthur newspaper drama . . . And also present were Los Angeles Mayor Bowron, Sheriff 'Gene Biscailuz, and the news reporters on the city hall beat . . . Hottest Parties in Town—are the La Conga brawls presided over by Lloyd Pantages, one-time movie columnist, now metamorphosed into a master of cermonies who lets the quips fly in all directions, with and without barbs . . . Besides quips, Lloyd thinks up the DARNEDEST party-gags! . . . Latest was the turtle-race he sponsored, with a half-dozen huge turtles entered, and such "jockeys" as Carole Landis, Kay Griffith, June Lang, and others . . . Another regular feature is the rhumba contest. Champ rhumba star of the affair is frequently Carole Landis, who shakes a mean thigh with partner Harry Seymour . . . La-Conga-ites mostly include Jimmy Bryant, June Lang, Bruce Cabot, Gloria Blondell, Cubby Broccoli, Pat di Cicco, Olivia de Havilland, Johnny Hines, many other top-names of movieland.

DOUBLE-BARRELED Birthday Party of the Month—was the joint natal day celebration of Cary Grant and Constance Moore, who's Johnny Maschio's wife . . . Both Cary and Connie have the same birthday, so they collaborated on a celebration at the Maschio home . . . Centerpiece was a trick birthday cake, with two huge photos on top, glazed over with sugar—yeah, photos of Connie and Cary themselves.

Does he want to kiss you?

Smooth, tempting lips are every man's ideal

No man likes to kiss lips that are hidden under a coat of heavy, greasy color. Don't let *your* lips repel the man you love! Use Tangee Lipstick because it doesn't hide the softness of your lips...because it has a marvelous *cream base* that gives your lips alluring smoothness, flattering color—just the kind of lips that invite kisses!

The Natural shade of Tangee looks orange in the stick, but magically changes, when applied, to the one color, ranging from rose to red, that is most becoming to you. It doesn't blur or smear—and it *stays on!*

• When you try Tangee Natural Lipstick, be sure to use the matching rouge, compact or creme. And, use Tangee Face Powder, too, to give your make-up its final, perfect touch. When you want more vivid color, ask for Theatrical Red, Tangee's new brilliant shade.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

TANGEE
TANGEE

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Company, 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

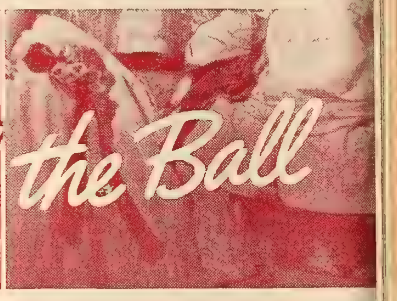
Check shade of powder desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel
☐ Flesh ☐ Tan

*Name*____________________
(Please Print)
*Street*____________________
*City*____________ *State*________ F50

At Atlanta's World Première

An Ardent Horsewoman, Nancy often rides along the road which winds through long-leaf pines, magnolias and Spanish bayonets on the picturesque Southern estate.

Miss Nancy Calhoun, charming debutante daughter of Mrs. Andrew Calhoun, smiles from the porch of Tara Hall, which was restored for the plantation scene at Atlanta's "Gone With the Wind" Ball.



She was a Belle of the Ball

In Hall of the spacious Calhoun mansion, "Tryggvesson," on lovely old Pace's Ferry Road, Nancy and friends prepare to leave for the première.

We interviewed Miss Calhoun . . .

QUESTION: *So many Georgia girls have "peaches-and-cream" complexions, Miss Calhoun. How do they do it? It's easy to see you have the answer!*

ANSWER: "Well, really, I'd say Pond's 2 Creams are the answer—at least for *me!* Morning and evening I cleanse my skin carefully with Pond's Cold Cream to make sure every trace of make-up is removed. And before putting on fresh powder, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: *Do these two Creams do anything else for your skin?*

ANSWER: "Yes, much more. You see, besides cleansing, regular use of the Cold Cream softens my skin and brings a warm glow, and the Vanishing Cream helps protect it against weather—smooths little roughnesses right away, too!"

—She wrote it up

—BOTH ARE SOUTHERN BEAUTIES —AND BOTH HELP KEEP THEIR SKIN LOVELY WITH POND'S

We talked with Susan Medlock . . .

QUESTION: *Isn't it a tough beauty assignment to hurry straight from a newspaper office looking fresh enough to "cover" a society party?*

ANSWER: "No, because I always keep jars of the 2 Pond's Creams right in my desk—ready to freshen up my complexion in a jiffy. Pond's Cold Cream is just perfect for a thorough, easy cleansing. It leaves my skin feeling so sweet and clean—and soft Then, before make-up, I use Pond's Vanishing Cream."

QUESTION: *Do you mean you get a quicker and better effect with your make-up when you use both Pond's Creams?*

ANSWER: "My, yes, and I'll tell you why: Pond's Cold Cream cleanses and softens my skin. Pond's Vanishing Cream is a different kind of cream—it's a non-greasy powder base that takes make-up smoothly—keeps it mighty nice for hours."

Susan Jones Medlock, bright young reporter, originated the *Atlanta Journal* column called "Peachtree Parade" in which she records Society's doings.

Before the Première—Atlanta was alive with parties—Susan Medlock interviews guests on "new" 1860 gowns at buffet supper, while Mammy's serving old Georgia punch—"sillibub."

In a Box at the Ball, our reporter gets highlights for her column—rushes back to her office to meet the deadline with comments on the festivities.

POND'S
Cold Cream for Cleansing
POND'S
Vanishing Cream for Finishing

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

POND'S, Dept. 6-CVE, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enoug for 9 treatments, with generous samples of Pond Vanishing Cream, Pond's Liquefying Crea (quicker-melting cleansing cream), and 5 diffe ent shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10 to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________State________

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HOW DOUGLAS Escapes FROM IT ALL

By FRED CATON

BECAUSE HE'D ESCAPE FROM USUAL ROUTINE AND CRUSADE FOR THE UNDERDOG, MELVYN DOUGLAS HAS BEEN CALLED EVERYTHING FROM "COMMUNIST" TO "PARLOR PINK." HERE'S THE TRUTH—STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER. NO HOLDS BARRED

> ESCAPIST—*One who seeks mental distraction or relief from the bondage of reality or routine.*
>
> —Webster.

AND so we come to the case of Melvyn Edouard Hesselberg, born in Macon, Georgia, just four days after All Fools' Day in 1901, of a Russian piano-player who wanted him to become a musician, and a Scotch-English-blooded Kentuckian mother who wanted him to become a lawyer . . .

So Edouard, caught at the very outset in a trap of parental conflict over himself, became instead an escapist. And by this time, he's escaped to the extent that he's no longer Melvyn Edouard Hesselberg, nor is he either a piano-player or a lawyer. Instead, he's Melvyn Douglas (and by law, too!) and he's a movie actor, which gives about as free rein to his militant escapism as any field of endeavor might.

In the far-flung variety of roles he can throw himself into, as an actor, the man who was once Melvyn Edouard Hesselberg can escape from the humdrum and confusing realities of life in today's bellyaching world, by being almost anything at all, from time to time, depending on the script. Even to the business of being Garbo's lover, as witness *Ninotchka* and what [*Continued on page* 90]

WHAT YOUNG MEN SHOULD KNOW ABOUT LOVE IN HOLLYWOOD

IN TELLING OF THIS THING CALLED LOVE, RICHARD GREENE GIVES POINTERS TO YOUR BOY FRIEND

As Discussed With

RICHARD GREENE

By

GLADYS HALL

"CONGRATULATIONS," I said to young Mr. Greene, as we met for luncheon on the 20th Century-Fox lot. "I beg your pardon?" said young Mr. Greene to me, as he held out my chair for me. Nice manners, I noted. The easy, unobtrusive good manners of the well-brought-up. Nice, steady, gray eyes. No nonsense about him, I thought. Dignity. A pleasant poise. More than a suggestion of strength under the good looks. An air of quiet competence, too, which I somehow hadn't expected.

I thought, irrelevantly, I bet he'd know how to fix a blown-out fuse and how to treat a dog and handle a horse. . .

Those dimples have deceived us, here in Hollywood, they've even deceived his own studio but *they haven't deceived the fans.* For the fans are writing to Richard Greene by car-loads of mail . . . since the release of *Little Old New York.* It has taken a corps of secretaries to handle the fan mail of Richard Greene.

He is being made a star in the only real, sound, substantial and lasting way a star is ever made —*by the public.* The studio hasn't thrust him down the throat of the public, heaven only knows. They have, if anything, kept his light dimmed. No wonder Darryl Zanuck and Joseph Schenck are putting their heads together and planning to cast him in *The Mark of Zorro* and other tales of derring-do.

At an adjoining table Alice Faye sang out "Hi, there, Mister Fulton, you're getting a good press, congratulations!" . . . and . . . "Goes double, Alice," Richard called back to her . . . and then we settled to the business of ordering luncheon. A recent flu victim, he took pains to order only liquids and a mixed green salad for me . . .

I made another mental note: Considerate. Cares about the Other Fellow. Excellent qualifications for a husband. And that brought me back with a start, to what I had come to talk with him about . . .

[*Continued on page* 81]

BILL (APOLLO) POWELL GIVES YOU HIS (DIANA)

Winning Bill who had said "never again," Diana Lewis is in a Garden of Eden of ecstasy. He's happy, too. Can it be she plays Eve, plucks forbidden fruit? But no. Bill likes the juice of the orange. It's Eden, folks, without the snake

YOU CAN'T FOOL HOLLYWOOD—MUCH

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

HOLLYWOOD USUALLY OUTSMARTS THOSE WHO WOULD CRASH ITS GATES. DORIS DAVENPORT, GOLDWYN'S NEW FIND PLAYING OPPOSITE GARY COOPER, WAS SMART ENOUGH TO TAKE TOWN FOR A RIDE

DORIS DAVENPORT apparently didn't realize that the wise ones of Hollywood had long scoffed at the idea of anyone ever duplicating the famous Margaret Lindsay hoax, and that now an entirely different reception awaited the misguided soul who attempted another such masquerade on Flickerville.

Or maybe Doris was too weary and discouraged to anticipate what Hollywood would do to the next one who tried to create an impression with a false front—or too accustomed to bumps to mind what the movies might have in store for her if she tried to outsmart the town.

Anyhow, that night as she sat on the edge of her bed, soaking her feet and trying to ease the ache that wearing a thirty-pound costume all day had put in her back, she determined to do something desperate.

As an extra in *Marie Antoinette* she had gone out to M-G-M at six that morning to stand in line to get her make-up; and to stand in line to get her costume; and to stand in line for the shots in the picture; and to stand in line for lunch; and to stand the rest of the afternoon in a scene; and to stand in line to get the assistant director's signature on her work slip and to stand in line at the cashier's window [*Continued on page* 58]

In dramatizing early years of Edison, Mickey discovers how to spark name in lights as *Young Tom Edison*

MICKEY ROONEY

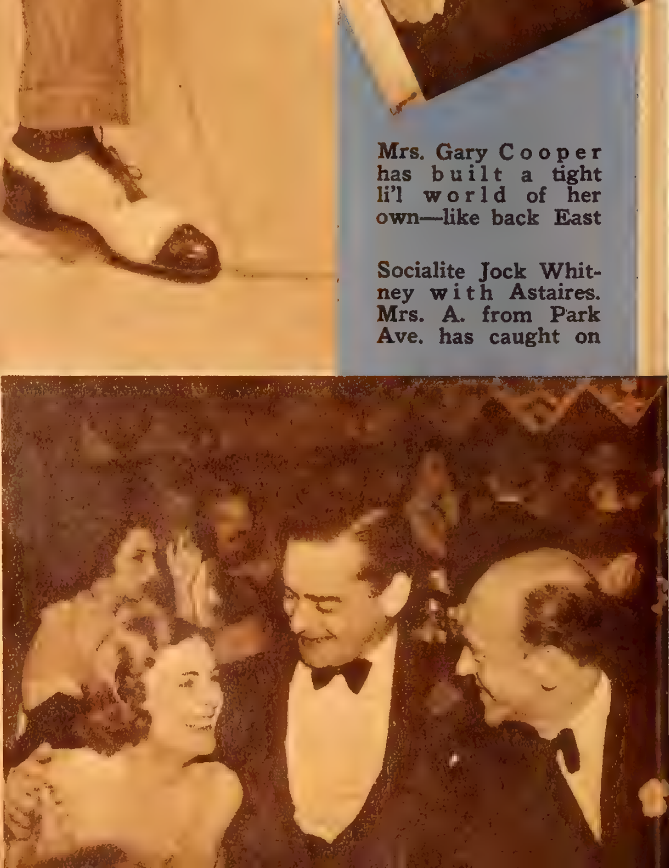
SOCIETY WIVES—CAN THEY

Mrs. Gary Cooper has built a tight li'l world of her own—like back East

Socialite Jock Whitney with Astaires. Mrs. A. from Park Ave. has caught on

Mary Lee Hartford, fugitive from Park Avenue, weds Doug, finds Hollywood society very stimulating

By marrying socialite Ruth Piper Hollingsworth, Dick Foran now moves in the top upper stratum



"TAKE OVER" HOLLYWOOD?

JEEVES, BRING THE TEA! WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BLUE BLOOD MEETS GLAMOR BOY—AND MARRIES

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

THERE has been a gradual seepage of Society into our slap-happy cinema social order. *Jeeves, bring the tea!* Out of four stellar sealings early in 1939—Master Power and Miss Annabella, Gable-Lombard, Taylor-Stanwyck—twenty-five per cent, or Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Lee Epling Hartford, was definitely Society. What effect does that have on the old gallus-and-gol'durn Hollywood social set?

The new Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr. (the old helpmeet was Joan Crawford, recall?), is of the Bluefield, West Virginia, Eplings. And, incidentally, a thoroughly charming girl. But that doesn't reduce the charge: that, as the former Mrs. Huntington Hartford (a lady-who-knows told me), she was part and parcel of that upper-bracketed set known as Eastern Society.

Before she met and married Douglas, Jr., the young Mrs. Hartford, who is vivacious, brown-eyed and extremely nearsighted . . . she apologized for sitting so near her inquisitor at the time of this, her first, interview, "but if I don't your face will be only a blur" . . . was a typical New York society matron who headed Milk Fund campaigns, wintered in Palm Beach, summered at Bar Harbor, Southampton, Newport or whatever sea town Fashion designated as "The Place of the Season." It might have been pretty deadly, and I suspect it was.

When young Mrs. Hartford, then separated from Mr. Hartford, returned from a winter visit in California with her friend, Actress Merle Oberon, she told friends that the most charming man she had ever met was Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. With the customary legal gestures over, it wasn't long before Mary Lee, who is well-named, for she's merry as a cricket, became Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., and took up residence at the Riviera Estates.

That swelled the list of tabloid-tabbed "socialites" who had married into the Hollywood cinema corral to an uneven seven, and must have made the bride's Park Avenue friends shudder: "Another backslider! *Reah*-lly! . . . What is Society coming to?"

But the trail was already blazed. Mary Lee Epling Hartford Fairbanks was no pioneer woman, braving a West filled with moustache cups and gold toothpicks. Before her arrival, Fred Astaire had captured a wife from Park Avenue—Phyllis Potter, and brought her to Hollywood; Gary Cooper had wed Veronica Balfe, whose mother is now wife of Stockbroker Paul Shields; Henry Fonda had taken unto himself a real social registerite, the widow of real estate magnate George T. Brokaw, Frances F. Seymour Brokaw.

Wayne Morris annexed a bride, just nineteen, from Riverside Drive, the eldest daughter of the late Leon Schinasi, tobacco millionaire—by name Leonore "Bubbles" Schinasi; Dick Foran and Ray Milland had dipped into Los Angeles' social life and come up with upper-stratum wives—Dick's, the former Ruth Piper Hollingsworth, and Ray's, Muriel Weber.

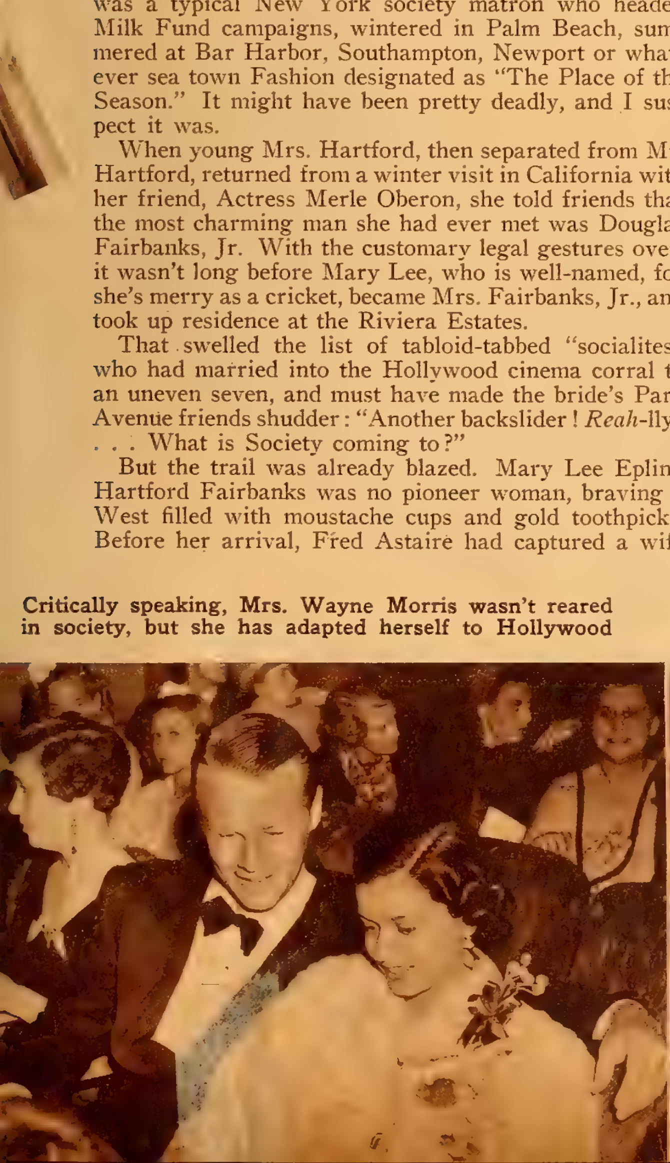
NO ONE knows the thoughts of the Eastern brides as they planed across the country, or traveled on the extra-fare trains. All of them knew Hollywood as an amusing stop-over on the way from a winter in Santa Barbara to Maine for the season. But to live in the town, marry into the gentry . . . that was another thing.

There would be adjustments to make. All the people out there did was to talk shop—motion pictures and their making. Someone had reported that the servants were dreadful. Maids answered your friends' telephoned messages with, "Aw right, then I'll see you all tonight, honey!" And didn't a cowboy actor by the name of Mix have a butler who called him, "Tom"—right to his face? It was all positively primitive. And horrible, too.

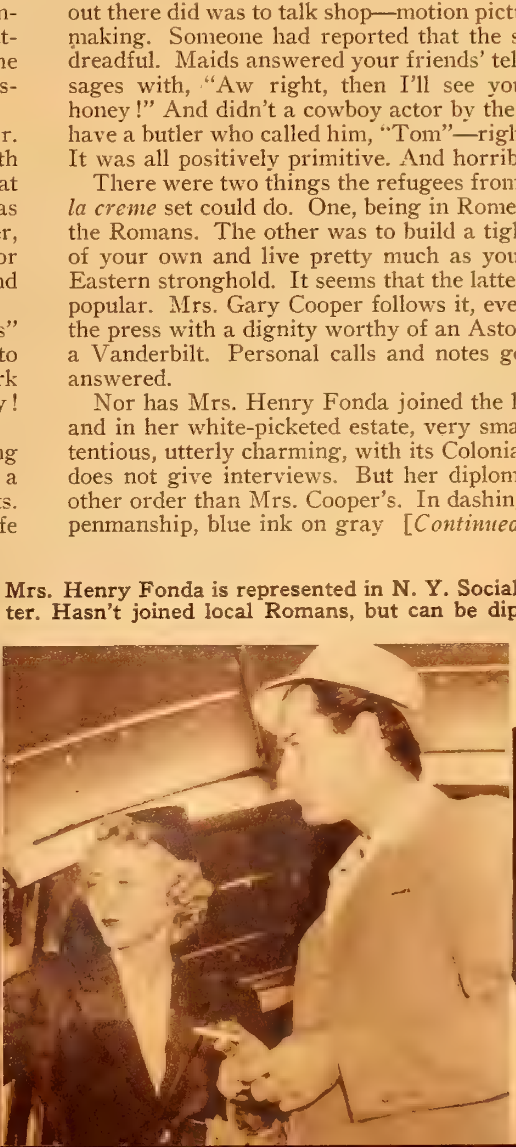
There were two things the refugees from the *creme de la creme* set could do. One, being in Rome, was to do as the Romans. The other was to build a tight little world of your own and live pretty much as you had in your Eastern stronghold. It seems that the latter plan is most popular. Mrs. Gary Cooper follows it, even to ignoring the press with a dignity worthy of an Astor, a Whitney, a Vanderbilt. Personal calls and notes go frostily unanswered.

Nor has Mrs. Henry Fonda joined the local Romans, and in her white-picketed estate, very small and unpretentious, utterly charming, with its Colonial cottage, she does not give interviews. But her diplomacy is of another order than Mrs. Cooper's. In dashing backhanded penmanship, blue ink on gray [*Continued on page* 60]

Critically speaking, Mrs. Wayne Morris wasn't reared in society, but she has adapted herself to Hollywood



Mrs. Henry Fonda is represented in N. Y. Social Register. Hasn't joined local Romans, but can be diplomatic



THE MAN YOU LOVE TO HATE IS BACK

FOR 25 YEARS ERIC VON STROHEIM HAS LED THE FIELD IN PLAYING MEAN MEN. HIS FANS ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE MISSED HIM. AFTER A LONG ABSENCE IN FRANCE HE'S BACK TO WIN YOUR HATEFUL HISSES

By FRANC DILLON

"BUT I am not German!" Eric von Stroheim protested with some heat. "I have never set foot on German soil except once for five minutes when I was changing trains." He paused in his pacing about the room to add emphasis to his words—words that shattered an illusion shared by audiences the world over. For twenty-five years he has led the field when it came to portraying villains of Teutonic ancestry.

"I was born in Austria," he continued, "but for more than twenty years I have been an American citizen. And that little paper that says I'm an American is my most precious possession."

It must, then, be a tribute to his fine artistry that the world considers him German. How he could leer and sneer at inferiors and superiors alike. With one glance at a woman he could undress her as deftly as though actually he had removed every stitch of her clothing. His portrayals of decadent fops, world-weary Continentals, unfaithful husbands and betrayers were never surpassed.

His fans booed and hissed him, but how they loved him. He became known as "the man you love to hate" and when a bigger and better German spy was needed in a picture, the cry always went up for von Stroheim. [*Continued on page* 62]

CAROLE LANDIS—1,000,000 B.C. AND TODAY

Just to prove that a girl's figure was just as attractive a million years ago as it is today, here's Carole who holds her age and curves well. At right as she is today, ready for the beach. Below, as she looked when living in a cave in *1,000,000 B. C.*

So

Garbo took long vacation in Europe. When she returned she made headlines. After two year absence from screen she became comedy star, laughed, made public laugh with her too, in *Ninotchka*

Hepburn proves she's not poisonous by packing theatre in *Philadelphia Story*

THEY'RE BOX-OFFICE POISON!

YOU'D BE SURPRISED! REALLY, THEY'RE NOT SO BLACK AS PAINTED!!

By GENE SCHROTT

ABOUT a year and a half ago, all Hollywood as well as the rest of the country, was startled out of its everyday doldrums one fine morning to read a scurrilous blast by the box-office men against the reigning stars of the screen. Never since the ill-fated San Francisco fire has California experienced so depressing a blow. But with the promise of halcyon days ahead might even bestir itself from the terrible complex acquired as a result of the famous black-bordered advertisement that appeared in the "Hollywood Reporter."

At the time, the consequences looked very black, indeed. The effect was instantaneous. The studios and stars involved immediately hurried to make plans to meet the strange crisis that had arisen. And as a result, Hollywood has gone through many restless months. But even if the screen centre did give credence to the charges drawn up against it at the time, it has managed to prove that somewhere in their too frank accusations, the barons of the box-office must have erred.

For today, the entire situation has changed. The much dreaded and highly over-publicized designation, "box-office poison" no longer fills the stars and producers with fear and terror. Hollywood has proven that no such thing exists. And the stars themselves—those who were involved—have fought down the stigma with remarkable courage and will.

Mae West, who since that ill-fated day has hardly been seen on the screen, is back. Kay Francis, at the time, announced that she would retire and settle down to make marriage her newest career. Garbo left the screen for a two years' absence. Hepburn deserted Hollywood for Broadway. Marlene Dietrich floated aimlessly about the country and then betook herself to Europe. Only Crawford, Constance Bennett and Edward Arnold stuck to their guns. Only they made no radical changes in their plans and continued the fight against the stone wall that had arisen in their paths almost overnight.

Along with Herbert Hoover, Wall Street and over-expansion of credit, they were blamed for the erstwhile depression that had hit the motion picture business.

To give the exact reasons for the return of these stars to their former footing is an impossibility. Perhaps they are better now than during their peak days. Perhaps they were merely being maligned by bitter box-office executives who were looking for someone to blame. Maybe the theatre-owners realized they spoke too hastily and have since repented. But whatever had been charged against this group of stars has since been disproved

[*Continued on page 72*]

There's no box-office poison about Dietrich in last film *Destry Rides Again*

Mae West in *My Little Chickadee* shows box-office blubberers they're all wet

Joan Crawford has heart set on winning back top spot. She's not easily licked

GLAMOR IN THE JUNGLE

NO ONE HAS LIVED A MORE ROMANTIC, ADVENTUROUS LIFE THAN OSA JOHNSON, WHO IS AS MUCH AT HOME IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE AS SHE WOULD BE IN YOUR DRAWING-ROOM. IT TAKES COURAGE TO KEEP UP WITH HER

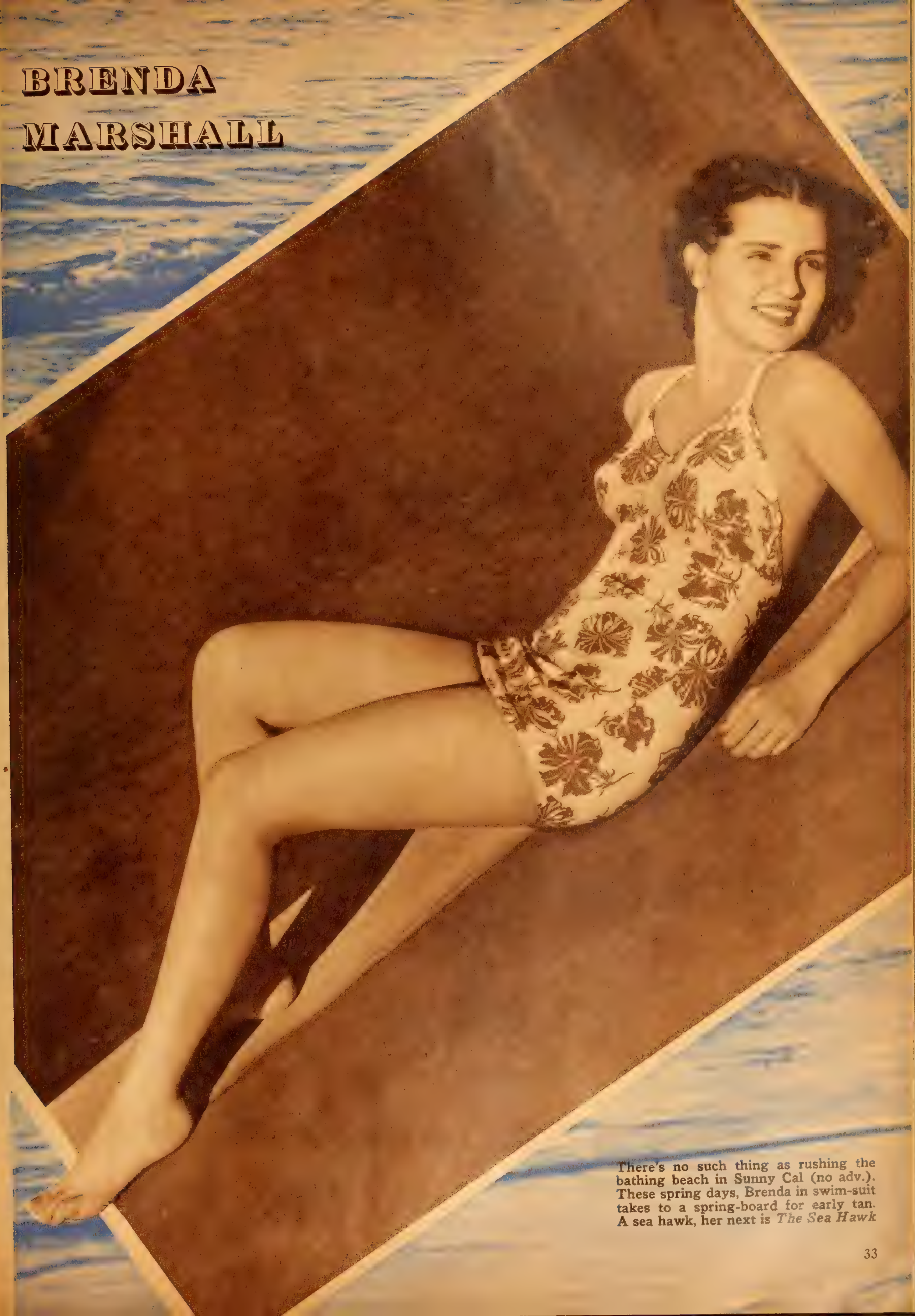
By LEON SURMELIAN

SHE has killed lions and mad elephants. She has chased chest-pounding, real King Kong gorillas—six-footers—in their native strongholds. She has brought down at her feet charging rhinoceroses and African buffaloes with one well-aimed shot. She has tramped and camped through fearful jungles, climbed the snow-capped peaks of the Equator, tamed mutinous black warriors with a rifle, led a swashbuckling life with a motion picture camera for the benefit of science, surviving a thousand hair-raising adventures in the dark, mysterious and deadly corners of the world.

You will soon see her in Columbia's saga of the wilds, *I Married Adventure,* a picture filmed in God's vast cathedral for 27 years at a cost of over ten million dollars. It's not another animal picture, but her own biography, the story behind the story, a factual, documentary film showing how she and her husband, the late Martin Johnson, killed in an airplane accident a few years ago, preserved for the civilized world a pictorial record of the animal and human [*Continued on page* 64]

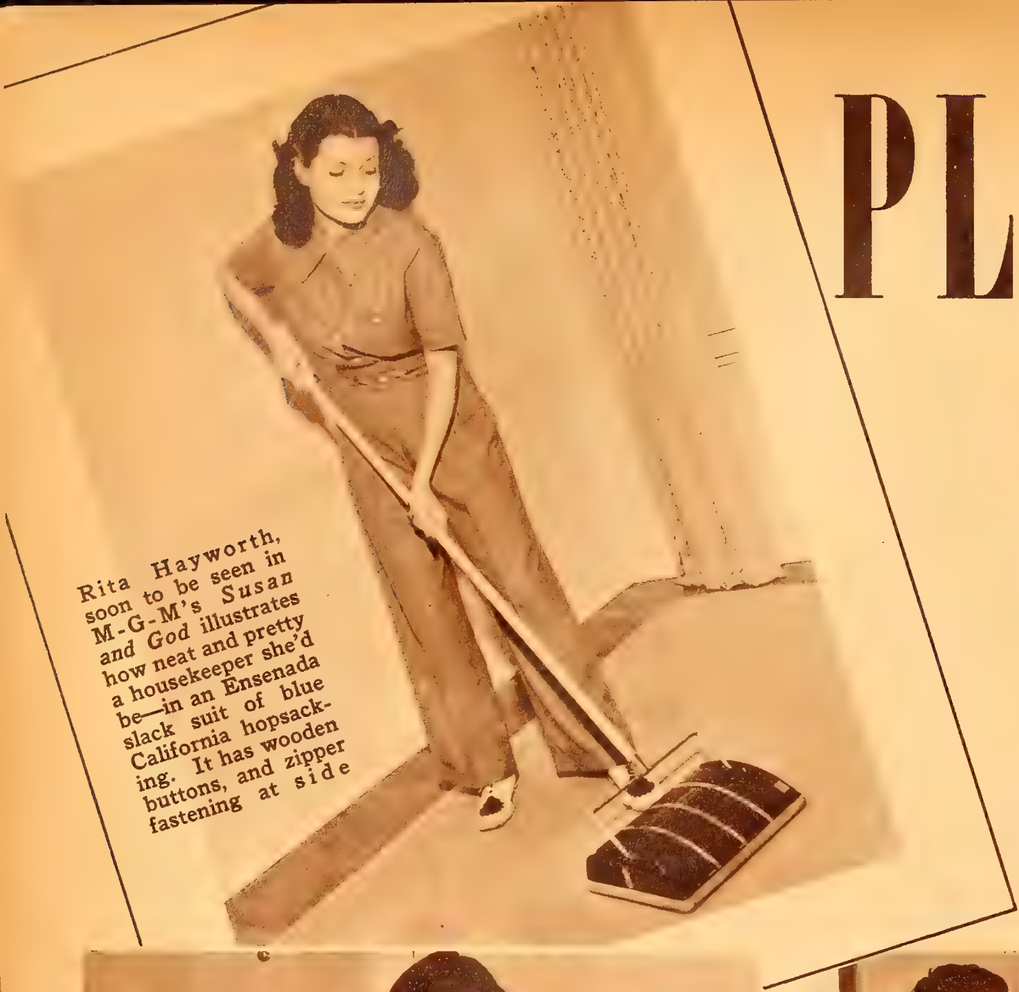
Osa Johnson at right, bags lion which was about to attack camp. Above, with one of the jungle pets she tamed

BRENDA MARSHALL



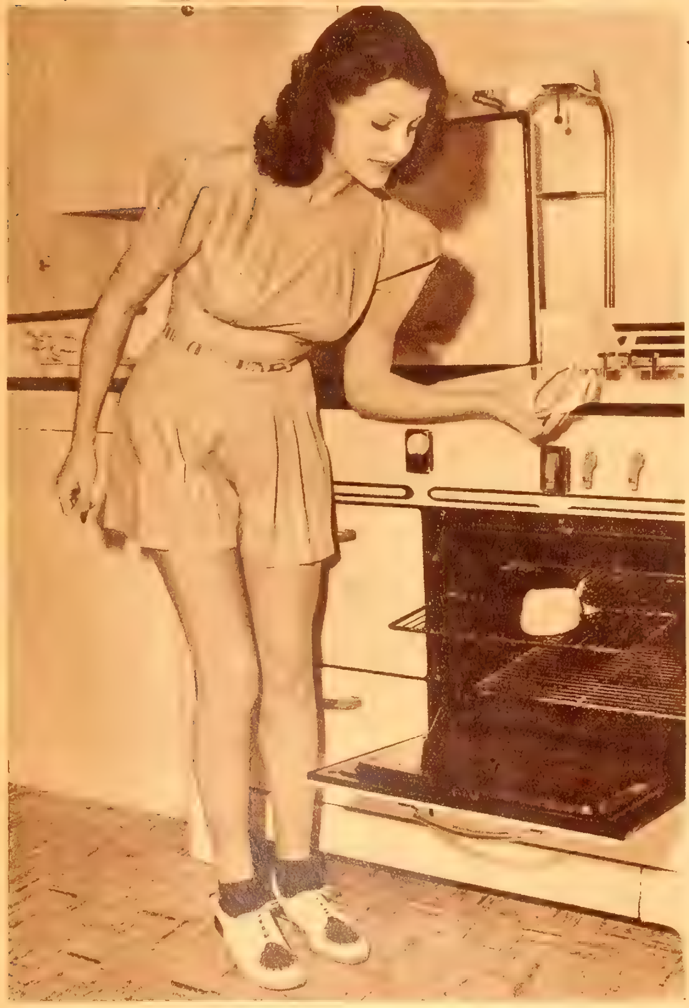
There's no such thing as rushing the bathing beach in Sunny Cal (no adv.). These spring days, Brenda in swim-suit takes to a spring-board for early tan. A sea hawk, her next is *The Sea Hawk*

PLAYING

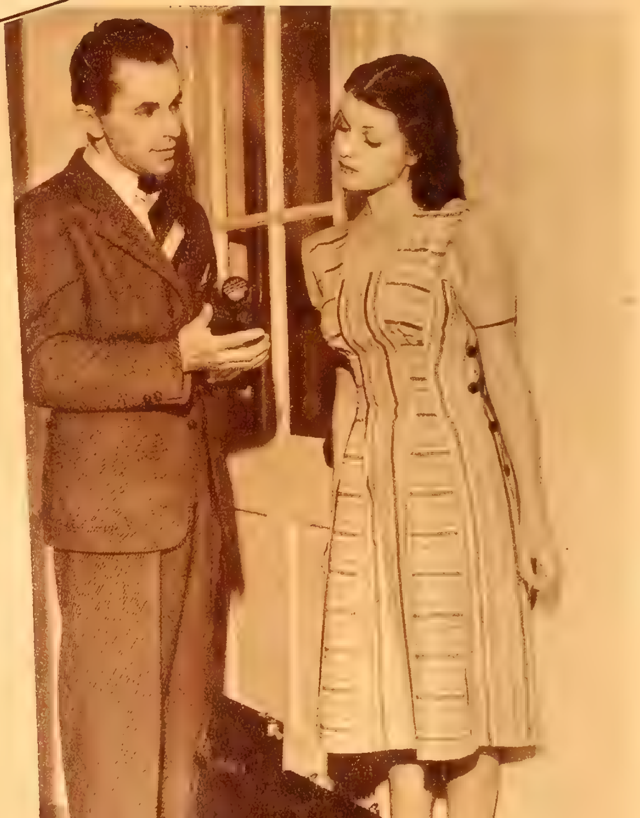


Rita Hayworth, soon to be seen in M-G-M's *Susan and God* illustrates how neat and pretty a housekeeper she'd be—in an Ensenada slack suit of blue California hopsacking. It has wooden buttons, and zipper fastening at side

Smartness begins at home, so don't be sloppy while you do your household tasks. The clothes on these pages are all neat, sweet, washable and inexpensive. Write Candida for information on where to buy them. And don't forget to ask for the free booklet, "Figures Can Lie," telling you how to achieve a slim silhouette. Enclose a stamped return envelope and address Candida, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.



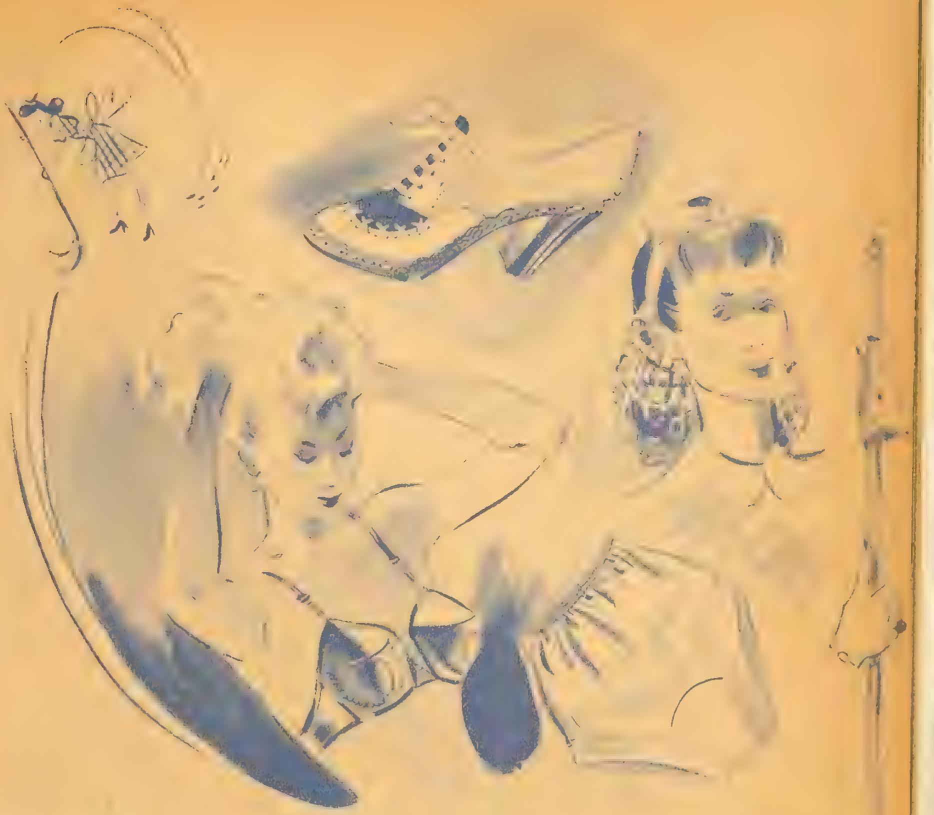
For warm, active tasks wear a brief play suit like Rita's Hollywood Premiere bra-blouse and pleated shorts. Add a comfy pair of hand laced Dundeer Mocc-Sans in soft brown and white



Marketing or answering the doorbell? Slip this complementing jumper dress on over the shorts and bra-blouse—and you'll be as trim and presentable as Rita looks here. Note side buttons

HOUSE

By CANDIDA



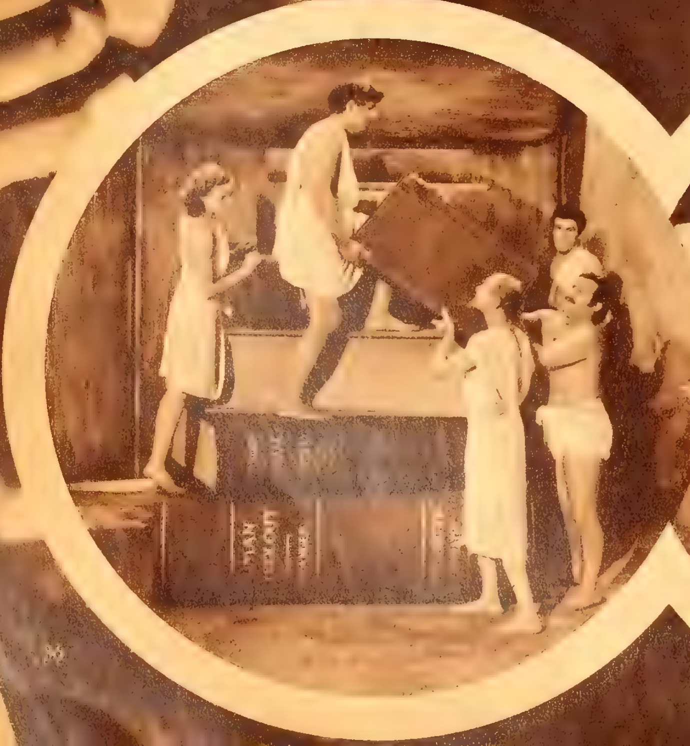
Some suggestions for neatness and comfort at work *or* play: A new style brassiere by Adola, with adjustable shoulder straps, feather-stitching on rayon satin fabric, and plenty of support and oomph (only 59 cents). Those brief panties are called Minikins. Just 39 cents, they wash like a dream, hug you tight . . . Crochet your own half-snood of Knit Krosheen yarn. It is easy and quick. Write Candida for free directions. That's another Dundeer sports shoe—with smart Cuban heel—in case you prefer it

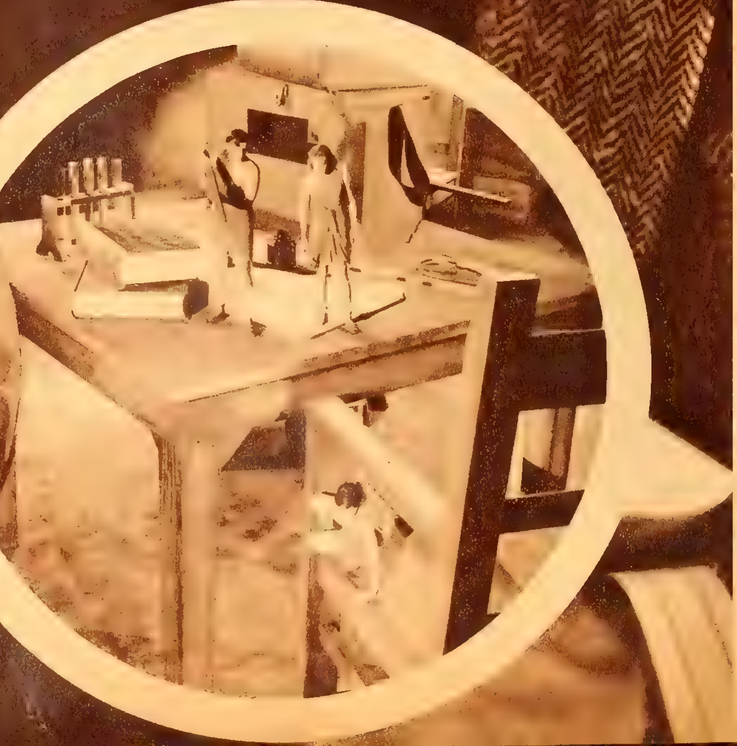
An International Latex "Playpron" in washable pink latex affords protection from the spatter of egg-beating and other kitchen tasks. It comes in little girl sizes, and other pastels, too

Rita's washable spun rayon Westbury frock is a gay example of their South American prints. She's adjusting her "house stockings" (Peds is the name) for comfort without real hose

DR. CYCLOPS

In this novel film the figures are scaled to miniature size. It gives Albert Dekker (on glamor side) chance to turn in portrayal that can be terrifying. Dekker in real life is okay. Here as jungle-invading scientist he shrinks humans to one-fifth normal size. Among those shrunk are Janice Logan, Victor Kilian, Thomas Coley. Ernest B. Schoedsack, who's had experience with eerie epics, directed. How'd you like to call him and Dekker in to shrink some Presidential candidates?





REMODELLED FOR HOLLYWOOD

By JOHN EDWARDS

KATHERINE ALDRIDGE, AMERICA'S MOST PHOTOGRAPHED GIRL, HAS MODELLED EVERYTHING FROM SHOES TO HAIR-NETS. AND POSED FOR MAGAZINE COVERS. NOW IT'S THE MOVIES!

ALERT, pert, charming, and well-poised—that's Katherine Aldridge, who has graced the covers of scores of our national magazines. She startled her boss, Darryl Zanuck, when she let him know that she "wanted to make millions of people laugh—and to make enough money so that Blandensfield can be installed with complete and modern plumbing."

Blandensfield, now that we mention it, is a 575-acre plantation located sixty miles from Richmond, Virginia. It's a plantation on which the one architectural asset is a box-colonial house of 24 rooms built by Kay's forebears on her mother's side 'way back in 1690. As we write this, Kay has sent back enough of her movie earnings to get this installation started, but the price of modern plumbing being sky high, it will be a year before the job is completed. But that's all right by Kay who says that the moment the final foot of pipe has been placed she's going to fly back to her ol' Virginny home and stage a celebration in honor of the event that will out-premiere any shindig Hollywood has put on during the past ten years!

Kay's reply to Zanuck gained widespread publicity in and around movietown, much of it adverse enough to establish her as the sassiest young thing who ever broke into the movies. The smart-

[*Continued on page 92*]

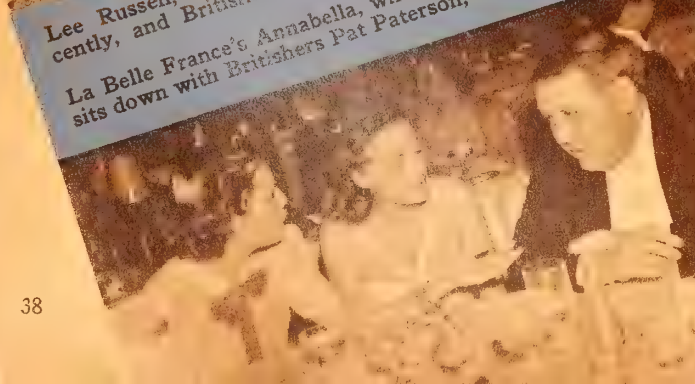
Cigars and Cigarettes . . .

At the Franco-British Relief Ball, Joan Fontaine and hubby, Brian Aherne (Britisher), buy ciggies from Annabella

Franco-British cigarette girls Claudette Colbert, Merle Oberon sell to Britisher Ronald Colman

Britishers Reginald Gardiner, Ronald Colman buy flowers from Irisher Maureen O'Sullivan at Franco-British Ball

Lee Russell, who wed Britisher Herbert Marshall recently, and Britisher Heather Angel, turn out for Ball



La Belle France's Annabella, when not selling cigarettes, sits down with Britishers Pat Paterson, Charles Laughton

Claudette Colbert, born under Tri-Color, also sells kisses. She sells one to Britain's Basil Rathbone at the Ball

and a Snack at Ciros

At opening of Ciro's, new Hollywood restaurant . . . Merle Oberon and Producer William Goetz do hot rhumba

Ciro's owner, Billy Wilkerson, welcomes Alice Faye, Harry Joe Brown an' Jimmy Ritz on opening night

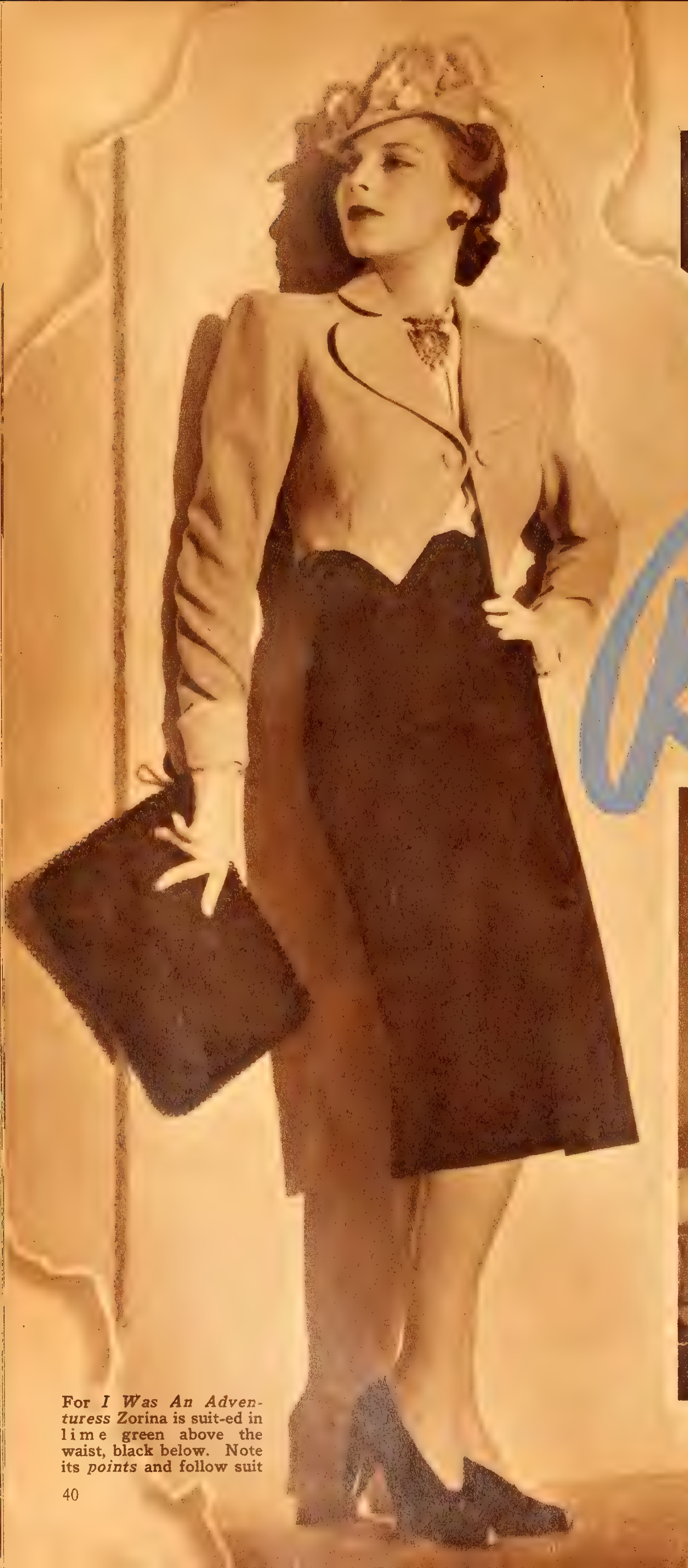
Hat-check girl nearly swoons with ecstasy at Ciro's opening when Gene Markey checks in with Hedy Lamarr

You can't keep Lana Turner away from gay turn-outs. With ex-sweetie Greg Bautzer she was life of party at Ciro's

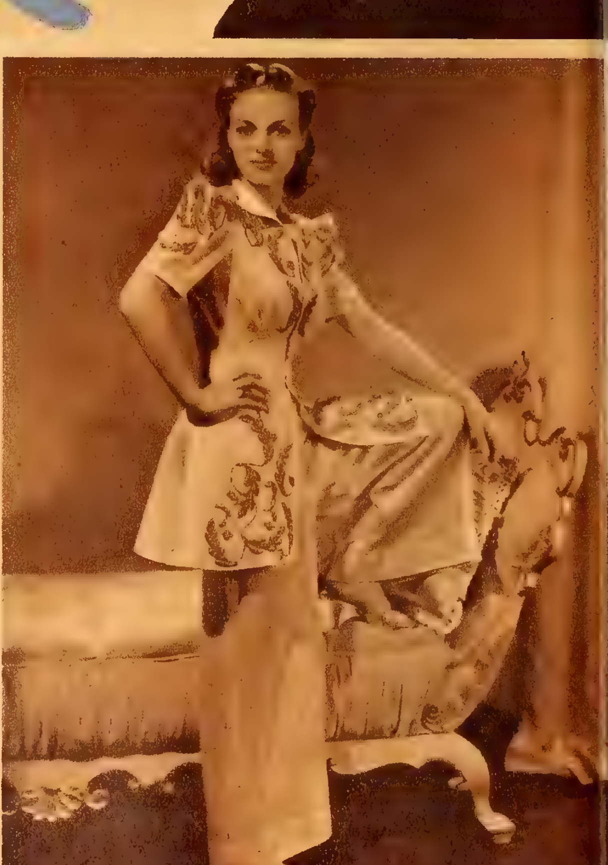
Those newly-weds, Bob Howard and Andrea Leeds, turned up too at Ciro's. Food and waiters can wait; they order love

Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson must have made reservations early. Note choice table, shared with Anatole Litvak

DRESS Rehearsal

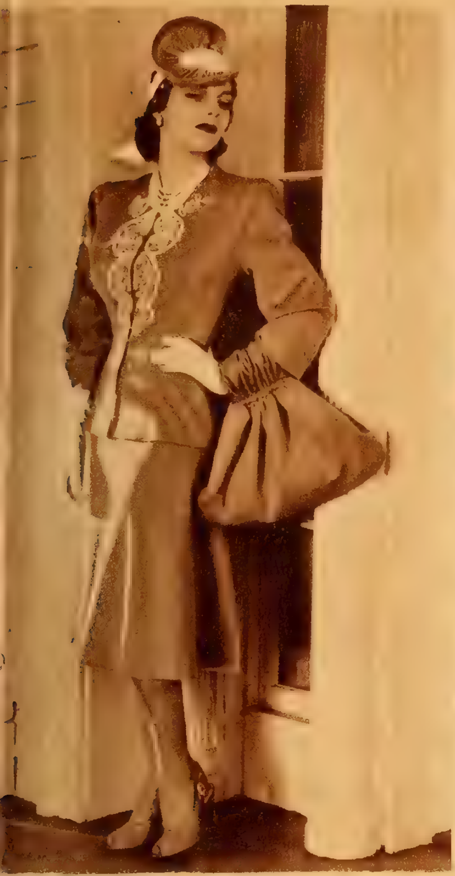


For *I Was An Adventuress* Zorina is suit-ed in lime green above the waist, black below. Note its *points* and follow suit

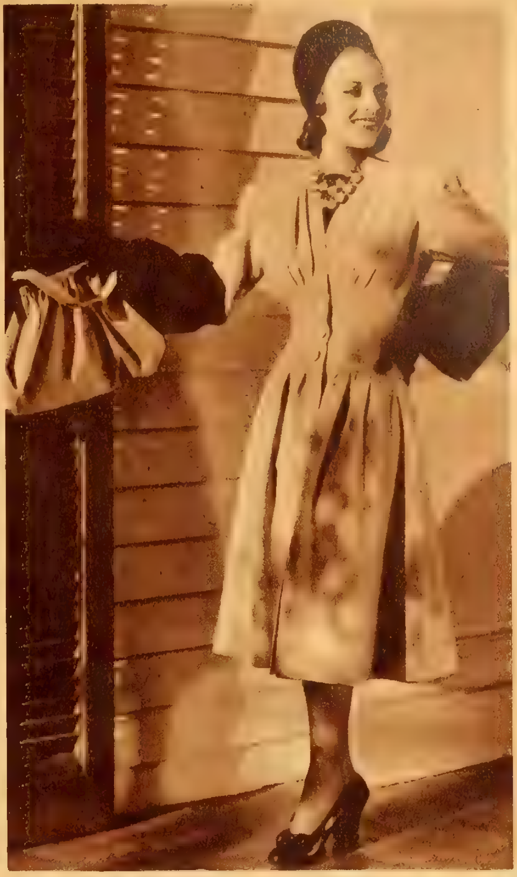


For lounging, Zorina wears luxurious white satin pajamas, with silver embroidery

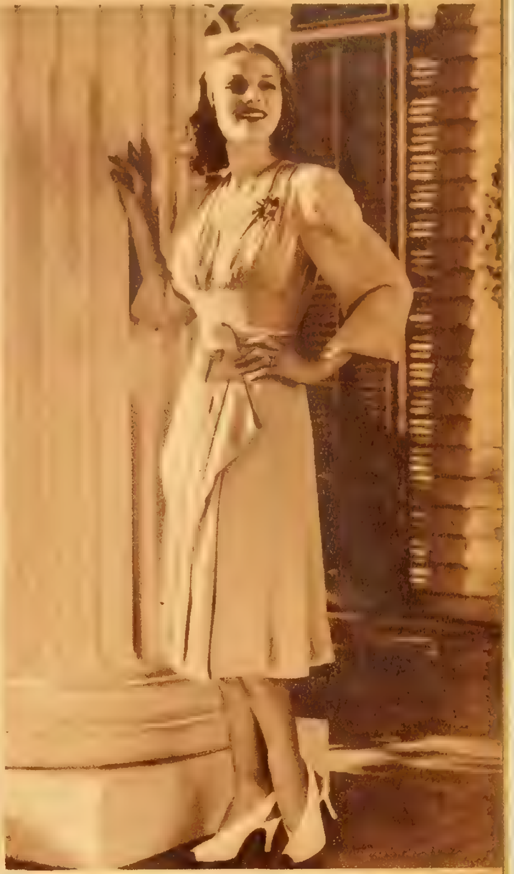
Very suit-able is this costume of grey broadcloth with old-fashioned soutache braiding. Created by Royer for Zorina, it should suit you, too

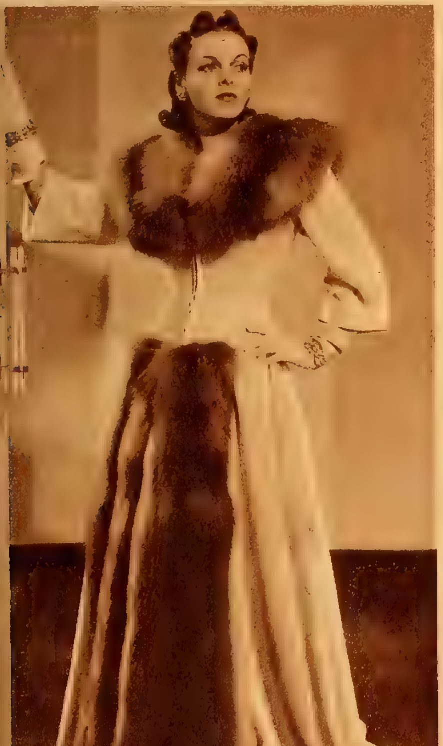


Zorina's beige wool coat shows how things are shaping up this spring. The draped turban matches the brown jersey frock underneath

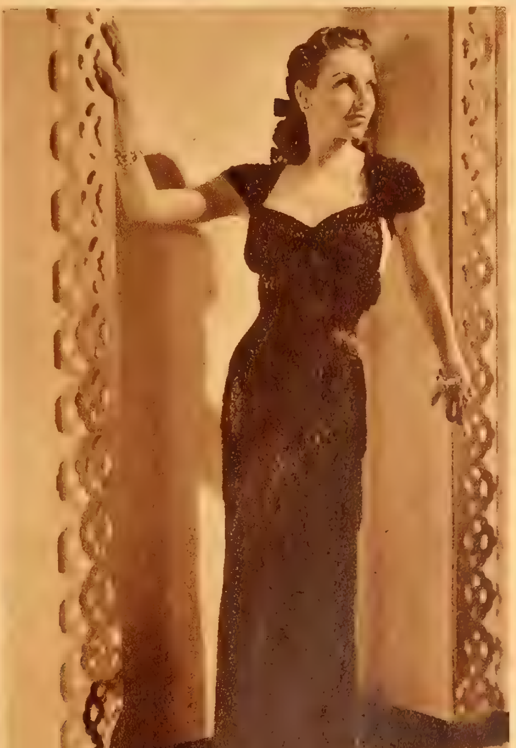


An important feature of this dress rehearsal is the harem drape (those pockets are real) on Zorina's shell-blue crepe frock

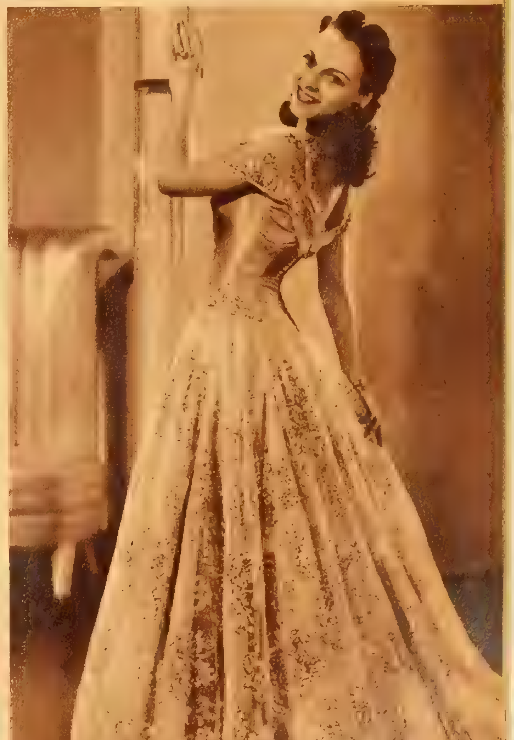




To make a dramatic entrance at an important affair Zorina wears her striking wrap of ivory broadcloth, lavish with fox



The role of an adventuress is daring—so is Zorina's gown of all-over jet beading. For additional glitter a jet side fringe



Royer really makes the star shine in this romantic gown of iridescent sequins on white net over chartreuse taffeta

Ever since Errol Flynn blazed his personality and talent across your horizon he has become one of the most popular stars. Next month MOTION PICTURE will present another gorgeous color portrait—one printed on extra heavy stock, free of printed matter. It will be one of the top-ranking favorites of all—the popular English star—Richard Greene

WHO SAID "THE TERRIBLE TEENS"?

JUDY GARLAND, 16, IS NO LONGER A CHILD AND NOT YET A GROWNUP. AND THE TEENS AREN'T SO TERRIBLE WITH JUDY REPRESENTING THEM. YOU'LL LIKE THE WAY SHE SPEAKS UP

By JAMES REID

"I DON'T think the teens are so terrible," said Judy Garland—as if she meant it. She even added a smile. It wasn't a pained smile. She didn't act as if she intended to be pleasant-even-if-it-hurt about being reminded that she wasn't grown-up yet.

Certainly she didn't give the impression that she was in a hurry to *look* grown-up. In a commissary full of Pretty Young Things, some of them playing schoolgirls in a new picture, Judy was the only one who looked more like a schoolgirl than a movie actress. Her hair wasn't carefully coiffured; it was merely combed. Her eyelashes weren't long and artificial. Her lips weren't rouged. Her clothes weren't Fashion's latest gasp; she was wearing a jacket and skirt—both inconspicuously plain.

As it happened, the only reason why she was at the studio today was that, even between pictures, she had to go to school. You might think that a girl who had just been elected Feminine Star No. 3 in a nation-wide newspaper poll would be embarrassed about letting anyone know that, till next June, she still had to go to school. But Judy wasn't embarrassed. Not on that score.

"Not after what has been happening to me ever since *The Wizard of Oz*," she said, darkly. "I've been accused of being twelve years old.

"You should see some of the disappointed looks I get, when people lay eyes on me in person. They expect someone in gingham, with braids, to come out singing 'Over the Rainbow.' And out I come, instead. I think some of them are pretty angry with me, too, for not wearing braids, and not dressing like *Dorothy*, and not being eleven or twelve. They've written in about it.

"I don't get any sympathy from anybody. People I've trusted all my life tell me, with perfectly straight faces, that I ought to feel flattered. 'It isn't every actress that people are willing to believe younger than she is.' "

She tossed up both hands in a you-can-see-what-I'm-up-against gesture.

"It's terrible to be half-way through the teens and not get [*Continued on page* 95]

THEY HAD ME ALL WRONG

NOT PRISCILLA BUT THE OTHER, OR ROSEMARY LANE'S SIDE OF A HOLLYWOOD SUCCESS STORY

By KAY STOREY

IF YOU have been wondering about the professional destiny of Rosemary Jane Lane of the Lane sisters (Martha, Leota, Lola, Rosemary, Priscilla), scratch it off your Worry List. It appears that Rosemary, who has humor, is to be allowed to display it, cinematically. There was evidence of it in the latest adventures of the *Lemp* girls, *Four Wives.*

In this filial opus, which might be Warner Brothers' answer to the Hardy, Jones, Higgins, et cetera Families (and a healthy retort it is, too), the vocal *Lemp,* or Rosemary, is given a chance to clown a bit—which she loves—and cut capers as a cinema husband-hunter. For a while it looked like Rosemary Jane was doomed to be a dope, a moonlight-and-roses dope, the very thought of which makes her shudder.

It might be that Rosemary was the [*Continued on page* 70]

Petey's voice was hoarse with emotion. "Stick out your chin," he said softly. Martha obeyed. He leaned over, kissed her lips

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

CAST

"Petey" Simmons	**WILLIAM HOLDEN**
Martha Scroggs	**BONITA GRANVILLE**
"Allie" Bangs	**EZRA STONE**
Mirabel Allstairs	**JUDITH BARRETT**
Judge Scroggs	**VAUGHAN GLASER**
Sam Byers	**JOHN ARLEDGE**

A Paramount Picture

Copyright, 1940, by Paramount Pictures, Inc. Produced and directed by Ted Reed. Screen play by Don Hartman. Based on the "Siwash" stories by George Fitch

THEY were two very angry people on either end of the telephone. Petey Simmons looked around at his office, especially decorated for his and Martha's thirty-fifth anniversary party.

"But I tell you," he shouted, "that I have to work late. You *must* meet me here." Oh, why did women have to be so unreasonable? It was a wonderful surprise he had planned for Martha.

In the living-room of their home, Martha talked and simpered. "Petey, you have to come home for dinner. It's important." Half the guests were here for their anniversary party already.

Now their words rushed over the wire and became a mad jumble. "Everything's prepared . . . can't leave, I tell you . . . ruined! . . . important . . . please . . ."

Suddenly, Petey's other telephone rang. "Hold on a minute, Martha." He listened, then spoke to her again. "Martha. Now darling, don't get alarmed. It's your father. He's been hit by a golf ball." She began to sob. "He's not badly hurt I tell you. Yes, yes, of course, darling. I'll pick you up in front of the house."

And so it happened that they were assembled, guests and all, for a third Anniversary party at the Lake Shore Country Club just half an hour later. Their host was old Judge Scroggs, Martha's father, and his little ruse to get them out to the Club had solved their dilemma of who was surprising whom.

Everyone was sitting around the

table and a stringed orchestra made music in the night.

Petey touched the Judge's arm affectionately. "I might have known you could never get close enough to a golf ball to be hit by one."

The Judge nodded in agreement, then rapped on the table for attention. "Silence," he roared. "All of you. This is my party. Now, I have no intention of making a long speech." He eyed Petey narrowly and spoke to the others. "You know, the bones of the head are soft and elastic in the very young. Well, when I first set eyes on Petey, I thought to myself, 'If some masterpiece of justice would remove this young man from the world, the general tone of civilization would go up about fifty per cent!' "

Petey and Martha laughed softly together.

"But," Scroggs went on, "I've watched these two children of mine now for thirty-five years." Almost overcome with emotion, he wiped his glasses. "Petey and Martha, I have a little present for you." He waved a legal document done up in pink and blue ribbons. "It's a deed to Twin Oaks. I know how much you two love the old place."

In a trice they both had their arms around him and now everybody cheered and the orchestra played joyously. A bit later, the dancing started and Martha and Petey watched the proceedings from the tree bench.

Scroggs was looking at them as he spoke to some friends gathered 'round. Then he began softly, "Did you ever hear about Petey, the courthouse clock, the runaway street car and the Civil War cannon. . . ?"

Petey's eyes twinkled and he said to Martha, "Stick out your chin." She did and his lips pressed hers.

Her face glowed. "Ummm . . . I like that." A laugh gurgled in her throat. "Goodness me, it seems like only a couple of days ago when you and Allie called for Mirabel and me at Browning Hall. . ."

"Browning Hall." Petey nodded. Good old Siwash. Yesterday? Why, it was right now. He could almost see the hat Martha had worn. Even the headlines of that day had been the same. "Roosevelt Must Run Again." Why, the very noise of the train wheels as they neared Siwash was in his ears. . . .

Yes, there wasn't a senior at Siwash who wasn't out after young Pete Simmons for his own fraternity. And why not? The kid was a comer. His old man had plenty of wampum. A fellow could *make* his house just by getting that Simmons into it.

That was the way the rag-tag fight over Petey started. Everybody went after him and when Petey caught on, he was pleased as Punch. Gee, those fellows sure must think he was the razmataz to quarrel like that over him. First it was Alpha Rho Epsilon, plying him with cigarettes and showing him their fine beds. On the second day the Lambda Nus barged in.

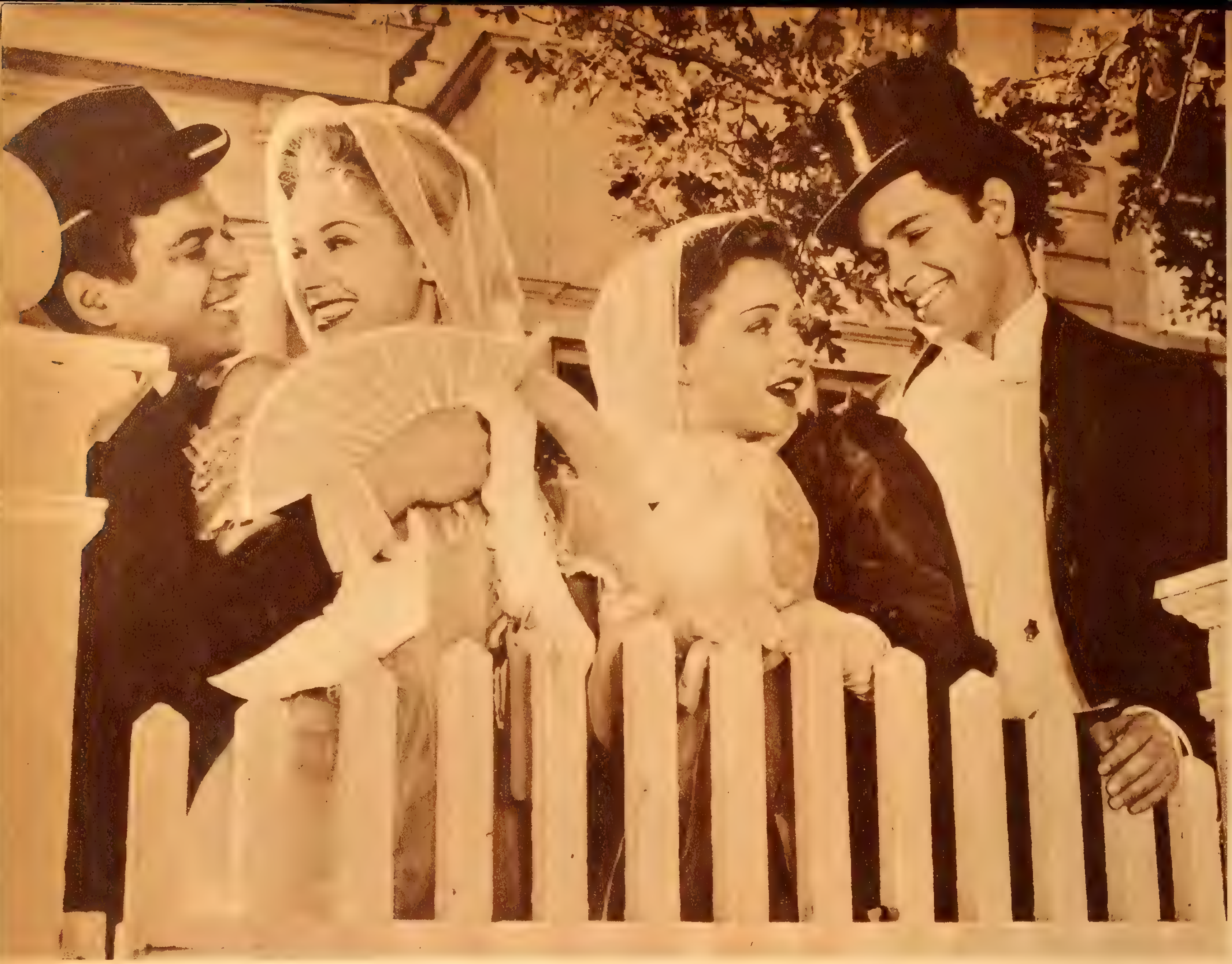
Then along came the Beta Pis. Petey kind of liked them, but when the Alphas set fire to the Beta Pis' house and the Lambdas arrested Petey with fake policemen, things got kind of confused. Everybody was hustled off to the station house by some *real* policemen

Old Hogboom had to be late to class. Petey set the prof's alarm clock back, then got his watch

"Goodness me, it seems only a couple of days ago you called for me at Browning Hall," Martha told Petey

"Why don't you forget her? She's been engaged to every fellow in school." Petey advised Allie

The jailer gone, their hands met thru the bars. "Oh, Petey," Martha sighed, "it's wonderful"



Mirabel and Allie began to coo immediately. Martha turned to Petey and said briskly, "You know Mr. Simmons, Dolly Dinsmore—a good friend of mine—said you were one of the sights of the campus"

and all seemed lost as they came before Squire Jennings.

But all at once, somebody gave the Beta Pi whistle and the Squire looked mighty happy. He peered over his glasses at them. "All of you boys, Beta Pis?"

They shouted "yes" in joyful chorus but Petey shook his head. "No, your honor, I'm a freshman. I just got here—"

"Oh," said Squire Jennings sternly, "you're not a Beta Pi? That's unfortunate."

Instantly, one of the boys showed Petey the pledge colors. Petey grabbed them and pinned them on. "I am now, Your Honor."

There was a suspenseful silence. Then Squire Jennings nodded. "An excellent decision. I—er—find there are certain extenuating circumstances—youth—all of us fraternity brothers. CASE DISMISSED!" he roared. "Now clear out, all of you."

And so Petey became a Beta Pi. After that, there was initiation and a week or two later, he and Allie Bangs, a fellow pledgee, were notified of their first party invitation. They would choose their girls by drawing their names out of a hat.

Allie seemed to be in luck, for everybody declared that Mirabel Allstairs was a real peacherino from the Old South. But as for Martha Scroggs—well, the name was greeted with a significant silence.

Petey was really worried on party night as they waited in the reception room of Browning Hall. Gee, this Martha sounded like a burnt out match. But as the two girls came down the stairs, his eyes brightened. They were *both* pretty and that little one with the light brown hair was the real class.

As it happened, she turned out to be Martha and the blonde was Mirabel. Allie was in quite a dither as they led the girls to the door. "My, Miss Allstairs," he burbled, "aren't you goodlookin'."

Petey took Martha's arm and she looked up at him demurely. "I've heard a great deal about you, Mr. Simmons. I hope you don't think I'm forward but when I heard we were going to be partners I was really excited."

"Ain't it the truth," Petey told himself. He nodded. "I ran through a pretty good assortment of emotions myself."

In the landau, Mirabel and Allie began to coo, practically immediately.

Martha turned to Petey and said briskly, "You know, Mr. Simmons—Dolly Dinsmore—she's a friend of mine and very funny—said you were pointed out to strangers as one of the sights of the campus."

He adjusted his hat at a rakish angle. "Yeah, you can tell by my clothes what the rest of the college will be wearing five years from now."

Martha giggled. "Dolly's very funny. I have to laugh when I just think of her. She said that the authorities are going to enlarge the college just to fit you." Another laugh. "Dolly says the funniest things."

Petey got a little worried. Say, that didn't sound exactly like a compliment. "She seems mighty interested in me. Who is she, anyway?"

"Oh . . . she's a Delta Rho. She'll be at the party."

Petey turned to Mirabel. "You know Dolly Dinsmore?"

Mirabel burst into laughter. "Dinsmore? There's no Dolly Dinsmore. Martha's just joshing you."

Petey got it and burned. Making fun of him, was she? "I see," he said grimly and reduced her to a cinder with a look. So that's why the boys were silent when her name came up. Who liked a girl with a sharp

[*Continued on page* 66]

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF ROBERT CUMMINGS

By E. J. SMITHSON

AN AVIATOR AS WELL AS AN ACTOR, ROBERT CUMMINGS HAS HAD HIS UPS AND DOWNS. HE "AIRS" THEM HERE

ONE way NOT to obtain an interview from Robert Cummings on his screen career is to let him get off to a flying start on his favorite subject which happens to be aviation.

Inadvertently mention an innocent three-letter word like "air," for instance, a moment after you meet him for the first time and presto, he'll have you up in it. Mentally, at first, and then physically, if he can lure, browbeat or drag you out to the airport where his four-passenger "Cessna" champs at its fuselage while impatiently waiting for its youthful master to hop in, hop off, and play hop-skip-and-jump among the mile-high clouds.

Like the mellifluous Voice over the radio, we speak from Experience.

Now from time to time, while scanning the columns devoted to disseminating this and that about the magic lanterns, we'd run across a little item about Mr. Cummings and his flair for flying but we put it down as so much publicity dope. We knew a lot of "high flyers" in Hollywood who couldn't get up from the floor let alone up in the air. We knew that Mr. Cummings didn't belong in this class being a strict teetotaler and a guy who keeps the home fires burning at all times.

But we had a hunch that so far as really being aviation-minded was concerned he was a co-pilot flyer like nine-tenths of the other motion picture people who claim through their publicity agents that they can pilot a ship solo and *en toto*.

He might have had a flying lesson or two, but so far as taking a ship off the ground single-handed and staying up there all by his lonesome—that belonged with the rest of the fantastic dreams whipped up by his press-agent.

Well, as we say, we got fooled.

We arranged an interview with Mr. Cummings recently while he was employed at Universal helping Charlie McCarthy solve a murder mystery. When we arrived at the appointed hour, Cummings had finished his acting chore and eager to get away from his pestiferous, smart-cracking, clue-seeking, mystery-solving pal, Charley.

"About the only thing that animated fence post could run down is his heels," sneered Cummings, "if he could walk. Come on, let's fly."

[*Continued on page* 83]

Maureen O'Sullivan has pride in polka dot playsuit. . . . Is prejudiced in favor of green and white color scheme. You'll see her shortly in *Pride and Prejudice* with Norma Shearer

Patricia Morison becomes a gingham girl, wears gingham dress atop her garden wall. . . . And in film *Untamed*

THE TALK

Can You Jingle?

■ Come, come, boys and girls, and join Hollywood's new craze. It's SOTCH FON! All you have to do is to make up silly (or ARE they so silly?) li'l jingles, like:

Gals that go Gable
Rarely are stable!

Or:

Gals that dream Taylor
Grow paylor and paylor!

Four-Legged Leach

■ Of course, you don't HAVE to play. But in Hollywood, ANYthing goes. For another instance, look at what Cary

Apparently the bust-up in the romance of Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks hasn't interfered with Phyl enjoying herself. A sandy beach, lots of sun, can make a girl forget

Mary Maguire, who deserted Hollywood for British films, bobs up in *The Outsider,* once Katherine Cornell drama

Not since *The Awful Truth* have Cary Grant, Irene Dunne given their all for love. So they give in *My Favorite Wife*

Nan Grey as wife of jockey Jackie Westrope doesn't let domesticity upset film work. She's in *House of Seven Gables*

OF HOLLYWOOD

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Grant did to his own name when he changed it to Cary Grant. His own name, you know, was Archie Leach.

Well, when he changed it to Cary Grant, he bestowed the family name on his Scotch terrier, which is now "Archie Binge Leach."

The "Binge" is just an afterthought.

Hollywood Suckers Born Every Minute

■ Or if you still don't like it, how about listening in to what happened to Lupe Velez, who certainly thought she was too, too smart to fall for anything like that. Yet, when the gypsy fortune-teller came to her and told her that she had very many enemies, but that they could be gotten rid of easily, Lupe went for it hook, line and sinker. She asked how.

"Let me pray over $10,000 of your money," said the gypsy. Lupe cut it to $2,500, and handed over that amount in bills, but watched carefully. The gypsy took the $2,500 and folded it in a red silk kerchief while Lupe looked on. Then the gypsy prayed over it, and then handed the folded kerchief to Lupe.

"Now you hold this for a day, and your enemies will be gone," she promised. And vanished.

And when Lupe opened the kerchief to get her money out—why, the money was gone! And nobody would fall for such an ancient swindle except a country yokel or a movie star!

Very Much Close-Up

■ Never for an instant does a movie star forget who she is. So when they rushed Joan Fontaine to the hospital from the *Rebecca* set, and took X-ray pictures of her to see whether an operation would be necessary, it was Movie Star Joan who piped up when the nurse cautioned her to lie perfectly still when the X-ray pictures were being taken.

"You BET I will," said Joan, "this is the biggest CLOSE-UP I've ever had!"

Competition

■ *On gals who pine for Georgie Brent*
Other guys' efforts are quite mis-spent!

[*Continued on page* 74]

A vivid film of Americana—when Quantrill's raiders made the Ozark region a battleground during Civil War period—is *Dark Command.* Walter Pidgeon, Claire Trevor are leads

An incomparable team when it comes to a battle of "give and take" as involved with romance finds Jean Arthur and Melvyn Douglas (Fred MacMurray, too) in *Too Many Husbands*

HAPPIEST GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

By CAROL CRAIG

ON APRIL 17, ANNE SHIRLEY WILL BE 21. IN AUGUST SHE AND JOHN PAYNE CELEBRATE THEIR 3RD WEDDING ANNIVERSARY . . . IN JULY THE STORK PAYS THEM A VISIT. ON TOP OF THAT ANNE IS GETTING A FLOCK OF GOOD PICTURES. CAN A GIRL ASK FOR MORE?

Hollywood's a tough town in which to find contentment, but Anne has found it. She has everything—a nice home, a sweet income and a husband she loves—and who loves her. Anne has no plans for future after the blessed event

IT MAY be difficult to think of Anne Shirley grown up, but you're going to have to do it. On April 17, she will be 21. On August 22, she and John Payne will celebrate their third wedding anniversary. And sometime in July, Ol' Doc Stork is paying them a visit. "I guess the baby ought to convince people," Anne says, smiling. Her ingenue days are definitely over—off the screen. And on the screen, too.

In *Vigil in the Night,* she grows up before your eyes, as an irresponsible young girl who becomes a responsible nurse—a tragic nurse. In *Saturday's Children,* she is a dramatic young wife.

Warners, who borrowed her from RKO for this picture, are so enthused about her performance that they are trying to buy her contract from RKO. And thereby hangs an ironic little tale.

When Warners were getting ready to film *The Old Maid,* they tested every possibility in Hollywood for the role of Bette Davis' daughter. Among those tested was Anne Shirley. And she virtually had the role, when they decided to give it to Jane Bryan, who was under contract to them.

The role did a great deal for Jane, made her "the most promising young dramatic actress in Hollywood."

Months passed. Up came *Saturday's Children,* in which Jane was to play opposite John Garfield. On the eve of production, she eloped, renounced her career. Warners had to find a replacement in a hurry. They offered the role to Anne Shirley, who wasn't expecting it.

Now she is "the most promising young dramatic actress in Hollywood." Which she would have been nearly a year ago, if she had played in *The Old Maid.*

Her screen future looks exciting. And you would expect Anne to be excited about it.

She shakes her head. "I don't get excited. I take things as they come. If I went around saying, 'I've *got* to play that part,' and then the part went to somebody else, I'd be a pretty unhappy person. And happiness means a lot to me. I don't think about a role until I'm in it. If it's good, fine. If it isn't, well, maybe the next one will be better."

You may not believe that any girl in Hollywood could honestly have such an attitude. But it's on the record books that when Jane was given the role in *The Old Maid* that Anne was all but promised, and Jane was worried about Anne's being heartbroken, Anne made a point of looking up Jane, warmly wishing her luck. She has always been like this. A few years ago, she was practically set to play the girl in *Winterset*, when Margo was given the role at the last moment. Anne, seeing Margo in a cafe soon afterward, went across to meet and congratulate her.

WHAT makes Anne's attitude all the more amazing is that she has spent most of her young life in this hotbed of ambitions and jealousies called Hollywood.

She guesses maybe that very fact explains why she doesn't take her career too, too seriously. "Most girls become actresses by desperately wanting to act, and struggling to get training, and fighting for breaks. I started in movies when I was three-and-a-half. I've been in them ever since. I've grown up in the business, never left it, never done anything else. And I've grown up taking acting for granted.

"When I was little, and directors would give me bits to play, I always felt lucky—because the money would buy food and clothes and pay the rent. I tried to do everything they told me to do, so that they would give me more work. When they didn't, Mother wouldn't let me worry about it. She brought me up to be happy, whether I was acting or not.

"And that's the way it still is," Anne says, with a quiet smile.

This is rank heresy. Who ever heard of anyone in Hollywood believing that happiness doesn't depend on sensational career success?

Heresy or not, Anne says: "I don't want to be a star or a sensation. I don't want those responsibilities or those worries. It's my nature to go down the quiet streets. All I want is a nice, comfortable little niche for myself. I'd like people to say, 'She's a good actress,' and keep that opinion. But I don't have any ambition to do special parts. I'll do whatever they give me to do—happy pictures, sad ones, good ones, bad ones. I'll be contented if I can just keep busy."

And just in case anybody should think that, in saying this, she is only trying to be modest, Anne adds: "I'm contented now. I know when I'm lucky. I have everything I want. There isn't a thing I want that I don't have. Interesting work, a nice income, a lovely peaceful home, a husband I love very much. And I'm going to have a baby. What more could I ask, to be contented?"

That is a reasonable enough question. Except that it is unexpected, coming from a Hollywood girl. In Hollywood, most people live in the future, not the present.

"I know girls who will never ask the question," Anne admits. "There isn't anything wrong with them. They just have something I don't have—a burning desire to act. There are certain things they want to do on the screen, because they feel that they have definite things to give the screen, and they won't be happy till they do them. But if a producer said to me tomorrow, 'I'm going to star you. What would you like to play?' I wouldn't have an answer.

"The only burning desire I have is to be happy. And I'm not going to let happiness depend on what I do as an actress. Life is too short.

"That's why I can be contented, just going along. I think there's a little laziness mixed up in it, too. I haven't any wish to struggle and strive. I'd rather work in a picture everybody enjoyed making and have a flop, than work in a great picture where there was disharmony on a set and everybody had worries.

"So many people in Hollywood are rushing through life. All they think about is: 'Are we going to make good?' They think it's the end of the world if they don't get the right reviews. And they work so hard, and worry so hard, that they miss out on fun and happiness almost completely. I know people earning big money who would like to go somewhere and spend some of it, having fun, and 'can't take the time.' So all they do is work and earn more money that doesn't bring them any pleasure.

"Johnny and I don't get to do everything we want to do. It wouldn't be fair if we did. And we wouldn't have any responsibilities. But we do get to do a lot of things some people don't—because they don't take the time.

"We have a home. We're lucky to have a home all our own at our ages, and we know it. And we're going to enjoy it. We're going to fix it up just as we want it, no matter how long it takes us. We're not going to have somebody else do it. We want that fun, ourselves—the kind of fun that other young couples, with their first homes, have . . . everywhere but in Hollywood.

SPECIAL OFFER

Readers! Here are the color photos you have been demanding. If you will write at once to Photo Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 22 Putnam Avenue, Greenwich, Conn., you can now obtain color photos—just like the one of Errol Flynn in this issue—of:

CLARK GABLE
SONJA HENIE
TYRONE POWER
ROBERT TAYLOR
DEANNA DURBIN
CHARLES BOYER

These photos are 10c each, or 15c for two, postage paid. Hurry, or they'll be gone. And tell your friends about it!

"I don't ever want to get so wrapped up in work that I can't enjoy the world, or the everyday things of life. The way I look at it, acting is something I can do only a few more years; finding happiness is something I can do all the rest of my life. It's the only lifetime career there is."

YOU might expect a philosopher to have such views, and such values—but not a young girl surrounded by the glamorous hullaballoo of Hollywood. What has made her so serious? The approach of 21? The approach of motherhood?

She shakes her head, smiling. "I'm a person who doesn't change much. Five years ago, my ideas were the same. The way things are is the way I've wanted them. I've never given an interview: 'My career is the thing for me.' My bosses know that I'll do my best in anything they give me to do, but they know I'm not especially ambitious. Other girls want to know if they're getting good directors. What I want to know is whether or not I'm getting a nice director. I like even-tempered people, even if they aren't geniuses. It's easier to be happy working with them.

"Probably my shortage of ambition will make some people wonder why I bother to work at all. My only answer is: it's a habit. It's interesting and it keeps me alert. And it has given me so much that I would never have had otherwise.

"I owe so much to luck, maybe I'm afraid to have ambition. I'm the kind of girl who goes through life and nice things happen to. If I've wanted things, I've got them. I remember when we were very poor, I wanted to go to a dance, but I didn't have a dress. I wished for one; that was all I could do. And some neighbor walked in with a dress her daughter had outgrown, and wondered if I could wear it.

"How I happened to get my break in *Anne of Green Gables* was that Al Santell, who was going to direct, ran off *Daddy Long Legs* to look at some girl who was in it—and saw me, doing a bit in the picture. I had worked with him before, but he had forgotten about me; *Daddy Long Legs* reminded him, and he tested me, and gave me the title role of *Anne of Green Gables*. Then he went off the picture. Another director who had never seen me might have taken over. But no; the director who replaced him was George Nichols, Jr., who knew me.

"I couldn't get over how lucky I was. I even changed my name to Anne Shirley, the name of the girl in the picture, because she was so lucky for me.

"I've never worked with a director who wasn't nice, or with actors who upstaged me and tried to steal scenes. Those things just don't happen to me. It even goes down to little things. I always seem to get shoes that are comfortable right from the beginning.

"I don't want to sound dopey, but I give you my word that's the way things have been. I've never been able to be jealous. Not only because jealousy is an unhappy thing, but because I've been smart enough to be happy with what I've had."

HOW does she feel about approaching 21?

"I feel as if people probably don't believe it, after all those adolescent parts. But in five years they'll probably be saying, 'Why, she's thirty-two if she's a day. I remember her in such-and-such a picture—well, it was a long time ago.'

"Johnny won't be able to tease me any more about being 'under age,' or try to make out I'm his ward, as well as his wife.

"I feel as if this is going to be a great year, in every way. A different year from any other I've ever lived. I've been very lucky in my pictures so far, playing three completely different roles. First, the nurse in *Vigil in the Night*, which was stark drama. Then the contrast of *Saturday's Children*, which was bright and modern, a dramatic comedy, and I surprised myself tossing off wisecracks. And now I'm doing *Anne of Windy Poplars*, which is a costume picture, sentimental and homespun, which takes up where *Anne of Green Gables* left off, with *Anne* aged twenty-two."

She has never looked prettier than she does right now. She blushes when told of it, as if she doesn't dare believe, herself, that her luck is extending this far.

She has no plans for the future, after the baby arrives. "No plans except the ones I've always had—to live a happy, contented, good life. I bet I'll do it, too. That's one thing I'm confident of. I'm not so confident of success in a professional way. But I do know I'll be successful in living the kind of life I'd like to live."

Why aren't there more Anne Shirleys in the world?

SPRING TONICS

OLD-FASHIONED TONICS PUT WRINKLES IN YOUR FACE BUT NEW-FASHIONED TONICS TAKE WRINKLES OUT. THEY ARE SO DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

Before embarking on *Charlie Chan's Oriental Cruise* Marjorie Weaver toasts crew with Pineapple Fizz

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

WHAT—take a "spring tonic" of sulphur and molasses. Not on your 1880! Grandmother may have needed such stringent measures to get the family through its Spring "low" of aches and pains and spring fever, not to mention the time-honored "vapors"—but her granddaughter takes *her* tonic right from a tin can! Debutantes or dowagers, hostess or housewife, be beauty-bound this Spring! For right now, this balmy weather, when the soft sun smiles and tender winds caress you, is the ideal time, the psychological moment, on which to start off and embark on a Spring beauty cruise, right on the home deck, and an all no-expense tour at that.

The old-fashioned tonic put wrinkles in your face because its bitterness puckered up the lips, but new-fashioned tonics take wrinkles out, because they are so delicious to drink, so refreshing, and so flavorful. Some such tonics are the expressed juices of those familiar food-fruits, the tomato, in person, or the pineapple, the citrus, the lemon and the orange. Still others are the extracted juices of vegetables which star "A" in the galaxy of vitamins: celery, carrots, spinach, beets, onions, watercress, or combinations thereof.

Canned fruit and vegetable juices save work, are always ready for serving, and can easily be chilled without tipping over in the refrigerator. Keep an assorted

Vege-Cocktail with tomato juice ice-cubes is a slenderizing beverage

Grapefruit Juice Bracer is a refreshment drink stock always on ice, and you will never be faced with that emergency meal problem.

Spring is the authorized period for Spring housecleaning, for Slenderizing and for Sports, not forgetting the garden and wheeling the baby or Jr. around in the park! It's the home dressmaking season too—indeed the most busy season of the year.

It happens all too often that under such strains, the homemaker fails to sit down and eat quietly; or again, that she grudges the time to prepare a real, wholesome meal for herself, and so, as the old woman expressed it, "eats her meals on the hoof"—standing up and always in a hurry. Now here is where the beverage meal comes to her rescue. If she has *not* the time (or thinks she hasn't), instead of eating solid food in haste, try the tin can *drink-meal*. Pour out a whole can of tomato juice, add a little seasoning, particularly cleansing tonic lemon or lime—and presto—all the vitamins combine themselves right in one tall glass!

BEAUTY experts from Hollywood assert that in their treatments they permit only two solid meals—and one entirely liquid meal. This prevents packing down of foods and accompanying stodginess and overweight. The tin can drink-meal is just as possible to any of us, and equally effective whether our goal be slenderizing, more energy, or saving in time.

However, if we are cleaning house, tackling an odd job of Spring painting, or are under the additional strain of having one of the children ill with mumps or whooping cough, then we need additional meals, or interval doses of Spring tonic to give us more energy to meet increased responsibilities. Again the drink-meal comes to our rescue: and a tall refreshing glass of some concentrated fruit or vegetable juice will give us the pep, punch and pull necessary to continue.

A word about canned tomato juice, familiar to all. Learn to serve it in new cocktails—say with the addition of minced cucumber pulp, minced watercress, or chopped celery or minced, grated, or shredded carrots. Why, do readers know that the newest (and expensive) food wrinkle in our big cities is to have a "juice bar" where one may sit down at the counter, and call for a celery juice cocktail, a carrot cocktail, or any other vegetable choice?

Pineapple juice, canned, is *unsweetened*, remember, just as it is made from fresh, naturally ripened pines in Hawaii. Morning, noon, and night, you may drink pineapple beverages, safe in the thought that they give health without additional fattage. Always demand *unsweetened, natural pineapple juice* which has no preservatives added, and nothing taken away.

GRAPEFRUIT juice, too, is an effective, natural tonic. Filled to the brim with magnesium salts, it is at once a purge, a sedative and a refreshment. Drink it straight the last thing at night, when it helpfully controls digestive processes, or use it with other juices, particularly pineapple, as a cooling drink at any time. Try mint with grapefruit beverages, or add fresh lime juice and see what a pleasing tropical combination this is.

Celery, carrots, spinach, etc., can be run through any common food chopper, and the expressed juices made into drinks. There are also special extractors on the market, some costing as low as $5, which are designed for this purpose only. Or, grate or shave the vegetable, and add to a tomato juice base, drinking cold as a cocktail, or heating and using as a soup. With rye or whole wheat wafers, you have a full meal—and no pots to wash!

Cayenne pepper used with care, gives an additional tonic quality to any vegetable juice cocktail, while grated onion, or shaved garlic is always the needed "whoosh" to such drinks. The fruit juices will have a novel zest if a tablespoon or so of bitters, or of papaya juice, a natural digestant now also sold in inexpensive bottle form, is added.

For your convenience this month the featured recipes are gathered together, so that they may be easily clipped for your cooking files:

TOMATO JUICE WITH CUCUMBER AND LIME

½ cucumber, finely minced
1 can (14 oz.) tomato juice
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lime juice

Add minced, peeled cucumber pulp to tomato juice, and chill one hour in refrigerator. Strain, add salt and lime (or lemon) juice, and serve well chilled. (Omit cucumber pulp, and use "straight.")

TOMATO JUICE AND CELERY SPRING TONIC

1 cup chopped celery
1 can (14 oz.) tomato juice
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon lemon juice
minced watercress

Grind celery in food chopper. Add to tomato juice with salt, and chill one hour in refrigerator. Strain, add lemon juice, and serve well chilled with garnish of minced watercress.

HOSTESS SPICED TOMATO-ADE

3 cups canned tomato juice
½ lemon, thinly sliced
2 tablespoons sugar
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon cinnamon
dash of nutmeg
¼ cup lemon juice

Combine tomato juice with sliced lemon, sugar, salt, and spices, and slowly heat to boiling. Stand 10 minutes, then strain and chill. Add lemon juice just before serving. (Makes 3¼ cups.) May be diluted with chilled sparkling water or poured over cracked ice.

PINEAPPLE FIZZ

1½ cups canned pineapple juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 egg white
3 drops Worcestershire
2 bottles (12 oz. size) ginger ale

Combine in cocktail shaker all ingredients except ginger ale. Shake vigorously. Add ginger ale, and immediately pour over cracked ice in tall glasses. (Serves 6.) If more sweetness is desired, add additional sugar syrup.

SPICED TEA WITH PINEAPPLE JUICE CUBES

⅜ cup sugar
¾ cup water
1 inch stick cinnamon
3 whole cloves
¼ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
3 cups fresh tea infusion
pineapple juice ice cubes

Boil sugar, water and spices together for 10 minutes. Strain, and add to hot tea. Pour over pineapple juice ice cubes. (Makes 1 quart.) To make cubes, freeze canned pineapple juice in refrigerator trays, and to remove run hot water over bottom of trays.

BEET JUICE SPINACH TONIC

1 cup liquor from canned beets
1½ cups boiling water
1 bouillon cube
⅓ cup lemon juice
¼ cup spinach juice
¼ teaspoon salt
dash of cayenne

Combine liquor from canned beets with boiling water in which bouillon cube has been dissolved, together with lemon and spinach juices and salt. Blend thoroughly, and pour over cracked ice. Sprinkle with dash of cayenne. (Makes about 3 cups.) To prepare spinach juice, crush fresh leaves in food chopper, or use liquor of spinach cooking water.

RHUBARB-PINEAPPLE CUP

3 cups diced rhubarb
3 cups water
1 cup sugar
1 cup pineapple juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
2 cups ginger ale

Combine rhubarb, water and sugar and simmer until rhubarb is soft. Strain, and cool. Add fruit juices, and chill. Add ginger ale just before serving. (Serves 8.) May be made a richer color by adding few drops of red coloring. Pleasant in punch cups garnished with lemon wheels.

HOUSEWIFE'S SALAD CUP

½ cup canned grapefruit juice
½ cup pineapple juice
1 cup pitted canned cherries
1 cup diced canned pears
1 cup diced canned peaches
1 tablespoon minced candied ginger
whole wheat wafers

Combine juices with diced fruits and chill thoroughly. Serve in bowl, sprinkling with minced ginger (or omit if on sugar-less diet) and eat with wafers as complete luncheon.

But these are only samples—you must send for the additional recipes in the free leaflet offered below.

Mrs. Christine Frederick
c/o MOTION PICTURE Magazine
1501 Broadway, New York City

Please send me "BEAUTY SPRING TONICS," including recipes for Florida Eggnog, Pinemint Cooler, and Tomato Cosmetic Cup.
(This offer expires June 15th, 1940)

Name...
(Please Print)

Street Address...

City and State...

LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE

STEPPING OUT?

Write Denise Caine for help in choosing make-up to go with your coloring and your new Spring clothes. Ask her about your skin or hair problems at the same time. The only charge for this service is a stamped, self-addressed envelope sent with your letter to Denise Caine, Beauty Editor, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE—A WORKING GIRL BY DAY, A GLAMOR GIRL BY NIGHT—JANE WYMAN KNOWS THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING HER CLOTHES, MAKE-UP AND HAIRSTYLE IN HARMONY WITH EACH OTHER—AND WITH THE TIME AND PLACE. SHE'S SMART TO BE TWO-FACED

By DENISE CAINE

IT'S hard to believe that these two pictures can be of the same girl, pert little Jane Wyman, soon to be seen in *Three Cheers for the Irish*. Because Jane is smart enough to be two-faced! She believes in keeping her clothes, make-up and hairstyle in harmony with each other—and with the time and place.

For daytime wear, Jane favors sports clothes—slacks, sweaters and skirts, simple play dresses, or tailored suits and dressmaker frocks. She thinks it's a mistake to wear out dressy "date" dresses around the house or to work. It spoils your whole attitude towards that type of clothes. You'll get more fun out of "date" dresses if you wear them only when you're going out with someone, or to a party. Then they'll always be associated with good times in your mind. I have one dress I simply adore—just because I've never worn it without having the time of my life. And I wouldn't think of wearing it for anything but a grade A date. If you're looking for a wide variety of costumes, Jane suggests suits. You can change your outlook completely with blouses, sweaters and fresh dickeys. A tailored suit will look smart at work—and with a sheer blouse, at a tea party afterwards.

You can adapt this system to your hairstyle and make-up as Jane does. Choose a coiffure that is simple, neat and becoming for daytime. You can't enjoy playing tennis, or be efficient at shorthand if your hair falls into your eyes or down your back! Then for evening, brush your hair out loosely, change the part slightly, or add a formal curl or two high on your forehead or at the nape of your neck. Your daytime make-up should make you look naturally attractive—but you can go to greater extremes with powder, rouge, lipstick and eye make-up in the evening, to bring out the glamor girl that lurks in every one of us.

Take a lesson from these pictures of Jane. She's learned in Hollywood to add softer curves to her own fairly thin lips—but she builds up her mouth a lot more at night than she does during the daytime. That provocative pout with the full lower lip goes with evening clothes—but it's rather out of place on the golf links! These pictures tell you, too, that eye make-up isn't out of place during the day—if correctly used. Jane wears brown mascara, to go with her blond hair, and applies it sparingly. The tiniest bit of colorless eye shadow gives a glint to her eyelids. [*Continued on page* 82]

Lady Esther says Won't you please help your

"NEW-BORN SKIN"

To Keep Its PROMISE of NEW-BORN BEAUTY for you?

Careful! Your new skin depends on *you* to help remove those tiny flakes of older skin that can "smother" your new-born Beauty!

EVERY TIME the clock ticks—every time you breathe—your new skin is crowding eagerly upward, outward—and soon will make its bow before all the world—in new glory and new glamour, *if you will do your part!*

Why let your new skin be "born under a cloud," asks Lady Esther—when it *can* be flattering—*can* make you look a little younger, fresher, lovelier? Yes, each coming generation of your skin can bring you a new-born beauty—*if*—

If only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin beclouding your complexion today—concealing the glory of your new skin!

For those tiny flakes of worn-out skin are the thieves that steal your beauty. Feel with your fingertips *now* the little rough spots they leave on your face. They can make you look older, for they keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—give you a lifeless, drab complexion!

My 4-Purpose Cream *permeates* those flakes. Soothingly and gently it whisks them all away—loosens embedded impurities—cleanses the very apertures of your pores—helps your skin to be smoother—lovelier—younger-looking.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

If he's a specialist on the skin—all the better! Follow his advice if you have a vitamin deficiency. He will be a strange physician indeed if he tells you to try and *push* anything like vitamins or hormones into your skin via your face cream!

Ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't absolutely true—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities, and worn-out skin beclouding your new, young skin about to be born!

Then try my face cream *at my expense*. Continue using it twice a day or oftener for two weeks. See if your powder doesn't look *lovelier* day by day. See the *glamour* of your new-born skin as my cream helps you keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 10-Day Sample *FREE!*

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying up—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin —*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true new birth of Beauty!

Lady Esther

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (55)

LADY ESTHER, 7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City____________________State________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

You Can't Fool Hollywood—Much

[*Continued from page* 24]

after dark to cash that slip. She saw the marks on her back and legs from the costume she wore—and thought of the long waits between jobs.

"Right then," she explains, "I decided to take a chance. I knew Hollywood was doing to me what it does to thousands every year. It was deflating my ego, dunking my spunk, smothering my ambition and making me crawl into my shell.

"I had grown conscious that my face was getting too common a sight around the studios. I'd heard the remark: 'Oh, we don't want her,' (mentioning a girl who had been knocking at their gates for bit parts for a year or so) 'somebody would have signed her if she was any good,' so often that I knew it took the unknown to lure casting directors and producers.

"My steadily growing 'what's-the-use'-feeling had to be whipped right then, or not at all. So I was going to New York, and would strangle my inferiority complex en route.

"Since being known and humble was poison, I was going to be unknown and cocky. Instead of knocking at casting-directors' doors, I'd let them come to me.

"So I went to New York where I could shed my inferiority complex and adopt an 'I-don't-care'-attitude."

ALL of which didn't particularly interest Hollywood. The town had failed to develop any great interest in Doris Davenport. And it had looked her over pretty well, too.

In the chorus of *Kid Millions* at sixteen, her youth had attracted Samuel Goldwyn's attention. He gave her the part of Eddie Cantor's childhood sweetheart in one sequence of the picture.

That was the thrill of her life—especially when Eddie Cantor said to her: "Now, Doris, you've got a start in pictures. So remember one thing; never take less than you are drawing now. Go up—but never go down. Take long layoffs between pictures if you have to, but never accept a smaller part than this."

And there were long layoffs between pictures—and not because Doris refused to shave her price. During some of them she played in various "little theatre" shows in Hollywood.

"Often people in pictures would tell me how good I'd been on the stage," says Doris, "and I'd be in the seventh heaven. And sometimes casting directors and studio talent scouts would call me to their offices to talk to them. They would say they liked my performance very much and felt I had a lot of promise.

"But when I sat there holding my breath for something to happen, just nothing did. But I finally got a part as a show-girl in *The Great Ziegfeld* and then a contract as a stock girl with M-G-M."

However, like a dozen or more other excited youngsters under contract to that studio, Doris discovered that being signed simply meant more waiting. Parts they thought they could play always went to someone else. Aside from being allowed on the lot, posing in publicity pictures and drawing pay-checks, having a contract didn't seem much different than being "between pictures."

Then one of Hollywood's justly-famed retrenchments let her out, along with the rest of the stock youngsters.

"There was more waiting and hoping and studying, and then I began to do extra work."

Hence the *Marie Antoinette* experience, and Doris' determined departure for the East.

"ARRIVING in New York," she says, "was like shaking off something oppressive. I really felt entirely different. I seemed to have shed my inhibitions and somehow breathed in hope and courage. Everything was so entirely unlike Hollywood. I just didn't feel like the same person at all."

And she didn't act like the same person. With all the assurance in the world she breezed into John Robert Powers' studio and offered herself as one of his famous glamor models. And clicked.

Next she dropped over and read for producer Brock Pemberton who was casting for the lead in *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*. Doris didn't get the part. But she was doing all right modelling for Powers.

Then RKO suggested she make a test for them. But, on Powers' suggestion, she guessed she'd rather not sign the contract required before the test was made.

Oh, yes; she was decidedly unlike the Doris Davenport of Hollywood. She had even changed her name from Davenport to Jordan and had forgotten what an inferiority complex felt like. So she calmly waited for the movie casting directors to come to her with something really interesting.

Max Arno, one of Hollywood's best known casting experts, carried the search for *Scarlett O'Hara* to New York for Selznick. Naturally, he looked over the famous glamor girls at Powers' model agency. Doris Daven—er—Jordan caught his eye.

Would she like to be in pictures? No doubt it would be thrilling, and a wonderful opportunity. But Doris wasn't sure. She really hadn't thought about it.

How about testing for *Scarlett O'Hara*—right here in New York, Mr. Arno wanted to know.

Well; it couldn't do any harm. And it might be fun.

"I was so excited," admits Doris, "that I could hardly trust myself to talk. And was it tough acting nonchalant when I really wanted to grab that casting director by the hand and start running for a test stage.

"A couple of days later they made sound tests of me in New York. They had ten other girls there testing, and I was frightened to death that I might not show up well beside them.

"But when Mr. Selznick came to New York he interviewed me, and I was put under contract for a month while they decided whether they wanted to go farther with my tests.

"Then one morning Phyllis Brown in the Selznick offices on Park Avenue phoned me and said: 'Doris, can you fly to the coast this afternoon to test for *Scarlett O'Hara*?'

"I just gripped the phone with both hands, my mouth open and gasping. When I got my breath I said: 'Fly? Goodness no! Not to test for *Scarlett O'Hara* or anybody else. But I'll go on the train, if you wish.' Actually, I'd have tried to swim out there to get the part. But being nonchalant had got me this far and I was going to see it through."

When asked if she had anyone in Hollywood to live with when she got out there, Doris replied: "Well, ah—oh, yes! I'll stay with my aunt—my Aunt Hilda."

Born in Moline, Illinois, Doris Davenport went to Los Angeles with her parents when little more than a baby, and had lived there until Hollywood had driven her East. But Doris Jordan was strictly a New York hothouse product who must know absolutely nothing about the movies.

"A man from the studio met me at the train," Doris tells her story, "so when Mother rushed up to greet me I called her Aunt Hilda. She looked like she thought I'd gone crazy, but the fellow from the studio was too busy to notice it. And when I told him that I didn't know where the Selznick studios were or how to get out to Culver City, poor Mother gasped.

"But I managed to find my way out there, and everything went fine till I was taken to a stage for my first test. And then what a surprise I got.

"The camera crew making the test was from M-G-M and every man on it knew me. They had seen me over on the big lot a hundred times, and now I was going to be introduced to them as Doris Jordan.

"Jeepers, I thought, here I go! When those boys say 'Why that's Doris Davenport who used to be over at M-G-M in stocks' it would be just too bad.

"But they didn't say a word, and when the cameraman came over to check my make-up, he asked: 'Why the false whiskers, kid?' through the side of his mouth. I begged him to tip off the others and to have them warn anybody that knew me not to betray my deep, dark past.

"They all thought it was a fine joke, and didn't tell a soul. In fact they did everything they could to help me.

"And so did Mr. Arno. He was wonderful to me. Only as the weeks went by and I went through test after test, my failure to get excited over my prospects amazed him. The choice had apparently narrowed down to Paulette Goddard and myself.

"'Girl,' he would say, 'how can I impress on your mind how close you are to this? Can't you realize that?'

"He never suspected that I didn't dare let myself realize it. I'd never figured I would reach a spot like that in Hollywood—and I just couldn't think it was true.

"I tested in October and through November and later into December of 1938. For eight weeks they tested me, and paid me all the time I was there. The Technicolor tests took so much time and they were so exacting in all phases of it. I had seen so many girls tested for *Scarlett O'Hara* that I began to believe nobody would ever be selected for it.

"One day when I was going on the stage for a hair-dress test, I saw Vivien Leigh being tested for make-up. Saw her several times. She struck me as just another *Scarlett* that would go with the wind. But I was so dizzy from the endless trips between make-up, hair-dress, wardrobe and testing stage and so blinded by the powerful lights necessary to color photography that I probably couldn't have told the difference between Clark Gable and Mickey Mouse."

AFTER Vivien Leigh was definitely cast for *Scarlett*, Doris went over to RKO for months and did, to quote her, "exactly nothing." An only too common occurrence in Hollywood.

Finally Samuel Goldwyn saw some of the tests Selznick had made of her and asked her to test for *The Westerner* under the direction of Willie Wyler. She did so, and Goldwyn signed her—under her original name "Doris Davenport."

[*Continued on page*

"IMAGINE ME GIVING ADVICE TO A MOVIE STAR!"

1. Whee! I was thrilled when the stylish dressmaker I work for told me to deliver a gorgeous evening gown to my favorite movie actress! But when I got to her house and the French maid took the dress into the inner room, I heard my Glamour Girl blow up.

2. "No, no, send it back! I won't need it," she moaned. "This whole afternoon I've been standing on the lot . . . *now* I'm too chafed to go out!" . . . Say, was I on a spot! Madame, the modiste, would be furious if I brought back that dress.

3. So I flew into the room. "Wait," I cried. "It must be you haven't heard about Miracle Modess. It now has 'Moisture Zoning'—a wonderful new feature that acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad, leaving edges dry and comfortable longer than ever before!"

Modess
Modess
Modess

4. "I...have some Modess," stammered the maid. And soon we were cutting a pad. "Look," I said. "Here's why Modess is softer, too! It's made of *fluff!* Not a bit like layer-type napkins. And thanks to Modess' moisture-resistant backing," I rushed on, "Modess is safer, too!"

5. Well, my Glamour Girl was delighted! And that night, as I stood outside the rope and watched the "celebs" sail in to a "first night"—there she was! Looking gorgeous! And handing her grand bouquet of orchids to *me!* Glory, but I'm glad I told her about Miracle Modess!

TRY IT NOW! NEW MIRACLE MODESS WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"

Society Wives—Can They "Take Over" Hollywood?

[*Continued from page 27*]

paper, with "Mrs. Henry Fonda" in square gray letters embossed at the top of the page, and by return mail, she informs you, gracefully, that she is "so sorry to have to tell you that Mr. Fonda does not approve of the publicity you mention . . . etc." And signs it "Frances S. Fonda."

The Astaires have built their "tight little world" and Phyllis Potter Astaire is almost a myth, so seldom does one see her at the gay gatherings. A friend of the Astaires says the reason for their social reticence is that each is very shy and not given to fraternizing even with the inner circle of the movie group. For a time gossip ran like wildfire that Mrs. Astaire was so jealous of Fred that she insisted on accompanying him to the sets each day. The truth of the matter was that Phyllis Astaire made her appearance only on Fred's invitation and that was when he was doing a particularly difficult dance routine, and, like a proud husband, he wanted her there when he put his best foot forward.

Mark Sandrich, director of many of Fred's successes, doesn't like to talk about Fred—violation of confidence, and all that—but he recalls that Mrs. Irving Berlin, who was Ellen Mackay and veddy good, socially, in any land, holds Phyllis Potter Astaire in highest esteem. "And anyone that Ellen Berlin likes," says Sandrich, "is all right with me."

No matter if a Society Wife creates her own inviolable island in Hollywood's social sea, she still has to face realities and make adjustments. She cannot completely isolate herself from the gossipy, seamy side of the colony. She has to build a wall against rumor: the printed stories that the marriage has "pffft," that she is to have a child when she isn't, etc. She has to ignore it, or let it give her some bad moments.

Too, she has to accustom herself to being mobbed every time she steps out to the theatre or night-club with her popular husband. Half the time she is swept away from him by crowds intent upon getting his autograph. It's not like dear old Park Avenue where the debs—if you're a Brenda Frazier or a Cobina Wright, Jr.—get the mob's attention.

ANOTHER thing that she must not let floor her are the quaint and informal manners of the cinema center. She must learn that it's traditional in Hollywood to bid fifty guests for buffet supper and entertain one hundred and fifty. She has plenty to learn; plenty of adjustments to make . . . if she loves her husband enough to want to make them. And all that we met did—very definitely. The movie boys have something that Wall Streeters don't have.

Of all the Society Wives, the one who found the sharpest differences in modes and manners, when she first came to Hollywood, was Dolores Del Rio. The darkly beautiful Mexican girl came as a double-threat to the town: she was both Society Wife and Film Star. Over a decade ago she came as the wife of Jaime Del Rio (very good family) and she was an Asunselo, reared at St. Joseph's Convent in Mexico City, taught French and other languages, all the pretty manners of society, including protocol or who goes in first to a state dinner.

She made a "grand tour" to Madrid and Paris, and married very early. Widowed, she later married M-G-M's debonair Art Director, Cedric Gibbons (he is Mrs. Gary Cooper's uncle). Naturally, she is able to weigh the matter of Society Wife vs. City of Hollywood very competently. "The adjustments are many," said Mrs. Gibbons, in flawless English.

"In Hollywood, at the last moment, your guest of honor phones and says that she will be working at the studio until late and can't possibly come to the dinner. It's a horrible habit and I'm guilty of doing it myself, but what alternative have we out here? We are in a business that knows no regular hours. I do it myself and understand when my guests do it to me. But the Easterner has a hard time understanding. A social obligation is something like a banking obligation to her.

"I have known several young hostesses—Society Wives, as you call them—to have near-hysterics because their dinner tables are thrown into confusion. It sounds unimportant, but years of training have made correct social life part of their very fiber.

"To me, now, it doesn't mean a thing. Far more important is the business of making a film. But I do sometimes miss the sweet formality of Mexico," said Dolores, wistful in her crinolines for M-G-M's *The Man From Dakota*.

LA DEL RIO has been in Hollywood long enough to see a social dynasty fall. When she first came, Pickfair was the hub of all filmland activity, and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., were the social arbiters. With their divorce, film society had de-centralized. There are little groups, now, who carry on, but no great social leader. Ouida Rathbone (Basil's *frau*) is the great party-giver. Ann Warner, wife of Producer Jack Warner, gives the slick magazines plenty of copy.

Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., regrets that she missed the great days when Pickfair was a magnet, attracting the Duke of Alba, the Mountbattens and other blue bloods. As Hollywood society is today, this fugitive from Park Avenue finds it stimulating—yes, stimulating. "Hollywood gets artists, writers, playwrights," she says, vivaciously. "The dinner table talk is apt to be sparkling because of this. The only adjustment that I have had to make to the town is in the distances. They are e-*nor*-mous. When I go to buy a hat, I pack a box-lunch and am gone for the day!

"Even the gossip doesn't bother me. Since column-conducting became a major journalistic business, even Easterners have become accustomed to having Cholly Knickerbocker write 'So and So at El Morocco last night won the gum-chewing contest . . . but *really* was it necessary?' So we are quite conditioned to it. Frankly, I was a little aghast when five weeks after our marriage last May, a columnist came forth with the news that we were going to have a baby.

"At that time we were not," continued Mary Lee Fairbanks, "and Tyrone and Annabella Power were busy denying that they were having a child. Douglas and I talked it over and decided to say nothing about it, on the theory that by the time the denial had completely circulated we *might* be going to have one. We could have saved our efforts.

"The day that our hopes were confirmed, months later, Ed Sullivan's column came out

[*Continued on page 79*]

John Alfred Piver

New York socialite Mrs. Cobina Wright, who has found society her oyster has recently been in Hollywood with her daughter, Cobina Wright, Jr. (the latter a songstress in N. Y. supper clubs, and who may carve a film career for herself), is enthusiastic about Hollywood and its parties. She found its social set pretty much okay

The most beautiful fingernails in the world

THE most beautiful fingernails in the world!—have them yourself, tint them with Dura-Gloss! Discover this new and better nail polish, made on a *new principle!* See how smoothly the color "flows on" your nails—see its jewel-lustre, longer-lasting brilliance! Yet do you pay a fancy price for it? —No, Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents, at cosmetic counters everywhere! *Now* you can afford *six bottles*—a different shade for every costume—for what you often paid for one bottle! Buy Dura-Gloss, today!

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The new way to buy nail polish!—look for the life-like, life-sized *"fingernail" bottle cap,* coated with the actual polish. Only **Dura-Gloss** gives you this new sure way to get exactly the shade you want! Look for the "fingernail" bottle cap—exclusively Dura-Gloss!

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DURA-GLOSS 10¢

The Man You Love To Hate Is Back

[*Continued from page* 28]

Recently the cry was so loud it reached all the way to France and so urgent that "Von," as his friends call him, flew all the way from Europe via Clipper and transcontinental plane to appear in a Twentieth Century-Fox picture entitled *I Was an Adventuress.* The adventuress in this instance is the Swedish dancer, Zorina.

Von Stroheim happened to be in France because three years ago a French producer sent for him to play the same sort of role—a German spy. Taking advantage of his varied talents, the French producers have kept him busy ever since and want him back when he finishes his chore here.

He always paces. Not nervously, but with the same intensity that he gives to anything he does. He almost spits out his words and clips them off at the end as though with a sharp knife.

"My house is rented so I must live in two rooms," he complained as he stalked about the seven-room apartment ordering ice for a drink, inquiring if his son, Joseph, had returned from school, removing my coat and placing it on a chair with neat precision.

He has changed little since I first met him in 1914. He is a little heavier—he says—a little mellower, a little more tolerant or, perhaps, more indifferent, but no older in appearance. He is well-tailored and immaculate, as always; his every move is stiff, suggesting that he is still in the army. Yet, he is graceful. No surgeon about to perform a delicate operation could be more precise than von Stroheim doing nothing more important than sitting down, getting up, pouring a drink and holding each glass up to make sure the contents were equal.

He can carry on two or three conversations at once. "Who is on the telephone? Well, tell him ——. Don't do that. That's very stupid," he tells his secretary, who is neatly binding his freshly written script. "Leave it in two parts. It's easier to handle."

His eyes are everywhere; he sees everything. "I do," he agreed. "I see that you have broken your fingernail and are trying to save it with a patch."

HE MUST have felt some sort of humor and a great deal of satisfaction when he stepped from the plane, followed by his petite (but efficient) French secretary, who accompanied him here from Paris, and found not only his family on hand to greet him but also a group of newspapermen and photographers.

It was quite a different picture than was apparent when he left three years ago from the same airport. Someone referred to him then as "demoted but not defeated." And when he stepped off that plane he must have been conscious of his success abroad; that important contract in his brief case—and the French secretary.

The photographers spied the French girl, who isn't hard to look at, and asked her to pose with the actor, but he handled that, deftly.

"Come, come, now, boys," he said good-naturedly. "Remember I'm a married man. If you want a picture, I'll pose with my wife." And he did.

"December 6, 1936, I left Hollywood for France," he recalled, "and I returned just three years later—to the very day. A fortune-teller told me before I went away that I would be back in three years. Of course I didn't believe her. I couldn't think of anything that would bring me back," he added bitterly.

He talked freely of how Hollywood kicked him around; how he wasn't allowed to work and of how he had to go away from here in order to earn a living. Now he loves living in France and he *should* if all the things you hear are true. According to the foreign film publications, the French people have taken him to their hearts. They understand his ambitions and appreciate his genius. He is very popular there as he was here when he appeared in American films.

During the three years that he has been in France he has written, directed or acted in—and in some cases done all three of these things—twenty French pictures. He has written and produced plays. He finds France very stimulating. His salary is $5,000 a week and that is a lot of gravy and not on the vest, either.

"That is the place to really live!" he said, with as much enthusiasm as he ever displays. "There is everything there. One can work hard and when work is done one can relax and enjoy himself in any way he likes. The people there don't pry into your affairs. They are busy with their own business."

When he is working in a picture, von Stroheim occupies an apartment in Paris. Between pictures he often goes to the country to write and relax. He feels at home there. He even wanted to join the French army but that would have lost him his American citizenship.

"So I invented a combination helmet and gas mask and gave it to the French Government," he told me. "Right now it is being tested and I have offered it to the United States if it proves to be practical."

With his mind momentarily on the conflict in Europe, he said, "You don't know how lucky you are to be living here." Yet, unless another good picture keeps him here, he will return to France in a few weeks.

IT WAS characteristic of him that three hours after his arrival in California he appeared with his secretary at the studio ready to go to work. Gregory Ratoff, the director of *I Was an Adventuress,* had been eager to have Von for the picture and the two conferred amiably with the result that the actor took the script home and rewrote it. "They accepted the changes I made," he said simply.

One of the telephone operators at the studio noted that she received more than a hundred telephone calls for him the day his arrival was noted in the morning papers. Some of them wanted to borrow money; some wanted him to intercede in their behalf in order that they might get work in the picture, but the majority were just friends.

A natural showman, von Stroheim is the reporter's delight. He is too honest to put on an act but everything he says and does has dramatic value.

"Let them print anything they like about me," he said at a time when Hollywood ridiculed him in print. "I always answer any question a reporter asks me. Why not? He will write what he likes anyway and I don't care."

He is pretty safe on that score because so many of his remarks cannot be printed. He says exactly what he thinks about anyone and expresses himself frankly on any subject.

SEX, which he never failed to inject in his pictures, he handled bluntly, as he does in conversation, but he never included a sex angle merely as a box-office lure. Sex is an important part of life, he argues, and belongs in pictures.

He admits using endless reels of film to get effects he wanted but he argues that he didn't "use any more film or spend more

Von Stroheim, who has been writing, directing and acting in French films the past three years, returned to Hollywood with wife and son, Joseph Eric, to make *I Was an Adventuress* with Zorina. He expects to return to France in a few weeks

money than directors do today. I wanted to release *Greed* in two parts. They did it with a play—*Strange Interlude*—years later," he reminded me.

This drastic suggestion was not accepted, of course, and *Greed* was cut from 42 to 10 reels. It made a great impression on audiences in spite of themselves, for audiences weren't ready to be impressed by motion pictures in 1923 except by D. W. Griffith. Like Mr. Griffith, who gave von Stroheim his first opportunity in Hollywood, he was years ahead of his time.

If he was extravagant with the money of his employers, he was just as lavish with his own. I recall a dinner party he gave one New Year's Eve, which was the last word in elegance. The favors alone cost him $1,000.

When he directed *The Merry Widow* with the late John Gilbert, Mae Murray and himself in the top roles, Hollywood looked forward to fireworks and Hollywood got fireworks. John Gilbert was M-G-M's top star and knew it; Mae Murray was not above stamping a foot under the strain of exacting direction while Von himself, doing duty as both director and actor and handling two stars, each one with a personality as volatile as his own, was in a fine frenzy most of the time.

Hollywood laughed and laughed over the temperamental clashes of the stars while Leo, the lion, roared and roared over the money spent on such items as embroidered initals on the officers' underwear, embroidery that would never show in the picture. "But," insisted von Stroheim, "the actors will know the initials are there." His insistence on what his bosses considered trifles kept him continually in hot water.

The picture was a box-office success but von Stroheim was not proud of it. "It's the kind of picture audiences want," he said, at the time. "I made it to keep my family from starving."

Today, although still putting up a fight for his ideals, he doesn't care so much. "If they pay my price I'll work," he says with a shrug, "even if I know the picture is not too good." He is willing to compromise—a little.

Fay Wray, who became a star after working in one picture, *The Wedding March* under his direction, gives an interesting side light on his method of casting a picture. She was inexperienced and didn't know him when she applied for a part—any part—in the film. Admitted to his office, she found it full of people. He began telling her all about the role of *Mitzi,* the feminine lead, and acted it all out for her and the others who were present.

"He didn't ask me any questions or give me a test of any kind," Fay recalled, "but when it was time for me to leave, he shook my hand and said 'Goodbye, *Mitzi.*' That was his way of telling me I had the job.

"It was necessary for me to cry in the picture but I was so delighted to be in it that I couldn't raise a tear. We had quite a time, but I learned to cry, all right. I'll never forget Mr. von Stroheim. He was so kind and patient. He went into every detail so thoroughly. He would explain and show an actor over and over and over just what he wanted and he only lost his temper when the actor was stupid or didn't try. I always think of him as *one against the world.*"

He was still filming *The Wedding March* when it was taken away from him. Two years later it was cut and released. Only about one-half of the film was used, leaving a complete plot and enough film for another picture.

Unfortunately, his next picture was the

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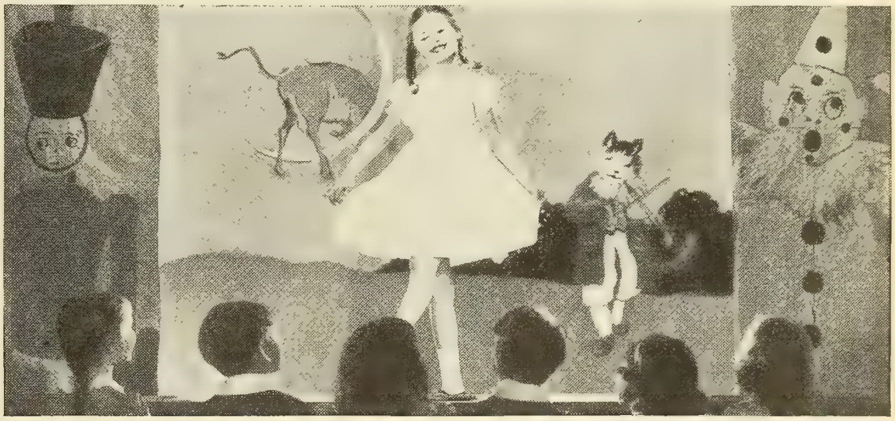
How I turned my ostrich

into a peacock!

Granny gave a party one day and I noticed my little Betty hiding like an ostrich—as if she were ashamed to be seen. Later, the poor kid told me that some of the youngsters had been joking about tattle-tale gray—they said her dress had it bad.

I was so upset, I wept. And Granny was furious. "Why wash with lazy soaps that leave dirt stuck in the clothes?" she stormed. "To get clothes really clean, just use Fels-Naptha—bar or chips!"



Well, I practically flew to the grocer's after Granny told me to switch to Fels-Naptha Soap. And tattle-tale gray dropped right out of my life! My washes are a dream since I put Fels-Naptha's richer, *golden* soap and *gentle, dirt-loosening naptha* on the job! Every towel and sheet so breezy-sweet and bright! Every dress so snowy-white, it's no wonder *my* little girl is the *proudest* little girl in town!

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FELS-NAPTHA
SOAP
CHIPS

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Glamor in the Jungle

[*Continued from page 32*]

life in the uncivilized portions of the globe. They were not big game hunters, but camera fiends and reporters dedicated to the old journalistic motto—get the picture! They never shot a wild animal unless they absolutely had to for self-defense.

Osa Johnson is a paradox, a lovely one. One imagines her to be a legendary Amazon. Born in the hinterlands of Kansas, this crack shot who has spent most of her life in the Cannibal Islands, Borneo, East Africa, and other inhospitable lands, has managed to remain utterly feminine and civilized.

The Academy of Fashions recently nominated her as one of the ten best-dressed women in America. She dresses and looks like a million dollars. In her clothes and accessories she goes for African effects, creates her own styles, and has puh-lenty of metropolitan glamor and chic.

Physically, she is a brunette and livelier edition of Mary Pickford. Petite, shapely. Her chestnut hair is tinged with a bit of gray, but she has a youthful, blooming complexion and the alert eyes of a gazelle that has just come down from the mountains to drink at some tropic stream. Quick and gay as a lark, she is still a playful young girl, and her keen relish for life is infectious, which in part explains her charm.

OSA JOHNSON is the most interesting woman I've met in the Hollywoods. Out here she lives at the Town House, in New York at the Waldorf-Astoria. She has a manager, secretaries, assistants and all the paraphernalia of wealth and fame. You see her dressed like a hostess on Park Avenue. But she must bake her own bread, cook her own meals. She positively glories in her kitchen. With the exception of some still unspoiled newcomers, no actress I know of has one tenth of Osa's oomph. The tragedy about the celebrated beauties of Beverly Hills is that they lose all their feminine qualities and S. A. in their fierce battle to succeed—all for what, I wonder?

Oh, to be sure, these decorative dames look highly desirable on the screen thanks to make-up artists, designers, cameramen, etc., but when you meet them in real life it just isn't there, that's all.

It takes a real woman, and not a phony one, to make a home for her husband in the jungle. I know Osa's story pretty well. She is a true heroine, but the most remarkable thing about her is her genius for enjoying life, no matter where, and how dangerous. I asked her to describe an average day in the jungle. Her brown eyes shone, and speaking at the rate of 200 words a minute she said:

"We got up at 5 or 5:30 in the morning and had breakfast as soon as the sun came up. When we camped in the jungle we lived under a big tent with little windows and a red fly over it, which kept the tent cool, as red resists the heat rays. We had two extra large camp cots, I had a dressing-table for my cosmetics, folding chairs, tables, etc. I could cook anything in our portable kitchen. For breakfast we had ham, or bacon, and eggs, or I would go out to shoot a few partridges and broil them.

"We took along chickens for our daily supply of fresh eggs, although now you can get ham and eggs put up in tins. We had good coffee, jam, butter, hot muffins, waffles, hot cakes, anything we wanted. I had delegated much of the kitchen routine to two native cooks, and they had their own 'boys,' as we called our black porters and servants, to wash the pots and pans." She explained in detail how she baked bread in the jungle or barbecued a buck or six guinea fowls. It would make your mouth water.

"In Africa," she continued, "you have to have servants or you lose cast. We usually had from 150 to 200 porters, and from 12 to 15 personal servants, all of them men, with the exception of a maid I employed for a while. The women down there work only for their husbands. During breakfast the boys loaded our cameras and other equipment on the cars. We drove around in a roadless country, looking for lions and gorillas and elephants and many other animals to photograph. I held the gun while Martin cranked the camera, but sometimes I handled the camera myself. I'm not going to tell you about the difficulties of wild game photography. It's an art requiring the patience of Job.

"At noon, we would camp in the shade of an acacia tree, and have a picnic luncheon. It's so hot in the middle of the day that the game sleeps. So we would rest or take a nap until about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, then drive around some more. Returning to our base in the jungle, our gibbon ape and cheetahs would run to meet us like happy children, and a black boy would put the tea-kettle on as soon as he saw us coming, so that we always had tea and biscuits on arriving. We didn't have dinner until about 8 or 8:30 o'clock. I always took a hot bath before dinner. A black boy would have the water, Turkish towels, bath salts and everything ready for me. After the bath, I would put my make-up on, and go to the dining room in lounging pajamas.

"Our dining room was a separate tent. We often had *hors d'oeuvres*, caviar, anchovies, stuffed eggs, etc. For dinner we would have a roast antelope or wild turkey, or perhaps steaks or fish. Sometimes we were able to gather wild asparagus, spinach and mushrooms. Of course, we had all kinds of canned vegetables and fruits. For dessert, we would have apple or mince pie, or custard pudding. As you see, we ate well. We had excellent dinners. There is always fish and game in Africa.

"I HAD six or seven changes of clothes, which I carried around in a black airtight tin box. I wore slacks, which I have generally made in Cairo by an English tailor there, and high boots, made by a Hindu bootmaker in Nairobi, East Africa. You get them for almost nothing, $5 a pair, soft suede boots with crepe soles, which have a light spring to them and are very comfortable. I wore regular angora wool stockings, which my mother knits for me. I sometimes wore a light pith helmet, or a soft large hat with two brims as an extra protection against sunstroke. Also a spinal pad for the same purpose. A violent sunstroke is fatal. You never get over it.

"There is no reason why a woman should be careless of her appearance in the jungle. I never let my husband see me in a sloppy condition and always tried to make myself as attractive as possible. I carried all kinds of cosmetics with me, used gallons of skin lotion."

There is feminine daintiness and vanity for you! And in the jungle at that!

"There are no twilights in Africa," Osa said. "The sun sets, and bingo, it's dark."

After dinner they usually sat around a campfire going over the events of the day, planning their activities for the morrow, wondering what the folks were doing back home, meanwhile listening to the night sounds. She waxed poetic as she described the nocturnal music in those starry solitudes far beyond the pale of civilization; the delicious cool air vibrant with the silvery chorus of crickets whose long metallic trills are louder than the noise made by our crickets; the staccato thunder of hoofs as herds of zebra stampede when the lions pursue them for their customary nice juicy zebra steak; the coughing of leopards; the screeching of monkeys and baboons as they quarrel among themselves while settling for the night in the trees; the distant trumpeting of elephants; the sudden dead silence following the mighty roar of the lion.

"DIDN'T you ever feel lonesome? Didn't you ever miss civilization?" I asked her.

"Of course I did. Sometimes I would say to myself, 'Ah, wouldn't it be wonderful to have a great big ice-cream soda!' I thought it would be wonderful if I could go to a beauty parlor and have my hair shampooed. I am after all a woman. I love dancing, parties, gaiety. I like to wear beautiful clothes. I missed the company of my own sex; I was the only white woman in an all-male company, and sometimes my feminine sensibilities received a rude jolt.

"I would count the days when our safari would be over and we would return to civilization.

"But, nevertheless, I loved the work we were doing, in spite of all the hardships and dangers it exposed us to. I was seriously ill only once, when I caught double pneumonia while climbing snow-capped Mt. Kenya in East Africa. We led a healthy life, had keen appetites, and you can sleep like a log under African stars.

"I never went to bed, though, without my sawed-off shot-gun handy by my side." She smiled.

Although in the early days of her vagabondage she was captured by cannibals in the South Seas and released by a British gunboat, in Borneo and Africa she feared only the crocodiles and snakes. "They scare me to death," she admitted. "In Borneo there are 128 varieties of snakes, most of them deadly poisonous, and the crocs are so large that they upset boats and devour the natives.

Snakes are comparatively rare in Africa. In Africa mosquitoes and sundry varieties of ants are the worst pests.

Whenever they settled down some place for a few months she always planted a vegetable garden with seeds from America. Corn, melons, cucumbers, radishes, lettuce, beans, tomatoes grow marvelously in the hot humid climate, radishes ripening in 12 days. Being from Kansas, she must have her Country Gentleman corn. "But the darn monkeys would come and eat my corn when it got ripe. I had boys in the corn field all day long chasing them away. Once I awoke at midnight, and found a monkey right in my window sill. I can still see his whiskers in the moonlight."

She did the work of ten people. She is a woman of exuberant vitality, and electric with the dash and elan of life. She is a licensed pilot, and has a plane, a Sikorsky amphibian painted like a zebra and called Osa's Ark. She flew to Borneo and up and down Africa many thousands of miles, then across Egypt and the Mediterranean to London. She learned flying because her husband wanted her to. She is the kind of woman who would completely identify herself with the interests and career of her husband.

She believes husband and wife should be pals, and the secret of a happy marriage is co-operation on a fifty-fifty basis.

Incidentally, she married at 16. Martin Johnson had returned to Kansas from an adventurous voyage in the South Seas with Jack London and opened a playhouse. His chief competitor ran a theatre at the other end of the town and had a wife who could sing. Martin decided to do something about it.

He heard of a young girl in a nearby town who played the piano and sang at church socials. He went to see her, and three weeks later they were married.

On safari, besides making a home for her husband wherever they went, she drove a car, nursed and doctored the boys when they cut themselves or became ill, acted as commissary officer and shot the game for the meat which the natives on safari must have by law. She bossed them and paid them their wages. But her most important duty was holding the gun while Martin cranked the camera, as she was a better shot.

Quite often she had to handle the camera herself, and knows everything about photography and developing motion picture films. She can also speak several jungle dialects.

IN THE wilds of Borneo and Africa the natives have never heard of Hollywood. If you give them a picture they hold it upside down or sideways and can't figure it out. They can't recognize even themselves in a photograph. The man-eating savages of the South Seas, though, have a high appreciation of Charlie Chaplin's comedy and howled with laughter when the Johnsons showed them a Chaplin film.

How about morals among these naked savages?

"They are very moral," Osa asserted. "Take the pigmies of the Belgian Congo, for instance, the happiest little people in the world. All they want is a handful of salt. We lived among them for several months. One day I gave an evening gown to a pigmy belle. She wore nothing but a leaf. But she was so modest that she ran behind a bush to put it on. I thought it was very sweet. I love them. They are just like children and will do anything you tell them. They are like one big happy family and never quarrel. One pigmy chief had 15 or 20 wives, who did all the work, even feeding him like a baby when he ate.

"Women do all the work. You can see them carrying huge loads of wild bananas on their heads with babies seated on top of them, while their lazy, good-natured husbands just amble along carrying their ridiculous toy bows and arrows. I am only five feet tall, but I was a giant among them.

"One thing savage women in general couldn't understand: why I had so much hair. They shave off their heads, and the fatter they are, the better the men like them."

Osa is going back to Africa. She will be on safari this spring, perhaps by the time you read this story. She likes Hollywood. The other night she went to her first preview and it was a thrilling experience for her. She has been to a few night clubs, just to see what they are like.

"But my jungle is calling me," she said. "I'm going back to my home on Lake Paradise, near the Abyssinian border. I'm going back to Paradise."

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Those Were the Days

[*Continued from page* 48]

tongue, anyhow? Who . . . ? The thought was never finished for the landau was suddenly stopped and a little fellow by the name of Adams ran up. "Hey, Simmons," he yelled, "the whole street's fulla sophomores. They're after you."

Petey was startled. "Me?"

"Yeah. They say you're too fresh for a greenie. They want your hat and they're gonna cut off your hair and paint your head green. . . ."

Petey almost jumped out of his skin as he saw a gang of sophomores turn the corner. They carried cabbages, tomatoes and brickbats. "They're not going to get me." Quickly he hopped out, mounted the ladder in front of a two-story building and pulled it up after him.

Now the Roman mob pelted him with their ammunition. Petey ducked successfully. Then he broke off some bricks from the old chimney and tossed them below. "Another step," he shouted, "and I'll feed you bricks until you choke."

The freshmen cheered lustily while the sophomores craned up at him like wolves.

Now, in great bravado, Petey danced on the edge of the roof with an imaginary partner. "You waltz divinely, Miss Astorbilt," he simpered loudly. Then he leaned down. "You fellows couldn't hit the broad side of a barn."

He was immediately showered with missiles and the battle was really under way. The furious sophomores were just forming a pyramid to reach him when Petey received help from an unexpected source. The owner of the house, clad in nightshirt and cap, appeared with a bucket of water. "I was in the class of '46 myself," he chuckled. "Used this very trick. Go on, give it to 'em."

Petey "gave," again and again and in a few moments, the fight was just a rout, with dripping sophomores fleeing in every direction. Then the freshman orchestra began to play and everybody sent up a cheer for Petey Simmons—"Petey the Great."

Utterly intoxicated with all the adulation Petey came down and made straight for a little dark-haired girl who was looking at him with adoring eyes. "Do you know who you are?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she smiled, "I'm Miss Clair—"

"You're much more than that," Petey assured her, "you're my partner."

Then, for the rest of the evening he repeated the procedure with every girl there, not remembering even once that he had had a date with a Martha Scroggs, never even noticing that she had left long before, with one final hurt look, back at the scene of celebration.

PETEY'S popularity with the girls grew by leaps and bounds. There was only one fly in the ointment and one day, in front of Browning Hall, he stopped it. Walking up to Martha, he grabbed her arm. "Say, Miss Scroggs, it has come back to me that you have been saying some very nasty things about me and I want to tell you that I got a certain reputation around here—"

Her eyes were defiant. "Well, Mr. Simmons, if you think that I'm the lone member of the 'Let's hate Simmons' club, you're very much mistaken."

Petey was highly injured. "What's the matter with me?"

She smiled—too sweetly. "Oh, you're just perfect." She looked down at his feet. "If you'll just leave your footprints here I'll have them perpetuated in brass."

Petey was sore as a boil. He called after her as she ran up the steps, "I got you out of a hat and as far as I'm concerned you can go right back into it."

He was still frowning when he walked into the study. Then he stopped as he saw Allie mumbling over a calculus book. Poor Allie had an exam in the morning and he was sure that he was going to flunk it.

Petey pushed the books aside. "Hey, Allie, let's have some fun. Let's you and me—"

Allie was annoyed. "Oh, lemme alone, will you?"

"Hey, what's wrong?"

"Listen," Allie shot out at him, "it might surprise you but some of us are here to get an education, too. You see, practical jokes are all right *some* of the time but—"

Petey stared at him. "What are you talking about?"

Allie took a deep breath. "Now look, Petey, I'm your friend. I want to explain something—what people are saying. You see, you do a lot of things *to* people but you don't do anything *for* them. You see, you can't just take and take. You've got to give a little. Because in a way we're like a family and—" His voice trailed off. "Hope you're not sore at me, Petey."

Without answering, Petey left the room. Quietly, he opened the next door and Sam Byers nodded at him coldly. Ignoring this, Petey immediately plunged into his idea. His friend Allie, it seemed, was in a jam with that examination tomorrow. What did Sam think he could do to help?

For thirty seconds Sam digested this. Then he began to thaw a little. The only way out was for him to cram Allie for another day. But he couldn't do that unless old Hogboom didn't show up for class in the morning. Or suppose old Hogboom was late. Well, it was an unwritten rule that the class didn't have to wait for a professor and could dismiss right away.

But now Sam shrugged. "You know Hogboom, though. He's *never* late."

A mysterious smile flitted over Petey's face. "There's always a first time for everything."

Hurriedly, he left and his evening's work started. The first part was easy. He merely shinnied up the porch of Hogboom's house and set the alarm clock back. Then he got the turnip watch from under the Professor's pillow and fixed that. A cuckoo clock in the kitchen came next. Then the grandfather's clock downstairs.

But suddenly Petey looked up in horror. The Courthouse Tower clock was chiming eleven. Something had to be done about *that*. A few minutes later, a small window at the rear of the courthouse, gave way to pressure. Then, once in the tower, Petey worked desperately on the wheels and levers. But suddenly, the mechanism all but exploded and Petey ran for it.

Once in the street, everything seemed to merge into a nightmare.

He leaped into the vestibule of a street car, turned a wheel and they were off. A woman suddenly began to scream. Then two policemen gave chase. Petey looked back. Well, well, seemed he'd left the conductor behind. Frantically he worked the gears of the car. Leaping, crashing and bouncing, the vehicle went on. The ride seemed as if it would never end. But finally there was an inglorious finale. The motor fizzled out and Petey was dropped into the arms of the law.

He was still protesting the next morning as he was taken from his cell to the courtroom. "You better believe me," he told the attendant. "This judge is a fraternity brother of mine . . ." But all at once his mouth hung open. That wasn't Squire Jennings on the bench at all. Why, it was somebody else—with a long, frozen face who looked as if he had a grouch against the solar system.

"Peter Simmons," the attendant called and Petey stepped up.

"Hmmph, hmmph," the Squire hummphed. "You seem to have commited about every crime but murder. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Well, you see," Petey began weakly, "it all just started as a joke—" Then he thought of something and took on the courage of a dying man. "Just one moment Your Honor, you can't sentence me like this. I—I demand a continuance." Say, his law course was coming in handy.

The judge was really startled. "S-o-o-o," he glared, "you demand a continuance. On what grounds?"

Petey gathered confidence. "Necessary time to procure counsel and prepare a defense and—and—well, I'll think up something else."

Unfortunately the judge was legally bound to grant his request. Rigid with anger he said, "You will appear in this courtroom one week from this morning."

Now, victory went to Petey's head. "Sure. A week, huh? I can arrange a lot of things in a week."

The judge went back to his papers. "I suggest, young man, that you make your arrangements to cover the next six months."

PETEY was as low as the sidewalk that morning in biology class. Sure, it was all right for Allie to realize he'd been doing something for *him* but that didn't help matters any. And the way Allie was right now making goo-goo eyes at the Deep South Mirabel—disgusting!

Now, to add to his woes, Sillicocks had to call on him for recitation. By a superhuman effort he managed to stumble through it. Then he slunk over to Allie. "Gosh," he said desperately, "how can I concentrate on biology with the fix I'm in? Why did they have to go get a new judge at a time like this?"

Allie stared. "Seems like everybody but you knew Jennings had retired and that Judge Scroggs was—"

"But why . . .?" Petey began. Then he grabbed at the air. "What did you say his name was?"

"Scroggs." Allie nodded to the other side of the room. "Sure Martha's old man."

Petey's eyes lighted up like twin lanterns. "Allie," he panted, "there's a chance, a slim chance. I begin to see a beautiful bright new world and it's tied up in pretty pink ribbons."

The "bright new world" wasn't very responsive right away but Petey, undaunted, plunged in where an angel would fear to tread and kept right on talking.

Finally, Martha turned to him in exasperation. "Mr. Simmons, will you please let me alone? I have no intention of climbing back out of that hat where you put me and that's that."

"But how about walking home with me," Petey persisted, "how about—"

And then the worst happened. His hand struck a jar at Martha's elbow and it crashed to the floor. Immediately old Sillicocks was at him, gibbering about his precious specimen moth and just how soon could Mr. Simmons expect to replace it. Then all at once, Martha jumped into the fracas and began defending Petey. Everybody yelled at once and Petey never knew how it happened but there he was a while later with Martha in the ice-cream parlor and they were just starting off at the beginning of what looked like a bee-yu-tiful friendship. They talked and talked and finally, Martha said shyly, "You know, I'm still a little confused by your unexpected friendliness."

"Well," Petey returned brightly, "you better get used to it. We're going to see a lot of each other this week."

Martha eyed him. "Why have I suddenly become so indispensable?"

He returned dreamily, "You'll never know."

After that, they got a little more personal and Martha explained how it had seemed to her that Petey was wearing one of the rings of Saturn for a hatband. Petey assured her that that was all changed and then he began asking questions about her family life and her father.

Martha smiled. "Oh, most people just think of Dad as a pretty stern judge. But he's not like that at home. He'll lie down, roll over or jump through a hoop if I ask him to."

"That's just exactly the way I figured it—"

"What?"

Petey recovered. "What I mean is—with such an adorable daughter how could he help it?" He leaned forward. "Now Miss Scroggs, if I can have your undivided attention we can plan that beautiful week I've been talking about."

On Tuesday they went bicycling. Automobiling in a cloud of dust made Wednesday a red-letter day. Thursday, Friday and Saturday, they spent dancing, canoeing and making merry at the park. Finally Sunday came around again and they were back at the ice-cream parlor.

Martha opened a package and held up an embroidered pillow.

"I made this for you, Petey," she said softly, "and for the most wonderful week I've ever had."

"Say!" He was mighty pleased. "That's all right." Hastily, he unfastened his fraternity pin and put it on her dress. "And that's for you."

Color flooded her cheeks. "Why, Petey, this means—Petey, don't you know what this means?"

His voice was hoarse with emotion. "Stick out your chin," he said softly. She obeyed and he leaned over and kissed her sweet lips.

The waiter picked up their ice cream dishes. "Two more?"

"Yeah," Petey said, "Two more—of the same." They kissed again.

Petey was walking on air when he came into court the next morning. Gee, it was a great old Universe. Prettiest color pink he'd ever seen. Even Judge Scroggs' sour face couldn't dampen his spirits as he came before him.

Then the case opened quickly as Judge Scroggs spoke. "I have here your own admission of guilt," he said sternly. "I therefore sentence you, Peter J. Simmons, to six months at hard labor in the County Jail."

Petey nearly fainted.

Judge Scroggs went on. "However, there has been a private appeal made in your

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behalf by a certain party with whom we are both familiar. Therefore, I am going to suspend your sentence—on condition, that you do not, at any future date, attempt to contact this party."

Dazedly, Petey looked at him. Light begin to dawn. So Martha had found out. Gosh, she and the old man must have got to talking him over last night after he had sent her that big truckload of flowers. She must have figured out that he was seeing her, so he'd get a light sentence. "But look, Judge Scroggs," he protested, "if you'll just give me a chance—"

"My decision is irrevocable," the Judge snarled, "and it has been made at the request of this certain party, herself."

Outside, Allie was waiting for him. "Hey, what's the matter Petey? You should be turning handsprings."

Petey swallowed hard. "Didn't you hear what he said? I can't even look at Martha."

Allie shrugged. "What do you care? You only gave her the hot rush so—"

But suddenly Petey turned on him fiercely. "It didn't work out like that, though," he choked. "Can't you see? I'm cuckoo about her. *I'm in love with Martha Scroggs.*"

You could have knocked Allie over with a feather.

In the next few days, Petey tried everything. He tore after Martha into the sorority house only to have the door slammed in his face. At the ice-cream parlor he tried the rush approach. It resulted in some breakage of china and a sound sock on the chin from the soda clerk.

Then, on top of that, Allie started complaining. Mirabel had given him back his fraternity pin. She was Martha's friend and she wasn't having anything to do with any no-good friends of Petey Simmons—so there.

As Allie told him the sad news, Petey said irritably, "Why don't you forget that candied yam? She's been engaged to every fellow in the school."

Allie snapped the rubber band on his books. "Yeah," he said proudly, "but I was one of them."

But Petey's mind was just on one thing. "There must be some way to get Martha to listen to me." Suddenly his eyes focused on the rubber band. "Allie, I think I've got something," he cried. "I've got to figure it out." He was so tense that Allie drew back in fright. "Yes, it's the only way—even if I go to jail!"

AN HOUR later, he was towering over Martha in her living-room, a folded handkerchief was over her mouth and the rubber band held it in place. Her hands and feet were bound to her chair.

"What do I have to do anyway?" Petey pleaded. "Bore a shaft in your head and shout into it? Sure, I wanted your help to keep out of jail. That's how it started but it's different now. Can't you see, Martha?"

He loosened the gag a little and her eyes shot sparks at him. "If you don't let me out of here, Pete Simmons, I'll—"

He put the gag back in place. "Look, honey," he implored, "I don't want to treat you like this. I know it makes you mad. Now, I'll untie you and we'll just talk the whole thing over and when I tell you—"

The handkerchief was lifted and she struggled like a tigress. "Petey Simmons, if you don't—"

Plop. She was gagged again. Petey stood back and studied her. "All right," he said finally, "I'm going to keep you here until you do believe me—"

Then, for half an hour he stalked steadily. His eyes were wild as he wound up. "Don't you see, Martha honey? Why should I be doing this? Taking a chance like this? Because I'm over my ears in love with you!" He waited tensely for the answer. Then he almost collapsed with relief as she nodded "yes."

And as the gag came off, she said from her heart, "Oh, Petey, darling—and I've been so mean to you."

For long minutes they crooned at each other, in close embrace and made plans for the next thirty-five years to come. Ah heaven, Ah love, Ah rapture.

But all at once, there was a hiss and a roar from the doorway. Judge Scroggs descended on them like old Jupiter himself. "Simmons! What are you doing to my daughter?"

Petey tried to explain. "Now look Judge, I know it seems kind of funny but you see—"

The Judge fairly dragged him across the room. "You're going to get what's coming to you."

"No, no, Papa," Martha cried as Officer Swanson rushed in, "don't send him to jail. Petey didn't do anything—"

Everyone began to shout at once but the net result was Petey being dragged out by the patrolman.

Judge Scroggs stood there, looking after the young varmint. Then, as Martha began to cry, he said tenderly, "There, there daughter, I know. I know just how you feel. But we've seen the last of him. He'll not bother you again."

Martha's eyes were wet with tears. "But you don't understand at all." She stamped her foot in an explosion of rage. "I *want* him to bother me!"

It wasn't so bad in the jail at that. Petey had a rather nice cellmate, fellow by the name of Sparrow who was always quoting Shakespeare. In fact, it might have been just about perfect if Martha had been there. He was cherishing this melancholy, sweet thought when all at once, he looked up in surprise. Why, that was Martha they were putting into the next cell.

When the jailer had gone, their lips and hands met through the bars of their cells. "Oh, Petey," Martha breathed, "isn't this wonderful? It was worth throwing that rock through the jail window."

Petey surveyed her worshipfully. "Jail window? Darling, you're marvelous."

"Oh, Petey," Martha breathed, "I've never been so happy in my whole life." Then, quickly, she brought him up to date on current events. She had left home today and gone straight to Mirabel and told her the whole story. And oh my, but Mirabel was furious with Dad. She had called him a brute and a villain and declared that in the South he would be horsewhipped. Not that that was true. Dad just meant well but he'd first have to come to his senses.

In the other corner, Sparrow was suddenly carried away. "How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongue by de night—Like de softest music to attendin' ears. . . ."

Petey was in a trance. "Isn't this beau-u-tiful, darling?" He held his beloved as close as the bars would permit.

They broke apart though as Scroggs suddenly stormed in. "Martha," he thundered, "what is the meaning of this? Jailer, get her out of here. I'll pay the fine but get her out—"

"Fie upon thee," Sparrow squeaked. "Be off, coxcomb."

Scroggs almost had apoplexy. "Martha," he shouted, "if you don't come out this minute—"

"No," she retorted gloriously. "There's no use trying. I'll just come right back in as long as you keep Petey here and I'll throw rocks and maybe I'll even set fire to the courthouse."

"Now don't you try to intimidate me, Martha," the Judge began when suddenly he was interrupted by a horrible sound.

From the street below came a loud, sustained cat-call and a yell of derision from a hundred voices in unison.

"Bo-oo-oo-oo—Scroggs!"

Now they were hissing Scroggs and everyone was shrieking his particular idea. "We'll show him. . . . Let's storm the Bastille. Gotta get 'em out. . . . The firehouse—to the firehouse."

The noise sounded like a minor French revolution.

"I'll tear you apart, Simmons," Scroggs shouted. "I'll put you in jail for life. . . ."

Sparrow was positively inspired.

"'Tis a tale told by an idiot.
Full of sound and fury—
Signifyin' nuttin'—"

"Simmons," Scroggs thundered as the din below grew to greater proportions, "this is all your doing. But it will have no effect whatsoever. I'll never let you near my daughter again if you live ten thousand years."

And then—there came a roar that seemed to split the earth asunder. The jail shook, the Judge shook. Petey and Martha shook. The whole world seemed to be falling apart.

Heavy black smoke began to billow through the street. . . .

The smoke cleared and Petey saw just a wisp of it now, coming from the Judge's cigar. The past was gone and they were back in the present again at the Country Club with Allie and Mirabel and all the other guests.

"Well, sir," Judge Scroggs said, still addressing his friends. "There was an old Civil War cannon facing Browning Hall and the Beta Pis stuffed it with fruit, filled up the powder keg and set her off." He spread his hands. "The front of Browning Hall was just one great fruit salad." He smiled with reminiscent relish, "I had to let Petey out, for the entire college would have gone to jail and it would have been a national scandal." He looked at the two affectionately. "But I warned them both. I told them their marriage wouldn't last a week."

Still with Martha on the tree bench, Petey said adoringly, "Stick out your chin." He was just about to kiss her when a bellhop handed him a telegram.

In quite a state of anger, he read it aloud. "Was late for Junior Prom. Swiped airplane from Fort McKinley. Am in jail. What do I do now? Petey, Jr." Petey waved the paper in the air. "That kid's in trouble every week. Now how's he going to get out of this?"

The Judge studied the paper for a moment. Then he looked up and a smile like a torchlight parade illuminated his face. "I wonder," he said softly, "if the Judge has a daughter. . . ."

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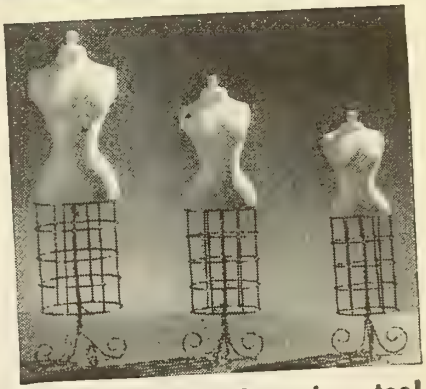

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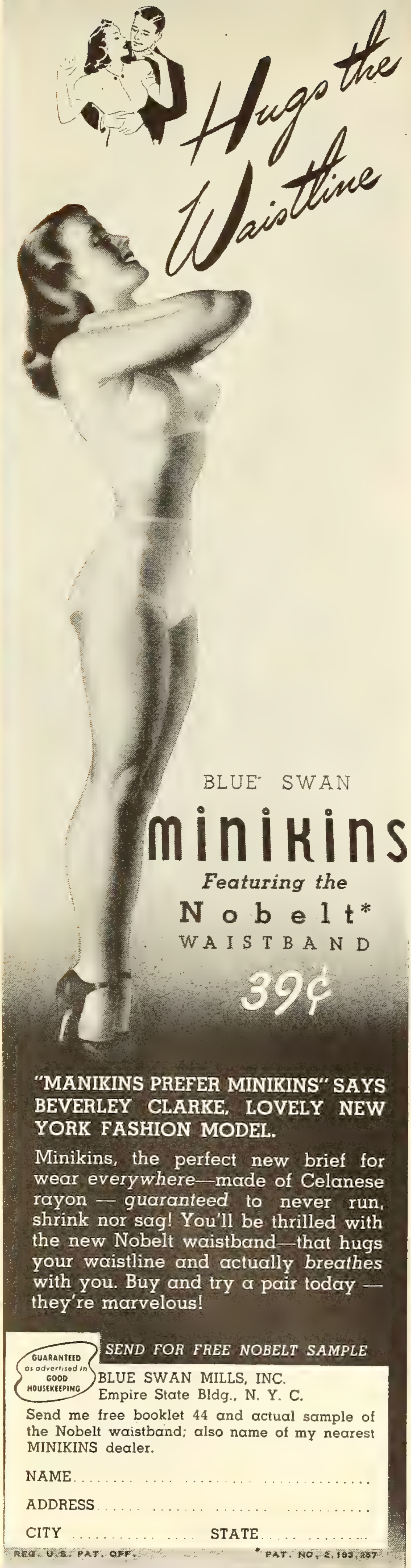

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They Had Me All Wrong

[*Continued from page* 45]

victim of circumstance; a circumstance that skyrocketed kid sister Priscilla, one year younger than Rosemary's twenty-three, into the front ranks of film darlings in the short space of one or two years. Obviously the producers, still misty-eyed and thankful for what the combined forces of Fred Waring, his "Pennsylvanians" (a band) and radio had turned up for them, saw double when they considered the talents of the two Waring warblers.

They saw in Pat, as she is known, a dewy-eyed, cuddlesome blonde who suffered elegantly, whose smile—through tears—beat any Turner sunset ever painted. Her rare moments of humor were touched with pathos, which is sure-fire for certain types of drama. In looking at Rosemary—"for remembrance," don't forget—they saw the same traits. They were wrong.

Where Pat's eyes are blue and wide, Rosemary's are, too, only they have an unquenchable twinkle. Where Pat's face is round and built for gentle weeping, Rosemary has a firm, independent curve to her chin; her pretty face wears the map of Eire. She moves with short, staccato motions, sitting with her left leg crooked beneath her (a bone cracks menacingly when she does it), she is up again the next moment. All this action may be that she's trying to live down a misconception that she is "moody, quiet, sentimental."

Restless, never still, seemingly never idle, she doesn't particularly resemble the film's Pattern A of the Girlish-and-Romantic Type. They're finding that out at Warners'. And in finding it out they may have unearthed an excellent comedienne—which Rosemary hopes they have. She'd like a chance to prove her abilities along those lines.

In this desire for a chance to prove her worth lies one of the big dramas of Hollywood. The drama of brother against brother, sister against sister, in a race for film fame. It's nothing new. The Gish girls, Dorothy and Lillian; the Pickford girls, Mary and Lottie, back in the early days of the flickers, fought it out—nicely, of course. But found the situation there, nevertheless. We can imagine, back in the middle nineteenth century, that the Bronte girls—writers—must have had difficulty in hiding their emotions (if not downright jealousy, mild envy) when, say, Charlotte's first book won critical acclaim, and Emily's and Anne's were ignored.

IN RECENT Hollywood history, the Young girls—Loretta, Polly Ann, Sally Blane—faced the same problem. No one can call what they felt "resentment." Social custom, tribal tradition, teaches that pride in the accomplishment of a relative is to be expected. But, deep in all hearts, are emotions that cannot always be governed by convention. Few people can say that they are unreservedly glad, deeply and honestly, that a sister, a brother, has won success beyond them in their professions. Those who can, deserve to be canonized.

To Mrs. Belzer, understanding mother of the Young sisters, goes much credit for keeping her daughters free from career-jealousy . . . although Sally, who was the first "star" of the family, getting fifty dollars a week, once told me that when Loretta's career went into high gear, she (Sally) had to make one of the major adjustments of her life. It wasn't exactly envy that she felt. Gladys Belzer's girls, with their strict church rearing, were able to avoid that, but it was the sense of insufficiency that suffused her. Why had Loretta found favor in films, when she, Sally, was just as good an actress as she had ever been?

This feeling of self-doubt—lovingly called an "inferiority complex" in these neurosis-ridden days—affects many theatrical families in Hollywood. I would risk saying that it affects the Beery brothers, Wally and Noah, both fine actors but unequally successful; the Morgans, Frank and Ralph; the Lane sisters (by Rosemary's admission) and many others.

Doubt cast on Sally by Loretta's striking success finally drove the actress to consult an unbiased observer, a physician who studied egos and troubled personalities. It was his advice that helped Sally to make a complete adjustment, but these days, as Mrs. Norman Foster and mother of little Gretchen (named for fameful Loretta whose given name is that) Sally is the one to be envied, and even Loretta, who is strongly maternal and has no child of her own, sees that.

"IT'S a wonderfully right thing to do, to see a physician!" Rosemary Lane said, for she was discussing, and very frankly, the unwelcome circumstance that has come into the close circle of the Lane family. "Someone who is not tied up, heart and mind, with your problems is of the greatest help in getting the snarls all straightened out.

"Look at us as parallel to the Young sisters," continued Rosemary. "Pat and I have always run as team-mates. She always thought I could do everything much better than she did, whether it was sports, singing, acting, with minor exceptions—like wrestling! To this day, she wishes that *I* had the film success, not herself. All of us girls had to shove Pat along, tell her to go ahead and act, go ahead and sing. She would much prefer not to have a career. And she has won the outstanding success. . . . !

"Sometimes I think that if you just let things flow toward and over you, offering no resistance, making no conscious effort to divert them to you, you have the secret of how to get along. But I could never do that. I am too ambitious. I want to make things happen. I have always been that way," says Rosemary, and it is easy to see how it could be true. Even now she was all action, blue-slacked action, emptying cigarette ashes into the "silent butler," lighting herself a fresh cigarette, folding her left leg beneath her with that rusty creak of joint as she sat.

"Honestly, I am glad about Pat's success . . . I'd rather have Pat be the sensation, if it had to be one or the other of us, and that's because we've always been so close—there's only a year's difference in our ages. But, still, *I'd* like to be a smashing success too. I know that if given the opportunity, I can show Hollywood and the public, that I'm all right, too. And I want to do it.

"It's no use to be silly, and strike a pose about 'dear, *dear* sister—she deserves her good luck, and I'm not one bit envious of her!' In a perfectly healthy way, I do envy Pat's success. Not for the material gains. Not those. But for the chance to show to the fullest just what talents I have. I know that I'm no slouch, and I'm just as good an actress as Pat. All I want is a chance to show it.

"What happens to me is that I am shoved off into the moonlight-and-roses department and have to act romantic through reel after reel, without ever being able to prove that somewhere in my Mullican body, which was once a Mulligan, I have a good two-fisted Irish sense of humor, and I want the folks to know about it.

"I sometimes wonder about the film audiences (or maybe I flatter myself that they think about me). Don't they wonder why, just because I have a lyric soprano voice, adaptable to soft sweet ballads, that I am always handed the romantic songs and finish up with a saintly expression, in the final reel, hitting high 'C,' and either marrying the lad or going off to New York for further voice study? In *Four Wives* I had my first chance to take down my back hair and act as I do in life. The critics were kind to me, and I hope it means something.

"What I understand least in the Hollywood system," continued Rosemary, and she strikes an important issue here, "is the 'thumbs down' attitude taken by the town when it comes to having more than one success in a family. It doesn't seem to be permitted. It can't be, is the attitude. And it's all wrong. Why can't a number of people in one family have equal talent. Divergent talents, but equal. Why, because one is a terrific success can't it be conceded that others may have the same amount of ability?

"There doesn't seem to be any good logic for Hollywood's reasoning," said the Lane, and she's right. "Is the talent diluted? Is that why one brother or sister has to be elected the standard bearer of art? In other fields it's not that way. Look at science and the Compton family. Every one a four-star performer, and no one saying 'He *can't* be as good as his brother, because his brother is tops!' Do you ever see it in Hollywood? I haven't.

"I'd like to do something about that. It may sound egotistical, and I suppose it does, but I know—in my heart—that my time will come in Hollywood. It may take a long while, and I won't be a sudden hit like Pat, but I know that, with the intelligent help of my studio and Warner Brothers are known for their trail-blazing abilities, I am going to build into a substantial success in films, and I'm not going to let any long waits discourage me.

"Hollywood is full of people who waited and waited for their chances. Gable, Jean Arthur, Norma Shearer—they all had long waits, and they all made out, later. Every time I hear one more of those early-struggle success stories I am encouraged."

MEASURED by Hollywood standards, Rosemary's fate is not dire. She and Pat came to Hollywood, where sister Lola had successfully pioneered, about three years ago. It was Rosemary who was the hit of their first movie, *Varsity Show,* when Bandmaster Fred Waring and his musical "Pennsylvanians" came West to co-star with Richard Ewing Powell. Pat, whose baptismal name is Priscilla June, in that first film was one of those also-in-its. But *Love, Honor and Behave, Cowboy from Brooklyn* and, importantly, *Four Daughters* put the baby of the Lanes into big time. She had just what the public clamors for—whatever that is, and in large portions. All the Lanes have potent charm, but Priscilla had fan magnetism. She "clicked." In the meantime, Rosemary, drawing a comfortable three-figured salary per week, fell behind in the race. It may be artistic stagnation for a girl as high-geared as Rosemary, but it is certainly not financial rout.

"We don't quarrel about what happened to my career, though," said Rosemary with one of those quick grins that is half-Pat, half-Rosemary, and all Lane. "And I don't say we never quarrel. We do. Pat still thinks she can throw me better than I can throw her. And I know that I'm her superior in the gentle art of home wrestling. No . . . we quarrel about other things—like hair. I learned the other day that I am an absolute, orthodox, *bona fide* ash blonde, and Pat has always called herself that. Said she was the only one in the family. I have books to prove that she's not an ash blonde."

Rosemary did not elaborate on the circumstance that led to this remarkable discovery, but you can chalk it up to Romance and frequent visits to Warners' Hairdressing Department—the latter for cause. For some months her favorite man has been Buddy Westmore, one of the brothers of the famous wig-making clan, and you can discount rumors that he gave her a diamond and emerald necklace. Rosemary's eyes popped wide open when she heard that she was reported to be the recipient of the fabulous gift, and she hastily gulped: "Uh uh! It must have been Merle Oberon. Her husband gave her a beautiful clip."

What she values more than diamonds and emeralds, it is very obvious, is a silver cigarette case ("It may be platinum," she says with complete disregard for value), and I can guess the name of the donor. It has her initials entwined in the upper left corner, and inside is a diamond-tipped pencil for special friends' signatures. Already "Bud" is prominently inscribed. "And up here, around my initials, I have reserved for the family," explains Rosemary.

[*Continued on page 98*]

SISTER CALLS ME CUPID!
ON ACCOUNT OF A WHILE AGO...
LOOKIT, SIS! WHAT YOU WANT TO GO AND HANG ICICLES ON A GOOD GUY LIKE GEORGE FOR?
TOMMIE, CUPID HASN'T GOT A CHANCE AGAINST BAD BREATH!
COUPLE OF HOURS LATER...
I GOT THE DOPE ALL RIGHT, GEORGE-- AND IT'S A CINCH! ALL YOU GOTTA DO TO RATE WITH SIS IS SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
MY BREATH!
GEORGE SEES HIS DENTIST
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM...
BOY! FROM NOW ON, YOUR NAME WILL BE THE SAME AS GEORGE'S, WON'T IT, SIS?
YES, AND FROM NOW ON, YOUR NAME IS GOING TO BE...CUPID!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE DENTAL CREAM, TWICE A DAY WILL HELP YOU KEEP BAD BREATH AWAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
20¢ LARGE SIZE
35¢ GIANT SIZE

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use **Colgate Dental Cream**—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

NEW COMFORT, SAFETY, *plus* ECONOMY *in Monthly Hygiene*

You should know why Holly-Pax—the economy tampon—is easy to use and safe.

Many leading physicians agree that nature has provided you with a safe, internal repository—wholly proper for tampon usage. The small, scientifically designed Holly-Pax conforms ideally to natural requirements with no irritation of tissue—no risk of odor.

Once you've tried Holly-Pax you will understand why thousands of women everywhere are turning to this approved means of caring for the menstrual period. It's comfortable, dependable—and free from old-style annoyances.

Best of all, Holly-Pax is *super absorbent*, yet very low in cost. That's *double* economy.

AT DRUG • DEPARTMENT AND 10c STORES

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Holly-Pax

THE *Economy* TAMPON

10 for 20c

an average month's supply

Holly-Pax
MODERN INSERTION TYPE SANITARY PROTECTION
A PRODUCT OF HOLLYWOOD
Package of 10—only 20¢

Universal Cotton Products Corporation
Box H7, Palms Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10c please send me trial package of Holly-Pax, also *New Facts You Should Know About Monthly Hygiene*—plain wrapper.

NAME ______________________________

ADDRESS ______________________________

So They're Box-Office Poison!

[*Continued from page* 31]

TAKE the case of Katharine Hepburn, for example. Perhaps next to Garbo, she has been the most widely misunderstood player in all of Hollywood. Some people said she never spoke the common American language. Some accused her of being a snob. Some said she was too snooty and high-hat and not as democratic as a picture star should really be.

But in spite of all the vicious attacks directed against her, Hepburn still shows that people will flock to the theatres to see her. She still has something that will make them shove their quarters and dollars in the gilded ticket cages for the opportunity of seeing this strange, fascinating girl perform.

You needn't take our mere word for it. At the moment, Hepburn is proving that she is definitely anything but "box-office poison." To her is due the credit for one of the top-ranking hits on Broadway. And if you still have a tendency toward doubt, just try cajoling a couple of tickets from the cashier at the Shubert Theatre these nights.

If you know the President or the Mayor or one of the Shuberts, you may have some success. Otherwise, you'll have to await your turn along with thousands of other anxious theatre-goers to watch the scintillating Hepburn convulsing staid and critical New York audiences night after night in *The Philadelphia Story.* If this is the meaning of "box-office poison" then every star of stage and screen will be clamoring for an overdose.

If you're up to date on matters both theatrical and screenic, you'll know that the motion picture companies are bartering for the purchase of *The Philadelphia Story* together with the services of Katie. So there is hardly any doubt that she will soon be on her way to Hollywood again to disprove further the unpleasant things said of her.

ANOTHER of the "poison" stars who made an unchallenged return to the top is the silent, shrewd Garbo. In spite of the numerous stories written about this strange, fascinating woman, not a single person has given her credit for being a shrewd and clever business woman. To most people, her name is synonymous with romance and glamor. She is pictured as a being who is shrouded in constant clouds of mystery. Few people realize that she, too, knows what life is all about and can be just as sensitive to hurts and pain as any other fellow-being.

Perhaps, she has been somewhat strange and inexplicable in her desire for seclusion. None of us are overly fond of having our private lives become public topics of conversation and gossip. Garbo is no different. And when she saw herself labelled "box-office poison," she did not exactly relish it.

Her action was not as spurious or as obvious as that of some of the others included in the same category. She didn't, like Kay Francis, immediately decide to retire to a life of domestic bliss; or like Katie Hepburn, turn to the stage for consolation. Instead she visited her native Sweden and toured the other countries on the continent. She took a long-needed vacation. And since, according to that famous boxed advertisement, the public was no longer interested in her there were even rumors that she might retire from the screen.

But then came the headlines! The stories of the romance between her and Leopold Stokowski. And quite inadvertently, instead of being shunned by a disinterested public, Garbo found herself deluged by the press and photographers. Even on her vacation, she found less privacy than she had enjoyed in Hollywood. Did that show she was "box-office poison?" Did that show that her fans no longer cared?

The public was still interested in this strange, enigmatic woman who cleverly managed to keep herself in the forefront whenever she felt her public was forgetting her. She was clever. Far more clever than anyone would have guessed. And certainly less ostentatious than anyone would have supposed. She didn't need a score of press-agents to keep her name before the public. She did it herself. In her own simple and unpresumptious manner.

After a two-years' absence from the screen, Garbo again did the unexpected. When Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public awoke one morning not so long ago, they were startled to read in their morning newspapers that Garbo can laugh. What was more, in her newest film, *Ninotchka,* she actually did laugh! She laughed heartily and beautifully and even normally. And by doing so, she once again annexed the hearts of the millions of movie-goers.

CERTAINLY the most unexpected and least anticipated rise to the forefront of motion pictures was made the second time by Marlene Dietrich. This lady who never walked without leaving an aura of glamor in her wake and who cavorted delectably before mirrors and against lush and luxuriant backgrounds did what few stars could have done.

After Paramount had bought off the contract for her pictures from its exhibitors, Dietrich was let go. The fact that she had been so warm and earthy in *Blue Angel* and *Morocco,* meant nothing. She was still a glamorous lady. Her legs were still heralded far and wide as being incomparable. But there was one little item about her that made her as unwanted as a case of the measles. She was box-office poison!

For two years, after leaving Paramount Marlene tried to sell her ability and talent to the other Hollywood studios. But everywhere she went, the studio executives turned deaf ears to her requests. According to their attitudes, she was simply finished. She was through. She was no longer a draw at the box-office. She had had her brief moment in the sun and was graciously advised to retire to private life. But Marlene didn't!

She went abroad. She kept herself before the public lest the fans who had once been devoted to her completely forget her. She still believed in the public and she meant to prove that the public still liked her. It's true she had to bide her time. But Marlene is a very patient woman in spite of her reputed temperament. And when you really know her, you'll find her far more charming and pleasant than you expected.

When she returned to these shores at the request of Universal Pictures, Marlene was a new woman. The gentlemen of the press went into raptures about her charm and beauty. To them she was still the same fascinating person she had always been. And even the ladies who interviewed her forgot their feminine streaks of microscopic introspection that make them geniuses at spotting the flaws men so gullibly overlook in beautiful women and they all yielded to her gracious and acquiescent charm.

But when everyone learned that her assignment was to be in a horse opera, there was a general surreptitious snickering up a great many sleeves. "This," they all agreed, "would undoubtedly be Marlene's swan song. And what a swan song!" So everyone anxiously waited for the completion of the picture. And outside a handful of Universal executives, no one had the slightest sign of faith that she would make good. When *Destry Rides Again* opened, everyone was there to be in "on the kill."

At least, they thought it would be a "kill." It wasn't! It turned out to be one of those surprises that hits you between the eyes. What happened to the startled audience that night was something that will go down in Hollywood history.

BUT all the so-called poison stars haven't had such phenomonal success as Hepburn, Garbo and Dietrich. Crawford is still struggling along fighting ardently for the opportunity to show her worth. Mae West is yet to show her worth as is Fred Astaire and Edward Arnold.

But Joan Crawford's effort is one of the most sincere and certainly the most laudable. Suffering from a continuance of mediocre stories and, at the same time, emotional upheavals in her marital life, everything pointed toward the downward path of her. This girl, who at one time was one of the most refreshing personalities in pictures, bore the brunt of the blame for everything —for her poor stories, for her over-lavish clothes, for her cultured but superficial accent and for many unfounded rumors.

As Joan Crawford, the idol and dream of every girl from Bangor to Beverly Hills, she rode the crests. But somehow, as soon as culture caught up with her, her following dwindled. She was shoved into picture after picture in an effort to reclaim her tremendous following of fans.

The truth of the matter is that the fans had been let down. At the peak of her career, Joan was the champion of every aspiring young girl in the country. They looked upon her as their own particular idol and as such their worshipping re-echoed at the box-offices throughout the country. But suddenly something happened. Joan went high-hat. She was no longer on a common level with her fans.

The girl who had once been a salesgirl, telephone operator and dancer had disappeared. In her place was a brittle pseudo-sophisticated being, bereft of all individuality. And in her new role, Joan was no longer in the same class with her great public. And the fans, in turn, felt that her desertion no longer merited their former allegiance and devotion.

Perhaps Joan was box-office poison for a time. But it wasn't entirely her fault. She has managed to snap out of the awful depths that had engulfed her. And now she is once more striving to enjoy the same rating with her fans that she had once handled too lightly. She is anxious to show that in spite of her position, wealth and clothes, she is merely Joan Crawford at heart. She has discarded all the superficial signs of culture and returned to reality.

Because her wish to be a fine actress is a sincere one, Joan risked a great deal when she undertook the role offered her in *The Women*. Most stars would have turned it down. But not Joan. It had meat in it. Slightly raw, perhaps, but meat, nevertheless. And she played the part for all it was worth.

In *Strange Cargo*, she will be able to give a better evaluation of her ability. She will be given a better chance to justify the faith that thousands of fans have placed in her. But most of all, she will have the opportunity of contradicting her inclusion as one of the box-office poisoners.

MEANWHILE, Mae West who hasn't batted a single one of those long, lurid lashes of hers throughout all the turmoil, is ready to show the box-office blubberers that they're all wet. She still feels she has what it takes to invoke the kind of laughter she is famous for inducing. Her only regret these days is that she hadn't been cast as *Scarlett O'Hara*. She still feels she could have imbued the part with more interest and zest than anyone in the business. And who knows. Maybe she could. But in *My Little Chickadee*, she again proves that her public can still take the sort of film fare she dishes out —and like it.

This season will see Fred Astaire with Eleanor Powell as his new dancing partner making a bid for some of his former popularity. Perhaps, without Ginger, Fred may prove himself anything but B. O. poison. As for Kay Francis, she had her chance in *In Name Only*, playing the part of the other woman for a change and doing a mighty swell job of it.

Hollywood may seem heartless and unrelenting toward the actor or actress who is on the way down. But it is also as eager and willing to lend a helping hand to those who feel they could make good with another chance. And thus far, most of those who had been labelled poison at the box-office have made valiant and successful efforts to remove them forever from that class.

I LOVE MY HUSBAND FAR TOO MUCH TO RISK GETTING DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
HOW YOU, TOO, CAN KEEP YOUR COMPLEXION LOVELY WITH THIS SOAP MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
AFTER ALL, ANN, HOW CAN A WIFE EXPECT TO BE ALLURING TO HER HUSBAND IF SHE LETS HER COMPLEXION GET DRY, LIFELESS, OLD-LOOKING? THAT'S WHY I USE ONLY PALMOLIVE SOAP!
BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE DIFFERENT, SUE?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! PALMOLIVE CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY, YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH... COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
THAT SOUNDS TO ME LIKE AN AWFULLY GOOD REASON FOR USING ONLY PALMOLIVE. I'M GOING TO GET SOME RIGHT AWAY AND LET PALMOLIVE HELP KEEP MY COMPLEXION LOVELY, TOO!
PALMOLIVE
MADE WITH Olive Oil
TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH

I've found The face powder that has EVERYTHING!

Wake up the sleeping beauty of your complexion! Amazing new "texture of youth" Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to blend with your skin. That is why it is so *velvety*, so *naturally* lovely, night or *day*. Stays on unbelievably long! From the famous house of Park & Tilford . . . with its 100 year tradition of truly fine quality. Get Park & Tilford Face Powder . . . *today!*

$1.00 and **50¢** sizes, drug, dept. stores.
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LIPSTICK • ROUGE
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NOW! *Beautiful* **NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE**

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with Nu-Nails. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

So natural they even have *half-moons.*

NU-NAILS *ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS*
462 N. Parkside, Dept. 17-E, Chicago

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 51]

But True

Guys that wish they had Hedy Lamarr.
Are seldom the guys they think they are!

No Excess Baggage

They call Mickey Rooney "One-Grip Rooney" around M-G-M. And it has nothing to do with his handclasp. The idea is that when Mickey travels anywhere, he confines his luggage to one small grip.

"I like," he explains, "to keep myself portable!"

He'd Go On And On

The other Mickey crack-of-the-month is the one he quipped to the nice old lady who asked him how long he intends to stay in moving pictures. Replied the Rooney:

"I don't exactly know, ma'am—but I think I'd like to retire after I've played JUDGE Hardy a few years."

Keep Sighing, Girls

Gals who sigh for handsome Ty
Mostly sigh—and sigh and sigh.

It's Tough, 'Ats Wot It Is

Sweetest new contract in Hollywood is Clark Gable's new one with M-G-M. It's for seven years—and WITHOUT options! And under its terms, Gable gets $7,500 a week, instead of his old wages of $4,000 a week.

It calls for 40 weeks work a year, at that rate—and three pictures a year. The 12 weeks off, the contract stipulates, are to be the last twelve weeks of the year, so he can take those beloved hunting trips of his.

H'm, iss diss a life?

Ain't Hollywood Wunnaful!

When little Miss Sandy Henville made her movie debut recently at the age of 11 months, it was to play the role of a baby boy. And now 20th-Fox has hired nine-months-old Bruce Hampton to make his movie debut in *Sailor's Lady* as—yeah, you guessed it!—a li'l girl.

Even God couldn't do that. But that's Hollywood!

He Drugs 'Em

Gals with a drive for Gary Cooper
Can drive themselves into a stupor!

'Arf 'n' 'Arf—or Mongrel-ly Yours

Still at large are the Marx brothers—all four. Latest inanity:

They decided to buy a dog. Groucho and Zeppo wanted an airedale; Chico and Harpo wanted a doberman pinscher. So they went to the SPCA pound and previewed some two-score mutts—and found one they adopted.

Yep—half airedale, half doberman pinscher.

Hens Will Think He's Queer

Typical sight of Hollywood is to see Linda Darnell's family go shopping at an open-air market in Westwood. You can always tell them—on account of Linda's kid sister carries her pet rooster along. And it's got tinted toenails!

Okay On Eyes

Nelson Eddy's really perturbed over the way the word is spreading around among moviegoers all over the land that he's either blind or going blind! He's had thousands of letters from worried and sympathetic fans, and the Hollywood movie column writers, too, are being snowed under by a deluge of letters asking, is it true?

Nelson, himself, is so perturbed over the rumor that he has asked the columnists to please, please, please assure his public that he is NOT blind.

Oomph Spreads Sparks

The studio insists it was simply an accident—but the fact remains that when the sound-stage caught fire the other day, it was just while Ann Sheridan was doing a rhumba-numba for *It All Came True.*

No Migratory Workers

If this keeps up, ALL the land in the country'll be owned by movie stars. . . .

I mean, in the East, Jimmy Cagney has just bought up another 200 acres of Martha's Vineyard, to bring the total acreage of his farm there up to over the 1,000 mark.

And in the West, Doug Fairbanks has just laid $30,000 on the line to buy Elissa Landi's house in Pacific Palisades, on the edge of the Pacific. But Doug's no sap; it cost Elissa $110,000 to build, just a year or two ago!

Yoodles Of Yens

Guys with a yen for Carole Lombard
Have all the others far outnombard!

S'woonderful

Swoon of the month happened at the Arrowhead Springs Hotel the other week-end. One grey-haired old dame dropped her purse from her lap. A man picked it up—and when she recognized him, she swooned.

It was Bill Powell. You know—that new husband in Hollywood.

Sin-ful

All the time we've been making those cracks about Dorothy Lamour's sarongs, we've been crazy and didn't know it. Dot, if you MUST know, has never worn a sarong on the screen. . . !

The catch is this: a sarong is an ankle-length garment. The ones she wears, which are by NO means ankle length, are properly named "sinjangs."

The accent is on the syllable "sin."

And it was all explained to Hollywood the other day by one Prince Raden Waluyah, nephew of the Sultan of Surakarta, who was a filmland visitor.

Not Blue—Blooey

Reason Bruce Cabot didn't get a featured role in *Northwest Mounted Police* was because the picture'll be in Technicolor. Cabot was to have played a half-breed villain—but half-breed's eyes are black, and Bruce's are blue and so blooey went the job.

You Can't Fool Hollywood—Much

[*Continued from page* 58]

This exposed her successful hoax, and dropped it right in Goldwyn's lap. One of his friends tossed up to him the fact that she had been a chorus girl in one of his former pictures, and that he had picked her out to play with Eddie Cantor. "And did you get fooled this time?" he laughed at the usually astute Samuel.

"Not this time or the other time, either," claimed Goldwyn, "having her show star material now simply verifies my choice of her in *Kid Millions*."

And since seeing her work opposite Gary Cooper in *The Westerner* everybody else at Goldwyn's seems satisfied, too. For Doris has turned in a grand performance.

"She had a tough assignment going out to that movie-made Arizona town of Goldwyn City," Walter Brennan said, "but she showed she had what it takes."

Besides playing a full picture part in which she had to carry on against the sort of acting turned in by Gary Cooper and Walter Brennan, this girl had to behave like a true pioneer woman. There were many scenes in the picture during stampedes and shots in the big fire sequence that took not only courage but strength as well.

Not that Doris claims she wasn't afraid. "One Sunday," she says, "we went over to Nogales, Mexico, to see a bull-fight. The toreador dedicated the bull to me, and I had a seat where I could see the long horned 'critter' snorting fire.

"In the very next scene we shot for the picture I had to ride up to a fence, pull my gun and stop the cowboys from driving cattle over our corn. When I saw the cattle running toward me all I could think of was that man-killing bull I'd seen the day before, and I was simply petrified. I mean I was too plain scared to yell."

The men on the picture, however, claim Doris is afraid of nothing. This, with her love of horses and vital appearance of health make her a natural for the part.

THERE is nothing fragile about this girl. She sparkles energy and cheer and promises to add a vivid note to the Hollywood symphony of feminine pulchritude.

"When I was testing at Selznick's," she laughs, "I lost a lot of weight, and they sent me to a doctor. He said I was anemic. And I loved it. It sounded so very feminine and dainty. All my life I had wanted to be called anemic. It lasted only a couple weeks."

Doris is twenty-two, five feet three-and-a-half inches tall and weighs 118 pounds. When she modelled for Powers she discovered that tall girls got the most work. So each month she claimed an additional inch in height until she reached five feet, eight inches.

I'd call Doris a natural blonde, with hair between red and brown. Her eyes are gray-green and her voice is something to remember. It is low, but full-toned with a ring to it, and with no trace of huskiness. Goldwyn admits that once he heard that voice he was sold forever on the girl.

In private life she is Mrs. John Randolph, and her husband is a photographer. They have no children.

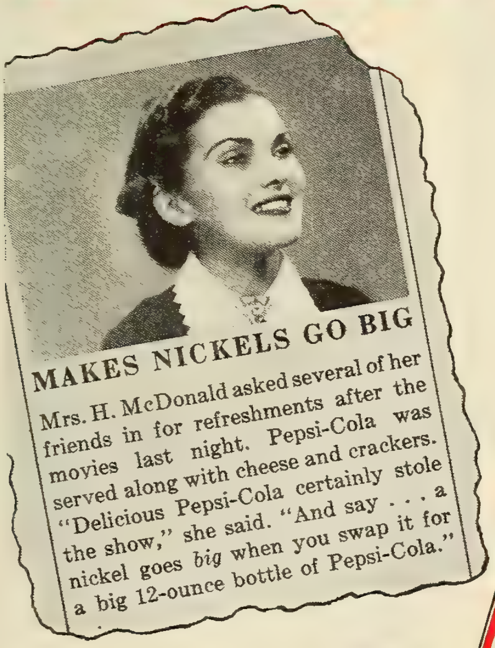
Personally I don't think she resembles any star in pictures, though her friends tell her she sometimes looks like Margaret Sullavan and sometimes like Myrna Loy. She says her appearance changes on the slightest provocation and that if she gets a red nose her friends won't know her. A new hat, a change in make-up or a different hair-do and people fail to recognize her.

She loves "screwy" cross-word puzzles and has a weakness for any animal with four legs. Her ambition is to own a horse, a dog and a phonograph that turns the records over as it changes them. **Her pet peeve is Hollywood's habit of refusing to give extras a chance. She thinks that chasing to the four corners of the earth to find talent that's often not as good as what's here begging for a trial is criminal—even if that practice is what brought her back for the biggest opportunity of her life.**

The fire this girl shows in her characterization as she battles Gary Cooper through every foot of *The Westerner* is a spark from her own personality. She is a fighter and has already ripped Hollywood up the back for the way it closes its eyes to extra talent and struggling youngsters.

She thinks she was mighty lucky to get her opportunity—but Goldwyn says she earned it, and that she has what it takes.

"PEPSI AND PETE" . . . THE PEPSI-COLA COPS


MAKES NICKELS GO BIG

Mrs. H. McDonald asked several of her friends in for refreshments after the movies last night. Pepsi-Cola was served along with cheese and crackers. "Delicious Pepsi-Cola certainly stole the show," she said. "And say . . . a nickel goes *big* when you swap it for a big 12-ounce bottle of Pepsi-Cola."

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REFRESHING-ENJOYABLE
FAMOUS FOR OVER 30 YEARS
PEPSI-COLA
A SPARKLING BEVERAGE
Pepsi-Cola
REFRESHING-SATISFYING
12 OUNCES
5¢

"I MAKE SURE YOU GET A BIG BIG BOTTLE FOR ONLY A NICKEL!"
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FIRST AID FOR "LEAN" BUDGETS. Good news for thrifty hostesses. The handy Pepsi-Cola home carton holds 6 big bottles . . . 12 big drinks. All you need for a good, big party.

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12 FULL OUNCES

If your dealer cannot supply you, fill in his name and address and mail to Dept. G3, Pepsi-Cola Co., Long Island City, N. Y.

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Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold...Try a jar today.

ARRID
39¢ a jar
AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

NEW ODORLESS* CREAM
safely **REMOVES HAIR**
Nair is painless ... not irritating to normal healthy skin...*no sulphide depilatory odor... economical...39¢ a tube at stores or from Carter Products, New York. **NAIR**

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]

Penguin Pete, supporting Ann Rutherford in *Hooray, I'm Alive!*, is given a little powder to take shine off beak. Pete has a bigger wardrobe than Menjou

Jack Randall, cowboy star, and Louise Stanley—who were married 6 months ago and then divorced—are now re-married

cause A. C. Blumenthal was along, although unladied.

But the entertaining feature of the evening was the fact that Charlie—usually one of the most undemonstrative males in movieland—kept making obvious love to his Paulette, and kissing and kissing and rekissing her.

And still, nobody KNOWS for SURE whether they're married. Ain't Hollywood fonnnnnneeeeee?

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Astrid Allwyn and Billy Seymour—
Are they that way? They couldn't be more!

■

LEAP YEAR is NOT being overlooked in Hollywood. Especially by Fritz Feld, the bemonocled bachelor who's been the quarry of many a

[*Continued on page* 78]

When a girl's 16 she has a right to go with boys. Judy Garland's friend, James Cathcart, takes her to Kate Cornell play

The Man You Love To Hate Is Back

[*Continued from page* 63]

ill-fated *Queen Kelly*. Gloria Swanson was the star and with Joseph P. Kennedy, now U. S. Ambassador to Great Britain, as financial backer, the budget was as unlimited as even von Stroheim could want.

After months of working at great cost, *Queen Kelly* was laid quietly on the shelf. From habit and because Hollywood never heard the true story, von Stroheim was blamed and very unjustly.

As the picture neared completion, Al Jolson appeared in *The Jazz Singer*, a talking picture, that set Hollywood on its ear. Whether or not this "novelty" would change the entire motion picture business no one knew, but in case talking pictures did "catch on," Gloria didn't want to come out in a pretentious silent picture. Mr. Kennedy agreed and production was stopped. It was a chain of circumstances, Fate or whatever you want to call it. And it was one more black mark against von Stroheim.

WALKING DOWN BROADWAY was his next effort and again misfortune stalked the director's trail. There was story trouble; illness of the principal players and, when the picture was half finished, executive changes in the Fox organization caused the picture to be shelved. It was Von's last attempt to direct a picture in Hollywood. In fact, it was the last picture entrusted to him, so deep was the conviction of producers that he was bad news to their pocket-books.

Trouble followed trouble. The accident in which his wife was horribly burned caused him intense grief. I recall visiting Mrs. von Stroheim at the hospital. Von had engaged the adjoining room and, script in hand, he paced the floor night and day until the patient in the room below complained. His helplessness to alleviate his wife's suffering and his inability to collect any damages from those responsible for the accident, filled him with futile rage.

"What could I do?" he asks. "I was broke. Anyway, if I fought, it only put me on a level with them," he added contemptuously.

He accepted a job at M-G-M as a writer and actor at what was to him a pitiful salary —$150 a week. For years his weekly check had been $5,000.

"I wrote stories, but everything I wrote they put away in drawers. No one ever saw them until my French pictures began to attract notice. Then they filmed *General Hospital*, one of my scenarios. I believe they called it *Between Two Women*.

"They were embalming me," he continued. "I might as well have been dead."

It was while this embalming process was going on that he received four film offers from France. "Three of them didn't interest me but the fourth one offered to deposit my salary of $5,000 a week and my fare both ways in a New York bank before I left if I would go to France and play a spy in a picture entitled *Spy of France*.

"The company was not one of the big ones, which was a bit discouraging but there was the money and I needed it. What could I lose? I was walking around making holes in the carpet waiting for Hollywood to give me a chance and Hollywood wouldn't make me an offer."

HE WENT to France and the picture didn't turn out badly at all for it won him a role in *Grande Illusion*. And that picture, you will remember, won plenty of huzzahs for the actor and the New York critics' award as the best foreign picture of last year.

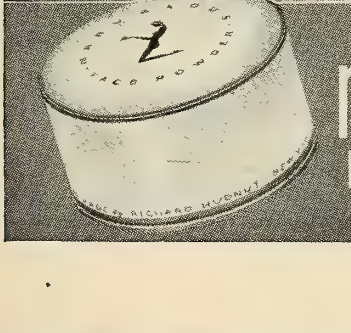
No history of Hollywood or the film industry would be complete without a chronicle of this talented, colorful, fabulous, unbelievable man that is Eric von Stroheim. Many of the tales told about him are exaggerated, of course, but they would never have been told at all if he were not important.

He spoke again of the picture in which he is now working, and says with a conviction born of experience: "If I had been right here in Hollywood they wouldn't have given me the part." He doesn't anticipate any arguments with the fiery Russian director, Gregory Ratoff.

"When I am an actor, I am a soldier," he said, clicking his heels mentally. "I am just putty in the director's hands."

"Oh yeah?" sings the Hollywood chorus.

Personally, I would feel very badly to even contemplate such a catastrophe.



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WOMEN

Here's amazing way to Relieve 'Regular' Pains

Mrs. J. C. Lawson writes: "*I was undernourished, had cramps, headaches and backache, associated with my monthly periods. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for a while, gained strength, and was greatly relieved of these pains.*"

FOR over 70 years, countless thousands of women, who suffered functional monthly pains, have taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription over a period of time—and have been overjoyed to find that this famous remedy has helped them ward off such monthly discomforts.

Most amazing, this scientific remedy, formulated by a practicing physician, is guaranteed to contain no harmful drugs—no narcotics. In a scientific way, it improves nutritional assimilation; helps build you up and so increases your resistance and fortifies you against functional pain. Lessens nervousness during this trying period.

Don't suffer one unnecessary moment from such monthly discomfort. Get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription from your druggist. Discover how wonderfully it acts to relieve you of 'Regular' pains.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 76*]

Artie Shaw, the ex-King of Swing, and Lana Turner, who can cut a mean rug, certainly took Hollywood's breath away by eloping to Las Vegas on Valentine Eve and marrying, but definitely. Lana is 19 and Artie is 30 and married twice before. A few months ago Artie tired of it all—the swing stuff, the jitterbugs and went to Mexico and California to bring rhythm back to jaded nerves. There's nothing like love as a remedy. Artie and Lana are in pappy's Beverly Hills home

At first nights or partying Marlene is usually escorted by Erich Remarque, author of *All Quiet on the Western Front*

Hollywood honey, but never the hubby. But now Fritz has put himself on the block—or maybe he was kidding when he publicly announced, the other day, that he's ready for matrimony, and since this is Leap Year, it was open season for any gal . . . .

That was several weeks ago. As yet, he hasn't been proposed to.

BUT it's different in the case of Ann Rutherford, who got a trick Leap Year proposal by radio from an Australian youth of 18. It was a radiogram, which said:

"You won't have to worry about proposing to anybody this Leap Year, for I'm asking you to marry me. It's quite all right for I have a private income."

Ann won't reveal the young Aussie's name, though.

■

ALTHOUGH Kay Francis isn't discussing it, that famous romance of hers with the blond Baron Barnekow of Germany seems to be all finished, but definitely. Her intimates say that she hasn't heard from the Baron since late last year, when she got word from a German hospital where he was being treated for a heart attack—and ol'

[*Continued on page 80*]

Society Wives—Can They "Take Over" Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 60]

with a line: 'The Fairbanks, Jrs., had better stop denying that the stork will call. It's due to pay them a visit.' Now I ask you! But the same thing could happen in New York. Hollywood can't be blamed for it."

ONE concession to Hollywood's informality that Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., refuses to make is in the matter of dress. Having spent the past eight years of her life in a metropolitan atmosphere, she is not able to slip into the easy film colony habit of slacks under a mink coat at a formal dining spot. "I find myself hastily getting into a tailored suit or dress whenever I have to take one of those enormous trips into town," she says. Today's costume was a trig little dark tailored suit, the left lapel of which was set off by the jewelled head of a blackamoor.

Aside from adjustments and adaptations, the thing that impresses about these so-called Society Wives is their desire to please their husbands, help them with the strange, weird occupation that is their work. Mary Lee Fairbanks calls her husband's profession his "business," like a stockbroker's wife, and tries to ease the social burden by declining many of their invitations, lest he be made overtired. Mrs. Fonda abides by her husband's request that there be no interviews given. Little "Bubbles" Schinasi Morris, a child-wife if there ever was one, has a woman's intuition, though, and suggests that Husband Wayne be more attentive to certain people whom he might carelessly slight.

Critically speaking, little Mrs. Morris is not a "sassiety gal." When it comes down to facts, not one of the local Society Wives is an actual Vanderbilt, Astor, Whitney, Goelet, Gould. "I was born on the 'wrong side of the track,'" says Wayne Morris' bride, a cute little trick with the skin of magnolia petals and violet eyes. "I was born in a great big house at 89th and the Drive, but at that time everyone had moved away to Park Avenue and elsewhere. I really can't be called 'society.'

"Mother had an idea that we should all have hobbies, interests. She thought nothing was more deadly than a girl or boy who didn't have something to do, so when I was eighteen she told me I had better go to college, get a job, or marry. I did the latter two things. First I got a job as play reader for Cheryl Crawford, then I married. Now I have a baby and I *will* have something to do. I want the baby to spend time in New York, though. If little Bert stayed out here all the time, he might become a vegetable. Not that California isn't very nice, but there's something about the climate that slows down an Easterner."

To bridge the gap between her New York life and her Hollywood incarnation, Mrs. Morris reads, but voraciously. The lack of clubs like Manhattan's Junior League she doesn't mind, for she never belonged. "I don't like large gobs of women in clubs," she says.

IT MUST be different in Mrs. Henry Fonda's instance. She is the one Society Wife—that we unearthed—who is represented in that staid tome, the New York Social Register. Whatever her immediate antecedents were, is not recorded . . . only that she was a Seymour. But her marriage to George T. Brokaw put her up with the brightest stars in the Manhattan social world.

But Mrs. Brokaw was not doing any matrimonial slumming when she married a Hollywood film actor. It was recently revealed that one of Henry Fonda's ancestors was a passenger on the *S. S. Mayflower*, which makes him very First Family, indeed.

Perhaps the infusion of society blood into Hollywood's gelatin gentry is changing the film colony's social structure. We're getting classy! The other night the first of its kind on the West Coast came about—a Butlers' Ball at the Biltmore Bowl, very much like New York's and London's similar dances. It was sponsored by Staff Service, an organization formed within the year to raise the status of domestic help to that of a profession.

Who knows—maybe Society will become the aggressor, a custom so popular abroad, and "take over" Hollywood? Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., says "Tucky" Astor, who recently visited in Hollywood, found it good. If Society does "take over" it will be interesting to see who will make the adjustments and who will do the "adapting."

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● *The stylish "hair-do" you wouldn't even have attempted before, is easily yours—because Mar-O-Oil Shampoo leaves your hair gloriously smooth, easy to manage—brings out full natural beauty. You'll say, "Mar-O-Oil Is Marvelous!"*

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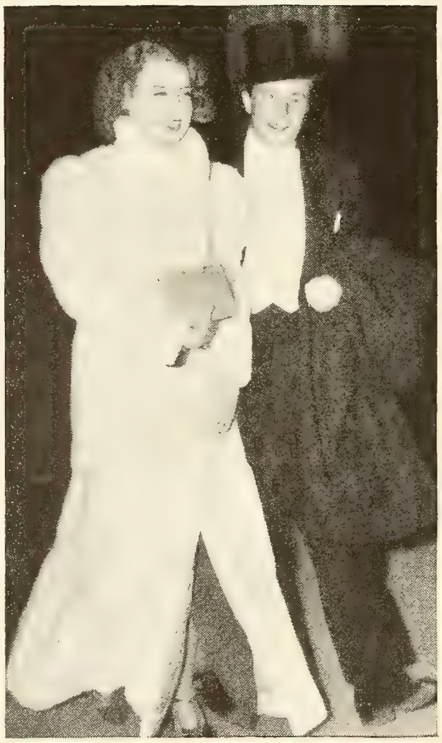
[*Continued from page* 78]

After making so many films, including *Gone With the Wind*—in which he plays *Gerald O'Hara*—Tom Mitchell, Hollywood's busiest actor, finds relaxation. His latest is *Three Cheers for the Irish*



All togged out in ermine and white tie, tails and toppers are Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond for Stokowski Benefit

Tattler does NOT mean the colloquial kind of "heart attack" either.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Eddy Duchin and Meredith Howard—
There's a twosome that hasn't soured!

QUAINTEST divorce-reason of years, in Hollywood, was the complaint on which gorgeous Fay Helm got her divorce

[*Continued on page* 85]

The Slapsie Maxie Rosenblooms who were married by justice of peace 6 months ago—have followed through with a religious ceremony. Maxie is taking wifey to see *My Little Chickadee*

What Young Men Should Know About Love in Hollywood

[*Continued from page 22*]

and the word "husband" stuck in my throat and I thought, gosh, that'd go hard with all those thousands of letters in eager feminine handwriting, all beginning "Dear Richard Greene."

I'd better find out about this, I says to myself . . . And then Richard came out of the deluge of congratulations and pats on the back which had submerged him since we first sat down and he was saying to me: Did I understand you to say, congratulations, when we first came in? If so, thanks so much, the picture has . . ."

"I wasn't talking about the picture," I told him.

"Oh, no? What, then?"

"Why, you're going to be married," I told him, "you know, to Virginia Field. I read it in the papers. I'm not ashamed to know what I read in the papers, Will Rogers wasn't. . . ."

"I read it in the papers, too," smiled Richard, then, "and so did Virginia. We weren't particularly surprised. Hollywood makes life such fun, you know, actually gives it another dimension . . . for did you ever realize that we have two lives, really, we who are on the screen . . . the lives we actually live ourselves and the lives we *read* we are living?"

"You mean that you and Virginia are NOT going to get married?"

"I wouldn't say that," he answered, "I mean only that Virginia and I have not made any plans for getting married. We have set no time, no date, not even a tentative one. . . ."

"But you are 'going steady,' aren't you?" I persisted. "It *is*, Serious?"

Richard smiled, and answered in his easy, matter-of-fact way.

"We are, indeed, 'going steady' if by that you mean going exclusively with each other and no one else. Neither of us has had a date with anyone else for the past seven months.

"WHEN you find all the qualities in one girl," Richard said, "it seems to me to be pretty silly to go shopping around further. I mean, why take one girl out for her sense of humor, another for her beauty, another because she's a good dancer, another because you like to talk to her, when you've found all of those qualities in one girl . . . and I have found them all in Virginia.

"She has a marvelous sense of humor, I think she is very beautiful, she dances divinely, we laugh at the same things, we're interested in the same things, we're both English and we're both in pictures . . . so that answers that. And we do believe that we are serious, as you so quaintly put it. We do believe, now, that one day we shall be married. But when that day will dawn is still entirely over the horizon and out of sight. We have so many things to accomplish first.

"What we do eventually depends on so many things, and circumstances, our careers and what we do with them, things still unresolved which must be resolved before we take so definite a step. Besides, we are entirely happy as we are now, so there seems to be no immediate reason for changing things, and every reason for not changing things . . ." (I could think of several thousand reasons for "not changing things," all of them *fans*, if you know what I mean!)

I ventured (and perhaps it was wishful thinking), "Perhaps you're not sure?"

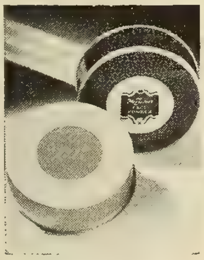
"I wouldn't say that," he answered, "I don't think that either of us would or could say that, feeling as we do now. Naturally, we both know that the emotions are unpredictable things, that cataclysms do occur in Nature and all that. No, its simply that we're happy as we are, and very busy, and we both feel that there's no reason why we shouldn't take plenty of time.

"I don't believe in divorces. If people marry and become intolerably unhappy there's no other solution, of course. But I do believe in using every precaution against such a solution ever becoming necessary. I don't believe in rushing into marriage lightly. I don't think the—You're-a-pretty-girl-and-I'm-not-bad-looking-myself-and-we-have-a-good-time-together-let's-go is even the beginning of a basis for marriage. . . ."

"But in Hollywood," I told this young man with the amazingly mature mind, "in Hollywood, isn't love all pretty confusing and feverish, here today and gone tomor-

[*Continued on page 86*]

Irene Dunne
IN RKO-RADIO'S
"My Favorite Wife"



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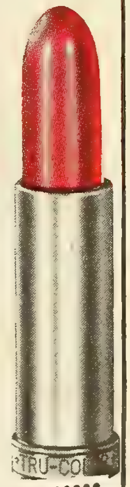

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SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐

EYES
Blue ☐
Gray ☐
Green ☐
Hazel ☐
Brown ☐
Black ☐

LASHES (*Color*)
Light ☐
Dark ☐

AGE

HAIR
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Buy Dr. Hand's from your druggist today

Just rub it on the gums
DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION

Leading a Double Life

[*Continued from page* 56]

But at night! She uses a blue mascara that makes her eyes seem larger and deeper and starry. She wears a colored eye shadow—sometimes two, applying one all over the lid, the other as an overtone close to the lashes. And for a very special occasion, she uses an iridescent eye shadow to give a star-dust look to her lids.

Do you change your lipstick and face powder in the evening—or do you wear the same shades you've had on all day? Electric lights make a difference in your coloring, because they take all the pink tones out of your skin, and make you look sallow—unless you're careful. Wear your rachel and suntan powder, your new rust tones of lipstick in the bright sunlight—but pick a pinker powder and a rosier, raspberry toned lipstick for your dancing evening. You can apply all your make-up a little more liberally then, because you need more make-up to get a glowing natural effect than you do in the daytime.

DON'T take me too literally and powder so heavily that you get a floury effect. But powder enough so that you won't have to reapply it frequently. The real trick of lasting make-up is this: Use a foundation cream or lotion first, to soften the skin and smooth out any rough areas. Apply it sparingly, then blend it evenly with your fingertips. This leaves a slightly moist surface film on the skin, and that in turn, makes your make-up stick. Press your puff firmly into your powder box, then pat it lightly all over your face and throat, working upwards from the base of your neck to your forehead. Let that set a minute, then dust it off lightly with a powder brush or fluff of cotton. Another square of cotton, saturated with skin freshener or astringent, and patted lightly over your finished make-up helps to set it—and gives you a dewy look that's mighty becoming by sun or candle light.

If you're out in the sun and wind much, you'll want to choose a powder base that will help protect your skin from chapping and burning—and keep it lubricated at the same time. Why not write me for the name of a foundation cream that does all that—and keeps make-up perfectly in place too? It's a vanishing type cream and seems to disappear into the skin. But it leaves an invisible film on the surface to which powder and rouge adhere quickly and long. The cream itself contains certain skin vitalizing agents that work, all unseen, to keep the surface texture smooth and soft. It goes on easily, blends evenly—and a little goes a long way. It's inexpensive too—prices run as low as 10 cents. Interested?

If you're looking for a rosy powder to flatter your skin at night, I'll be glad to give you the name of one. It comes in three pinkly glowing shades that will do things for you (there are several skin shades more on the rachel tone, too). The first is a rose cream, delicate as a baby's flush, ideal for silver blondes and fair-skinned redheads. Next, and slightly darker, is rose dawn—it's rosy and warm, but still delicate enough for most blondes and for the Irish brunette, with her dark hair, green eyes and fair skin. For the dark brunette, there's still another shade, warm and glowing, really lovely. It should be good with that first tan. It's a good idea to wear a darker tone of powder, as well as a warmer one, at night, so you might experiment with two of these shades. You can get a generous amount for 10 cents, and larger sizes as well. The manufacturer, by the way, has just brought out a very fine booklet on skin care. I'll be glad to tell you where to get it. Want his name?

Have you ever tried a liquid lipstick? They're just about the most indelible I know of. You can take it from me that they won't come off when you drink hot coffee or soup, eat ice cream—or kiss your best beau. My favorite liquid lip-coloring comes in several ravishing shades that look practically good enough to eat. For instance, there's Scarlet, a true-true red that is a honey with sporty browns, yellows, greens and reds. Wear it with your navy blue suit, with your white pique tennis dress—or your sharkskin bathing suit. Didn't I tell you it's waterproof? With purples and pastels, and under evening lights, I recommend Orchid. It's sure to give you a lift!

If you want to add curves to your mouth, you'll find it easy with this liquid coloring, because there's a handy squeegee applicator attached to the top of each bottle. Be sure that your lips are dry, and free of any cream or lotion, separate them slightly—then go to work. Rest your little finger on your chin, to steady your hand if you wish. Build up your mouth at the corners, or make yourself a new bow. No one will ever know where your lips stop and the artifice begins, because the liquid colors them both to the same intensity. Let the coloring dry thoroughly before you moisten the lips or press them together. That drying period is what gives the color its permanence, and keeps the bright film on your lips till you remove it. A dollar bottle lasts a *long* while. Want to know more?

MOST eyelashes are lighter at the tips, so they don't show their full length. If you're smart, you'll realize this, and realize also that long, dark lashes make all eyes look larger and brighter. And you'll take advantage of mascara to darken your lashes and make them look longer. Please don't think that eye make-up is necessarily artificial and theatrical looking. You can apply mascara so it looks natural. Here's how: Put just a tiny bit of mascara on your brush, tilt back your head, half-close your eyes, and brush the lashes gently upwards. This transfers the color to the lashes, and helps train them in a swooping curl. Now, before the mascara is fully dry, take a clean brush, and separate the lashes with upward strokes. That prevents a beaded effect, and makes the lashes look like a velvety fringe.

Cream mascara is one of the easiest and quickest kinds to use, because it doesn't have to be mixed with water. It's already of the proper consistency to go on your lashes. I found one the other day that is so smooth you'll find it extra easy to apply. You won't get a beaded or spiky effect with it, nor will you find it running or smudging into under-eye mascara circles. The tube of mascara and the brush are housed in the cunningest little black and coral container—so you can carry them in your purse without fear of leakage! Brown, black and blue are the mascara colors, and the price is only 10 cents. Do send for the name.

Did you notice Jane Wyman's nails? They're long—but not claws. They make her fingers seem slim and tapering and elegant for an evening occasion, but they won't be out of place when she plays badminton. For an extra glamor note in the evening, Jane picks one of those new opalescent polishes. It's a rosy shade to begin with, but the polish seems to contain bits of gold and silver dust that give an iridescent effect when her nails catch the light. The opalescent feature is available in one of my favorite polishes—I'm sure it's your pet, too. In fact, you can get three different shades in this iridescent polish. The first is a delicate, clinging vine pink—for spring pastels and filmy evening things; the second is a radiant rose, to go with blues, and clearer tones; and the last, a soft, shimmering red for navy, black, your white dance dress—and patriotic red, white and blue. All three polishes are frankly feminine, and will make you feel party-minded. They're priced at 35 cents—want the name?

Neither the dance floor nor the tennis court is a place to take chances with perspiration odor. Why not make sure you won't offend your partner by using a dainty cream perspiration check regularly? It disappears completely into the skin, and won't harm your party frock. And it's so mild you can use it immediately after shaving if you wish. The cream checks perspiration from one to three days—depending just how much you need it! There's a small size at 10 cents—write me for the name so you can try it.

A word about perfumes. Don't try to wear a heavy Oriental scent to the office or horseback riding. Neither the boss nor the horse will appreciate it. Delicate floral bouquets or spicy scents are in good taste wherever you go. Why not try the exciting carnation perfume I've been wearing lately? It'll make you feel gay, and sophisticated too, because it's fresh as a spring garden and tangy as autumn. It's wonderful on furs, and will hold its scent equally well on your skin or your hair—because it takes on a certain personal quality from the chemicals of your skin! Best of all, it's so inexpensive (one dime) you'll be amazed such a nice perfume could be bought for so little.

Write me before May 15th if you would like the names of any of the products in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

The Ups and Downs of Robert Cummings

[*Continued from page* 49]

Running to the car we said something about taking time out to sew on a pair of wings and at this, Cummings just laughed. "I'll take care of that," he said. Then he looked at the sky and pointed to a big, white, fat cloud that seemed to be coasting along bound nowhere in particular. "We'll be sitting on that in about thirty minutes—and then we'll talk about the movies." And we said something about the air doing us a lot of good—and from then on it was all aviation.

He could talk the flying jargon like an old-timer we admitted to that. He appeared to have all the facts and figures at his tongue-tip. He apparently knew fliers, too, judging from the way he reeled off some famous names. And ships. There wasn't a make, from the old Jennies to the latest army pursuit ships, that he didn't know about.

By this time we were in his car, roaring down a highway that led, we expected, to his home. But did we get fooled again! We didn't stop until he skidded to a stop in front of an airfield and when we climbed out some long, lean, and lanky mechanic shouted: "Hiya, Bob! Th' old crate's ready for yah. Bill just had her up for a warm-up and she's slicker than a seal's back!"

Pretty soon another mechanic came up and handed a leather helmet and a pair of goggles to Cummings and the same to yours truly who'd be all kinds of a liar if he wrote that by now he was cool, calm, and collected. The "old crate" was squatting nearby, purring like a hungry cat over a pan of cream and without more ado we walked over and climbed in.

There was another guy at the door of the ship and I thought he was the co-pilot and then the door closed quickly, and Cummings said "Here we go!" and gave the old crate the gun and quicker than a yes-man could give his boss the nod, we were off the ground and slanting upward toward that fat, lazy, white cloud.

Cummings grinned at us and yelled something that was supposed to be of an encouraging nature, but we did not deign to answer because the butterflies in our stomach were flying high, wide and handsome. We said a few urgent prayers and hoped for the best.

Well, we hit that cloud. Went under it, over it, and through it. We banked and turned, dipped up and down like a roller-coaster and gradually our spasms of nervousness wore away and we leaned back to enjoy the scenery. Cummings, we said to ourselves, as we got more and more confident in his ability to handle the plane, knew what he was about, and when he slowed down the speed and we could yell without splitting a tonsil we asked him a question or two. About flying. And this is what we found out, a mile high in the air.

He's been flying for 12 years. He owns his own plane. He's the only private pilot in Hollywood to rate an instructor's license, having been the first person in the United States to whom such a license was issued.

HE INSTRUCTS a class of ten of his movie pals—free—and some day, if he gets fed up with the movies, plans on making a living teaching fledglings how to fly. Sonja Henie is his latest pupil and has proven the easiest to teach.

He has the largest and most authoritative library on aviation in California. He insists flying is an inexpensive hobby. Once had a whole year of flying all over California and Texas at a cost of only $625.

During last September's hot spell he was working in the Henie picture *Everything Happens at Night* and to insure himself a good night's rest after working in the intense heat all day he'd fly his ship after working hours into northern California, bed down at some friend's ranch, and return in the early morning in time for shooting and feeling as fit as a fiddle.

He's a bit jealous of his flying friend, Wallace Beery, who has 6,000 flying hours to his credit, has been appointed by President Roosevelt as one of two flyers (not in active service) who can take any available navy plane from any field and fly it to any part of the country. Cummings says he'll never be happy until he has the same honor.

He's a member of a group of movie colony

Pale Cheeks don't thrill hearts!

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The eye of the motion picture camera is no more critical than the eyes of men you wish to admire you. No man craves to touch a corpse-like cheek.

Any woman, no matter how young in body or mind, adds unwanted years to her looks by going about with white, lifeless cheeks. Colorless cheeks are repellent . . . they look sickly . . . corpse-like . . . cold . . . no one wants to touch them. And flat, one-tone rouges do little better. They look "fakey" . . . painted and repellent, too. They give you artificial, lifeless color . . . no radiance . . . no way to charm. But oh how different is lively duo-tone rouge! It's really alive . . . it glows . . . its color looks real, as if it came from within . . . it radiates vivacity . . . sweetness . . . so warm that no one, just NO one, can ever resist its invitation! Duo-tone rouge is the easiest in the world to get, too. You simply ask for PRINCESS PAT ROUGE. All stores have it in all shades. See them . . . one is sure to be YOUR *"shade of romance"* . . . the shade that will make *YOU* look younger . . . more really exciting to hearts!

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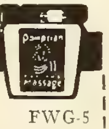

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pilots who hope to form a pursuit squadron. Negotiations are already under way to have an army pilot get a leave of absence to teach them the intricate aerial maneuvers of squadron formations. . . . So much for the aviation side of our Hollywood birdman who finally decided to set us down after an hour of cloud-jumping.

As to his picture career—we learned something about that, too, over a couple of cups of coffee at the airport restaurant, and we venture to say that he's going to climb as high—or higher—in pictures than he has in the air. He's that kind of a talented young man. . . . Robert is a Joplin, Missouri, boy, the son of Dr. Charles Cummings and Ruth Kraft Cummings.

"After attending school in my home town," he says, "I sort of rounded off my education at Carnegie Tech, hoping that in time I might become an engineer. I enjoyed the course and I might have graduated as a full-fledged engineer, but I got mixed up in acting having acquired a taste for grease-paint in college theatricals. So, not satisfied with a mere taste but hungering for a full meal, I gave up my technical studies, went to New York and became a student in the American Academy of Dramatic Arts. After I graduated I went to Chicago and enrolled in the Perfect Voice Institute and sometime later, sure that with all this theatrical knowledge lodged where it would do the most good, it would be a cinch to win a role in some play, I stepped out to seek whatever fame and fortune there was behind the footlights.

And was I surprised and humiliated! I never knew, until three months had gone by that the word "no" could be uttered in so many different—and emphatic—ways by so many different—and emphatic—agents and producers. Well, after getting kicked around until I was dizzy I decided to do something drastic about the career of one Robert Cummings and the way I did it was this."

The way he did it was to sell an insurance policy for $600 and board a boat headed for England. Since practically every agent and producer had told him that what they wanted at the moment were Englishmen for plays, Cummings figured that it might be a smart idea to become one and that the only way to become one was to go where they lived. It was a fantastic, crazy plan looking at it at first glance, and a daring one and with no apparent hint of success in it. Not to anyone except to Cummings, of course, who was determined to make those New York agents eat word—since all Cummings ever heard them say was "no."

ONCE landed in merry old England, Cummings bought himself a motorcycle and for weeks toured the highways and byways of the British Isles.

"In time," he says, "I acquired the accent, the idiom and the topography of the country. It was a lot of fun, but I didn't let pleasure interfere with my main reason for coming."

We'll say he didn't. Arriving at a small English town one bright afternoon, he had his picture taken in front of the theatre and after getting a few dozen prints made (with the necessary retouching) he mailed them back to New York and in a short while the agents and producers learned that one Blade Stanhope Conway, actor, author, manager, and producer, was prepared to consider American offers! Can you beat it! Well, the manner in which those New York "No" men fell for the hoax was a caution. Cummings got offers by the score!

"I sifted 'em all out," Cummings relates, with a smile that showed he was still pleased about his trick, "and finally decided to accept a part in Charles Hopkins' *The Roof* as my first American play. Well, Mr. Blade Stanhope Conway fooled Broadway for years, no foolin'. After *The Roof* caved in, I had roles in Earl Carroll's *Vanities* and Ziegfeld's *Follies*. I was with the *Follies* for three years, still keeping up my masquerade as an Englishman."

Around about 1935 the Hollywood studios began casting its casting eyes on Robert Cummings, alias Blade Stanhope Conway, who politely refused all nibbles to appear in pictures. Finally, though, he decided to do something about it and when the time came he repeated his hoaxing stunt by fooling Paramount into believing that he was fresh from the wide open spaces of the Lone Star State when the studio wanted a native Texas actor for a role in *So Red the Rose*.

"It was fairly easy to shuck off my English accent and mannerisms and take on the Texas drawl since a "Show Me" and a "Longhorn" speak with the same tonal qualities. Besides, once a Missourian, always a Missourian. At any rate, my second masquerade was successful enough so that the studio signed me to a long-term contract during the life of which I made seventeen pictures, among them being *Souls at Sea, Last Train From Madrid, Wells Fargo, The Texans,* and *Touchdown Army*. After this last one I free-lanced long enough to play the leading role in Republic's *I Stand Accused*. Then over to Universal to play the lead in Deanna Durbin's *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*. That was a fine picture, if I do say it myself."

WE AGREE one hundred per cent. It was not only fine for Universal and for Deanna Durbin, but it was fine for our gay masquerader. So far as his motion picture career was concerned Cummings grew up when those Three Smart Girls Grew Up.

His role, that of a young musician, was an acting highlight of the picture. Universal signed him up to a long-term contract the next day following the picture's preview. Right now every studio in town is trying to get him on loan-outs. So far 20th Century-Fox has been the lucky one, Cummings appearing in this studio's *Everything Happens at Night*.

Sudden popularity, according to Cummings, has its drawbacks. After the preview of *Three Smart Girls Grow Up* he went to a dinner party given in his honor and for the first time in years ate fried chicken. It was the first time in years that he'd eaten meat of any kind and he ate it at this party so as not to offend his hostess. She didn't know that he was a strict vegetarian!

Having played the part of a night-spot musician in the picture he thought it would be a gentlemanly gesture to pay a visit to one of the swanky restaurants. "But never again," he says. "I ordered a lettuce sandwich and a glass of cider and guess what the bill was? 18 big round dollars! And that ain't lettuce as we say along Hollywood Boulevard. I'm a drive-in beanery addict now."

We forgot to say, and it might as well be mentioned here, that he's tried his hand—or voice, rather—in radio, having appeared in Collier's Hour, with John B. Kennedy, the George Washington Coffee Hour, the Fred Allen program, straight man for Milton Berle and as leading man in the Pond radio show, *Those We Love* with Nan Grey, the Universal starlet.

We might mention, too, that he just moved into a new home in San Fernando Valley. He built it, he says, so he could host his first cocktail party. His wife, Vivian Janis, whom he married in 1935, says he built it because he wanted a real home, being a Joplin boy at heart still. She's probably correct. Being an A No. 1 woodworker, like his pal, Ray Milland, he designed and constructed half of the furniture for the new home.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 80]

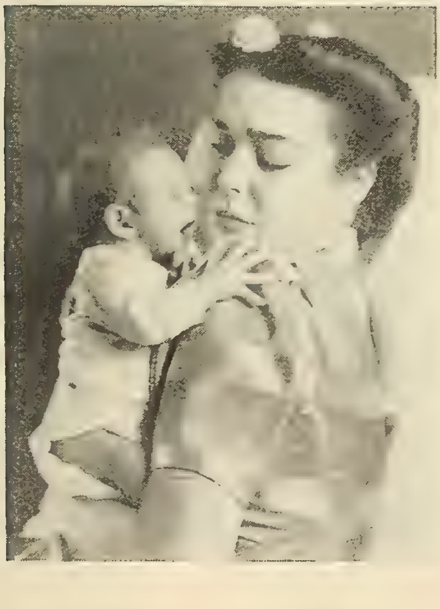
Love that bloomed when *Grapes of Wrath* was being made, culminated in marriage between Dorris Bowdon (Rosasharn) and Nunnally Johnson

from that lawyer she married once. Seems that Fay complained that her hubby thought so much of his stamp collection that he spent all his spare time with it, and left her alone.

◆

AFTER playing around here and there, Dick Purcell suddenly is in love. Dick himself says so. He says

[*Continued on page* 89]



Joan Woodbury is hurt to see daughter Wendy Joan cry so lustily. Their husband and dad is actor Henry Wilcoxon

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What Young Men Should Know About Love in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 81]

row? And is there any help for it? There should be some rules and axioms, I think, about What Every Young Man Should Know About Love in Hollywood . . . if you had a kid brother, for instance," I said, "who was coming to Hollywood, what advice would you give him. . .?"

"I DON'T think I'd give him any advice at all," said Richard, "I don't think advice is much good. Experience is the thing, the only thing, your own experience . . . I mean, I think your Every Young Man should know as much about love as possible *before he comes to Hollywood.*

"I think he should know as much about life as possible. I think he should have had a chance to kick his sense of values around a few playing fields until they at least begin to stand right side up. I think he should know something about himself . . . that's my idea, anyway, if anyone cares."

"Did you?" I asked.

"Yes, I'd say that I'd had more experience than most fellows my age," Richard said, consideringly. "I think I'd had as much experience as, say, the average man of twenty-six or twenty-seven. I'd made most of the mistakes and taken my medicine for many of them. Every pretty girl I met I fell madly in love with and was perfectly prepared to marry. I did all the immature things, all the vague things. I crowded a good many experiences in two or three years. Not that it's original with me, but I don't think it's time that matters so much—it's what you do with time. . . .

"I'm sure, for instance, that an hour in a front line trench under fire would mature a man far more than a year in a hotel parlor, playing tiddledy-winks. . . .

"Yes, I had one strike when I came here, I'd say, thanks to my background more than to anything else. I come of a theatrical family, you know. My dad, he's gone now, was Richard Greene, Senior. My grandparents were in the theatre. My mother, known on the stage as Kathleen Gerrard, my aunts and uncles are still active in the theatre. Well, you can see what this means . . . it means that I was weaned on paint and powder.

"Glittering ladies," laughed Richard, "fed me my first pureed vegetables and told me bedtime stories. Then I went to work when I was pretty young, on the stage in London, touring the British Isles and elsewhere with a Repertory company . . and . . . well, then, actresses are the same the world over, you know. From Bombay to Hollywood actresses are glamorous, beautifully dressed, practiced in the Art of Being Pleasing to Men.

"So that I had in all some four or five years before I ever came to Hollywood of knowing some of the most beautiful and exciting women in the world. And if it's at all possible, that's definitely what every young chap should have before he comes to Hollywood—that kind of experience, I mean—not only because it seasons him a little, professionally, but more because it seasons him emotionally . . . sort of salts him down," laughed Richard. . . .

"But even with my background," smiled Richard, then, the tolerant smile of the man for the antics of the boy he once was . . . "even so, my first eighteen months in Hollywood were pretty much absorbed with the pretty faces, so many pretty faces. . .

"Why, Great Scott, pretty faces in Hollywood surround you like the Wall of Troy, you see them not only in the studios, on the sound stages, but handing you your hamburger. . . .

"That's certainly one of the things your Every Young Man Should Know," laughed Richard, "that *all* of the girls in Hollywood are pretty, not just the actresses, but all the girls, most of whom came here hoping to be actresses, I suppose.

"YES, it is a more vivid life out here than anywhere else in the world. There are more temptations, sure there are. It's all more unsettling. *It's too easy to get what it should be hard to get.* It's a madcap place, this town. It's a gold-mining town, too. It's a place where a five dollar bill is just like a one dollar bill anywhere else. It's full of people who make money overnight . . . money they've dug for just overnight, maybe, maybe for just a few weeks. Money that lies close to the surface, under the top-soil, and they haven't had to drill through granite to get it.

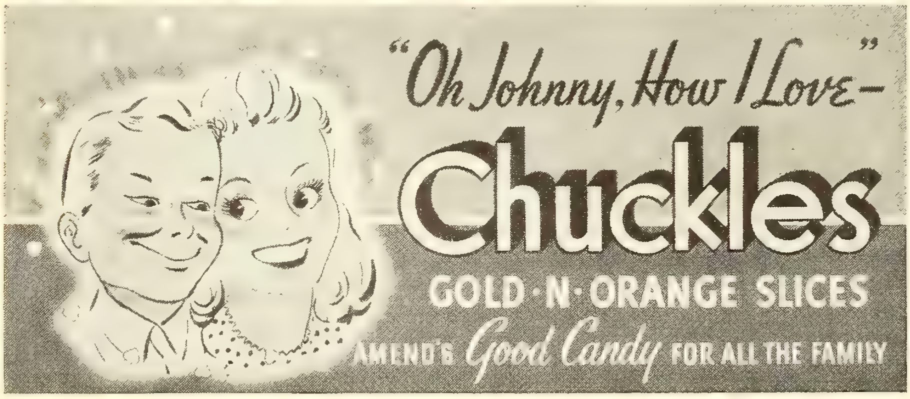
"And so, with everything . . . everything is liable to come too easy . . . love, among other things. Or love's little stand-in . . . You may run the danger of not having to dig for love, either, you may run the grave risk of not having to earn it, not have to work and wait for it.

"I have something of the old-fashioned in me, I guess," said Richard. (so much wiser than I'd expected him to be that I was having myself a time keeping up with all this) "I still believe that a thing worth having is worth working for and waiting for and *should* be worked for and waited for. Which is another thing your Every Young Man Should Know, by the way . . . that it's apt to be easy come, in Hollywood, and if it's easy come, it's easy go . . . And so we should all put a stop-watch on our emotions and impulses, and listen and learn . . . that is, if we want to have any self-respect when we're older. And I do," said Richard. He paused to plunge into pie a la mode before he continued.

"So, anyway, when I first came here, the first three months I was here, it was like going to my first party and being scared that I'd miss a trick . . . I was perfectly content to date a different girl every night or so, and did, perfectly content to just go about, to Palm Springs, to the races, to wherever the crowds were going. . . ."

"Didn't you," I interrupted here, "didn't you have a couple of publicity romances, too?"

" 'Publicity romances?' " Mr. Greene's inquiring eyes said, "Information, please. . . ."


"Oh Johnny, How I Love—"
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"Sonja Henie," I explained, "Arleen Whelan, Loretta Young. . . ."

"Oh, I see what you mean . . . I didn't get it, right off. No, they were NOT publicity romances. Are there really such things? I wouldn't know. I certainly didn't have any. I certainly *wouldn't* have any. I most emphatically would not take a girl out unless I found her attractive and wanted to take her.

"It seems to me that this publicity romance idea is a pretty poor one. It makes a fellow seem a perfect sap and a touch of a heel and it is certainly not complimentary to the girl involved. If my studio should ask me to take an attractive girl to a premiere, for instance, escort her to dinner or the theatre, I'd probably be delighted, why not? But that wouldn't be pressure from the publicity department—that would be a suggestion quite in accord with my own desire.

"If, however, I was asked to 'pretend' to be having a romance which I was not having, for publicity reasons, I would most certainly refuse. In other words," said Richard, firmly, "I have never gone out with a girl, in Hollywood or elsewhere, unless I wanted to go out with her and unless she, at the time, wanted to go out with me.

"BUT to cut back . . . after my first months here I then went to the other extreme. I got very introspective. I got the What-Am-I-Doing-With-My-Life-Out-Here bug. And then—then I hurt my leg. The pain of that must have acted on me somewhat the way insulin shock acts on mental cases. I went through so much pain. I didn't know so much pain existed and when I came out of it, I suddenly knew what it felt like to be older. I felt that it had exorcised all surplus things in me, all the immature things, the vague things. I felt more definite than I'd ever felt in my life before. When I left the hospital I realized what a kid I was, what a kid I'd been. That was a turning point with me. The pain made a sharp, permanent incision between the way I had been and the way I am now. And then I met Virginia. . . ."

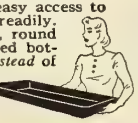
"And was that," I asked, "love at first sight, a sudden thing?"

"No. Oh, no. We'd met quite some time before we started to go out together. We'd met months and months ago, on a soundstage, by the way, both of us being in the same studio. But a long time passed before we started to go out together, before we said more than 'Hullo, how are you' when we met here in the cafe or around the lot. Once we did go out together, however, that was that. . . .

"So, since my time in the hospital, since Virginia and I have been going together, my life has taken a certain form and a pattern is beginning to emerge. I feel now that I've got some footing here. I feel that I have my life now. I mean, I feel that I've caught the bird by the tail, have him in my hands, know the shape and feel of him, his potentialities, how far he may go, and in what direction, where his wings are clipped and where they can soar . . . In other words, I'm beginning to know what I'm doing.

"I know what I *want* to do, anyway, in my work, in my personal life. I'm happier than I've ever been before, and its a more lasting, more contented sort of happiness than I've ever known. But I've got to get used to my new perspective, you see, before I take any definite steps in any direction. I'm jealous of my freedom and of my new found, how shall I put it, maturity? . . . Well," said Richard, as he piloted me out of the restaurant, "I don't know that I've done much to help that Every Young Man of yours, but" he laughed, "as of this day and hour I've told you everything I can think of to tell you about myself, how things are with me. . . ."

Her Heart's Desire
No. 4810



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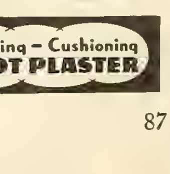

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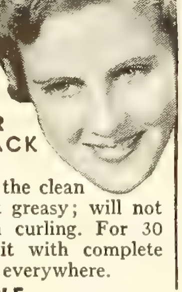

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Stars Over Broadway

[*Continued from page* 14]

ex, who enjoys Miriam's gentler moments. . . . Robert Stack, who received Deanna Durbin's first screen kiss, is my vote for the nicest newcomer in the juvenile ranks. . . . Maybe it's because he comes of a theatrical family (his uncle is Richard Bonelli of the "Met") that he is taking his success and a million dollar inheritance in his stride. . . . Your true theatre folk can be casual about everything but The Part. . . . Bobby's next role will be in a Dietrich picture. . . . He's romancing Cobina Wright, Jr., but is too young for marriage . . . twenty-two. . . . Besides, he believes it hurts an actor until he is firmly set.

REBELS' RETURN: Joyously, Jean Muir dropped her organization activities with the American Guild of Variety Artists to depart for the M-G-M lot. . . . She replaces Virginia Bruce who asked for a contract release. . . . Jean's career came to a standstill several years ago when she made herself heard on the Warner lot . . . and suddenly discovered that Hollywood didn't think any more of her than she thought of the film city. . . . Her test for *Of Mice and Men* last summer won the interest of the Metro producers even though the part she tested for went to Betty Field. . . . Frances Farmer is also trying to get back in the good graces of the Hollywood citizenry. . . . Her breakup with playwright Clifford Odets caused her to give up her role in the Franchot Tone play and return to Seattle for a short visit with her family. . . . Frances is really heartbroken and may never return to Broadway. . . . Her generosity to less fortunate friends hasn't improved her financial position. . . . If her motion picture fans rally round perhaps her return to the screen will restore her to the promising place she occupied after *Come and Get It*. . . .

HITTING THE NIGHT SPOTS: Jeffrey Lynn and Doris Carson, a romantic twosome that is a holdover from their Broadway days, holding hands at the Beachcomber. . . . This should be an early wedding . . . if Jeff continues to make strides on the Warner lot. . . . Betty Grable at the La Conga being entertained by Desi Arnaz the night after Artie Shaw eloped with Lana Turner. . . . Desi and Betty are a steady pair . . . but they're not heading for a wedding. . . . Like most of the newer crop of starlets Betty is a level-headed lass . . . handles her own finances . . . and looks upon her career as practically as any stenographer. . . . She gets most of her fun bowling with the *Du Barry Was a Lady* chorus girls. . . . Margaret Sullavan still upping the camera lads at the Monte Carlo. . . . Garbo at the Monte Carlo with Gaylord Hauser . . . the first couple to be admitted to Felix Ferry's swank club in street clothes . . . everyone was too startled to stop her! . . . The Pat O'Briens and the Jimmy Cagneys staying up, oh, so late at the Kit Kat . . . just as interested in looking at Hedy Lamarr at a neighboring table as you would be. . . . The Cagneys spent a few weeks at Martha's Vineyard, returning for *The Fighting 69th* ballyhoo. . . . Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine beaming at El Morocco. . . . Financial difficulties cancelled the production of *Beaux Strategem* which was scheduled for Spring production. . . . Brian wanted to introduce his wife to legitimate audiences. . . . They're much too happy to be disappointed, though Joan is eager to make a debut on the stage.

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MASTER COMICS
15¢
MASTER MAN
WHITE RAJAH

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 85]

After being engaged for quite an itsy-bitsy time, Walter Wanger and Joan Bennett eloped to Phoenix. Reception followed at bride's home. *The House Across the Bay* is Joan's next opus

he's in love for the first time in his life, no matter what went before, and that he's simply GOT TO marry Lola Lane. . . . !

* * *

NEWEST vogue for Hollywood's newlywed brides is to renounce the career in favor of domesticity. Latest brides to come out with that declaration are (1) Jane Bryan and (2) Helen Ericson. Jane is now Mrs. Justin Dart, and Helen is Mrs. Philip Berman (he's a big fur and pelt man)—and both of them say they're gonna stop being movie actresses and just be Mrs's.

However, that's been said before, in Hollywood.

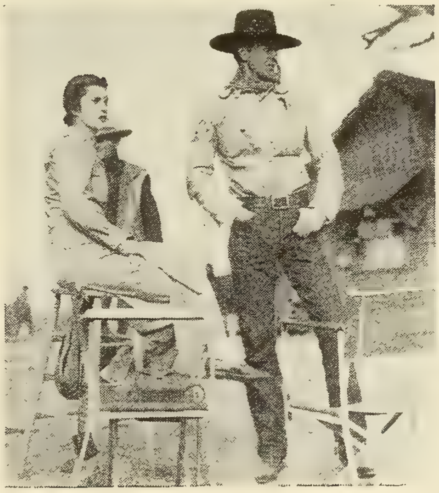
* * *

THAT years-discussed melting of Edna Best and Herbert Marshall has become a *fait accompli*. Edna has married agent Nat Wolff (they trained to NYC for honeymoon), and Bart recently hooked-up with Lee Russell (of course!).

MY, OH my, oh my, oh my—but you should have heard the out-loud bawling out Buddy Westmore got from Rosemary Lane, the other night, outside of that nightclub . . . !

If there was anybody else around to get an earful, he'd have heard plenty, including Rosemary's definite remark that "I'm through with you, you—" ahem!

And since then, Buddy and Rosemary haven't been twosoming. Maybe she meant it. But why?—that's what she isn't telling.



They like to dress alike. So when Gary Cooper was on location for *The Westerner* near Tucson, his wife copied his jacket—finds it an ideal sports coat

Maureen O'Hara goes in for masculine mess jackets—featuring red and white carnations in button-hole. Maureen stars in RKO's *Bill of Divorcement*

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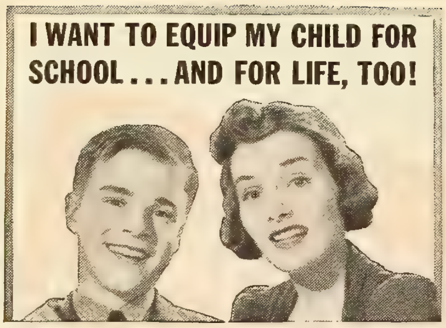

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How Douglas Escapes From It All

[*Continued from page* 21]

more utter escape from reality or routine could ANY man ask than that . . .?

This Mr. Douglas has done very well for himself, indeed. Tall and undeniably handsome, suave and soft-spoken as a stock salesman, shiny with an urbanity and worldliness that makes many another leading man look like a plowhand by contrast, and gifted with a rich flair for characterization and deft, light comedy, Melvyn Douglas has boosted himself into a spot in the Hollywood picture where he is today one of the most sought-after leading men in movies.

He gets himself a satisfyingly fat paycheck, and he's got a nice house and is building another. When he's done with his days work of being Garbo's lover or some other movie queen's, he can go home and be Helen Gahagan's lover, which is all right because he's her husband. He's got just about everything that any man, even a most acquisitive one, could ask for in this current world—everything, that is except peace of mind.

And Melvyn Douglas' peace of mind is sorely disturbed by the basic fact that the world is so constituted that everybody else can't have as many nice things as he has. Melvyn Douglas is utterly sincere about that—utterly and militantly, too. And so, being at a loss for the ability either to shut his eyes to the facts of the world as it is, or to adjust himself to live in it in mental and moral ease, Melvyn Douglas has set about the task of readjusting the world to himself.

Perhaps it's another manifestation of his basic escapism. But whatever it is, this banner-bearing crusading of Melvyn Douglas has resulted in the fact that he has become known more widely and more famously as a hard-working, hard-hitting reformer of the world's social ills and injustices, than as a movie actor, believe it or not!

TO HOLLYWOOD and its people and casting directors, he may be merely that leading man that's doing so nicely. But to the State of California, he is the earnest, active driving member of the State Relief Commission, and the State Welfare Board as well. To 150,000 dust bowl migrants, whose plight in California has made the world wonder, he is a shining knight in armor who is riding full-tilt in their behalf against whatever ogres of capitalism and fascism they can conjure up in their poverty-warped imaginations.

To those extra-official committees and leagues and organizations who devote themselves furiously to raising money for the underprivileged, he is a fellow-worker and a fine source of funds. And to the viewers-with-alarm, Melvyn Douglas is a rather obnoxious creature who has been called everything from "communist" to "parlor pink" and "why doesn't the Dies committee do something about him?"

To all of the hue-and-cry about him, Melvyn Douglas lends an unexcited and knowing ear. He knows that he isn't overly well-liked by certain persons and groups for what he is doing, but at the same time, he is sincerely and magnificently convinced of the justice of his cause, and to Melvyn Douglas, that's the only thing that matters. And it's probably his greatest pride in life that he has done more than any other luminous figure in Hollywood to translate into action the seething of discontent and resentment that had hitherto manifested itself

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HOLLYWOOD'S STRANGEST GHOST STORY

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only in table small-talk among the Hollywood "radicals," so-called.

To a friend, just the other day, Douglas said it this way:

"I have felt that all of us here in California, and all over the nation, too, were up against a crisis that demanded that everybody—man and woman—do anything possible to meet it intelligently. I felt that we actors were good for something besides entertaining people. Up to then, we'd just sit around dinner-tables and swimming-pools and say 'something ought to be done' about the things that are wrong in the social picture today. But none of us did anything about it; we left politics to politicians, which is bad business."

So Melvyn did something about it. He got into politics. And politics got into him. And so today, his work as a politician is just about balancing his work as an actor. He's one of the dependable men of the Olson administration in California's affairs. He and his wife are active on such bodies as the John Steinbeck Committee to aid the migratory farm workers in the state. And with it all, Melvyn Douglas is loud in his denunciations of those forces that call that sort of work "radical" or "communistic."

And that's that. It's a strange subject to discuss, when you're writing in a movie magazine about a movie star. Movie stars didn't used to be like that. In the bygone days, you'd write about their houses, or their love-lives, or their racing horses, or their philosophy about whether American girls have prettier legs than European ones, or whether Latins make lousy lovers, and you'd said your mouthful about them.

But today, this Hollywood is getting full of Melvyn Douglas and Melvyn Douglases. It's dishing out an awful belting to the one-time glamor and eccentricity of Hollywood. But maybe it's part of the world-wide leavening process of today that's replacing color and glamor and romance with the hard realities of a new social consciousness and order which points out that it should be much more important to know whether Joe Doakes has his bread-and-butter, than whether Gwendolyne Cinemastar has her quota of lovers and wolfhounds this week. Or whether Melvyn Douglas gets more mash notes in his fan-mail than Gable.

AND yet, ironical against Douglas' clear-burning idealism, is the fact that he does get mash notes, human nature being what it is. And when he and his wife and fellow-committeemen expected some 5,000 migrants at a big holiday party they'd worked up, more than 10,000 came—and even Melvyn Douglas had a sneaking suspicion that maybe half of them, at least, came to get a close-up look at movie stars, instead of to help the cause.

With all his crusading, Douglas has lost no whit of personal charm. He's no wild-haired, wild-eyed, soap-boxing screwball. He looks the prototype of wealthy, indolent, sophisticate man-of-the-world that would be the first target of revolutionists.

He positively enchants those with whom he converses. Ladies—young as well as old, but particularly the latter, fall for him like bowling-pins. There are some jealous souls around Hollywood who insist that Melvyn Douglas learned, by heart, every word of Dale Carnegie's *How To Win Friends and Influence People,* and practices it all the time. But they overlook the fact that of all things he is NOT, Melvyn Douglas is definitely NOT a back-slapper or an agreer-wither.

He won't "yes" anybody, be it Darryl Zanuck or the income-tax man. He fights for his views and his ideals with the tenacity of a fanatic, but not with a fanatic's irrationality. Instead, the cool, calm, low-voiced logic of his argumentation is so devastatingly effective that many a baiter who has tried to shout him down has come away badly licked. Nor will he truckle to the sensibilities or resentments of his fellow Hollywoodians.

In fact, very many of those who know him believe that he keeps his tongue pretty well in cheek when he talks about Hollywood and its folk. And at such times as he lets the tongue out of the cheek, it says some pretty hot things about Hollywood. One of the hottest came when somebody once tackled him on the subject of his dearest friend, John Steinbeck, and Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath.*

The baiter howled about the profanity and obscenity that Steinbeck puts into the mouths of his dust-bowl characters, and on that basis, the baiter tried to tear down the book. Douglas took just so much of it, and then he softly drawled—

"Look here—I've heard as much and even more profanity and obscenity from the mouths of Hollywood's great and near-great than I ever saw between the covers of Steinbeck's book, or heard on my visits to the migrants themselves!"

That shut his opponent up. Douglas is always shutting them up.

IN HIS private life, Douglas is unostentatious. Hollywood's nite-world rarely sees him or his wife. They prefer to spend their spare time and money helping the unfortunate, rather than in rhumba clubs. He wants to get beyond the constrictions of such a narrow social life as is represented by the Hollywood merry-go-round. That brings us back to his basic escapism, at last.

You see, from the very beginning, he's been trying to escape. One of Douglas' earliest memories is of the railing around his baby-crib. He still hates that with the hate that was born in his baby-mind, because it imprisoned him; it blocked him in. When he got old enough not to have an actual railing around him, he found himself inside an invisible railing, built of his parents' dominance. That dominance was frictional made it all the more a matter for resentment. His father's determination to make him a concert pianist sent him to endless dull recitals; his mother's wish that he be a lawyer grated against that. Melvyn, in desperation, thought he'd like to be a poet, instead.

They clashed, and finally, when everything went topsy-turvy once more because his pa got a job teaching music in the conservatory at Toronto, Canada, Mel's escapism broke all bounds. He was determined to get away from family restrictions and compulsions—and so he tried to enlist in the first world war. But he was only a kid, and didn't make the grade.

Nevertheless, that summer brought his first real "escape" from family. He got a job delivering for a drug-store. That led to open revolt, and next summer he got a job as ranch-hand, eight miles from any railroad.

In that job, there was planted a seed that must have grown into his particularly earnest partisanship today in behalf of farm workers as against farmers. One day, when the young farmhand Douglas got tired from hoeing a row of potatoes in the hot sun, he lay down briefly to rest. The farmer happened along at that unfortunate moment, and fired him for loafing on the job. So he went back to Toronto in a high rage because he didn't want to go back home—and he's never actually loved farm employers since!

It was in 1917 that the Hesselbergs

[*Continued on page* 94]

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Remodelled for Hollywood

[*Continued from page 37*]

alecks made book offering odds of ten to one that she wouldn't stick on the Fox lot more than a week, if that. They based their predictions on the fact that Zanuck is known as a frowning man whenever his talented hired hands display any brashness.

But as regards this particular episode, Zanuck fooled the bettors completely. He immediately sized up Kay for what she was —and is—an honest and fearless young lady, and boss and bossee have gotten along famously ever since that first confab.

Kay's reputation for manufacturing smartcracks on the spur of the moment lingers on, much to her annoyance. But there's compensation in that since she's been lingering on, too. In fact she has been the recipient of better-than-good featured roles in four pictures—with bigger ones to come long before the year does a fade-out.

IF KAY'S first official meeting with Zanuck caused such a commotion, imagine the vast amount of tongue-wagging that went on the morning following the Trocadero party given for his movie friends by no less a personage than the Maharajah of Indore. It was directed against Kay because she had had the audacity to hold up the gala event almost an hour.

Take any given number of movieland's elite who were present—and you'd find that every last one of them were snorting, and fretting. "The Aldridge girl's actions are preposterous! She's utterly impossible! Who the h— does she think she is! Wait until Darryl hears about this!" And so on and so on.

In other words, the jewel-emblazoned, ermine-wrapped ladies of the upper brackets wasted little time in pushing Kay into the dog-house and locking the door, they were that angry.

Now, so far as we know, the story of Kay's social faux pas has never been in print. As a matter of fact, the first time we ever heard about it was just the other day—from Kay herself.

To begin at the beginning, Kay was introduced to the Maharajah at the studio commissary one day during lunch and he added this compliment to others he had offered her: "You're the only girl I've seen in Hollywood who doesn't look as though you were wearing a mask."

Before the lunch was finished, His Highness invited her to the Troc party at which he was to be host—and of course Kay accepted.

Well, the night of the party arrived as did the ermine-wrapped, jewel-bedecked movie queens with the escorts, and everything was lovely until the Maharajah, scanning faces, discovered that Kay was missing. In less time than it takes to tell about it he was at a phone wanting to know the why and wherefore of her absence. And Kay, without any hemming and hawing, told him the reason.

"You may not know it," she said, "but in our country when a man invites a girl to a party he calls for her and takes her there."

Absorbing Lesson No. One in American manners, the Maharajah said: "I'll be right over," or words to that effect. "Will you please give me your address."

"I won't be home," Kay informed him in her best Southern accent. "I'll be over at my dressmaker's getting sewed into a new gown. You may call for me there."

And he called!

Leaving his own party flatter than a sticker on a trunk, he ordered his limousine and, with his son drove to the dressmaker's home and brought Kay to the Troc in what you and I call real style.

The trip took up the better part of an hour during which, as we've already stated, the elite of the studios got in their fuming and fretting.

But did all this furore bother Kay? Not on your life! She had what she still calls "the most pleasant evening I've spent since I came to Hollywood."

Now let's go back to Blandensfield and pick up Kay at the age of fourteen.

We select fourteen because it marks a milestone in her life, dating as it does the year when she quit wearing hand-me-down, over and under-sized garments given her by kind relatives and friends. Her father had passed away when she was three and she had been reared by her mother and three maiden aunts. One of her favorite recollections of childhood was "the five of us sitting around a watermelon patch."

It was when she was fourteen that she earned her first money, "I dug up buttercups at five cents an hour," she says. "And don't think that that money didn't come in handy."

Kay not only had the pleasure of shucking off her hand-me-down clothes and earning her first nickel at the age of fourteen. That same year marked her entrance into Maryland seminary where she studied diligently enough to complete the four year course in three. Her biggest thrill in school came when she was voted the prettiest girl in her class.

"But I received a greater shock," she admits, "when I read the list of various prizewinners and saw my name listed opposite three horrid little words, "the biggest nuisance."

The greatest thrill a year later came with her trip to Winchester, Virginia, where she reigned as the Apple Blossom Princess during the annual festival. Queen of this particular festive occasion was Mrs. John Hay Whitney.

"Following my graduation at sixteen," Kay says, "I obtained a job in the Federal Land Bank in Baltimore. A great number of other girls applied, all of them, I'll admit, more capable than I. But I got onto things after a time so that I remained with the bank for nine months getting my $15.50 each week and sending most of it back to Blandensfield where it was used for repairs and upkeep."

KAY would have stayed on most likely but for the fact that her department did a sudden fade-out compelling her to seek another job.

"I finally landed a secretarial position in the Army Headquarters of the Third Corps Area of Baltimore. I discovered later that one of the reasons why I got the job was because I wore my hair long.

Along about this time Kay got her first tough break—and we DO mean break!

Riding a frisky horse one holiday afternoon Kay began singing the chorus of an old cowboy ballad. Not being a cowpony, the nag simply went haywire. He gave a sudden jump, turned completely around in mid-air and off and down went Kay. She woke up in a hospital with a broken hip.

"It wasn't so bad after the first week," she claims. "One of the papers sent over a photographer for a picture and after it appeared in print I began to receive letters and phone calls suggesting that when I got well I become an advertising model. I said I'd think about it, but of course I had no idea of ever attempting work of that kind.

"All that concerned me then was my job at Army Headquarters and the salary that went with it. Well, eventually I got out of the hospital and back to my secretarial desk as happy to be earning money as I was to be alive. Three or four months later came the great day when I was invited to West Point by the cadets!

"It was at the dance there that I met several of the John Powers' models who suggested that I visit the commercial photographer the first time I came to New York. Well, I said to myself, there may be something to this modelling idea after all, especially since the Powers' girls had gone on record that I might do. Besides, there was the salary I might earn! Ten dollars an hour, so the girls told me! So. . . ."

SO KAY hurried back to Baltimore, went into a telephone huddle with her mother and three maiden aunts, got their consent to give the new job the old Southern try, and the next day headed for the Big Town. With her went the three dresses that constituted her wardrobe and her purse that contained all the money she had in the world—six dollars.

We next find Kay at Powers' office, where she sat in the waiting-room. She had forgotten to make an appointment, but that oversight failed to make a whit of difference, for Powers, entering his private-office, spotted her on the way in.

"He came over to where I sat," Kay recalls, "complimented me on what he called my 'perfectly balanced face' and then said that my pigtails would have to go. 'Just as soon as you cut them off,' he said, 'you can start right in.' Can you imagine that!

"Well, I couldn't and before I agreed to cut my hair I made Mr. Powers promise that if I failed to make good as a model he would find a job for me as a secretary. He surprised me by saying that he would. I was confident that I'd make good at one of the jobs at least."

Kay worked for Powers for two years and he kept her so busy that she became America's most photographed girl. Seven times in those two years she appeared on the covers of the big slick magazines.

"Being what Mr. Powers called the 'adaptable type,' I modelled everything from shoes to hair-nets. I posed as a bride more often than any other girl in the business, if that's worth mentioning as some sort of a record."

But being recognized as one of NewYork's famous models failed to impress the hired hands on the Blandensfield plantation. It wasn't until her picture began to appear in the Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck catalogues that they agreed that Kay amounted to something! And the pay was good! Don't think it wasn't!

Sometimes she earned as high as $300 a week. At $10 an hour it doesn't take long to earn that amount and Kay did it many times during the two years she posed before the commercial cameras.

And she'd most likely be earning that amount right now only she took a trip with Georgia Carroll, another Powers' model, and became a movie star!

"It was a free trip to Honolulu," Kay says, "with all expenses paid and arranged on tie-up with the Matson Line and a leading New York store. On the way back we stopped at San Francisco where we met Elsa Maxwell who suggested that we visit Hollywood. It was Elsa, later, who introduced us to Mr. Zanuck, and it was Mr. Zanuck who instructed Director Ratoff to test me for a role in *Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women.* The result, as you can well imagine, was a happy surprise for me. I got the role and a contract to go with it!"

Well, that's how things go in this town. One minute you're a Hollywood visitor, and the next minute you're in moom pitchers. Since that first role Kay has appeared in *Here I Am a Stranger,* and *Shooting High.*

Kay is a unique contribution to the talent of Hollywood. She's a glamor girl with a sense of humor. "You have to possess it," she insists, "to get along in this town. And here's something else I wish you would quote me on. I made my living from the *inside* of my head long before I did with the *outside* of it. That should help to correct the impression that all models are beautiful and dumb."

Not so long ago a columnist took a crack at Kay by saying that it was such a pity that a "girl as glamorous as Kay Aldridge should be seen in swanky night clubs wearing cotton clothes." Kay took care of that one. "In the first place," she argued back, "I don't like night clubs and visit them very rarely and then only on the spur of the moment. And in the second place nobody is going to tell me what I should, or should not wear. And in the third place we raise cotton on our plantation and so why can't I wear it on my back?"

Kay has kept her eyes and ears open since her arrival in town. Nothing seems to escape her. She's been watching movie mothers for quite a spell and she thinks they are the most unhappy people in Hollywood. Movie mothers of daughters especially. "These mothers sit around, watch their girls grow away from them, sit in while they're being advised by agents, producers and directors and there's nothing she can do about it. It's all pretty sad, I think."

IT DIDNT take Kay long to decide that the "way to lick this Hollywood business was to refuse to talk about myself in company. I detest shop-talk and for that reason I try to have as many friends as possible outside the studios. Only a few of these know what I do to earn a living and these are nice enough not to mention anything about the movies unless I start talking about the subject first."

Marriage? Yes—just as soon as she falls in love with the man who wants her for his wife. "But I don't expect to marry an actor. They're nice—but they don't make good husbands. They're too risky an investment in the marriage market to suit me. And you can put this down as being absolutely true. When I do marry I'm through with everything except the duties that go with being a good wife. I'm not a career girl and never was one—and, I hope, never will be."

Kay lives in a very modest apartment where she cooks and does her own housework for herself and big brother who is employed outside the studios. Her mother is coming out from the Blandensfield plantation soon to see, so Kay says, "if my daughter has changed any since becoming a movie star."

"She'll be happy," Kay adds, "to find that I haven't changed a bit since the five of us sat around the watermelon patch."

Well, there you are. And if by now you don't know the girl who entered motion pictures because she wanted to make millions of people laugh and to install modern plumbing on the ol' plantation, you'll have to see her for yourself.

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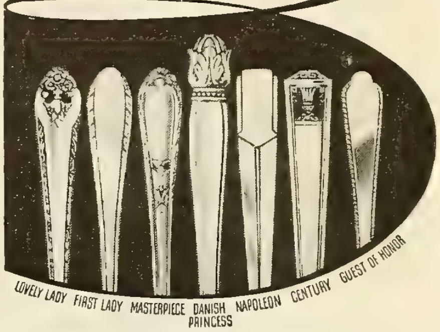

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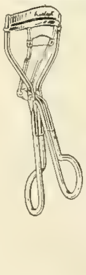

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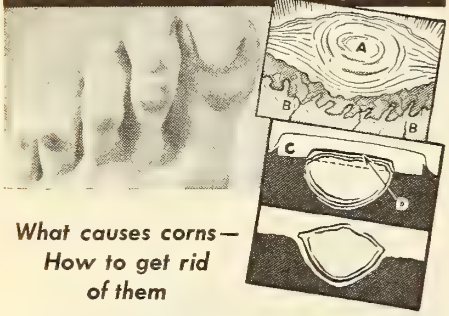

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How Douglas Escapes From It All

[*Continued from page* 91]

moved back to America, and the following year, the boy made another frantic effort at escape. He joined the American army, and for eleven months he stayed in the service—never getting overseas.

For the next few years, Melvyn's escapism efforts were directed toward escaping from starvation—he got a lot of jobs. He sold pianos; he read gas meters; he clerked in a shop. And then he met William Owen, one-time stage star—and his die of life was cast. In the world of the stage, he found the final and complete escape—and he's been there ever since.

True, he mixed in a few other briefs of escapism. Once, to get away from it all—especially a girl, at that particular moment—he ran off to Europe with $1,200 he had painstakingly saved. When he got back to America, he had $68, and married the girl. They were divorced after a year, and Melvyn Douglas doesn't talk about it, now.

He's even had his fits of escapism from the movies that give that escapism free rein! There was the episode in the early 1930's, when Melvyn signed a five-year contract with Sam Goldwyn. After he signed it, it became as horrible to him as the railing around his baby-crib ever was. He suddenly found himself inside a prison—a five-year term. He couldn't stand it. He went to Sam Goldwyn and laid his cards on the table, and Sam Goldwyn (of ALL people!) understood—and gave him a release.

So violent was Melvyn's reaction from this escape that he and Helen went away to San Francisco, for a few days' spell of relief—but before they'd recovered, they found they'd taken a boat all the way to China, to get away from it all!!! So they kept on going, around the world.

TODAY, he's a bit more settled. He finds his escape in his roles and his work among the under-privileged and downtrodden.

He even owns a house and furniture now, even though his inner nature rebels against possession as merely a camouflaged set of fetters. Yet even that house typifies his innate escapism!—there isn't a room anywhere in it that hasn't got a door that opens to the outside!

They've got two kids, have Melvyn and Helen Douglas. Peter, their first-born, is about seven years old. Mary Helen is two. Melvyn, remembering his own circumscribed childhood, is not "possessing" his children. He treats them not as vassals, but as equals. He talks things over with them, reasons with them, and brings them up as independent, individual beings. Peter, whom he considers old enough, he has put on his honor. He does not tell Peter "you must do this and you must not do that." He reasons with Peter; tells him that certain things are expected of him, and that if he violates these expectations, he will have to pay in some manner for the violation. So far, Peter is panning out pretty well.

The Douglas-Gahagan social life is best expressed in a few friends' dinner visit, and then several hours' deep-chaired conversation before a fireplace, rather than bridge and cocktails. That's okeh with the friends, because Mel Douglas is one of the best raconteurs and conversationalists in Hollywood, and Helen Gahagan one of its best hostesses.

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Who Said "The Terrible Teens"?

[*Continued from page* 42]

credit for even being in them. But the teens themselves aren't terrible. Just inconvenient sometimes.

"Some people who know how old I am don't give me credit for having any sense—because I'm 'only 16.' That attitude is the only thing that really bothers me. I'd like to break it down. But apparently there's no way except to grow up. And I don't know if I want to grow up. I'm having a wonderful time."

Now, most adolescents don't enjoy being just that. They can't wait to be adults. They harbor the youthful delusion that adults lead more desirable lives. The movies encourage them in the delusion. The movies make adolescence something to laugh about or pity, and the grown-up state something romantic and poised and exciting. And Judy not only sees movies; she's in them.

Another thing: A girl six thousand miles from Hollywood can get ideas about trying to be more sophisticated, just from watching glamor girls on the screen. And here Judy is, right on the same lot with Hedy Lamarr, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford; she sees them in person; and she isn't inspired to try to acquire that adult allure—even off the screen.

She actually likes being an in-betweener: No longer a child, not yet a grownup.

"I've thought a lot about it," she said earnestly. "I don't envy grownups. They take life sort of for granted. They don't get excited about it. Practically everything they do, they've done before. It's all old stuff. And having cares and worries cramps their fun.

"That's why I don't want to get ahead of myself; I don't want to grow up in a hurry. I want this to last a while. I mean— this being able to look forward constantly to something new, being able to get excited about things. I'm doing so many things for the first time. And there's no time like the first time.

"IF I were 25 or so, and could go to the Victor Hugo every night in the week, how much would it mean to me? But I get to go dinner-dancing about once a month—with my mother's permission—and it's an event. When I walk in the door, I may look casual about being there. But I'm really palpitatin' inside."

That made her sound like a normal 16-year-old. But how could she be a normal 16-year-old? She was a moom pitcher star. She had a career to think about.

She disposed of that with: "Everybody my age likes to do some one thing more than anything else. What I like to do is sing—good and loud. Or not so good maybe; but loud . . . I'm luckier than a lot of people, getting paid for doing what I like to do most; but that doesn't make me any less normal than anybody else.

"Of course, what's normal for one person might not be normal for somebody else. But it's normal for me to be mixed up in show business. I've been mixed up in it as long as I can remember. It isn't a career; it's a habit. I don't feel natural *not* working. This vacation right now is the longest I've had, and it's killing me. I wish they'd hurry up and start *Strike up the Band*. It's going to be a follow-up to *Babes in Arms*. Mickey and I are going to play a couple of kids on Broadway." She added pointedly, "A couple of normal kids—in show business."

Was she going to sit there, spooning up a large bowl of chicken broth (practically all that she was having for lunch), and try to insist, between spoonfuls, that anybody who had grown into the teens in show business could be normal? She certainly *was* going to try.

She said: "It gives me an awful pain when an actress hauls out her hanky and has a good cry about how she missed out on fun when she was a child, being on the stage. It's all in the mind. If you don't have fun as a kid, it's only because you think you don't.

"*I* had fun. I had a wonderful childhood. I did a lot of traveling, saw all kinds of interesting places. I met interesting people—people with stimulating minds. I learned countless things I'd never have learned just from books, and I liked that. What kid wouldn't?

"I'VE heard actresses wail that as children they were always with older people; they 'never knew what it was like' to have friends their own age. It's true that when you're a child on the stage, you're with older people more than most kids are. But I never had trouble finding friends my own age.

"I've heard actresses say, too, that they missed out on the fun of growing up gradually, being in show business. They had to grow up practically overnight. One day, they were doing child roles; the next, they had to play young grownups. Maybe that was true once upon a time, but it isn't true now. Pictures like the *Hardy Family* have made people expect adolescents to act their age.

"Nowadays, there's nothing to keep an in-betweener in show business from being as normal as any in-betweener anywhere. Not a thing."

Nothing except fame. How about the difficulty of doing things other people do, what with autograph-hunters swooping down in droves?

Judy grimaced. "Stars complain about not being able to go shopping, because they're recognized, and stampeded, and stuff. If they don't wear jewels and furs, they won't be bothered. I did all my Christmas shopping last year, myself. I just wore something simple, and I wasn't recognized once. Other shoppers weren't looking for a movie star. They had their own shopping to do."

She smiled mischievously. "Funny thing about movie stars. Put them in plain clothes and they look like plain people. Without the trimmings of glamor, they don't stand out in a crowd."

That took care of that. But was it normal for a growing girl to content herself with a chicken-broth lunch?

"Oh, I'm not contented," Judy said. "I love to eat. But I was eating too much. I used to put away steak and potatoes, *and* pie, at lunch—and then want to go somewhere and lie down the rest of the afternoon. . . . You should see the breakfasts I eat. No glamor girl ever eats such breakfasts. Truck drivers, maybe—but not glamor girls. Orange juice, scrambled eggs, sausage, toast, coffee. A real meal. It takes something like that to get me out of bed in the morning. Something worth-while in the line of food."

She seemed to have a rebuttal for every supposition that she couldn't have a normal life, being a star at 16.

[*Continued on page* 97]

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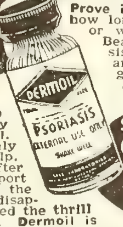

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Take Your Vacation In Hollywood!

[*Continued from page* 16]

The Fawcett Movieland Tour will leave Chicago July 14 and will arrive in Hollywood on July 22, to be greeted at the station by film personalities. Between those two dates, the Movieland Tourists will enjoy the superb scenery of the Ten Thousand Lakes region of Minnesota, the Rockies, Puget Sound, Mt. Shasta and many other scenic highlights.

The entire trip will be made in beautifully appointed, air-conditioned cars, assuring every tourist of complete comfort and relaxation.

In Hollywood the Fawcett Movieland Tour will include a trip through the movie colony on special buses. Tourists will see the homes of the stars. In the Paramount Studios, trained guides will conduct the tourists through one of the most modern and star-studded movie-plants in the world.

This is made possible through the courtesy of Paramount officials and through special arrangements made by Fawcett Publications, publisher of MOTION PICTURE, in behalf of the Movieland Tour. You cannot "buy" your way into a Hollywood studio, but the Movieland Tour will get you in!

PARAMOUNT has arranged to entertain the Movieland Tourists at luncheon in the beautiful studio commissary known as the "International Cafe." Here the glamorous stars under contract to Paramount have their meals. The tour of the studio will include a trip to one of the fourteen Paramount sound-stages.

Movieland Tourists will stay at the Biltmore—one of the finest hotels in Los Angeles—during the Hollywood portion of the Tour.

Climax of the whole exciting trip will be the lawn cocktail party on the lavish estate of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell. Celebrity friends of the Powells will also attend, and every tourist will enjoy an afternoon on which he or she will be able to look back with pleasure for years to come.

The Movieland Tour includes time for trips to Catalina Island, Lake Arrowhead and other show places.

There will only be *one* tour this year, so get your reservation in early.

Cut out the coupon accompanying this article today. Without any obligation or cost to you, a free booklet will be sent at once, giving full details of the 1940 Movieland Tour and answering all your questions about it.

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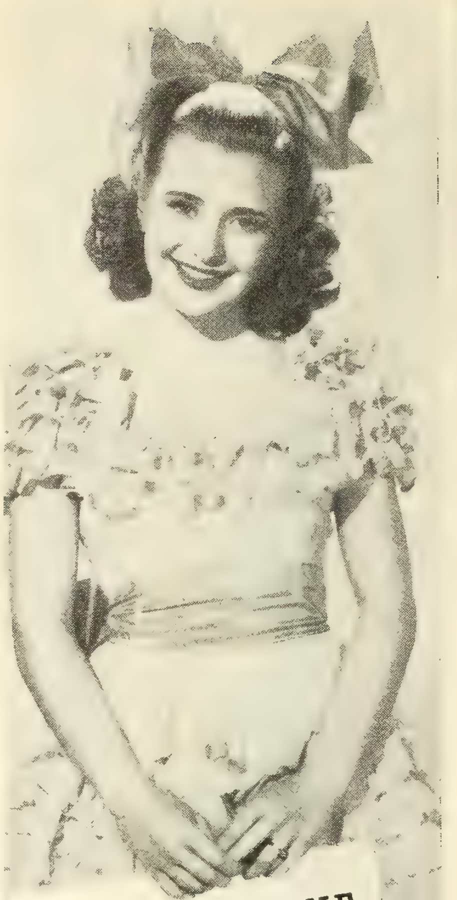

PRISCILLA LANE RECALLS "WHEN I WAS LITTLE"

The liveliest of the Lanes takes down her curls and reveals her hilarious past in the new HOLLYWOOD Magazine, now on sale. You won't want to miss Priscilla's story of the days when she wore hair ribbons and middies, and had a wonderful time with the rest of the kids on the block. It's one of the breeziest and most refreshing stories to come out of HOLLYWOOD in many a day! The same sprightly issue of HOLLYWOOD Magazine contains many additional stories from the movie colony, all new and amusing. Plus up-to-the-minute gossip, bright photographs, and candid shots. Look for the handsome picture of Cary Grant on the cover and get your May copy today!

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Hollywood

Who Said "The Terrible Teens"?

[*Continued from page* 95]

"I have a home. It so happened that I was lucky enough to be able to buy it, myself—and I'm going to get my money's worth out of it. It isn't a showplace. It's a place where I can be myself, and do things with my family. And, with my particular family, I don't get a chance to be a movie star around home. I don't get away with anything. I don't even get picked up after; I have to pick up after myself.

"Some of the things we have in the house are a little nicer than the things we used to have, but our life is just the same as it always was. We do the same sort of things. We have just as many laughs. Our friends are still the same ones we used to have. Mom still doesn't mind how much noise my crowd kicks up, if everybody's happy. She still bakes chocolate cake, and we still like it. My two sisters and I still trade clothes. And I still ask Mom first, if I want to do something."

Ah, that's a gruesome thing about being in the teens—still having to "ask Mom first."

"The way I look at it," said Judy, "it's a good thing—having somebody who has your best interests at heart and won't let you do anything unless it's safe and sane. You get a lot of crazy ideas."

Judy gave a short laugh.

"The only time Mom really slipped up was when she let me talk her into letting me have a motor-bike. My idea of a place to try it out—with my girl-friend, Patty McCarthy, in the sidecar—was the middle of Hollywood Boulevard. The studio heard about it and told me to keep out of traffic. So I tried the bridle path in the middle of Sunset Boulevard, out Beverly Hills way, where there wasn't even horse traffic. Somebody phoned the studio: 'Your Judy Garland is going up and down that bridle path at what looks like eighty miles an hour.' That was the last straw. A few executives had nervous breakdowns, what with *The Wizard of Oz* not yet finished, and I had to give up motor-biking."

SOMETHING that makes 16 terrible for most people is the self-consciousness that goes with it. Was she ever afflicted, even if she was an actress?

"Yes—when I can feel people getting the wrong impression. Like the time I went to the opera with Lind Hayes, Grace Hayes' son, and on the way home he wanted to stop 'for five minutes' at Grace Hayes' Lodge. She asked me, in front of the crowd, to sing a song. I was embarrassed into doing it, not wanting to offend Lind's mother. But I could see what some people were thinking: That I was there just to show off. It was agonizing. And the next day five people phoned the Board of Education to see 'if something couldn't be done about keeping Judy Garland home nights, not chasing out to night clubs.' And *that* got in the papers. And everybody was unhappy. Especially me. . . . Life doesn't get complicated like that very often, thank goodness."

A popular misimpression of Judy is that she is probably the hottest of Hollywood's jitterbugs. "I *was* a jitterbug for three weeks—but I couldn't stand the pace."

The columnists kept insisting that she was smitten first with this boy, then that. The impression was out that she was boy-crazy. "Nobody thinks less about boys than I do," said Judy airily. "I don't go out much with boys, and the only reason I go out at all is, a girl has to have an escort. When I do go out, it's usually with Jimmy Cathcart. He isn't in the movies. We've known each other a long time.

"In one breath, people accuse me of being 12 years old. And in the next breath, they suspect me of having ideas about eloping. It's a great life.

"I don't want to get married till I'm 24. Why 24? Well, that sounds like a good long while away."

School isn't one of the terrible things about the teens, to Judy. "It was, while I was taking geometry. But now that that's behind me, life is worth living again. I really finished school last June. What I'm taking this year is a sort of post-graduate course—appreciation of arts, music appreciation, Shakespeare and French. All of which ought to do me some good."

YOU might not suspect it, but Judy, the jazz singer, collects the records of Tchaikovsky and Debussy, not the composers of Tin Pan Alley. She's serious about her music. She's considering voice lessons. (Something she has never had, up to now.) On her last trip East, of her own accord, she went to a famous teacher at the Metropolitan to have an audition—to see if the woman could do anything for her.

"She thought maybe she could help me sing soft. I don't know. I'm sort of sentimental about those loud notes. I've screamed this far."

Something else she did for the first time while East was to go skiing at Lake Placid. "I knew I was going, so I went shopping for a ski suit in Chicago. They talked me into buying a regular Swiss one, complete even to goggles. I got to Lake Placid, put on my suit, and strolled down into the lobby, looking like probably the most professional skier this side of the Alps. Everybody trooped out to watch me—and they thought I was only kidding when I went out to the beginners' slope. I started down, and I saw a couple of trees looming up a hundred feet ahead. I didn't know what to do to avoid them. I had visions of bashing my nose into my head. So— I just sat down. Ignominiously.

"I try *so* hard to be an outdoor girl, but I'm just not it. I'm awful at tennis. I can't hit a golf ball. I splash when I swim. The only sport I'm good at is skeet-shooting—and I don't know how that happens. I get most of my exercise with my eyes, reading."

One thing that makes the teens terrible for some people is the conflict of ambitions within them.

"Up to the time I was fifteen," said Judy, "I had all kinds of ambitions. Every time I passed UCLA, I wanted to go to college. Every time I read a fashion magazine, I wanted to be a designer. When I read *An American Doctor's Odyssey*, I could see myself in my lab with my test tubes.

"But now that I'm 16, I realize that if a person is having a good time doing something, that's what he or she ought to continue doing—instead of getting impossible ideas. If I'm lucky, I'd like to go on like this for five more years, and then quit.

"That's what everybody says, isn't it? Everybody likes to believe he or she will be able to quit 'five years from now.' But I'm not kidding myself one bit. I know I'll be keeping on till rigor mortis stops me."

The teens aren't so terrible—with Judy Garland representing them.

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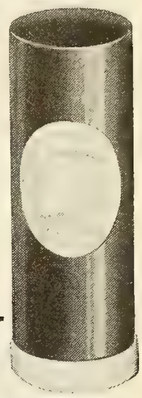

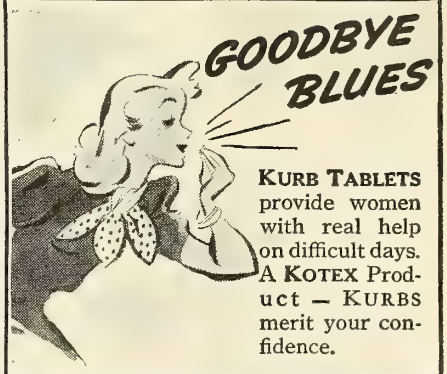

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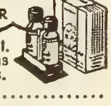

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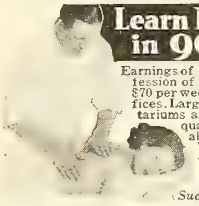

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They Had Me All Wrong

[*Continued from page* 71]

There is a very strong feeling for Family in the Lanes. A stranger senses it the moment she enters the comfortable, fashionably furnished (Early American) house. Pat's cat, Mis Muffet, strolls up in greeting, and Rosemary's Mr. Chips, a russet-colored setter, romps in back in a specially-constructed kennel on the two-acre, hilltop property. Leota's leather folio of songs is on the piano, and mementoes of Mrs. Lane are everywhere. She seems responsible for all this unity and the remarkable professional success of her daughters. It's a lived-in, liveable house, and reflects the state of mind —which seems to be pretty tranquil—of the householders.

With Leota, the concert vocalist of the family, visiting from New York, she and Rosemary (who also knows and loves music) have wonderful fun singing duets. Pat, with her mezzo tones, joins them, and Lola, who lives across the San Fernando Valley in her own "ranch house," adds her contralto voice when she stops in for the evening. Rosemary is pretty proud of the duets of Leota and herself—all of them, for that matter, but particularly Leota's, because of all the sisters her lyric tones complement, and perfectly, Leota's voice. "They are not only good harmony," says this frank, outspoken girl, "but there's the *family* quality about our voices. The same timbre and all that."

If Rosemary is temporarily stalemated in her career, at least it's not a checkmate. And she has known checkmate before, has lived through bitter disappointment, when the door to concertizing with the piano was closed to her. This was at the age of twelve, and at twelve youth itself is supposed to erase defeat, but it was nevertheless a hard blow to Rosemary when a cyst developed on her wrist, and in removing it the delicate muscles of her wrist were injured. It meant that she diverted her musical talents, and that singing became her form of artistic expression.

AT SOMETHING like twenty-three years, Rosemary is pretty much the normal, fun-loving *femme*. At the risk of being trite, a danger at the very thought of which she shudders, she wants marriage—later—and children. She likes to bowl, dance, drive, read, and her favorite screen performers are, of course, Comedienne Jean Arthur and Comedian Cary Grant. She shares a large, bay-windowed bedroom (no separate suites for these starlets) with Pat, and has her own cushiony, candlewick-spreaded twin bed, set off by royal blue wallpaper, threaded by fine white lines to make a plaid; the furniture is the rich caramel tan of Eastern rock maple.

The Lanes are "done for" by Nana and her husband, and Rosemary agrees that it's a good thing that Nana, her dark skin set off by her stiffly starched embroidered white cap and white uniform, with her wonderful capacities for making nutty fudge-brownies, has the same flare-up and cool-down type of temper (temperament?) that the Lanes have. All the fireworks are over in a moment, and peace reigns.

It does not seem proper, in the midst of all this controlled harmony, that one member should suffer career doubts. But when Rosemary says "They had me all wrong," you know what she means. The best thing a person can do is to hope with Rosemary—and with Pat and all the Lanes—that Destiny, the two-timing jade, will soon do right by the second youngest Lane sister.

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RICHARD GREENE'S PORTRAIT

One of the screen's most popular leading men, Richard Greene, will be the subject of next month's star portrait in MOTION PICTURE. As usual, the portrait will be printed in superb color on special paper and free of type on both sides. This will be one of the outstanding portraits of the series, so be sure to get the June issue of MOTION PICTURE, on sale April 28.

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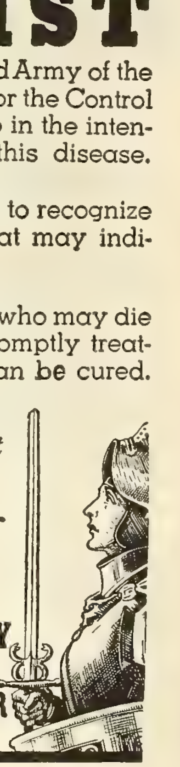

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THE OUTSIDER

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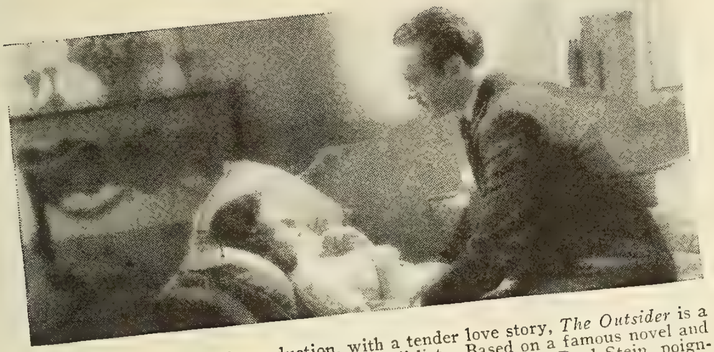

A powerfully dramatic production, with a tender love story, *The Outsider* is a film that should definitely go on your "must" list. Based on a famous novel and an equally famous stage play, the film, brilliantly directed by Paul Stein, poignantly poses the problems of two outsiders—a man, beyond the pale of the medical profession, who has yet effected miraculous cures, and a girl, beautiful, gifted and wealthy, but suffering complete frustration from a physical deformity. As *Ragazy*, the dynamic healer, George Sanders gives the outstanding performance of his career. His colorful characterization of the rakish foreigner, whose overbearing ego is balanced by his accomplishment, establishes him as a dramatic actor of distinction and charm. By this performance alone Sanders should definitely take his place among the topnotch male stars . . . Mary Maguire, Hollywood actress temporarily in England, also gives a distinguished performance as the sensitive girl who ultimately finds happiness in her physical rehabilitation and in the love of the man responsible for it.—*Alliance*.

ROAD TO SINGAPORE

—AAA—

If you need a spring tonic—and who doesn't?—this is just what we would prescribe. It did miracles for us when we were about ready to drop from emotional exhaustion—Hollywood having been rather strong on drama this past month—and we're certainly grateful to Paramount—you will be, too—for having come through just at the crucial moment with this stimulating romantic comedy. The *Road to Singapore* is a lyrical love story and while it may be on the nonsensical side it is hilariously funny and delightfully appealing with songs and dancing. And its stars—Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope—make a sparkling combination. Crosby and Hope are a great comedy team and the glamorous Lamour does a fine job of making the boys comfortable in her South Sea Island shack when the mates (yes, they're seamen) are trying to get away from it all (all being romantic complications in the States). And while the Lamour has changed from a sarong to a sinjang, *figuratively* speaking, there isn't any difference whatever. Lending pleasing support are Charles Coburn, Judith Barrett, Anthony Quinn and Jerry Colonna.—*Paramount*.

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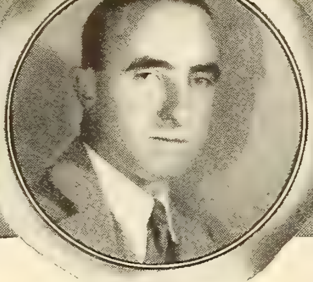


BETWEEN OURSELVES

COMMENTS ON THIS HERE PICTURE BUSINESS

By LARRY REID

Movies' Greatest Year

THAT campaign of Motion Pictures' Greatest Year (remember the ballyhoo?) beat the gun by two years. With nothing much to shoot for and shout over, the film moguls took 1938 as the year to crow about their productions. So with the slogan mentioned above tacked onto an equally superlative "come on"—Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment, Hollywood was determined to do something about winning back the cash customers who had deserted the theatres when the Queen "B"s buzzed over the land.

If Messrs. Big had only waited till 1940 to make a fuss about their films they wouldn't have had to live down their 1938 slogans. Now they can point with pride to the accomplished fact that Hollywood can turn out A-1 pictures instead of junk embroidered with ballyhoodooed adjectives such as "colossal," "superlative," "epic," "greatest ever," etc. These adjectives have sense this year.

Why the 1940 product is so exceptional (and the year is very young) that it looms up already as a great vintage year. Though some of the big boys bought racing stables (they wanted the solace of seeing their horses run well in '38 even if their films were also-rans) they DID turn from their racing sheets and concentrated on their production charts the past season. Why can't a film be trained for a box-office race as well as a horse for a big stake handicap? Anyway, they have entered some likely prospects for the 1940 Film Derby. So what to do? Why go prospecting for cash customers again.

And so-o-o-o-o-o-o what have we here but a flock of fine pictures that are so exceptional in story plot, production, photography and portrayal that cash customers are flocking back to the erstwhile empty seats! With but four months gone one good picture is crowding another for recognition and patronage. By the time Christmas arrives the country should be smothered with the greatest array of pictures ever shown.

Taking Pride

TAKE *The Grapes of Wrath.* What the screen has been striving for ever since it discarded diapers has been achieved here. For our money it's one of the few great pictures of all time. The movies grew up over night here. Take *Gone With the Wind.* It actually achieved all the advanced ballyhoo that Hollywood's heavy siege guns had trained on it, and while it hasn't as yet played the thousands of movie houses the report is it can't miss in grossing eventually the staggering sum of 25 million dollars.

Take *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*—another grown-up picture of the medical scientist who conquered syphilis—one of the great scourges of the human race. It's as honest as it is entertaining. Take *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*—which is far better than the play that won the Pulitzer prize last year. Take *The Fighting 69th,* a stirring bit of war drama that colorfully romanticizes a famous New York regiment that covered itself with glory in World War No. 1.

Take *Young Tom Edison*—and *Edison, the Man*—pictures humanizing America's greatest inventor (Rooney as the boy, Tracy as the adult). Take *Vigil in the Night,* Dr. Cronin's new best-seller (you haven't forgotten his *Citadel,* have you?) which in film form tells the most absorbing and faithful side of the nursing profession ever revealed. Take *Of Mice and Men*—again a compelling story that surpasses the play. And *Pinocchio,* where Disney, again in the realm of fantasy, surpasses his *Snow White* if such a thing is possible. And take *Northwest Passage* which animates a very moving and vigorous story of pre-Revolution days of early settlers. Take *We Are Not Alone,* James Hilton's gripping story of tragedy that stalks a family.

These are but samples of what Hollywood is giving you in 1940. There'll be more like them in the months to come. Yes, 1940 is truly Motion Pictures' Greatest Year. We'll forgive Hollywood for 1938.

DEDICATED to the policy since its inception of giving its readers the news of the screen activities of studios and players—with special emphasis on the SUCCESS STORIES of the stars and how they made their upward climb to fame, MOTION PICTURE could give no greater contribution to its policy than a tribute to our late lamented publisher, Captain W. H. Fawcett.

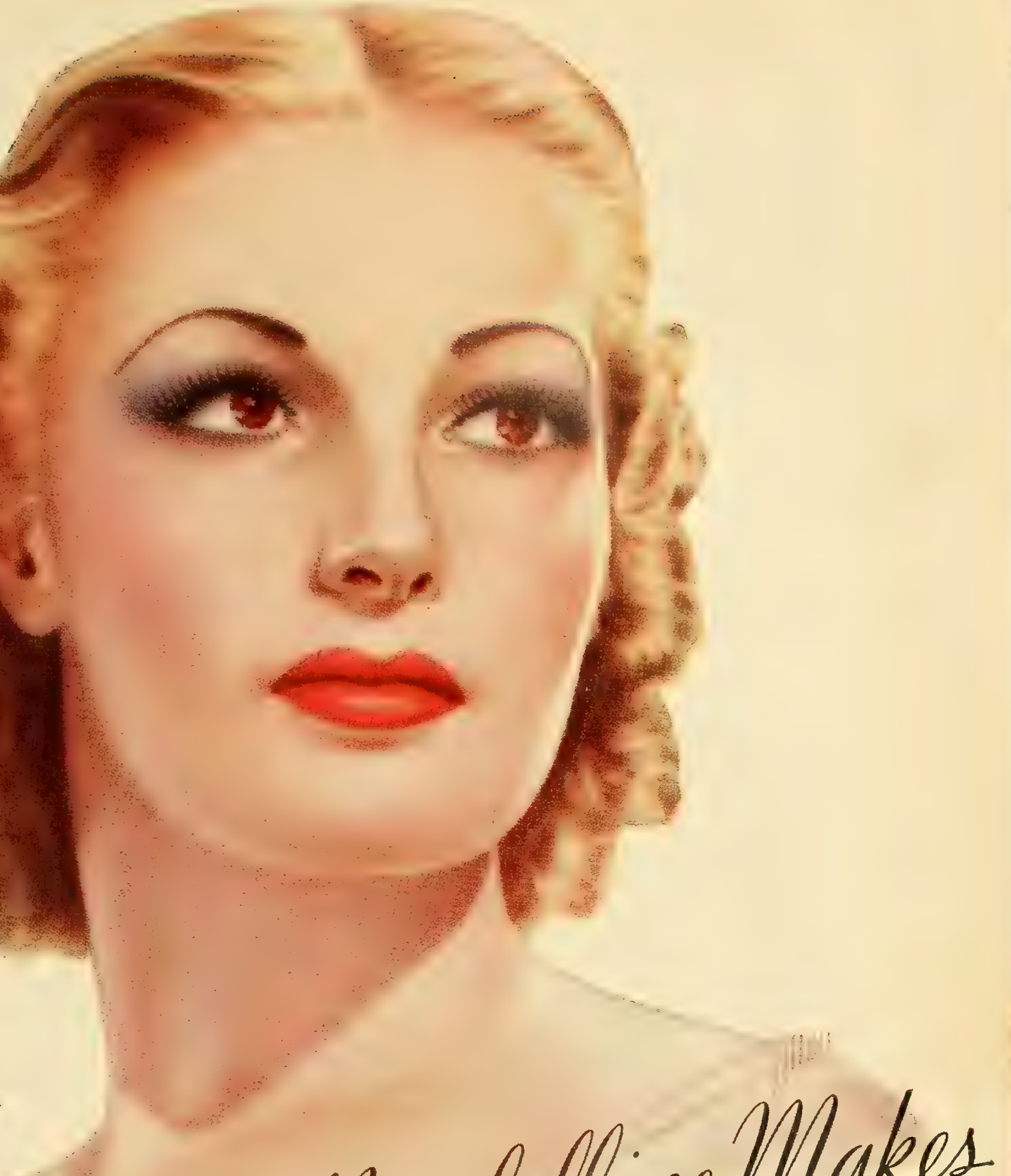
His is a success story that dwarfs the usual success stories of the stars whose lives are so much a part of this magazine. For where many of them were catapulted to fame through the aid and solicitation of the studios, Captain Billy lifted himself by his own bootstraps to a prominence as head of one of the largest magazine publishing firms in the world. Success came to him—not with outside aid—but through the twin efforts of his own keen brain and an unconquerable spirit.

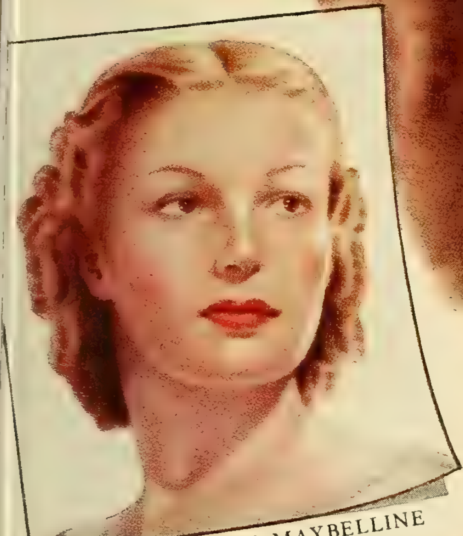
Captain Billy started from scratch in building his fortune and his niche in the world. He always kept his eyes on the goal ahead—never swerving in his determination to reach that goal—and reach it he did through obstacles that would have overcome men of lesser force and fortitude.

A man loving adventure, he sought and found it. He found it in the army where he served in the Philippines and later in the World War, where he was commissioned a captain. Then with the war over he entered what many consider the most adventurous-romantic field of all—the newspaper field. And there his talent, now recognized and guiding him onward, carried him to the top rung of the ladder.

Captain Billy was now on his way. But success never went to his head. He kept both feet on the ground. Like all men of real accomplishment he always helped those who stumbled in their progress. Humility is the gift of such men. Captain Bill was endowed with its riches. His friendliness with wounded soldiers invalided in veterans' hospitals gave him the idea of bringing cheer into their lonely lives. This he did with a mimeographed sheet of jokes and jingles. And through that modest beginning he became publisher of 20 magazines, including MOTION PICTURE.

We, who knew him well, who worked for, and with him, now mourn him. But so do thousands of others who didn't know him intimately. Once a person met him (his friends were legion) he was attracted to him and liked him. And Captain Billy's nature, shy on the surface, was such that he instantly responded. His spirit of kindliness, his friendliness, his humility, his open-heartedness, his sincerity—these qualities live on. It is these very qualities that made it a pleasure to call him a true friend. It is these very qualities that set him apart from the crowd—one who stood forth a Real Man. It is thus that we cherish his memory.





BEFORE USING MAYBELLINE

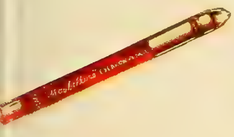
What a Difference Maybelline Makes

Stop . . . Look . . . Compare these two pictures of the same girl. Hair, nose, mouth, complexion — exactly alike. Everything the same, *except her eyes*. It's easy to see what Maybelline eye make-up means. The difference between blankness and beauty. Between dullness and sparkle. Between hidden charm and instant attraction!

Don't doubt your own eyes. See what Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids can do for *you*. Lashes always take on this dark sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara — and notice how this makes the eyes appear larger, more brilliant. Depth and color are subtly accented with Maybelline Eye Shadow — and brows are tapered so naturally with Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Bring out the beauty of *your* eyes to your own thrilling satisfaction — today! You can get generous purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids at any 10c store.

Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in stunning gold-colored vanity, 75c. Refills 35c. Shades — Black, Brown, Blue.

Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) comes in dainty zipper case. Black, Brown, Blue—75c.



Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil in Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

Maybelline Eye Shadow in six flattering shades. Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping
Bureau

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

"Uncle Sam sure did help—

make tobacco better than eve

. . . and Luckies always buy the finer grades,
says H. H. Scott, 12 years an independent buye

Actual color photographs. Before the harvest—inspection of a crop of better-than-ever tobacco grown at Willow Springs, N. C., by U. S. Government methods. (*Below*) H. H. Scott looks over some fine leaf after it's been cured.

Here's why we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

1. The world has never known finer tobacco than American farme have grown in recent years with the scientific help of Uncle Sam

2. Among independent tobacco experts—buyers, auctioneers an warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Experts lik H. H. Scott point out that Luckies have bought the choicer grad of these better-than-ever tobaccos. So *Luckies* are better than eve

3. These finer tobaccos have been aged from 2 to 4 years, an have been *further* mellowed by the "Toasting" process, whic takes out certain throat irritants found in all tobacco.

We believe that no smoker who has *not* tried Luckies late can know how fine a modern cigarette can be. So try them for week. Then you'll know why . . . WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 to 1

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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
20
LUCKY STRIKE
Have you tried a
Lucky lately?

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Exclusive!

COMPLETE MOVIE STORY

"ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO"

STARRING **BETTE DAVIS**
CHARLES BOYER

THIS MONTH'S COLOR PORTRAIT
RICHARD GREENE
SEE PAGE 35

A NORTH WOODS VACATION

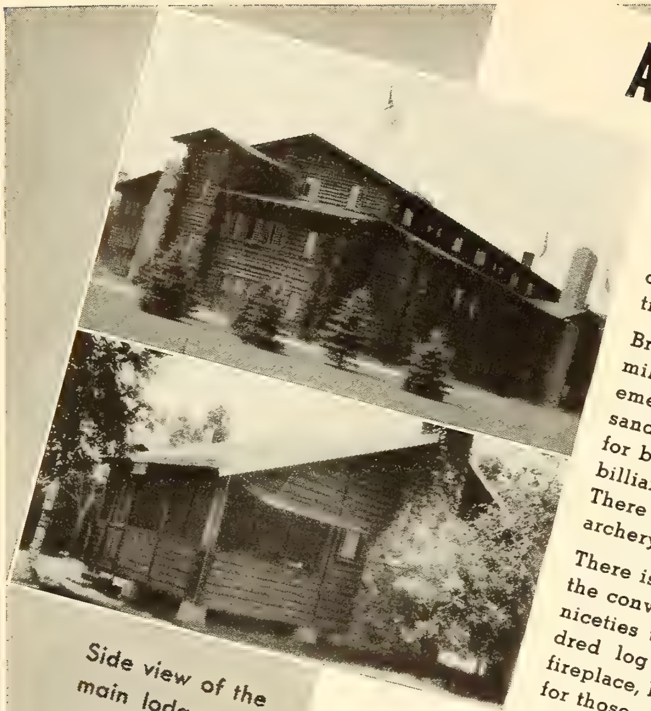
Treat yourself to a delightful, economical vacation among the lakes and fragrant pines of northern Minnesota at "America's most complete summer resort." Make new friends and become one of the thousands who call Breezy Point Lodge their "vacation home."

Breezy Point Lodge is on the shores of Big Pelican Lake, 120 miles from Duluth, 150 miles north of Minneapolis. Golf on emerald green and watered fairways. Sun yourself on a white sand beach. Ride horseback through stands of pine. Fish for bass, pike, or trout. Dance each evening at dinner. Play billiards, tennis or bowl on Breezy Point's bowling alleys. There is every sport at Breezy, including trap shooting, archery, etc.

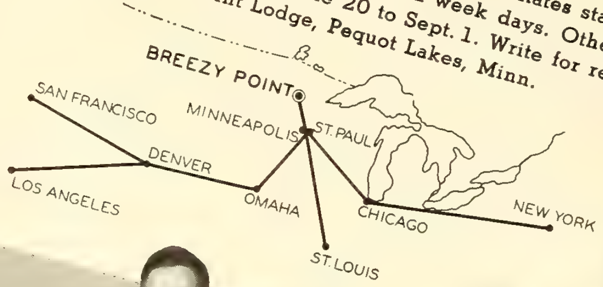
There is a mammoth three-story hotel of gigantic fir logs, plus the convenience of beauty shop, tailoring service, and all the niceties that will make your vacation complete. Half a hundred log cabins, each with several rooms, complete with fireplace, bath, kitchenette, sleeping porch, etc., are available for those who prefer them to rooms in the hotel.

Breezy Point is delightfully cool. Official average temperatures are lower than those of any other summer resort in the United States.

Easily accessible by motor car, train or bus. Rates start at $2 per day, $5 per day with meals. Golf $1 week days. Other prices in proportion. Season from June 20 to Sept. 1. Write for reservations. Address Breezy Point Lodge, Pequot Lakes, Minn.



Side view of the main lodge and one of the many log cabins



FAWCETT'S BREEZY POINT LODGE

PEQUOT LAKES • MINNESOTA

APR 27 1940

MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LIX. No. 5 JUNE, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

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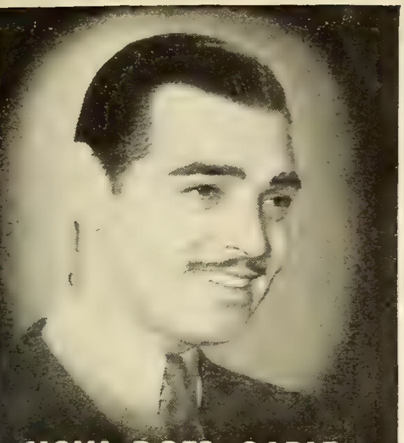

HOW DOES GABLE DO IT?

You've been wondering for many years how Clark Gable keeps his popularity—how he stays up there in the front ranks, making good pictures and making new friends. Well, you'll know the answer in next month's MOTION PICTURE. Which also offers new, all-revealing stories about Spencer Tracy, Ray Milland, Joan Blondell, Jack Oakie and many others. There will also be a new color portrait of a top-ranking star, and a fiction version of a top-notch screen play. Also look for a rich collection of new portraits. Keep abreast of the Gossip of Hollywood. Order your MOTION PICTURE for July now.

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These 12 stunning colors help you to glamour and charm!

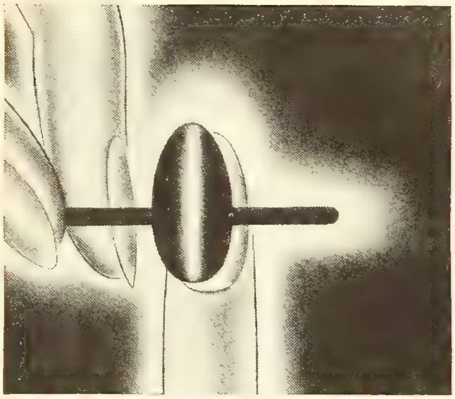
A NEW NAIL POLISH color gives a girl's heart a lift! And these 12 new colors give her a dozen chances to add new charm to her hands and new glamour to herself.

For they are as "fashion-right" as Park Avenue can make them and durable, *durable*, DURABLE beyond your fondest hopes. *Two coats* last actually *longer* than 7 days. Yes, this Lady Esther 7-Day Nail Polish is a great advance over any other polish you have ever known!

I offer you, says Lady Esther, a wonderful, new way to find exactly the shade that is luckiest for you. Read the coupon—send for my 12 "Magic Fingertips"—pale shades, soft, dusty tones . . . dark and vibrant colors. Put your best fingers forward with the smartest new shades on your fingertips.

Lady Esther

7·DAY NAIL POLISH



Shown above is one of my 12 "Magic Fingertips."

★ 12 shades FREE! ★

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)
LADY ESTHER, 7130 W. 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

Only with my 12 "Magic Fingertips" can you choose *at home* your most flattering shade. Each is shaped like your own nail, and each wears a different, new Lady Esther shade, *exactly as it will look on your hands.* Send *today.* Find your luckiest shade *free!* (56)

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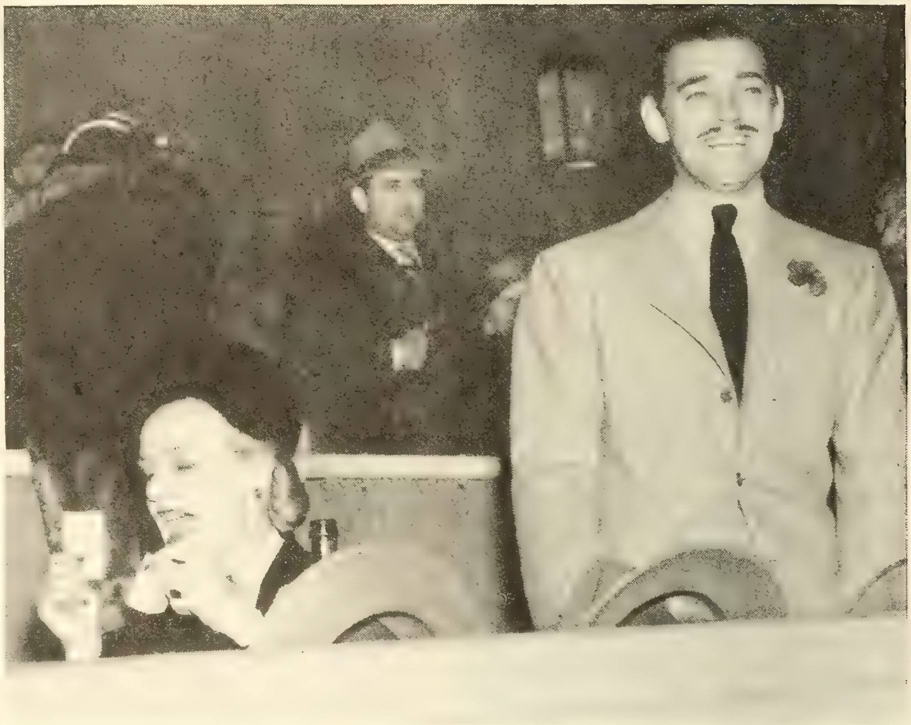
If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

By HARRY LANG

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS



Gable betting on Seabiscuit sees hoss cop Santa Anita Handicap. Carole Lombard picked also-ran, tears up ticket

LOOKS to your Ol' Tattler as if Cesar Romero has made the meanest crack of the year, without quite seeming to!—just the other day, Cesar told out loud that he intends to be married before the end of the year. He's bought a house for the bride-to-be, and is all set for wedding bells—BUT there's one detail lacking. That is: the bride!! For Cesar, who has stepped with practically every eligible femme in Hollywood, admits quite frankly that as yet he hasn't found THE girl with whom he wants to share the rest of the Romero life.

And THAT, after trying 'em all out, smells like a fromage bouquet for the gals of movieland . . . AND it looks like an open field for ANY gal.

LINE FORMS AT THE RIGHT!

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
"Shipwreck" Kelly and Brenda Frazier—
And that's a twosome that ought to amazier!

CONSISTENTLY holding their respective leads in the Hollywood Champion-Vamp contest (for both Hims and Hers) are Jimmy Stewart and Ann Sheridan—

Jimmy plays 'em all, but never plays 'em to the altar. Recent sharers-of-the-Stewart-evening included Olivia de Havilland (who steps around quite a bit herself), Ilona Massey (who's no mean eyeful), and Katherine Aldridge. . . .

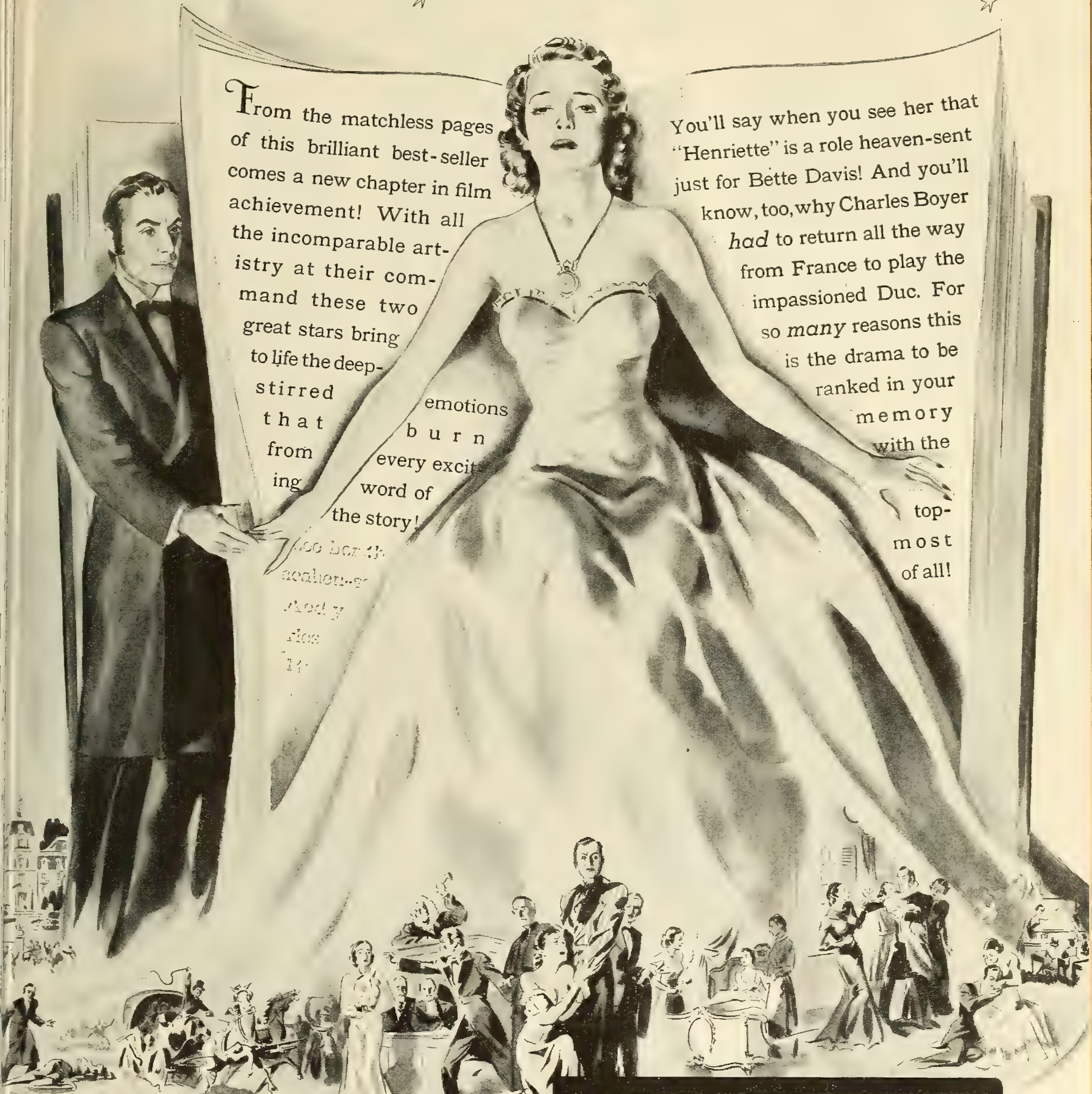
As for Oomphy Ann, she's still playing Sheridan, Sheridan, Who's Got the Sheridan? with most of the available males in movieland. Cesar Romero still dates her out (even though he seems to hesitate at marrying her); Anatole Litvak keeps her phone busy (even after those romance-denials)—and now George Brent, heavens' gift to lonely Hollywood damsels, is spending lots of phone money on Ann. On their home lot (Warners) there's a certain pair of biggies who've laid a four-figure bet on whether or not George and Ann'll marry. Tattler'd take the "NO" end; George goes for dating, NOT for mating.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Alan Gordon and Carole Landis—
Everywhere you see 'em holding handis!

[*Continued on page* 8]

BETTE DAVIS and CHARLES BOYER



From the matchless pages of this brilliant best-seller comes a new chapter in film achievement! With all the incomparable artistry at their command these two great stars bring to life the deep-stirred emotions that burn from every exciting word of the story!

You'll say when you see her that "Henriette" is a role heaven-sent just for Bette Davis! And you'll know, too, why Charles Boyer *had* to return all the way from France to play the impassioned Duc. For so *many* reasons this is the drama to be ranked in your memory with the top-most of all!

Included in the notable supporting cast are

JEFFREY LYNN · BARBARA O'NEIL

Virginia Weidler · Henry Daniell
Walter Hampden · George Coulouris

AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Casey Robinson · Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

Warner Bros.
ARE HONORED TO OFFER

'ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO'

FROM THE WORLD-APPLAUDED NOVEL BY
Rachel Field

Enchanted by the Magic of your
IRRESISTIBLE LIPS

USE
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IT'S Whip-Text FOR
GREATER SMOOTHNESS

For lovable lips with plenty of "Man Appeal" apply the magic of **IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**, the lipstick that's **WHIP-TEXT** for greater smoothness. Whipped again and again by a new secret process, Irresistible Lipstick is softer, smoother, more lasting, non-drying. In vibrant, exciting, clear colors that add witchery to your make-up: **FLASH RED, FIRE PINK, FUCHSIA PLUM, ORCHID** and other smart shades, with matching Rouge and Face Powder.

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AT ALL
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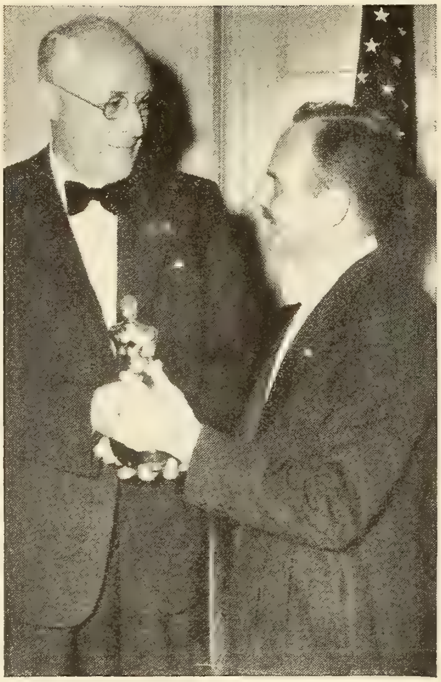
STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
TONIGHT!

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page 6*]



20th-Fox production chief Darryl Zanuck offers Academy Oscar to Dr. H. T. Kalmus of Technicolor for bringing 3-color process successfully to feature length pictures—a well-merited tribute

QUAINTEST traveling-companions of year took the Honolulu trip together: George Brent and Ralph Forbes.

They must have had plenty to talk about. BOTH used to be married to Ruth Chatterton.

■

HOLLYWOOD Crack-of-the Month comes from Columnist Irv Hoffman, who says much in little. Cracks Irv:

"In view of all these Hollywood divorces, we're wondering if the marital ties aren't made there with SLIP-KNOTS."

■

FINIS to the Arleen Whelan-Alex D'Arcy heat-wave came when Alex drove three days and nights, virtually without rest, to reach Hollywood from the East in time to keep a made-in-advance date with Arleen.

BUT—when he arrived, he found her busy with another guy. Indignantly, he beefed: "How come?" And Arleen blandly replied: "I didn't think you'd make it."

SOOOOOO—since then, Alex has been dating Marguerite Chapman, while Arleen has been dating dancer Paul Draper, and Ken Murray. MOST OF ALL, Ken Murray . . .! But definitely!

■

WHAT Hollywood CAN'T understand is WHY isn't Joan Crawford married again?

So jittery is the town over Joan's protracted single-blessedness that all the round-about-towners had fits the other night when the rumor spread, like wildfire, that Joan had eloped with Lee Bowman, with whom she'd been doing some nite-clubbing off and on. But it was ONLY a rumor . . .

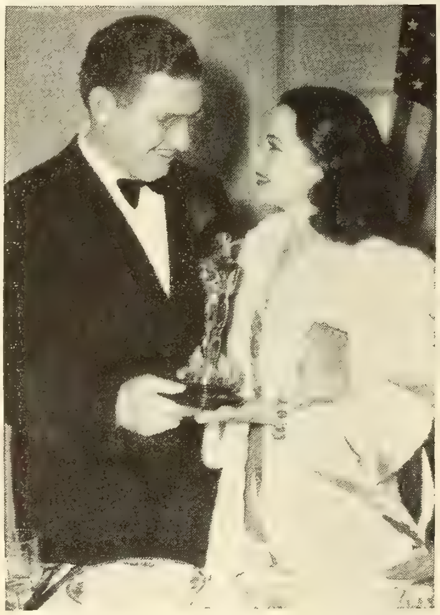
Yet, remember this: at that Hollywood wedding where she bridesmaided, the other week-end, it was Joan who caught the bride's bouquet.

■

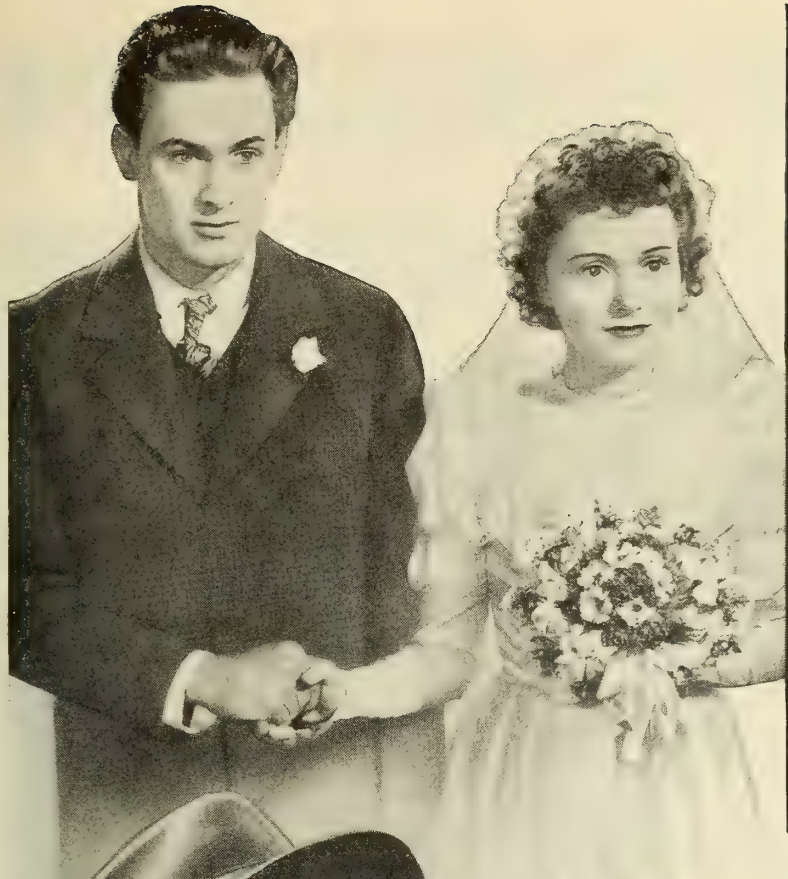
DON'T BE SURPRISED—if Marie Wilson becomes the wife of Director Nick Grinde by the time you read this.

[*Continued on page* 10]

Warner studio publicity chief, Robert Taplinger, had Fay Wray as guest at Garcia-Armstrong champ fight. Bob studies program, Fay studies fighters



David Selznick, producer of *Gone With the Wind*, gives Academy Oscar to Vivien Leigh for best actress as *Scarlett*



The Story of a Love Affair

that lasted a lifetime!

It's a real, human story. It's got real love in it—the kind that begins in childhood and then bursts out in a flame of romance that's more thrilling than anything in the world. And it's got real drama—so true and powerful it won the Pulitzer Prize as a play. Don't miss OUR TOWN.

SOL LESSER *presents*

OUR TOWN

from the Pulitzer Prize Play by Thornton Wilder

WILLIAM HOLDEN · MARTHA SCOTT
FAY BAINTER · BEULAH BONDI
THOMAS MITCHELL · GUY KIBBEE
STUART ERWIN · FRANK CRAVEN

Directed by SAM WOOD **("Goodbye Mr. Chips")**

Released Thru United Artists

Coming soon to your favorite theatre

"THERE'S NO CATCH TO THIS" SAID THE FISHERMAN

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

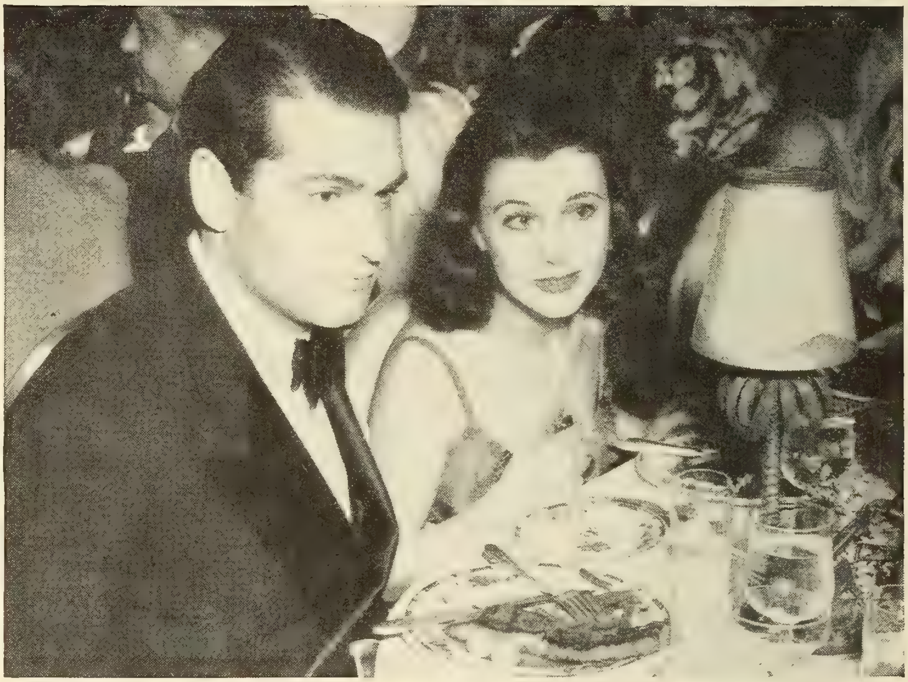
"What, no whales?" said Jerry, laughing at my empty creel. "Well, just quit jiggling your rod for a minute and sweeten your temper with a taste of Beeman's. That's real flavor, my lady. Refreshing enough to change any fisherman's luck!"

"Beeman's!" I cried. "Jerry, you angel—you know I can't resist it. Beeman's flavor is so luscious! So smooth and tangy. Refreshing as a breeze at sundown. And look—!" But Jerry was already reeling in my line—with a whale of a catch! I'll say Beeman's brings me luck!

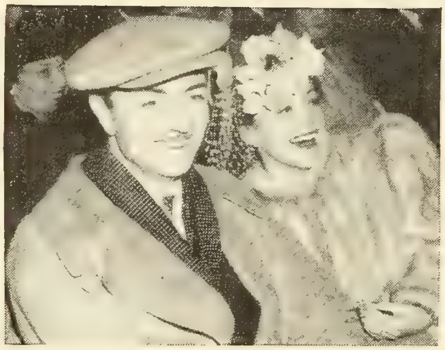
BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 8]



Vivien Leigh who won award as best actress at Academy Dinner, was escorted by future husband, Laurence Olivier, who also shared the spotlight at table



Bill Powell takes bride Diana Lewis places. Took her to Garcia-Armstrong fight—first outdoor bout of the season

NO SURPRISE to you who jot down Tattler's tips is Ginger Roger's divorce suit.

Let it be no surprise either if, by this time next year, Ginger is Mrs. Somebody-Else, and Lew Ayres is some other gal's hubby. Ginger and Lew have been content to go for four years, married but not working at it, as long as neither had any serious romance. They've both been stepping out, but being married has been insurance against either of them being high-pressured into an unwanted romance.

BUT—both of them have found, now, that they'd rather be free. And the reasons are a certain man NOT in pictures, and a certain gal IN!

■

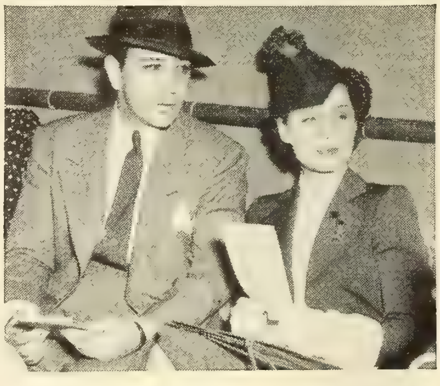
CUPID'S COUPLET:

Forrest Tucker and Helen Parrish—
Any day, they're a cinch to marrish!

SONJA HENIE, whose Hollywood romances are always interesting, now has another one. This time, it's with Dan Topping, who's just finished divorcing Arline Judge.

Dan, whose charm is only equalled by his wealth, has been showering attentions on impish Sonja, and Sonja hasn't looked the other way. Half of Hollywood is betting she'll marry him; the other half, remembering Ty Power, Richard Greene, and the others, is betting Dan'll be just another "almost." Arline, looking on from the sidelines, wishes every happiness to her ex-hubby and Sonja.

[*Continued on page* 81]



George Raft-Norma Shearer, Hollywood's most constant twosome, were at the Handicap. Musta picked also-ran

NO MATTER HOW SLEEPY I AM AT BEDTIME I NEVER NEGLECT MY **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL**
ANN SHERIDAN
IT'S EASY TO WORK UP A RICH **ACTIVE** LATHER WITH **LUX SOAP**
I PAT IT LIGHTLY IN, NEXT RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL
THEN PAT TO DRY, IT LEAVES SKIN FEELING SILKY SMOOTH—THE WAY IT OUGHT TO BE!
LUX
LUX TOILET SOAP

STAR OF WARNER BROS.
"It All Came True"

Take the screen stars' tip—try this ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL *for 30 days*

COSMETIC SKIN: unattractive little blemishes and enlarged pores—spoils good looks. So don't risk *choked pores*. Use cosmetics all you like, but take Ann Sheridan's tip. Remove dust, dirt and stale cosmetics *thoroughly*. Let ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap protect the beauty of your skin—help keep it smooth, attractive.

YOU want skin that's lovely to look at, soft to touch. So let Hollywood's favorite soap help you keep it that way.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Swimming can't Spoil my Make-up

"I USE TANGEE... THE SWIMPROOF, WATERPROOF LIPSTICK!"

Yes, you can dive in ... and come up smiling, with lips and cheeks still colorfully fresh—perfectly made-up.

For Tangee Natural Lipstick and Tangee Natural Creme Rouge are waterproof and swimproof. They really stay on! And they're not affected by hot-weather perspiration, either!

Why not test Tangee's exclusive scientific principle yourself? Why not give *your* lips and *your* cheeks the soft, lovely color that has made Tangee the choice of beautiful women all over the world? Just send the coupon below, with 10¢, for a smart little make-up kit that's just as handy for purse and guestroom as it is for beach use.

And, we'll also include a sensational new 40-page booklet, entitled, "Make Up and Live", in which 10 of America's leading beauty editors tell you their priceless beauty secrets!

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City ... Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

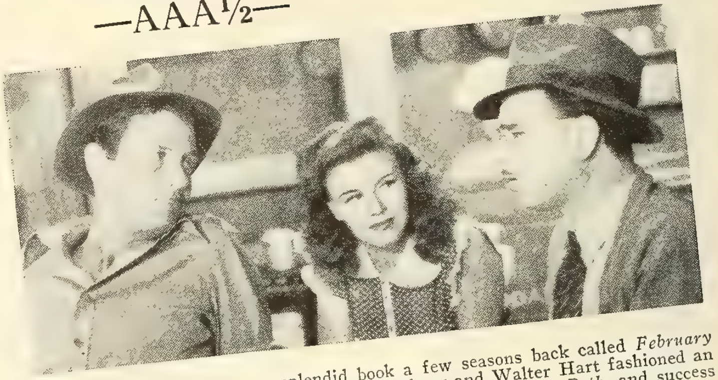
Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

Name________________
(Please Print)
Street________________
City____________ State__________ F60

PICTURE PARADE

PRIMROSE PATH

—AAA½—



Victoria Lincoln wrote a splendid book a few seasons back called *February Hill*, a best-seller. Last season Robert Buckner and Walter Hart fashioned an excellent play from the novel, changed its name to *Primrose Path*, and success again—this time at the box-office. This year Gregory La Cava and Allan Scott corroborated on a screen play based on the stage play and the result is an absorbing motion picture which is certain to know even greater success than the book or the Broadway production. For in addition to a splendid story the motion picture offers a superb cast, expert direction and an extravagant production. Call it *February Hill* or *Primrose Path*, it's on the wrong side of the tracks and in this sordid background the *Adamses—Mamie, Homer, Ellie May, Honeybell* and *Grandma*—live on *Mamie's* "good times" in the city. *Ellie May*, sensitive to her surroundings, meets *Ed Wallace* and recognizes it as her chance. Ginger Rogers is *Ellie May*; Joel McCrea, *Ed Wallace*; Marjorie Rambeau, *Mamie*; Miles Mander, *Homer*; Joan Carroll, *Honeybell*; Queenie Vassar, *Grandma*; and they're all swell.—*RKO-Radio.*

MY SON, MY SON!

—AAA½—

Another best-selling novel, *My Son, My Son!*, by Howard Spring, reaches the screen this month and the result is another fine motion picture. Which goes to show—after *Gone With the Wind*, *Northwest Passage* and *Rebecca*, to mention a few—that good books make better movies. So if we were a motion picture producer we'd know just where to look for movie material. The story which you may or may not know is about the relationship of a father and son. *William Esser* (Brian Aherne) had nothing in his youth and when he discovers success as a novelist he is determined to give his son, *Oliver* (Louis Hayward) everything, against the better judgment of his spouse *Nellie* (Josephine Hutchinson). The boy grows up to be a rotter of course and even wants his father to give up the woman he loves, *Livia Vaynol* (Madeleine Carroll) because he has a passing interest in her. This romantic interlude is one of the high spots of the story although the entire play is embroidered with romances—that of William's friend *Dermot* (Henry Hull) and his wife *Sheila* (Sophie Stewart) and of their children *Maeve* (Laraine Day) and *Rory* (Bruce Lester).—*Edward Small-United Artists.*

[*Continued on page* 64]

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

IF YOU want to keep right up-to-the-minute "Hollywood" this month, you've got to go native! . . . Now don't get me wrong, honey . . . "Going native" no longer means a white man on a desert island with a bottle of rum on one knee and a dark gal on the other . . . The worn-out phrase has climbed right into the fashion world and simply means that the Hollywood gals are adapting the colorful clothes of the European and South American peasants to everyday use . . . Dolores Del Rio started the whole thing a few weeks ago when she appeared at an informal dinner party wearing an authentic Mexican dress . . . Dolores, who usually dresses in the more glamorous type of "gowns," has been collecting costumes of her native Mexico for years, but has never before worn them . . . The day after I saw Dolores, I was talking to Gail Patrick in the Brown Derby . . . Gail told me that she has several dresses in her summer wardrobe that show the peasant influence . . . The coat she wore that day, of a dark blue wool, was tightly belted with a maroon-colored basque girdle which was laced up the back in the true basque style . . . Gail's favorite peasant costume is the colorful outfit she wears for tennis . . . The blouse, of fine linen hand-embroidered in brilliant red, blue and white, tops a full-gathered skirt of a coarser weave . . . With this she wears red, white and blue socks and low-heeled white ties . . . Ginger Rogers joined our "native" discussion and told me about the playclothes of bright Polynesian prints which she brought back from the Hawaiian Islands . . . Everyone on Waikiki beach is wearing these brilliant prints, Ginger told me . . . So there's no reason in the world why you shouldn't follow suit and go gay . . . After all, these "Polynesian" prints are simply brilliant flowered prints . . . So just take yourself to a department store, buy the loudest print in stock, and sew yourself a slice of Hawaii . . . (Sorry I don't know where to tell you to get the moonlight and the surfboard rider.) . . .

THE cutest play-suit-of-the-month was the one Linda Hayes wore t'other week-end at Arrowhead . . . The foundation to Linda's ensemble was a pair of shorts with attached blouse—both of white pique . . . Over this, she wore the cutest pinafore of blue Pinocchio print. (Remember last month I told you how popular those prints were?) . . . You know what a pinafore is—a sleeveless sort of all-over apron which opens down the back and ties on . . . Your mother used to make you put them over your school-dresses to keep them clean . . . They're the grandest thing for slipping over a short-and-shirt outfit and turning it into a dress . . . And you've no idea how it helps create that helpless-little-girl look that seems to be the vogue right now . . . Lana Turner was another Hollywood gal who gave that fresh-from-school look in her playsuit of brown and white polka-dot cotton . . . The shorts were perfectly plain and topped by a tuck-in blouse with rounded collar and short sleeves . . . The blouse buttoned down the front with large white pearl buttons . . . Brown anklet socks and brown and white sandals completed her outfit—the neatest I've seen for a long time . . . I noticed these playclothes and sports ensembles didn't have nearly as many pockets as were popular a couple of months ago . . . When I got back to town I asked Adrian where the pocket had gone . . . "You gals have bulged yourself right out of pockets," Adrian told me. He said that the clothes he is designing for summer wardrobes are going to have nothing but small slit-pockets . . . Why? 'Cause if he puts big patch-pockets on jackets and dresses, merely for decorative purposes, we gals stuff them full of compacts, cigarettes, grocery lists and what-have-you till our shapes look like nothing human . . . I think he muttered something about "women can't be trusted," but I was so busy slipping the breakfast rolls out of my large coat-pockets that I didn't hear him.

BUT in spite of the kids trying to steal the glamor spot light, it was Joan Bennett who held all eyes that night with her trick new sleeve scarf bolero . . . And you better watch this one because you'll probably see it even adapted to sports . . . Joannie's dress was simple—a black crepe gown with slightly full skirt and a low, square neck . . . The tricky bolero of fuchsia crepe had one side fashioned with a long sleeve, and the other side ended in a scarf which draped over the shoulder and down the front of the gown.

Mlle. Chic

To be Somebody's Number One Girl

give your skin this Fragrance Men Love

Your womanly instinct as well as his eyes, both tell how alluring you are when bathed in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love.

HERE'S A SECRET that might be worth a million dollars in happiness! Always go by the rule that a man's senses are ever on the alert!

So remember, when you buy soap for the bath, Cashmere Bouquet has the fragrance men love. Yes, Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, cleansing lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite lingering perfume. Be radiant and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too. Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly and leaves skin smooth and fresh looking.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢
Wherever fine soaps are sold

Cashmere Bouquet Soap
The Fragrance Men Love
Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap
COLGATE
Cashmere Bouquet

TUNE IN! WAYNE KING'S MUSIC
AND FREE DIAMOND RINGS EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT, 8:30, E.D.S.T., COLUMBIA NETWORK

DURA-GLOSS
PINK LADY

The
MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS
in the World

The new shade for early summer —"Pink Lady"

DURA-GLOSS

Within your grasp! A new beauty for your fingernails! Tint them with the nail polish that's new, that's *different*—made an entirely new *way!* Have the most beautiful fingernails in the world. Millions of women have switched to **Dura-Gloss**, prefer it to polishes costing five and even ten times as much! In lovely, fashion-favored shades, at cosmetic counters everywhere—only 10¢. Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, New Jersey.

FINGERNAIL CAP

Only **Dura-Gloss** has it! New "fingernail cap"—coated with the polish that's in the bottle. Shows exact shade. Banishes guesswork, disappointment.

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

10¢

GO HOLLYWOOD---

MEET THE STARS!

Dick Powell

Hollywood
February 29, 1940

The 1940 Fawcett Publications
Movieland Tourists
Hollywood

Dear Readers:

It pleases Joan and me very much to be able to be your host and hostess this summer. I'm sure a grand time will be had by all.

Sincerely yours,
Dick Powell

DP:HK

I Want a Divorce **may be the title of the new Joan Blondell-Dick Powell picture, but 'tain't so. You'll learn about their happy home life when you're their guests at a lawn cocktail party**

JOIN OUR MOVIELAND TOUR AND SEE HOLLYWOOD FROM THE INSIDE

THERE'S only one way to see Hollywood—*from the inside!* Thousands of tourists to the Movie Capital come away disappointed because they were not permitted inside the studios, were not allowed to watch pictures being made, and were unable to meet any stars.

But through the 1940 Fawcett Movieland Tour you will be able to do all these things, and a lot more. MOTION PICTURE Magazine has made all arrangements for a glorious two-weeks' vacation that includes travel, entertainment, and a chance to see Hollywood from the inside. All you have to do is fill out the coupon that accompanies this article and leave the details to us.

We guarantee to provide the vacation of a life-time. Here's what your ticket to the 1940 Movieland Tour gets you:

A superb trip in air-conditioned Pullmans through some of America's most magnificent scenery—the Ten Thousand Lakes region of Minnesota, the Rocky Mountains, Mt. Shasta, etc. (The air-conditioned accommodations insure every traveler of complete comfort and relaxation on the trip. This important feature comes at no additional cost.)

A sight-seeing trip through Hollywood, with trained guides to show you all the highlights of the Film Colony.

Luncheon at the Paramount Commissary, where the stars eat, plus a trip through the studio and a chance to see pictures actually being made. You may be lucky enough to see the great DeMille feature, *Northwest Mounted Police* in production, or any one of Paramount's forthcoming hits—*A Night at Earl Carroll's, Night of June 16th*, or *Safari*.

The special feature of the 1940 Movieland Tour—one that you couldn't hope to enjoy otherwise—will be the lawn cocktail party on the beautiful estate of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell. Members of the Movieland Tour will be the personal guests of this charming film couple, and have ample opportunity to get acquainted with them.

During your stay in Hollywood you will live at the Biltmore Hotel, one of the finest in that part of the country.

The price of the Movieland Tour ticket includes railroad fare, meals, hotel, the tour of Hollywood, the visit to the studio, the cocktail party, and incidental pleasure jaunts. You will also have time to visit points of interest such as the Golden Gate Exposition on Treasure Island, Catalina Island.

The 1940 Movieland Tour will leave Chicago, July 14th and arrive in Hollywood, July 22nd. The price is extremely modest, considering the advantages the Movieland Tour offers. It is possible to enjoy the whole program for as little as $180.

For complete details of the 1940 Movieland Tour, cut out the coupon and mail it today.

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Fawcett Publications, Inc.
360 North Michigan Boulevard,
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Dear Sirs:

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the 1940 Movieland Tour.

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Address ....

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Just a Pretty Stranger —in her own Home Town

No girl need risk popularity! MUM every day prevents underarm odor—guards charm!

PEG couldn't help being envious—they were having such fun, and she was so lonely. So many girls who weren't as pretty as Peg, had dates. "I'll leave this old town, *then* I'll be popular," thought Peg. But Peg, others will neglect you wherever you go—if you neglect underarm odor.

Like Peg, we seldom know when we are guilty of underarm odor. How much wiser to play safe—each day—with Mum! Don't rely on a bath alone to guard your charm. A bath removes *past* perspiration, but Mum prevents *future* odor.

Wherever there is social life, you will find popular girls use Mum. And *more* use Mum than any other deodorant.

MUM SAVES TIME! Just 30 seconds, and underarms are fresh all day.

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The American Laundry Institute Seal tells you Mum won't harm any fabric. Safe for skin, too—even after underarm shaving!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent perspiration—but by *neutralizing the odor* before it starts. Get Mum at your druggist's today. More women (and more men) make a habit of Mum because Mum keeps you "in right" everywhere—with *everyone!*

POPULAR GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM

FRANKLY, JEAN, EVEN WITH A DAILY BATH—I'D ADVISE MUM TO PREVENT ODOR!
TO HERSELF: MUM WAS THE ANSWER FOR ME, ALL RIGHT! I'M A HIT... TONIGHT!

MUM
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

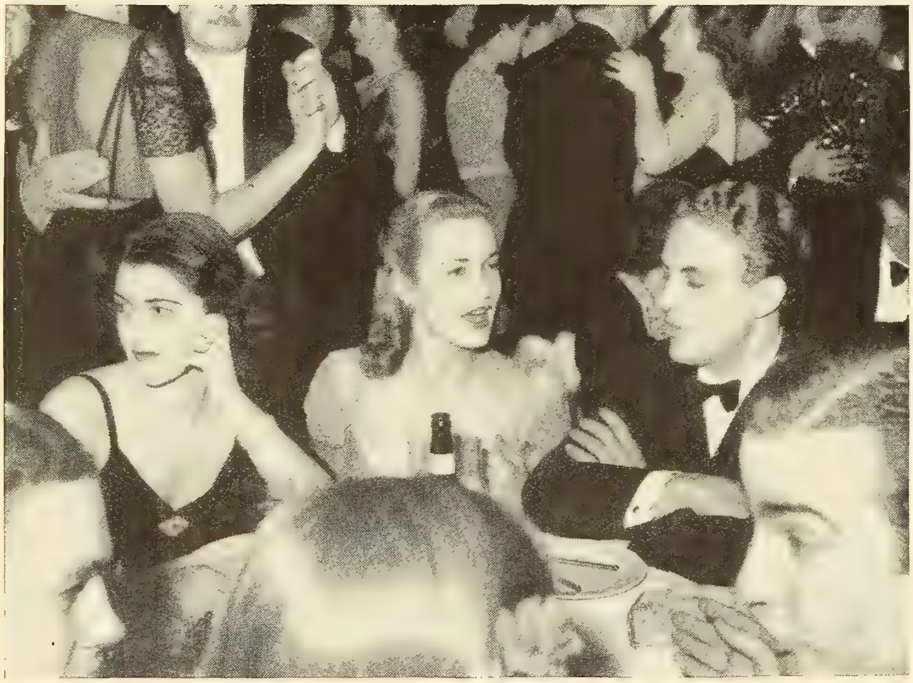
For Sanitary Napkins, Too—
No need to worry about Sanitary Napkins if you remember Mum will keep you fresh. Mum is so safe... so gentle... thousands use it this way!

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

STARS OVER BROADWAY

HOLLYWOOD STARS ON MANHATTAN'S MERRY-GO-ROUND

By DOROTHY LUBOU



Partying at Fefe's Monte Carlo are Diana Blythe Barrymore, whom the Great Profile claims as his greatest Production, Cobina Wright Jr., society songstress, Hollywood socialite actor Robert Stack

Before returning to Hollywood and a sick-bed Joan Fontaine and hubby Brian Aherne did N. Y. theatres, nite-clubs. Here they dance at Fefe's Monte Carlo

THAT GEORGE RAFT DIVORCE looks as though it will go through. . . . If George becomes step-papa of Norma Shearer's two children, Norma will be a step-grandma! Georgie's son by his first marriage made the actor a grandfather recently. . . . The quarter of a million settlement that has been the obstacle to Raft's freedom for so many years won't look so big, now that George's bride is almost certain to be the wealthy movie widow. . . . Norma's friends still haven't recovered from the surprise of her sudden romantic interest in Raft. . . . George still retains the friends of his early night-club days. . . . Norma has long been a social leader of the film colony. . . . On his last Eastern visit George was interested in buying part of the flourishing La Conga night club. . . . He is also one of the financial backers of a new night spot soon to open on Broadway. . . . Evidently Norma hasn't tried to discourage his long-standing interests in cabarets. . . . George practically lives in them when he's East. . . . Meeting Margaret Lindsay proved to be one of the nicer events of the month. . . . She is much prettier and gayer than five years of colorless screen roles led me to suspect. . . . Like Bette Davis, Margaret was tagged early in her career as lacking the necessary sex appeal to develop fan appeal. . . . But Margaret is doing all right. . . . Her one complaint is that Hollywood men simply won't understand that she's too tired when working, to date. . . . That's handicapped many a romance in her life. . . . She's on her first vacation in years, after moving her make-up box over to Universal. . . . She was off to Nassau and Florida in a few days. . . . Nassau has become quite the isle since Garbo guested there with some very social friends of Gaylord Hauser. . . . The most interesting item about Margaret I discovered over tea at the Lombardy (and I do mean tea), was that she spent twenty-five dollars a month for rent during her first year in pictures. . . . Another twenty-five went for food. . . . She knows the value of money and doesn't believe in that so called necessary Hollywood front. . . . Margaret didn't have to go through the routine of shopping while here. . . . She looked too smart in Hollywood fashions.

BOB PRESTON JOINED Dorothy Lamour before she went off to Florida to build herself up for a tonsillectomy. . . . The skeptics who figured this a publicity romance are wrong. . . . Dot had the jitters for weeks, fearful that the throaty huskiness of her voice would disappear along with her tonsils. . . . But voice tests since the operation are reassuring. . . . Sherman Billingsley threw a gay party at the Stork for the sarong star. . . . A tribute to a little girl who made her first night-club appearance in New York singing for her supper (and very little else) at his club. . . . On the heels of Perc Westmore's hunt for a vanishing Gloria Dickson . . . who turned up living with mama and set for a divorce suit, brother Ernie eloped to Virginia with Peggy Kent, daughter of movie mogul Sidney Kent. . . . They'll housekeep in New York for a while. . . . Peggy's pal, Arline Judge, threw a cocktail

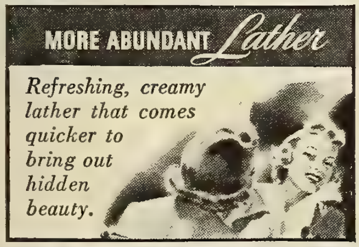
The Fred Astaires arrived in New York to take in shows, nite-clubs and renew contacts with old friends. They go for auto ride with Mrs. John R. Fell (center) party for the couple. . . . Arline refused to comment on the Sonja Henie-Dan Topping romance. . . . maybe it'll take, for Sonja has a way of getting what she wants. . . . Frances Farmer returned to Hollywood for *South of Pago Pago* after answering Equity charges anent her desertion of *The Fifth Column*. . . . She's recovered considerably from the Clifford Odets unhappiness. . . . But isn't it too bad that she had to miss out on one of the hits of the season. . . . Franchot Tone did something that even Paul Muni failed to do. . . . Bring a not too well-written play into the hit class by reason of the most discussed performance of the year. . . . Franchot is grand! Maybe Hollywood producers will know what to do with him when they woo him to the Coast again. . . . Ruth Chatterton was most unfortunate after a fifteen year absence from the footlights. . . . She looks marvelous. . . . But *Lady Chatterly's Lover* even under another name and excellently acted, is nasty stuff for a fine actress. . . . Edmund O'Brien must have made Nancy Kelly very proud of his great notices. . . . Katharine Hepburn's brother has written a play. . . . It's about the Hepburn family . . . and especially, Katie. . . . Young Richard is following the family tradition. . . . Hepburn's ex, Ludlow Smith, has become her best boy friend again.

AT THE OUT OF TOWN opening of *Higher and Higher*, agent Ken Dolan, who has nursed Mary Martin and Frances Langford through similar trying appearances, was just no good at comforting the missus, Shirley Ross. He admitted that he had absolutely no judgment when it came to his wife. . . . Was he delighted when I reassured him that Shirley looked very lovely, and carried off her first role in a musical comedy with honors. . . . She stopped the show with a torch song that should do for her what *Thanks for the Memory* did in Hollywood. . . . Marta Eggert, the star, known to European film audiences, is Simone Simon with talent. . . . Bob Montgomery may repeat Doug Fairbanks' experiences in London by remaining there a long while. . . . Bob has been discouraged in Hollywood. . . . In England, he has his say in production and direction. . . . Ingrid Bergman will team with Burgess Meredith in a revival of *Liliom*. . . . With Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh actually getting under way with *Romeo and Juliet* due at the Hollywood Theatre, New York will have the biggest line-up of screen talent in its history. . . . Gladys George is back, in *Lady in Waiting*. . . . Olympe Bradna, Helen Mack, Edith Fellows and Mary Healy, along with Michael Whalen and Peter Hayes were in town with Jimmie Fidler's troupe. . . . Mary and Hayes have been having something of a romance en route, but it's Franchot Tone she looked up the moment she got here. . . . That was really something before Franchot left the Coast. . . . Those beauteous Powers models will be awfully stiff competition for Mary. . . .

MAKING MERRY: The Fred Astaires at the ever popular Fefe's Monte Carlo. . . . Mary Martin and Fred Drake . . . it's been serious for some time. . . . Hally Chester, one of the Tough Kids, sighing over Gloria Blake, seventeen year old singer. . . . Gloria's family broke up their youthful twoing . . . after Hally scoured the town for the very biggest and very best orchids. . . . The Brian Ahernes again . . . causing everyone to change their minds about the Ty Powers being the happiest pair around. . . . The Stork. . . . Marie Wilson . . . tired after a season of vaudeville . . . happy that Hollywood wants her again . . . and that Nick Grinde has been wiring frantically for her to return. . . . The Waldorf: Hal Wallis and Louise Fazenda being partied . . . every theatrical light in town present. . . . John Garfield and Paul Muni getting most of the attention. . . . La Conga, Tony Martin and Renee De Marco, of the dance team . . . not serious. . . . Alice Faye is still head girl with Tony despite her suit for divorce. . . . Betty Grable . . . no longer twoing with Desi Arnaz, very sad about that Artie Shaw marriage, now that she has gotten over her surprise. . . . Franchot Tone with Puck Paris. . . . Cafe Savini. . . . Jeanette MacDonald, on a rare off night from her concertizing. . . . Gene Raymond has been joining her from time to time. . . . The Beachcomber: Songwriter Harry Revel, who will be reunited with partner Mack Gordon tells a little story. . . . Harry recently bought a house in Hollywood. . . . Like all new home-owners he never misses an opportunity to show off the place. . . . His sister was lunching several guests a few weeks ago. . . . He offered to show a late arrival over the house. . . . Proudly he pointed out the view, the grounds, the luxury features. . . . He didn't notice that he wasn't getting much response. . . . Suddenly, the woman interrupted him. Would he mind if she didn't look any further? She knew the house well, she informed him. . . . She had built it. . . . She had lived in it for many years with her husband before his death. . . . Financial troubles had forced her to part with it. . . . The lady was Mrs. Wallace Reid.

Women thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!

GREATER *Mildness*
Amazing gentleness —for a complexion that invites "close-ups."



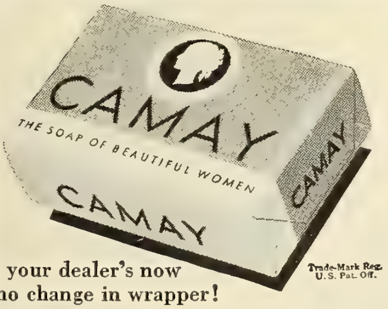
Refreshing, creamy lather that comes quicker to bring out hidden beauty.

NEW, WINNING *Fragrance*
Fragrance that makes it heaven to hold you in his arms.

Brought to you by Camay to Help you to Loveliness!

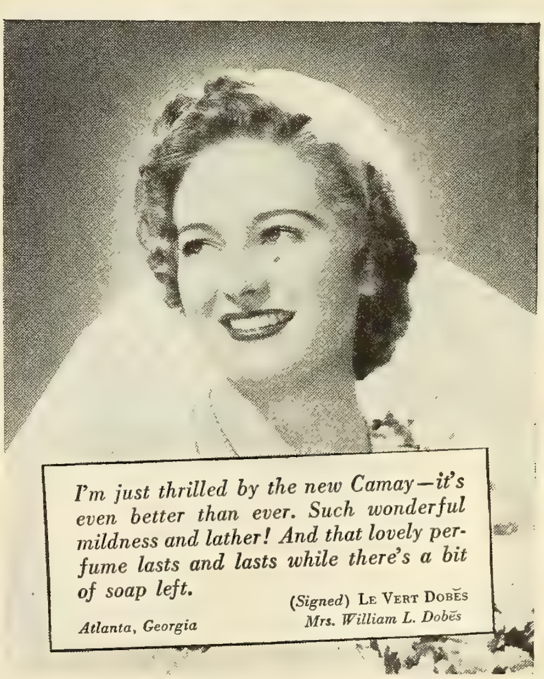
WOMEN everywhere are making new Camay their favorite beauty soap . . . seeking new loveliness with the aid of Camay's gentle beauty cleansing care.

And no wonder . . . for now Camay offers them advantages which most women have never enjoyed before! Yes—we tested new Camay against six of the most popular beauty soaps we could find . . . proved Camay was *milder* than any of them . . . gave more lather in a short time . . . had a fragrance almost 2 out of 3 women preferred! Get Camay at your dealer's, now!



At your dealer's now —no change in wrapper!

Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



I'm just thrilled by the new Camay—it's even better than ever. Such wonderful mildness and lather! And that lovely perfume lasts and lasts while there's a bit of soap left.

(Signed) LE VERT DOBĒS
Mrs. William L. Dobēs
Atlanta, Georgia

***Now—more than ever*—THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

Glamorous
Society Actress

Whitney Bourne's luxurious New York apartment is the meeting place of society and the arts. She spends a great deal of time in Hollywood where she follows a career in the movies.

Top-Flight
Air Hostes

Miss June Rothe, TWA air hostess, has learned to serve a 7-course meal—alone—to 21 people traveling at 200 miles per hour! Charm, limited weight, nurse's train ing are other job requirement

BUT BOTH GIVE THEIR SKIN THIS SAME THOROUGH CARE

QUESTION TO MISS BOURNE: With a busy social life and a demanding career like yours, Miss Bourne, how do you keep your complexion so vibrant and fresh looking?

ANSWER: "It's a matter of regular skin care with Pond's 2 grand Creams. To keep my skin clear and glowing, I cleanse it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream night and morning. And, of course, before fresh make-up."

QUESTION: Aren't the sudden changes from California sun to New York weather hard on your skin?

ANSWER: "No, because my powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream —also serves as a marvelous protection against sun and wind and weather. I always use it before make-up!"

QUESTION TO MISS ROTHE: Does your appearance count very heavily when you apply for a job as air hostess, Miss Rothe?

ANSWER: "Yes—we needn't be actually beautiful, but we *must* look attractive. I give my complexion the best care I know—with Pond's 2 Creams. I use Pond's Cold Cream to cleanse my skin, help keep it soft and supple—and Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth it for powder."

QUESTION: Does using two Creams seem to affect the way your make-up goes on?

ANSWER: "Definitely! Cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream freshens my skin. Then a light, satiny film of Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths little roughnesses and makes a perfect powder base. No wonder make-up looks better!"

Arriving for premiere at Carthay Circle Theatre

June dances on off-duty evenin

POND'S
COLD CREAM FOR Cleansing
POND'S
VANISHING CREAM FOR Finishing

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT POND'S, Dept. 6-CVF, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Crea enough for 9 treatments, with genero samples of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Pon Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansi cream), and 5 different shades of Pon Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packi

Name____________________________

Street___________________________

City____________________State_________

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Bob Taylor and Vivien (Scarlett and Academy Winner) Leigh are reunited in whirlwind romance of World War—*Waterloo Bridge*

VIVIEN LEIGH - ROBERT TAYLOR

THE HEDY LAMARR

IF YOU THINK YOU KNOW HEDY WELL YOU HAVE A SURPRISE COMING. IN THIS INTERVIEW—THE FIRST SHE HAS GRANTED ANY MAGAZINE IN MONTHS—SHE GIVES YOU AN ALL-REVEALING PICTURE OF CHARACTER, HER PRIVATE LIFE, AND HOLLYWOOD

YOU drive up Benedict Canyon for miles, past the last clusters of houses. The country becomes wild and rugged, covered with underbrush. The road starts climbing sharply, preparatory to twisting up the mountains ahead. Suddenly you come upon a narrow road leading off to the left. It is marked, emphatically, "Private Road."

From the canyon road, you can see no house. All that you see, some distance up, is a high steel fence. You start up the road—in second. For a quarter of a mile you climb straight up the canyon side. Then you make a hairpin turn left. Around the curve is a high wooden gate. Over the gate is a sign, "Hedgerow Farm."

Past the gate, the road, one car wide, winds on up the mountainside, with a low white fence on your left warning you that there is a cliff below, as well as above. From somewhere above you, a great Dane sets up a barking. You know you are nearing the house. You top a sharp rise and—there it is. A small, one-story, white stucco house, set on a leveled acre of ground. A white picket fence encloses the yard, which faces the mountain. Around the fence are rows of colorful flowers.

A hundred feet or so back of the house stand the garage and a building that might be servants' quarters. Farther away stands—of all things—a large chicken house.

You don't, somehow, expect Glamor Girl No. 1 to keep chickens. Neither do you expect to find her living in a small, secluded house that is more livable than luxurious and can't be seen by the passerby, much less awe him. Her surroundings are a tip-off to Hedy Lamarr. She doesn't work at the Glamor Girl business in private life.

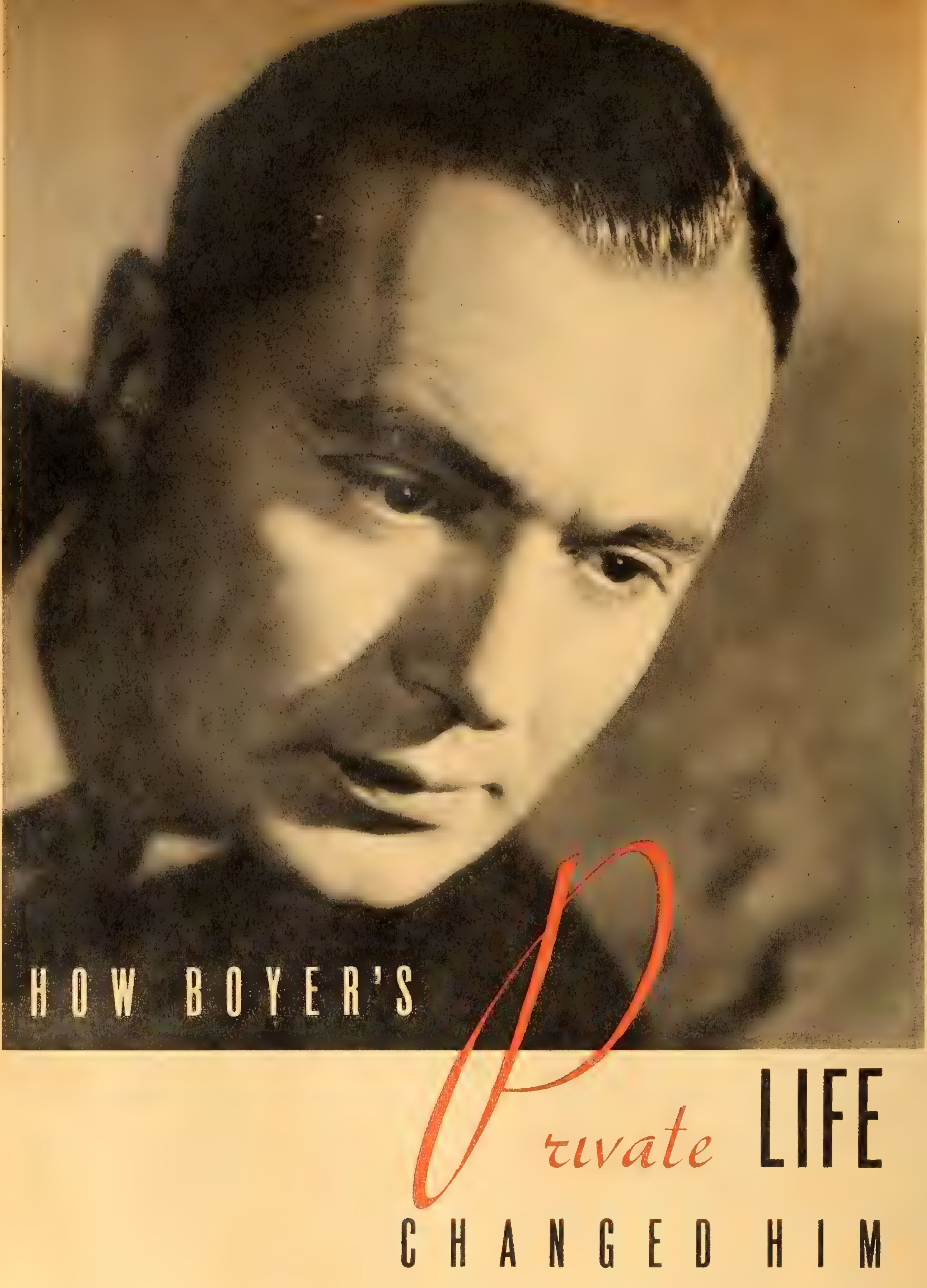
The house is built in the shape of a wide V, with the entrance door in the center, facing the yard and the afternoon sun. A Filipino boy in a white coat ushers you into the living room, asks you to wait. "Miss Lamarr has been delayed a few moments."

You happen to know that Hedy, herself, planned this room, as she planned every room in the house. It is an example of her taste, not [*Continued on page 76*]

The photos at the left and across bottom of opposite page give you the Hedy of European triumphs, taken a few years ago. The large photo opposite is the glamorous Hedy of Hollywood, who has become the most photogenic actress on the screen

NO ONE KNOWS

By
JAMES
REID



HOW BOYER'S *Private* LIFE CHANGED HIM

YOU'LL FIND A NEW SERIOUSNESS, A NEW INTENSITY IN CHARLES BOYER. THAT'S WHAT THE ARMY DID TO HIM

By DAN CAMP

MONSIEUR CHARLES BOYER doesn't feel so proud and cocky, any more, about his role of "Napoleon"—remember?

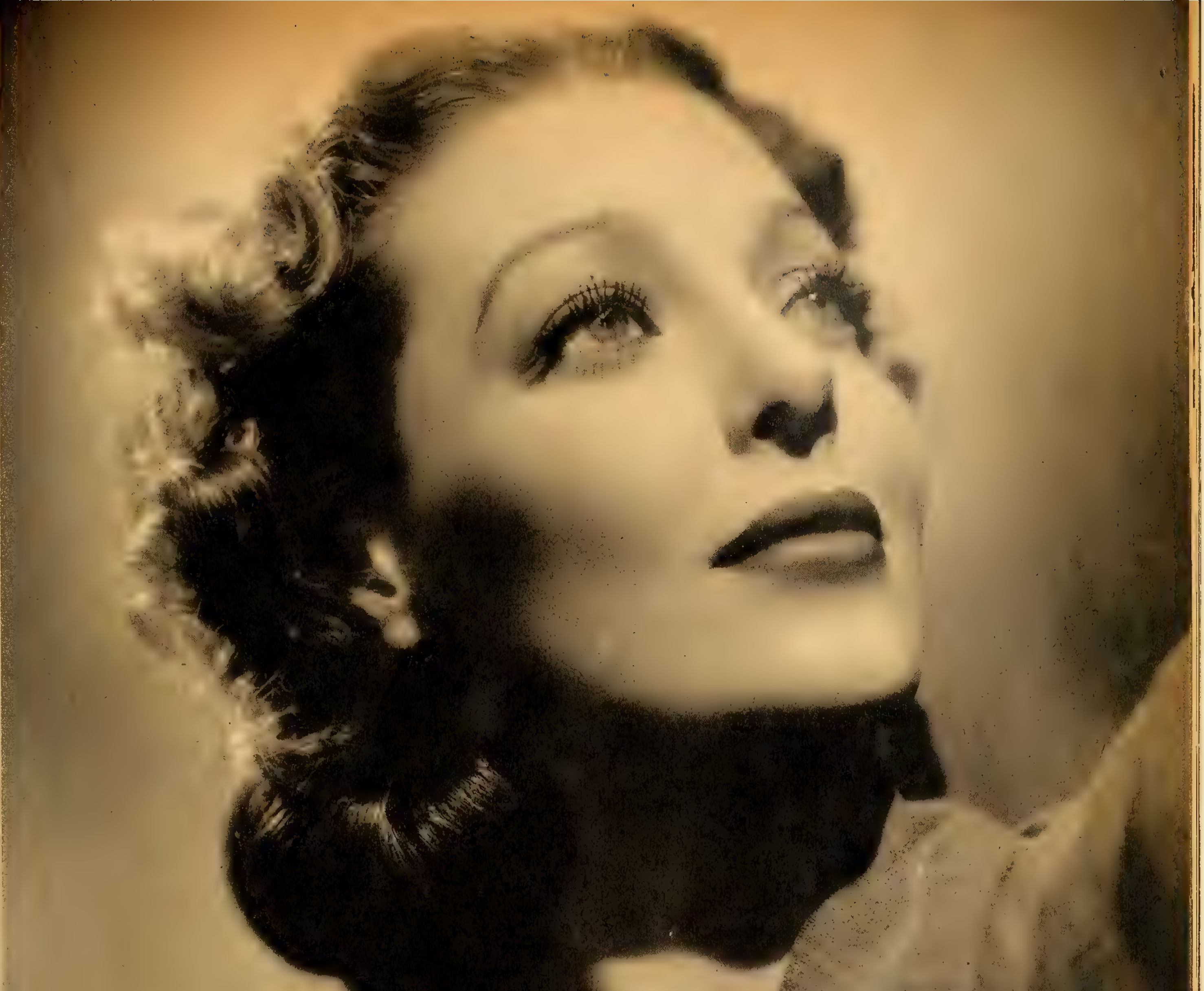
Not that it wasn't a swell job, mind you!—probably the grandest screen Napoleon anyone has ever seen or ever will see. And Boyer felt pretty swell about it, himself, after all the critics on both sides of the Atlantic had done a rave about it. Even his home critics in France. After all, it isn't every man who can be a Napoleon and get away with it, and so Charles Boyer, as well he might, felt pretty well inflated about it. . . .

And then came the war, and Monsieur Charles Boyer laid away his grease-paints and his fancy costumes and his stardom, and he became a private in the French army. He put on that faded-blue uniform of the poilu, which wasn't at all like Napoleon's gaudy outfit. And he got his orders to proceed to Agen, which is in Southern France, to serve with the 37th French Colonial Artillery. And as soon as his fellow-privates discovered whom they had with them, they knocked Napoleon right smack out of Screen Star Boyer's head . . . !

Boyer makes no bones about telling it, now—

"They—what you call?—*kidded* me unmercifully," he says, in that precise English he is re-learning now.

"See what we [*Continued on page* 68]



When the doc takes looker like Loretta (*The Doctor Takes a Wife*) he also takes his blood pressure—she's that exciting

LORETTA YOUNG

BALLYHOODOOED

GIVING THE STARS A GREAT BIG BUILD-UP BEFORE THEY'RE READY PUTS THEM ON THE SPOT. THEIR BALLYHOO QUICKLY TURNS TO BALLYHOODOO

GEORGE BRENT recently said (according to an interviewer): "I feel sorry for anybody who gets a lot of publicity. I had too much, myself, in the beginning. And a reporter in New York summed it up very neatly. He said, 'Now that you've had a million dollars' worth of publicity, when are you going to make a picture?' That's all that counts in the long run with anybody—what you do on the screen."

Now people are wondering if he is taking Ann Sheridan to dinner because he feels sorry for her.

Life hasn't been the same for Ann since a year ago, when a bright young press-agent had a Ziegfeld urge. He wanted to glorify the American girl—as exemplified by his studio's brand of starlet. But he wanted to be subtle about it. So he promised a number of Hollywood's best-known and least-publicity-shy gallants a champagne dinner, and newspaper mention as connoisseurs, if they would proclaim one of his studio's starlets the Hollywood girl with the most "oomph." What "oomph" was, he didn't say. They were free to use their imaginations. The whole idea amused the boys; they accepted with alacrity. All the press-agent had to do was to select the time, the place and the girl.

He chose Ann Sheridan, without her knowing it. She knew only that there was to be a dinner she had to attend, because some honor was going to be bestowed on her. The nature of the honor-to-come was made a mystery. (Just to make sure she wouldn't back out.)

The dinner was most amusing. Ann wasn't sorry, at the time, that she had gone. She had a lot of laughs. She even got a laugh out of being handed the title, "The Oomph Girl." She didn't suspect its serious possibilities. No one did. Everybody else laughed, too, on first hearing the words, "Oomph Girl."

Everybody laughed, but the label stuck in everybody's mind—particularly with press-agents constantly repeating it, to get their money's worth out of that dinner. Everybody began asking: "What is oomph, anyway?" Since Ann Sheridan was the girl who seemed to have it, everybody wanted to look her over, know something about her.

Within a few weeks, she became the most-photographed, most-interviewed, most-talked-about girl in Hollywood. Her bosses were delighted (they gave her a raise), but they were dumbfounded,

[*Continued on page* 70]

Simone Simon could not measure up to tons of publicity

"Oomph" title put Ann Sheridan on spot

Ilona Massey was victim of ballyhoodoo

STARS

By
RICHARD McKENZIE

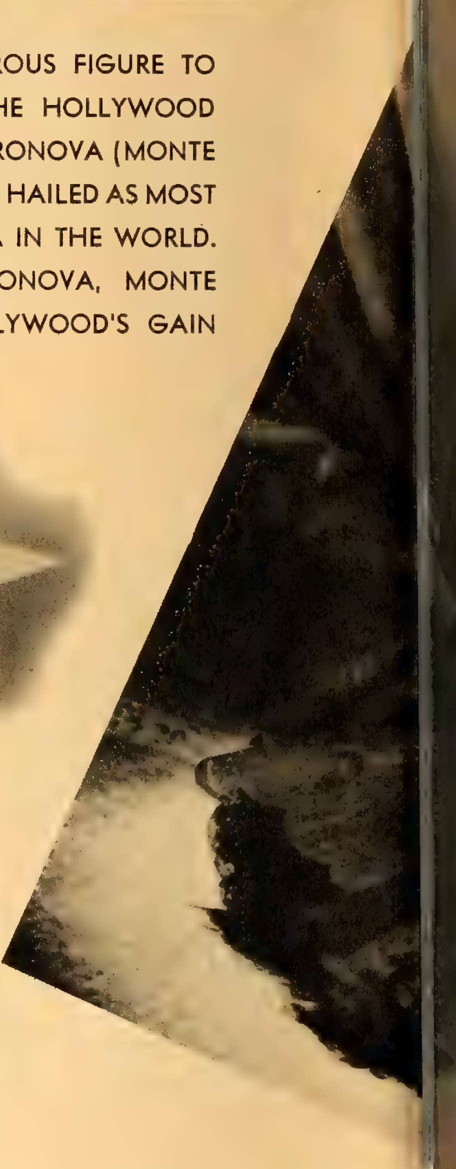
Publicity given Hedy Lamarr led public to expect too much, too soon

"Pretty boy" publicity hurt Bob Taylor

A storm dampened Jon Hall's big build-up

HER FEET WILL

THE LATEST GLAMOROUS FIGURE TO FLASH ACROSS THE HOLLYWOOD HORIZON IS IRINA BARONOVA (MONTE CARLO BALLET RUSSE) HAILED AS MOST BEAUTIFUL BALLERINA IN THE WORLD. WE GIVE YOU BARONOVA, MONTE CARLO'S LOSS, HOLLYWOOD'S GAIN



"THE Toast of Continents," reads the biography of Baronova, "the friend of kings and queens." It says, "Hailed throughout the world as not only the Most Beautiful Ballerina but as the first successor to Pavlowa . . . Irina Baronova, latest glamorous figure to flash across the Hollywood horizon . . . Playing her first screen role as the gorgeous *Trina,* sweetheart of an archduke, in M-G-M's *Florian,* drama of the fall of the Hapsburg dynasty, et cetera, et cetera" . . . my, *my,* I thought admiringly, doesn't it sound just *elegant?*

It was the "Toast of Continents," the "friend of kings and queens," the "Beautiful Ballerina" that really got me. I've always had a yen to sit down and really pass the time of day with a Toast of Continents. I've often wondered how they really tick.

There seems something so not-of-our world about the world of the ballet, with its fantastic, earth-leaving figures, its conjuring names, Pavlowa, Nijinsky, Zorina, Baronova . . . "latest glamorous figure to flash across the Hollywood horizon" her biography reads. . . .

Alas, I thought, the *very* last, like as not . . . in an almost entirely deglamorized world where we know that Myrna Loy has freckles and was born in Montana, where we know that Garbo laughs, and probably eats and sleeps, too. Where Dietrich has as good as admitted, "I am mortal," and Hedy Lamarr is dished up to us in a starchy apron Doing Good To The Poor.

IT DID seem to me that the last enigma left, the last exotic veil to be rent would be a Beautiful Ballerina, a Toast of Continents. . . .

I hadn't the least idea what Baronova would be like. I'm ashamed to say I'd never seen her with the Russian Ballet. I'd never seen a picture of her. I didn't know her age, young or not so young . . . about 40, I thought, vaguely . . . and I imagined she would have kohl-darkened eyes and intricate ways, and maybe wings, for all I knew. They say that Nijinsky's feet are, structurally, the feet of a *bird.* I didn't know whether she was married or single. Probably single, I thought, with a long and lacquered list of lovers, kings and archdukes and things. . . .

I found out, at once, that she *is* married. Because when I arrived at the apartment I was admitted, most courteously but unceremoniously, by a very tall, dark and handsome young man who looks like an idealized enlargement of Fredric March, and who introduced himself as German Sevastianov, and the husband of Baronova.

Well, I thought, if a friend of kings and queens *must* be married, this is the arch-type, if not an archduke . . . (when I learned, later, that German Sevastianov, Jerry to his friends, was Managing Director of the Russian Ballet, the pattern was complete). Irina, he was telling me, offering me a cigarette, proffering tea or sherry, [*Continued on page* 85]

GO TO YOUR HEAD

By GLADYS HALL

Having been the friend of kings and queens, Irina Baronova feels very much at home in *Florian*, a drama of the fall of the Hapsburg dynasty in which she plays the sweetheart of an archduke

Susan can take all the close-ups they give her. That's how her beauty registers. She will be seen soon in *Mystery Ship*

SUSAN HAYWARD

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST PICTURE STEALER

AS PICTURE-THIEF THOMAS MITCHELL IS TOPS. NO SCENE IS SAFE WITH HIM AROUND. HE WON ACADEMY AWARD FOR BEST WORK BY SUPPORTING PLAYER (1939) IN "STAGECOACH"

By ROGER CARROLL

NOT too many weeks ago, a publicity man who had just met him for the first time tried to tell Thomas Mitchell that he had given a great performance as the whiskey-soaked doctor in *Stagecoach*. Tom is suspicious of all publicity men. He wasn't going to let this one get the idea that blarney could make them friends.

He exploded, "I'm getting fed up with you fellows calling that 'a great performance.' I don't want any credit I don't deserve. That part didn't call for any terrific acting. With those lines and those situations, it was fool-proof. If you've got to write about something I've done, mention some part I had to work over to make a character register. I've had some."

The publicity man retired in confusion. Up to that moment, he had never encountered any actor who reacted pugnaciously to praise, of any kind, from any source.

His confusion, however, was nothing compared with Tom's when he was nominated for an Academy Award—for his work in *Stagecoach*.

He almost didn't go to the Academy dinner. He had heard that it was pretty dull stuff: one speech after another. Friends told him that he ought to be there, in case he did get an Oscar. He scoffed at the possibility. He went, finally, only to avoid offending anybody. To forestall boredom, he invited some chance and amiable acquaintances in Dave Chasen's cocktail bar to go with him.

When he was called to the dais to receive the award for the best masculine supporting performance of 1939, he looked thunder-struck. He was.

He didn't get pugnacious about the Academy's calling his acting in *Stagecoach* great. He took the gold statuette and liked it.

No actor yet has ever been able to turn down a tribute from fellow-actors. There is nothing he would rather get. Particularly if his name is Thomas Mitchell.

He has always been on the pudgy side. He is immune from any matinee-idol complexes. What people think of his looks doesn't matter to him. The only thing that matters to him is whether or not he is believable in a role.

His concentration on his performances has made him the greatest scene-stealer in the business. It has also made him the greatest publicity-dodger.

"When I'm trying to be a character on the screen, I [*Continued on page* 66]

HOLLYWOOD'S TEN MOST INTERESTING PEOPLE

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

HOLDING top rating as a movie star over a period of years is quite a task. But far easier than staying in the ranks of Hollywood's most interesting Ten. For it takes more than lucky breaks and good pictures to keep man, woman or child there. And all the relatives in the studios can't help you.

It takes a mighty unusual quality to rate recognition among Hollywood's most interesting people—because the smartest, the screwiest, the most original, the most famous and the most notorious sooner or later find their way to the corner of Vine and Hollywood Boulevard.

But to stay in that strange company—that's really something. For if time marches on elsewhere, it sprints in Flickerville, and the scene changes so rapidly that people here have been known to be fired before they were hired, and, as in the case of *Our Town*, babies are signed to work in pictures before they are born.

Four years ago the five hundred people queried by MOTION PICTURE for the data from which to compile its first list of the most interesting nominated the following:

1. Shirley Temple
2. John Barrymore
3. Grace Moore
4. W. S. Van Dyke
5. Peter the Hermit
6. Al Jolson
7. Greta Garbo
8. Jim Tully
9. Harry Cohn
10. Jim Jeffries

A tabulation of the opinion of those questioned developed the following as the second team of our All-World squad of fascinating individualities:

1. Irving Thalberg
2. Aimee Semple McPherson
3. Mae West
4. Charlie Chaplin
5. Mary Pickford
6. Irvin S. Cobb
7. Joe E. Brown

[*Continued on page 82*]

HUNDREDS IN HOLLYWOOD—FROM EVERY WALK OF LIFE—WERE ASKED TO NAME THE TEN MOST INTERESTING PEOPLE IN HOLLYWOOD. AND HERE'S HOW THEY VOTED . . . DO YOU AGREE?

Orson Welles

Aimee Semple McPherson

Mickey Rooney

Greta Garbo

Elsa Maxwell

Hedy Lamarr

John Steinbeck

Cecil B. DeMille

Charlie McCarthy

James Roosevelt

SHE DARED TO BE A HUMAN BEING

MEETING ANN SOTHERN YOU FIND A DIFFERENT WOMAN. SHE GAVE UP GLAMOR AND POSING, BECAME HUMAN AND SO SAVED HER PROFESSIONAL AND PERSONAL LIFE

By
BEN MADDOX

IF YOU meet Ann Sothern today you find her, amazingly, a decidedly different woman. Her hair is still that very golden blond, her face remains artfully glamorized, her voice continues to trill as she talks to you. But make no mistake—Ann's changed plenty. She's stopped fumbling foolishly!

"I'm through trying to impress anyone but myself! When I couldn't help but realize I was stupidly making a failure of my life in Hollywood, I quit posing. Oh, certainly I used to pose! Of course, every girl is apt to pretend too much. But it's a dangerous detour. I know . . . that's why I'm an absolute realist now.

"I don't kid myself any more. Not about love, nor my career, nor anything that's important. I face facts. I smile at alibis. Fortunately for me, you see, I discovered how wrongly I was living, just in time to save myself. My own

[*Continued on page* 87]

Joining our gallery of exclusive color portraits this month is Richard Greene, whose leaping jumps in popularity have catapulted him into stardom—in *I Was An Adventuress* with Vera Zorina. Next month, MOTION PICTURE presents the tenth in this series of gorgeous color portraits, and it will be of the most popular star of all—Mickey Rooney

PEGGY THE PATIENT PLUGGER

SINCE SHE WAS FIVE, PEGGY MORAN PATIENTLY PLUGGED FOR STARDOM . . . AND WON!

By E. J. SMITHSON

FOR many years, now, we have cherished a mighty high regard for these nimble-fingered fellows who draw pretty pictures. But our regard, high as it is, has, we confess, a deep streak of envy running through it. We'd like to be able to take our pencil or paint brush in hand and create a creditable piece of art, but apparently nature never intended us to be artistic, and about the only thing we've been able to draw satisfactorily is our breath. We can still vividly recall that sad day when we decided to draw a check only to have it bounce right back with a N. S. F. stamped across its back! This failure was a terrific blow to our artistic temperament and we gave up further attempts at drawing until the art of doodling sprang into vogue. It may surprise you, as it did us at the time, that during the period when we considered ourselves little more than a novice at this form of expression, we won a Class A medal in a state-wide doodle tournament. We'd like to elaborate at great length about this achievement, but innate modesty forbids—besides, this is neither the time nor the place to become too articulate about art.

Which brings us back to artists in general and one Earl Moran in particular. Moran is the chap who draws those unbelievably beautiful girls that illustrate the calendar in your home or office. Now this corn-fed, Iowa artist, Earl Moran, paints these curvacious beauties from live models, the cream of the New York crop, and he pays them going wages which must be high from what we've gathered. What we can't understand is why he hasn't kept that model money in the family and used his daughter, Peggy, who could give those New York models six extra curves in the right places and still beat 'em to her pappy's draw!

But her father's baffling reluctance to use his daughter as a model has probably turned out for the best because Peggy wouldn't have enjoyed the job very much anyway, having made up her mind at the age of five just what she was going to do when she got to be a big girl.

[*Continued on page* 90]

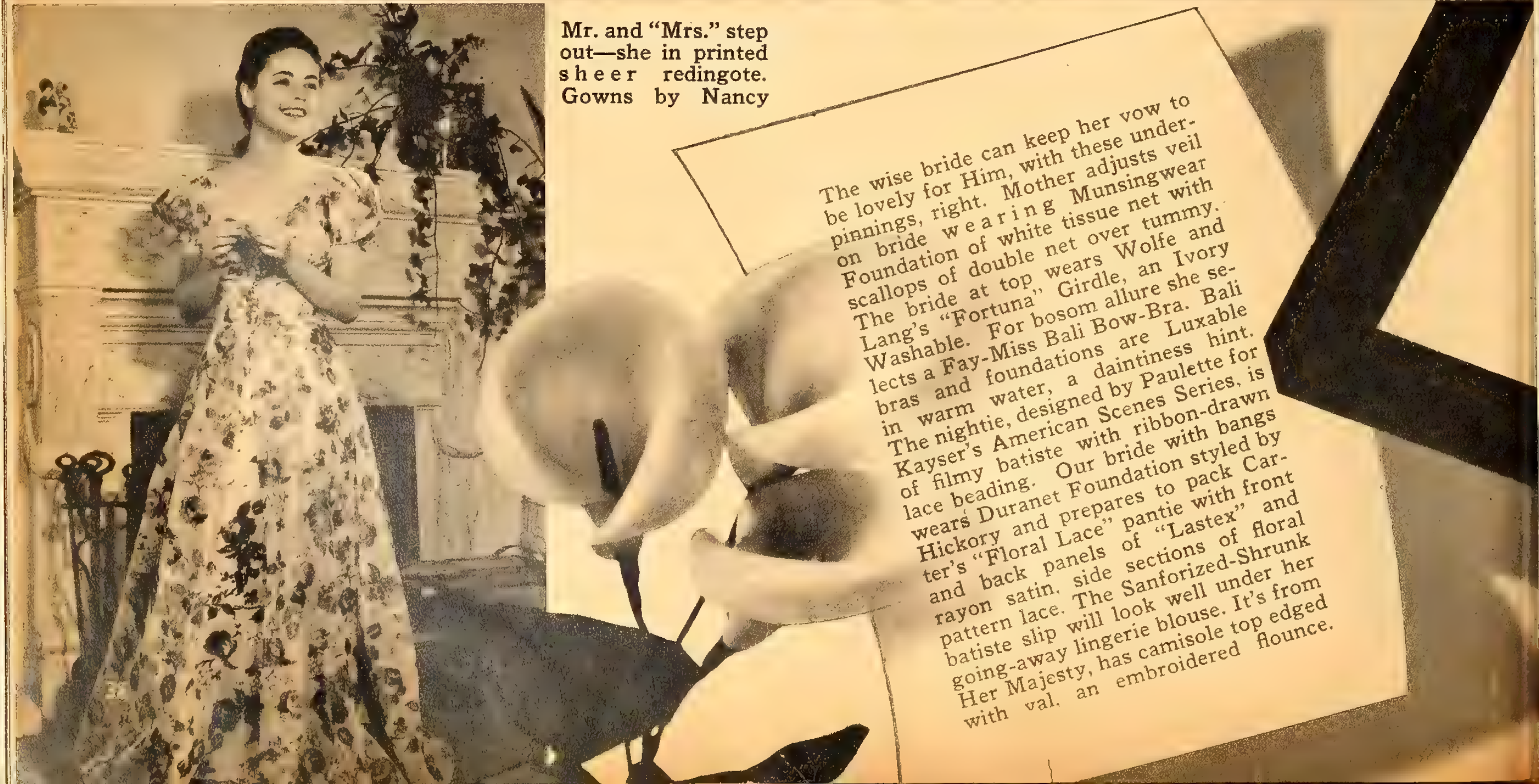
Lady, Take a Vow!

By CANDIDA

The "bride" wore white—a traditional satin gown. Flower spray by Parisian

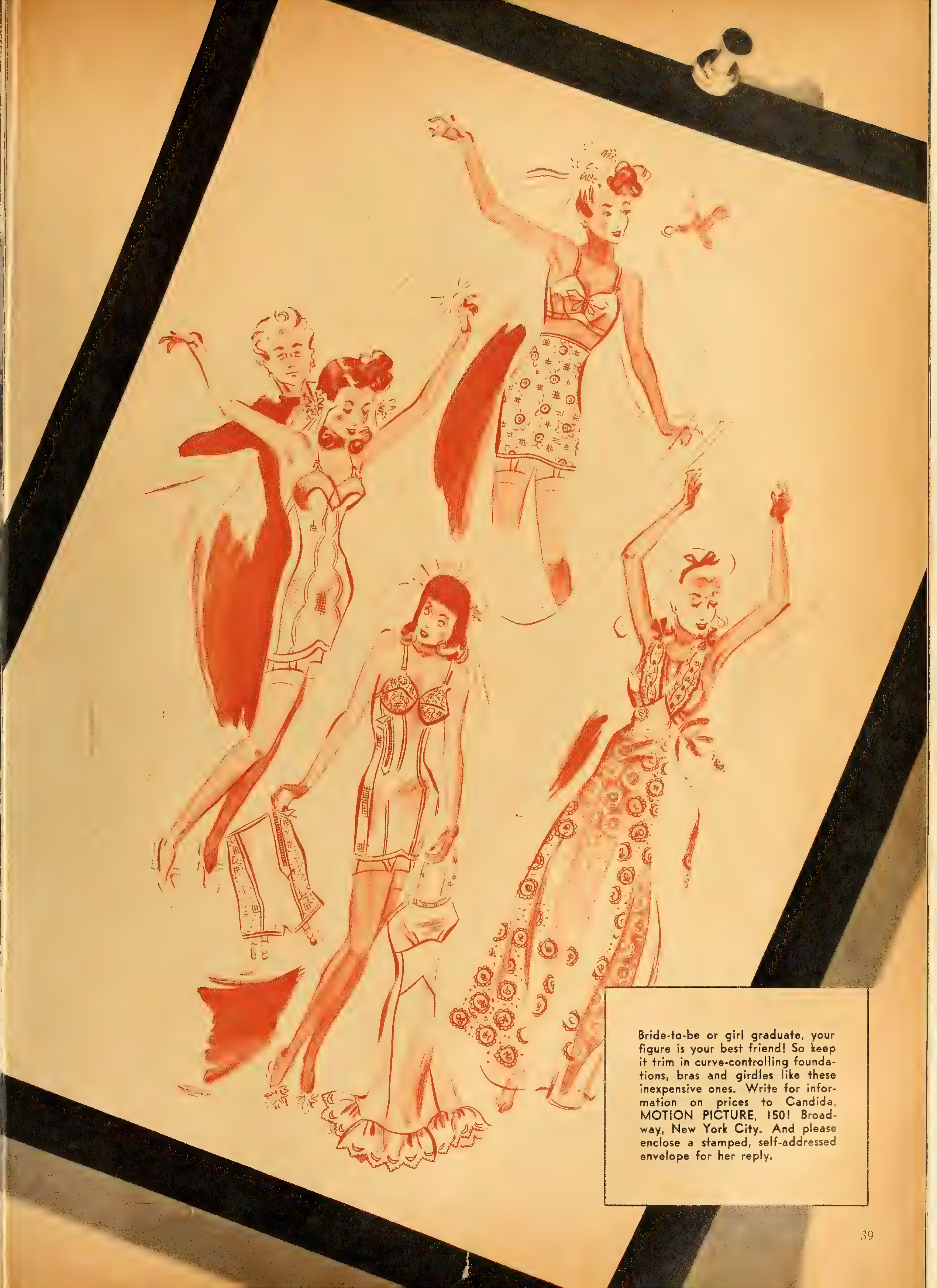
Katherine Aldridge models a gray wool going-away suit. Accessories are blue

Kay wears striped play suit, perfect for honeymooning. She's in *Sailor's Lady*



Mr. and "Mrs." step out—she in printed sheer redingote. Gowns by Nancy

The wise bride can keep her vow to be lovely for Him, with these underpinnings, right. Mother adjusts veil on bride wearing Munsingwear Foundation of white tissue net with scallops of double net over tummy. The bride at top wears Wolfe and Lang's "Fortuna" Girdle, an Ivory Washable. For bosom allure she selects a Fay-Miss Bali Bow-Bra. Bali bras and foundations are Luxable in warm water, a daintiness hint. The nightie, designed by Paulette for Kayser's American Scenes Series, is of filmy batiste with ribbon-drawn lace beading. Our bride with bangs wears Duranet Foundation styled by Hickory and prepares to pack Carter's "Floral Lace" pantie with front and back panels of "Lastex" and rayon satin, side sections of floral pattern lace. The Sanforized-Shrunk batiste slip will look well under her going-away lingerie blouse. It's from Her Majesty, has camisole top edged with val, an embroidered flounce.



Bride-to-be or girl graduate, your figure is your best friend! So keep it trim in curve-controlling foundations, bras and girdles like these inexpensive ones. Write for information on prices to Candida, **MOTION PICTURE**, 1501 Broadway, New York City. And please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her reply.

ALL THIS,

"It is useless to fight against some things, Monsieur," Henriette cried out. "One of them is a woman's jealousy"

"Theo, I'm not going. I'm not going to Melun," the Duchess wept. "But you'll realize—when I'm dead . ."

AND Heaven TOO

THERE was evil in this great house and now Henriette was going away from it, into the world again. Out on the balcony, under the light of the pin-point stars, she tried to think of the future. It stretched before her like a desolate waste. Only the past fevered months seemed real.

There had been hope in her heart that February day, when she had crossed the Channel to come back to her native France again. She had thought, "Ah, this year of 1847 will bring me luck." Even that young minister on the boat, Henry Field, had given her kind words of encouragement. He had said, "Though a stranger to me, I can see that you are a sad and lonely person, my dear. But you have strength. You will fight your destiny through."

And so she had brought her letter of recommendation to the Duke and Duchess de Praslin and taken up her position of Governess in the household. And from the first day, the children had been a joy and delight. Thirteen-year-old Isabelle, gangling and awkward, was like a companion. Louise and little fat Berthe and four-year-old Raynald—all of them, bright, sunny little angels who had given her their love and devotion from the first.

And now she must lose them. Impossible to stay on, now that the Duchess had become, so openly, her enemy. That the woman had hated her from the start had been all too evident. But Henriette had pitied her. She was a strange creature, in repose, a sleeping, slumbrous volcano, but aroused, a fiend, calling on all the world to witness that her husband did not love her and that some day she would be avenged.

Her passion had been frightsome when she had learned that the Duke had taken Henriette and the children to the Opera during one of her recent trips abroad. But her calm had been even more horrifying. Henriette must continue on here, she had declared harshly, while she and the Duke presented themselves to the world as a happy couple so that there would be no breath of scandal.

Such was the plan of the rich Marechal, the Duchess' father, and the Duke had suffered visibly while they spoke of it. But as always, for the children's sake, he had agreed.

Henriette heard a footstep and she turned.

"Mademoiselle," the Duke said to her, "you mustn't leave." His fine, sensitive face was drawn, his eyes dark with tragedy.

She drew away, conscious of the blood racing hotly through her veins. "You shouldn't come here now, Monsieur. There is already enough trouble."

"I beg of you to remember the children—"

It was like a stab in her breast. "Don't, Monsieur."

He went on, "Raynald, who owes you his life." Yes, it was her courage and will that had brought the boy through diphtheria. "Louise, Isabelle, Berthe, who have learned to trust you."

"They are young—they will forget."

CAST

Henriette Deluzy	**BETTE DAVIS**
Duke de Praslin	**CHARLES BOYER**
Duchess de Praslin	**BARBARA O'NEIL**
Henry Field	**JEFFREY LYNN**
Louise	**VIRGINIA WEIDLER**
Raynald	**RICHARD NICHOLS**
Isabelle	**JUNE LOCKHART**
Berthe	**ANN TODD**
Pierre	**HARRY DAVENPORT**
Marechal Sebastiani	**MONTAGU LOVE**

A Warner Bros. Picture

Produced by Hal B. Wallis; directed by Anatole Litvak. Screen play by Casey Robinson from the novel by Rachel Field.

"Pierre," Henriette pleaded, "there has never been a word or a gesture between the Duke and me that couldn't be shared by all the spying eyes in the world. Please, let me alone"

"So you thought I was a ghost," the Duke laughed. "Don't you know your own father?" A moment later, everyone was babbling happily. No one noticed the Duchess' absence

Henriette and the Duke were alone. His words were hushed. "These few hours—this little glimpse of what life might have been—I haven't asked more"

She cried out, in fierce defense. "There are some things that it is useless to fight against, Monsieur, and one of them is another woman's jealousy. If I leave, it will be better for all of us. She will be happier. And perhaps in time, you and she—"

"Never!"

Her throat was dry and tortured. "She loves you, Monsieur."

He demanded harshly, "What kind of love—that drives one to madness? That delights in fury and quarrels?" His voice shook. "I hope you will never understand what it is to be slowly smothered by a love which has become loathsome."

Her white lids dropped. "I shouldn't—have presumed to speak of love at all, Monsieur." Yes, it was a word forbidden to them, by tone or gesture. "I have no right and I ask you to forget it."

"No, my dear, I'm glad you did." It was better to speak out. Somehow, it lightened the burden in his heart—the dread of the day when he would be driven to do something desperate. He took her hands. "Mademoiselle, I know that if you stay it means putting up with slights and humiliations but—surely you haven't it in your heart to deny the children and me the only sanctuary we have."

"But, Monsieur," she implored, against the need in his voice, "I must be practical and—"

"Let's be practical, then." He held up his fingers. "She is only one reason to make you want to go and there are five reasons to keep you here."

"Five?"

A smile of infinite sweetness touched his lips. "Yes, Mademoiselle—four young ones and their father."

She drew a deep quivering breath. "Monsieur, you have asked me and that is enough. If you had tried to bribe or drive a bargain with me I shouldn't be yielding against my better judgment."

Her eyes were luminous and his gaze plunged into them deeply. "To be loved as you are in this house," he said, "is above all bargains."

For a moment they were close and her yearning body swayed him like a tree in a storm. Then, abruptly, he bowed and left.

THE public "reconciliation" of the Duke and Duchess de Praslin began the next day. They were seen at the opera, at gala balls, at intimate soirees. And the newspapers recorded each event. Henriette would read the accounts and then she would stare blindly into space and pretend that she had never seen the printed words.

There was a great ball in the house one evening and around midnight, Henriette found the three girls crouched at the head of the stairs, stealing a look at the festivities. They squealed and chattered with excitement. Everyone was there. Victor Hugo, the divine Rachel, even King Louis-Phillippe himself. Finally, when she had

[*Continued on page 60*]

GREAT SCOTT!!

By PAUL DEMING

AS MARTHA SCOTT WENT THRU HER PACES FOR *OUR TOWN* THE DIRECTOR SAID: "GREAT SCOTT, HOW MARTHA CAN ACT!" IT TAKES STOCK TRAINING IN THEATRE TO BE THAT GOOD

SELDOM does the sudden demise of a stage play benefit anyone connected with it. The critics write their obits, the saddened producer sews on a new mourning band and sets out on a long and weary trek for a new play and golden-winged angels to back it, and the cast wears out shoe leather and nerves in heartbreaking searches for new acting chores—and that's an end of the whole business.

But when Frederick Lonsdale's *The Foreigners* went bust on Broadway last December after a two weeks' run, something different happened. The critics wrote their neat little obits, right enough; Lonsdale, eschewing the mourning band, simply went to work on a new play and the cast began their recitations of "got anything today?" to hard-boiled Broadway theatrical agents.

But to Martha [*Continued on page* 72]

Martha plays original stage role of *Emily* in *Our Town*. William Holden is opposite as love interest

CRAZY WITH SENSE

By JOHN EDWARDS

NEWCOMER JOHN HUBBARD, CLAIMED BY HAL ROACH AS THE CREAM OF 1940 CROP, IS THE "CRAZIEST" SENSIBLE GUY IN HOLLYWOOD. HE'S DOING OKAY, BUT WANTS TO BE BULLFIGHTER

WE'RE going to play smart before we get too involved in this piece about John Hubbard, the ex-M-G-M, ex-Paramount actor now laboring under the Hal Roach banner, and the reason we're going to play smart is because we have to and the reason we have to is because we're going to start out by trying to convince our readers that this Hubbard guy is one of the most sensible and normal young-men-of-the-movies in all Hollywood. And after we've done that we're going to come right out in meeting and prove that he's the "craziest" sensible young man we've ever come across, either in Hollywood or elsewhere.

It's a writing trick if we can do it—and we think we can.

For instance. He's so modest about himself and his acting talents that the Hal Roach publicity department has just about given up trying to get his name in the public prints. He just won't talk about his private life. And what's even more remarkable he just won't talk about the private lives of others. And that's something for Hollywood!

When he got himself tied to a long-term Roach contract he moved into a modest little home on the "other side of the tracks" in Beverly Hills. The reason? "My wife and I," he says, "like to live where we can enjoy real neighbors. The kind that'll let us have a cup of sugar or a pat of butter in case we run short and who'll come a-running to our house if they learn we're in trouble."

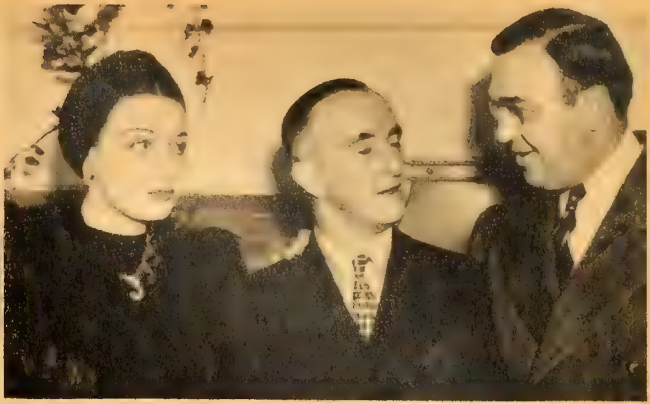
He dresses as modestly as he acts (off stage). He owns a couple of conservative suits, a few pairs of slacks and shirts to match, but a search of his wardrobe closet would fail to reveal any garment approaching the cock-eyed, show-off duds that usually adorn the manly forms of ninety-nine out of a hundred of our very best actors.

He seldom, if ever, spends an evening in our chromium decorated saloons. Not that he's agin it, he says, but that it seems a great waste of time. "I'd rather stay home and play pinochle with my wife," is his sophisticated way of expressing it.

He owns a plane and flies it expertly and has for a couple of years. But you've never read of his amazing aerial adventures and you never will . . . He goes to bed at eleven bells precisely and sleeps (this from his wife) like a log save for the more than slightly off-key pianissimo A-Sharp sound that is called a snore in our more vulgar circles.

He'll never be elected as a member in good standing to any of our several groups of first-class exhibitionists and show-offs. He's [*Continued on page 79*]

AND ALL THE BOYS AND GIRLS WERE THERE TO GREET YOUR EDITOR



Patricia Morison listens as Doc Donohue does ventriloquist act with editor Larry Reid, makes him say "Uncle!"

Mischa Auer learns Joe Schildkraut's technique in welcoming Marjorie Weaver. Gail Patrick enjoys the act

Camera catches Forrest Tucker playing waiter as he passes snacks to Joan Valerie, Bill Lundigan, Helen Parrish

Marion Davies and Gene Raymond get laugh from Bob Cobb, Hollywood wit and story-teller, who spins fast one

Beautiful eyeful Susan Hayward is hungry, takes mouthful of two handfuls of sandwiches. Guy Kibbee has big appetite

Helen Parrish, Jackie Cooper sit out tea and eats

Brenda Joyce and Owen Ward say it with—sandwiches

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

No Dollar Sign

■ SILLIEST MARQUEE SIGN OF THE MONTH—was on the Hollywood Boulevard filmhouse, where they were running a feature and bank night. Seems they didn't have any Dollar-Sign to put up, so it read:

20,000 MEN A YEAR
1,000 FREE TONIGHT

What Ham Did They Cook?

■ If a columnist had made the crack, he'd be ruled out of the studios. But they can't do that to Bob Burns, who, when they served ham for lunch on the set the other day, remarked out loud:

"You bunch of cannibals!"

Joan Will Be Blond Again

■ Now that Vivien Leigh has replaced Hedy Lamarr as No. 1 glam-gal of Hollywood, you may be interested to know that Joan Bennett is going to return to her original blond.

H'mmmmmm!

Interesting If True

■ Interesting news from abroad is the rumor that Robert Montgomery likes London so much that he's planning to stay there for good—and, some talk even has it, he's even thinking of giving up his United States citizenship to become a Britisher.

Or didn't you know he was away?

Eye-filling Rita Hayworth appears in *Blondie On a Budget* wearing a slinky gown. Sets off figure. Keeps within her budget

Possessing one of Hollywood's most gorgeous figures, Carole Landis displays it in Roach spectacle, *1,000,000 B. C.*

Dead ringer for Lillian Russell in hey-day, Alice Faye has best role in *Lillian Russell*—supported by Don Ameche

Celebrating first year in Hollywood, Vivien Leigh gets cake from Mervyn LeRoy. Sid Franklin, Bob Taylor help eat

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Setting Mickey An Example

■ Bob Taylor's mustache is now official. After protesting against it ever since he first grew it for that film role, Bridie-Widie Barbara Stanwyck has finally surrendered, and told him that she "really likes him better" with the fuzz on his lip.

So from now on, Bob can go around with the hair on—and now probably Mickey Rooney'll start one?

Terse Verse

■ *Note to all guys with a yen for Carole Lombard*:
Clark Gable can hit 99 bull's-eyes out of a hondred!

Allergy?

■ Chuckliest talk of Hollywood, just now, is about what the doctor told Orson Welles (remember him?—he's the guy was *gonna* make a movie, isn't he, mama?). . . .

Anyway, seems Welles kept sneezing. Even Welles, after awhile, figured out it must be some kind of allergy, like hay-fever. So he went to a specialist. And, after extensive tests, the specialists told Orson Welles, of ALL people!—that he is ALLERGIC to MOTION PICTURE FILM!!!

P. S.—And that makes it about even. On account of motion picture film seems allergic to Welles, too. Anyway, the betting around town [*Continued on page 75*]

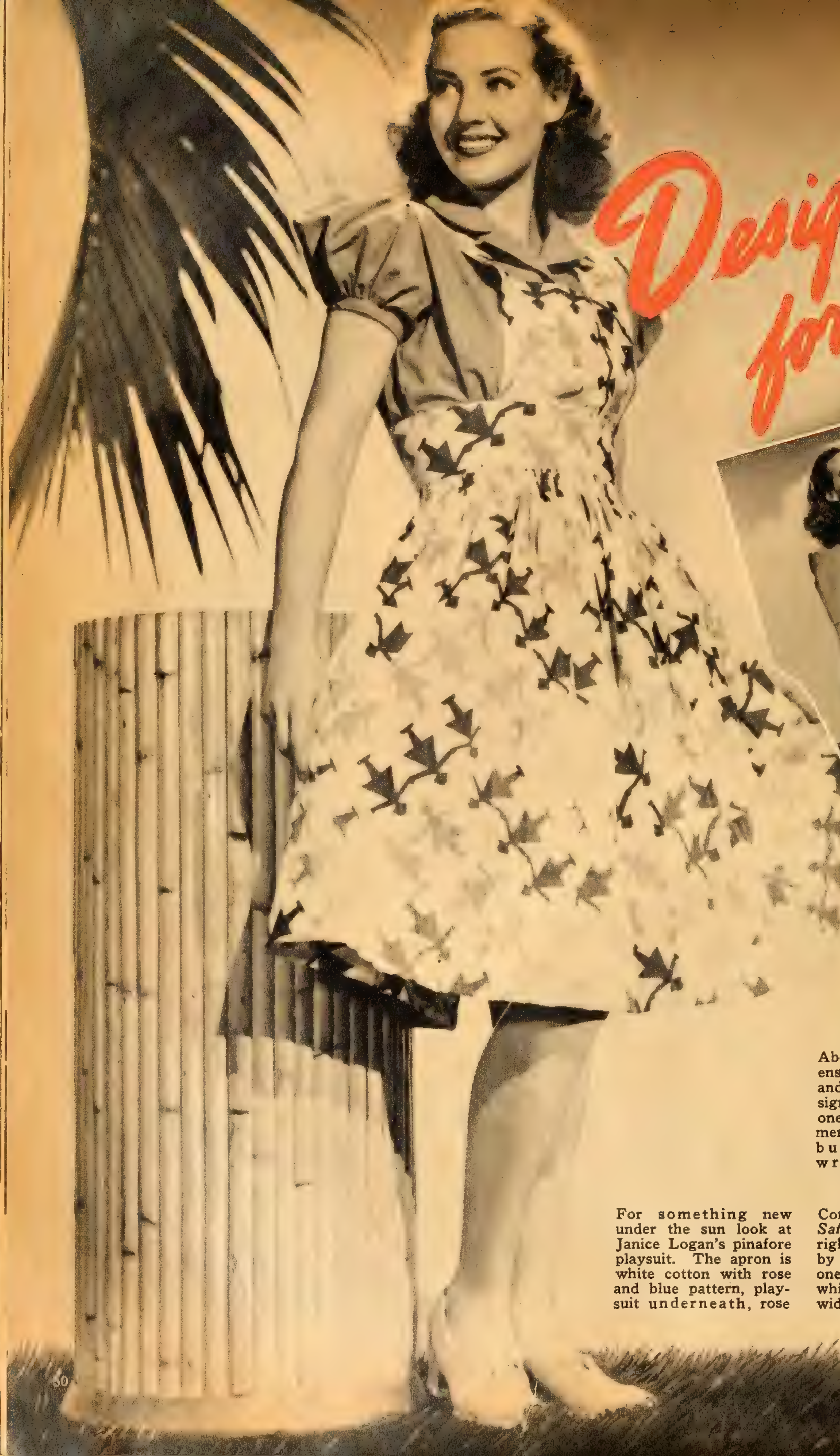
Ann Rutherford in white terry cloth robe with attached hood shows how to prevent sunburn on beach. Doesn't mind burning pretty legs

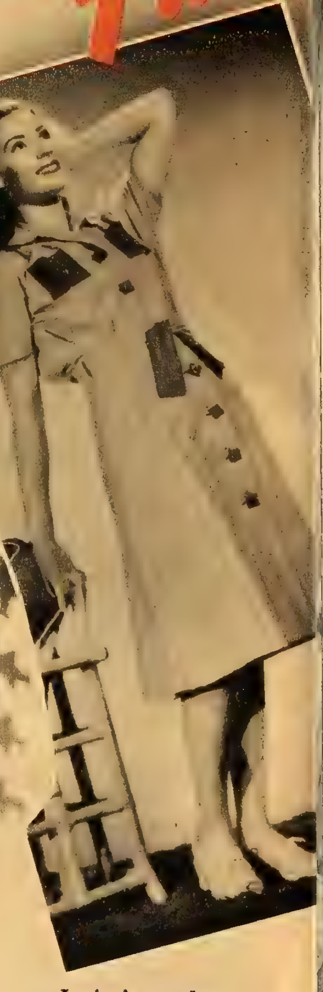
Torrid Ann Sheridan has an oomph role in *Torrid Zone*, with Caribbean background. Jim Cagney makes torrid love

Gloria Jean, Bing Crosby share honors and voices in *If I Had My Way*—a film which has its way with songs

Spencer Tracy, as *Edison, the Man,* invents the electric light, and Rita Johnson as Mrs. Edison shares his success

Designed for Fun



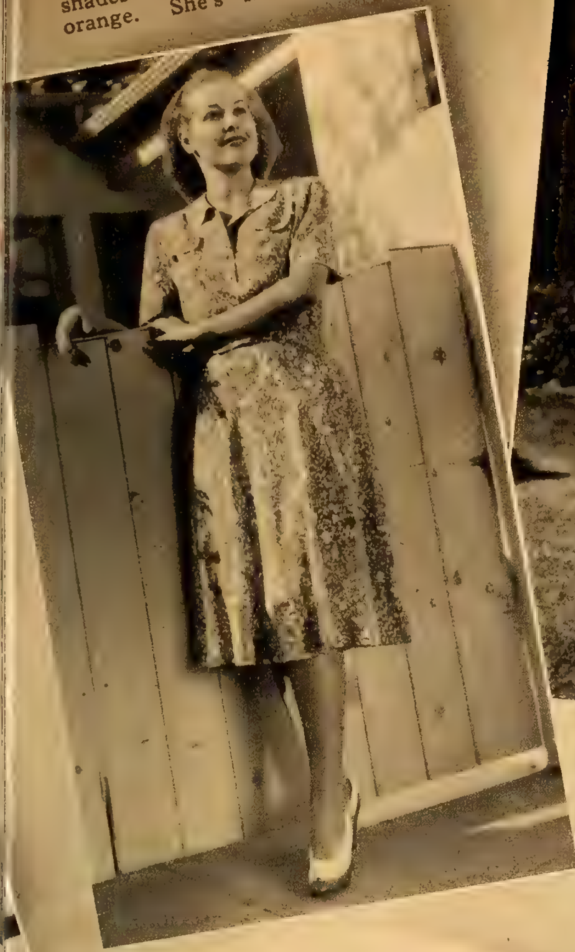


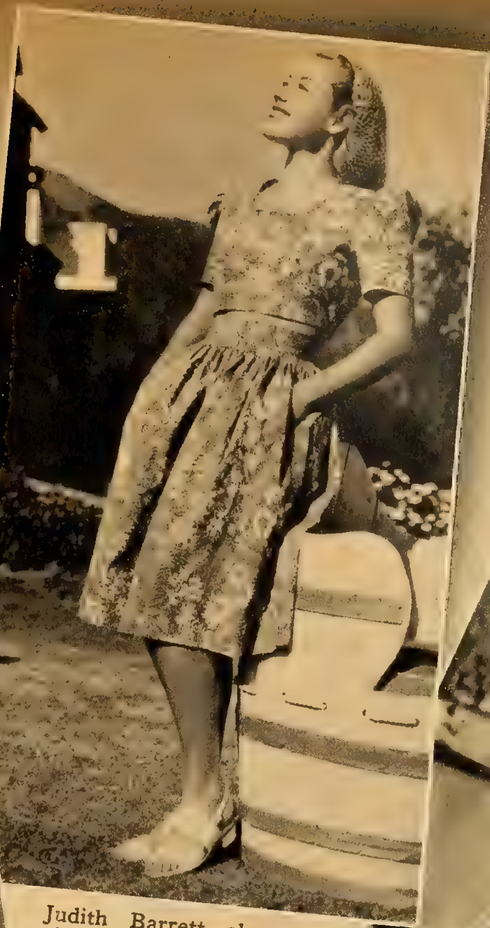
Above, Janice's sandeze ensemble in sun orange and cinnamon was designed for fun. Over one-piece shorts garment, Janice wears a butcher boy blouse, wrap-around skirt

For something new under the sun look at Janice Logan's pinafore playsuit. The apron is white cotton with rose and blue pattern, playsuit underneath, rose

Concentrating on her *Safari* Muriel Angelus, right, gets in the mood by trying on her smart one-piece slack suit of white sharkskin. Note wide bottoms on slacks

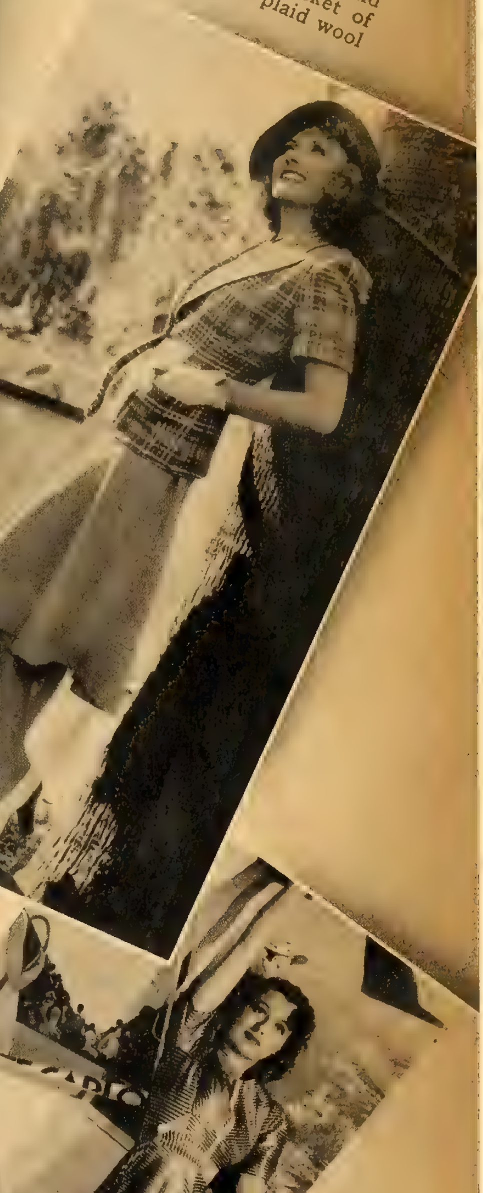
Out in Hollywood they're pickin' cotton for play clothes. Judith Barrett picks a flower printed frock with shirtmaker top, flared skirt, in shades of green and orange. She's snoody



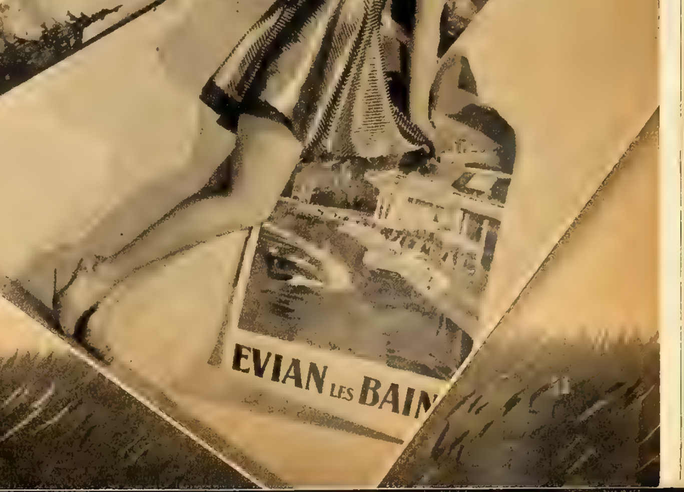


Judith Barrett also picked this three-piece cotton print in rose and yellow for fun. It is made up of a "bra" top, tailored shorts and a full, wrap-around skirt

For fun on a *Safari* Muriel Angelus selects a lightweight beige wool circular skirt, a rust colored featherweight angora sweater and a short-sleeved jacket of beige and blue plaid wool



Busy as a blue streak Ellen Drew, right, hasn't much time for fun. But when she has she turns out in a bright "blue streak" blue satin striped sun suit



"THE GRAPES OF WRATH"—HER FRUITS OF TRIUMPH

JANE DARWELL faced the casting director of Twentieth Century-Fox across his desk. "Do you mean to say you're going to let me play *Ma Joad*?" she quavered.

He grinned assent. Her face puckered like a child's against the impact of tears. "You're a great help," jeered Walter Herzbrun, her agent. "How d'you expect me to get any money out of these guys, with you bawling for joy?"

So she laughed instead, though shakily, and dashed home to break the news to the family—which consists of her brother Bill, his grand-nieces Mary and Daphne, and assorted livestock.

"I knew you'd get it," said her brother, having of course known nothing of the kind, having warned her at frequent intervals not to get too worked up about it, having lain awake nights worrying over her disappointment if she didn't get it. As for the girls, they hopped around like crazy, hugging her, Uncle Bill, each other and any of the five dogs that got in their way.

There was also genuine joy on the studio lot—a tribute to Miss Darwell. "Our Janie," they call her affectionately, though technically she was no longer theirs. Her contract, made when she played *Sailor* in *White Parade*, expired a year ago last November. "And they were perfectly right," she declares warmly, "not to renew it. The parts they could find for me didn't justify the salary they were paying me." The studio saw her go with regret. "Whenever there is a part, you shall have it just the same," they assured her, "contract or no contract." So she went out to free-lance.

A studio lot is a world of clashing personalities. Everyone has his pet peeves and enthusiasms. Many players are well-liked, many well-hated. To be universally beloved is rare as a robin in December. That distinction is Miss Darwell's. From directors to errand boys, eyes grow fond at mention of her name. When she enters a room, you feel unaccountably cheered. You want to stick around, basking like a cat in the sun. She has probably been the repository of more confidence than she

By IDA ZEITLIN

FOR BRINGING MA JOAD TO LIFE ON SCREEN JANE DARWELL WINS NEW CONTRACT, TRIP TO N. Y. IT'S A VINTAGE YEAR FOR JANE cares to remember. You trust her on sight. If you have no troubles, you're tempted to invent a few, for the comfort of telling her about them. She spreads an atmosphere of good-will, good humor and good sense.

It was undoubtedly this combination of qualities that came through in the tests of *Ma Joad*. In all her years at the studio, Miss Darwell had never met Darryl Zanuck. On hearing that he'd bought *The Grapes of Wrath,* she wrote to ask him whether she might make a test for *Ma*. Her letter was turned over to the casting-office. Many players were being tested. John Ford, director of the picture, had about decided whom he wanted in the part. And here's where the feeling for Janie was translated into words and action. "Let's give her a test, anyway. She wants it so badly."

FORD was so sure he'd found his *Ma* that he didn't even bother with Miss Darwell's test. It was made by another director. Then came the day when they were all to be run off, and the final decision reached. "Well, I guess that's the lot," said Ford, rising to go. An anonymous voice stopped him. "Don't you want to see Darwell's test?"

"Sure." His tone was indulgent, but unexcited. "Let's look at Janie."

It was noted by those interested that after the first minute or two he uncrossed his legs and leaned forward. The tests don't run very long. He had it shown a second time, and a third. He had it stopped at a point where *Ma's* heart fails her for a moment, and her face sags into a patient mask of sorrow that wrings your heart and might stand as a symbol of the anguish of mankind. The lights snapped on. "She's *Ma Joad,*" said Ford.

A phone call summoned her to the studio. Walter Herzbrun went with her. "What do you think?" she kept asking him in the car.

"I never think ahead, so I'm never disappointed."

"No, but really, Walter, why do you suppose they sent for us? It can't be—"

"Will you hush up and wait till we get there?"

At home that night, once the first tumult had subsided, she tore herself from her family's midst. "Where you going?" clamored the girls. "You've got to tell us all about it from the very beginning, from the very instant you hit the studio."

"All in good time. I wrote and asked Mr. Zanuck for the test. The least I can do is write and thank him for the part."

Mr. Z. must have been pleased with the note, for he acknowledged it warmly. Even top movie executives get more demands and complaints in the mail than thanks. Now that it's all over, Miss Darwell says she will never cease to be grateful to him and Mr. Ford. When it's pointed out that they picked her for what they deemed their own best advantage, she smiles quietly. "Through my long experience, I've found that there's always someone who can do it just as well and a little better than you can." Chalk it up, readers, as the first statement of its kind out of Hollywood.

The Grapes of Wrath was cast hundreds of times before the parts were assigned. All who had read the book had their own pet candidates. Announcement of the cast was greeted by both brickbats and bouquets. The objection most frequently raised to Jane Darwell as *Ma* took the form of, "She's always had it so easy. How can she play the part of a woman whose whole life was a struggle?"

"There's a fallacy here, else Paul Muni would never have played a gangster or Spencer Tracy a priest. There's also a misapprehension. Somehow the rumor has gone abroad that Miss Darwell is rolling in wealth and acts for the hell of it. As with many rumors, it's based on a grain of fact. Her father was W. R. Woodard, a builder of railroads and a man of means. Patti Woodard—yes, that's her real name—lived an enchanted girlhood, shadowed only by her mother's death when she was twelve—a circumstance that prompted her father and elder brothers to humor her the more. Having completed her education at private schools here and abroad, she returned to take charge of her father's household in Chicago. She wore very smart clothes, she attended gay parties, she had herself a beautiful time.

The theatre had always held a fascination for her. One day she attended the midweek matinee of a thing called *The Stubbornness of Geraldine*. The show over, she sauntered round to the manager's office. She'd always done as she pleased. Why shouldn't she go on the stage if she felt like it?

For reasons unknown, the manager saw her. He was taken by her clothes and her nonchalance. "Experience?" he inquired. "Stock," she replied airily. Marvelous to relate, he shuffled about on his desk and brought forth a script. "We need someone to play a society woman in next week's show. First performance, Sunday afternoon. Learn the part and come back on Friday for rehearsal."

That night she went out to dinner. Her friends roared at the notion of Pat with a job, and Pat roared with them. There was a little argument with Dad. But the habit of years—that his darling should be denied nothing—was too strong to be overcome. He stipulated only that she shouldn't use her own name. "Take mine, Pat," said an older woman friend. "For luck." And that's how she came to be Jane Darwell.

Her friends filled the theatre Sunday afternoon. She had to make an awkward entrance, over a stage piled with trunks. Suddenly the thing hit her. For the first time she realized that she was going out to make a monkey of herself for a crowd of people. Gritting her teeth, she went through the performance. "But heavens, I'm not going back to do *that* again," said she, and marched herself again to the manager's office.

"Why not?" he barked.

"I'm simply too tired."

He drummed on the desk. "Look, Miss Darwell, how much experience have you really had?"

"I never played a part before in my life."

"I thought as much." He must have been a good psychologist. "Why?" she snapped back. "Did I act like an amateur?"

He chuckled softly. "Not on the stage, you didn't. But you memorized and rehearsed and played a part, without once bringing up the subject of money. Stay, and I'll give you twelve dollars a week."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. My wardrobe's worth more to you than that."

HE RAISED the ante to forty and she stayed. She was making eighty-five, when her father fell ill and she quit the job to care for him. His death changed the financial, as well as the personal situation. Jane found she would have to work for a living, instead of for laughs.

The years that followed gave her all the experience she'd lacked. She went to California with her brother, and got her first job in the silents as an old Filipino servant, who was slung over a canyon in an ore bucket. So terrified was she that she gave them realism without half trying, white teeth bared, whites of eyes rolling in panic. Cecil DeMille put her under contract. Later, she returned to the stage, in stock, in road shows and on Broadway.

She was playing in Seattle when Eugene Pallette, an old friend, breezed into town. "Why don't you come down and get into pictures again? Everything's changed since the talkies."

"Who's going to stake me?"

"I am," said Pallette.

His sister found her an apartment, he helped her find a job. She free-lanced for several years and, while nothing spectacular came of it, she did all right. Then her agent heard that Jesse Lasky at Fox was hunting an actress to play *Sailor* in *White Parade*. He took her over, and left her outside the office.

"Jane Darwell? You're crazy," said Lasky. "I know Jane. She's much too slender."

"Mhm. Have you seen her lately?"

"Not in—well, at that, it must be twenty years."

"Have another look." He flung the door open. Lasky did a double take, and flung his arm open. "*Sailor* to the life!" he yelled, as an ample, chuckling Jane stepped into his embrace.

Aside from the part itself, *The Grapes of Wrath* has paid her dividends. She's been restored to the fold at Twentieth Century-Fox, on a new long-term contract and a rather different footing. Henceforth, they won't wait for suitable parts to turn up. They'll scuttle around and turn up parts for her. "Our Janie's" box-office now.

JANE lives with her brother and the girls, who came to them seven years ago, on a two-acre place in the valley. "We're going to have a third acre soon," she says, "and put a cow on it." At present, they have only ducks and geese and chickens and cats.

The house is unpretentious, built not for show but for pleasant family living. "We splurge," says Miss Darwell, "only on bathrooms and fireplaces." Old friends come to dinner, but there's no formal entertaining. "Oh grief, no—" (that's her favorite expletive)—"we loathe big parties." She goes to the races to watch the horses run. "My father always had trotters and pacers. We were brought up," she says, with that chuckle that's so pleasant to hear, "to feel that breeding horses was fine, but betting was bad. I get reckless and gamble two dollars now and then. If I win eighty cents, it's a big day." They're a close family unit, and do things together—a picture show on Saturday, a long drive on Sunday. Evenings are spent round the fireplace and radio. When she's working, she's in bed by nine, and insists on an early bedtime for the girls because of school.

Mary's eighteen—a blue-eyed dreamer who goes to art school. Daphne, a year younger, is what Miss Darwell calls "the saucy type." She has copper-red hair and wants to be an actress.

The Grapes of Wrath paid her another dividend. The studio phoned one day. "We'd like you to go to New York for a radio program."

"I'm afraid I can't afford New York now."

"It won't cost you a nickel."

Pause to indicate a gasp. Then: "When do I leave?"

It was her first trip to New York in sixteen years. She attended the premiere of the picture "all dressed up with orchids sent by a friend." She tasted the fruits of screen triumph. Fans fought for autographs. She met Mr. Zanuck for the first time, when he came up to congratulate her. She met Hedy Lamarr, and was that a thrill! Incidentally, she saw the film, of which she'd never glimpsed an inch before. And she played a scene from it on a national hook-up.

ACT YOUR Age

By DENISE CAINE

BONITA GRANVILLE HAS GRADUATED TO ADULT ROLES BUT SHE HASN'T LOST SIGHT OF THE FACT THAT SHE'S STILL A YOUNG GIRL. AND HER ADVICE TO YOU IS LOOK AND ACT YOUR AGE

"ACT Your Age," is Bonita Granville's advice to all June girl graduates. This picture proves she means what she says, for it shows Bonita is graduating this year, too. True, she won't have the conventional graduation, with white dress and tightly rolled diploma. Bonnie is graduating into adult roles, for her latest part in Paramount's *Those Good Old Days*. And this step up from younger sister, spoiled brat and willful schoolgirl parts to glamor girl leads is every bit as important to her as the end of your school days and the hunt for your first job.

Bonita laughed when I asked her how she felt about all this, and admitted it was fun to have a grown-up part for a change. But it's not going to make her lose sight of the fact that she's still a young girl. "I think it's silly to try to look and act much older than you really are," she told me. "No one can have any better time than I'm having right now."

Certainly no one has a better chance of being really lovely than Bonita with her fresh young skin and sparkling mischievous eyes. She's typical of thousands of graduates and near graduates, of all you girls who are eager to be attractive and popular, without being sophisticated. The only advantage Bonita has over the rest of you is expert supervision of her beauty routines by the studio make-up artists. But she's eager to pass those "secrets" along to you, through my article.

This new picture of her tells part of the story. Gone is the awkward-looking youngster who made everyone's life (including her own) miserable in countless pictures from [*Continued on page* 56]

WILL YOU BE A JUNE BRIDE?

Or a Sweet Girl Graduate? Denise Caine will tell you how to look your loveliest on the big day. Write her about your skin, hair or make-up troubles—or send a snap shot if you want a new hair style. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Lady Esther says "Do you know that a

GLAMOROUS NEW SKIN

is 'ABOUT to be BORN' to you?"

Why let your new skin look dull and drab? It can bring you new beauty if you help remove those tiny, menacing flakes of older skin!

RIGHT NOW you have a *new skin* unfolding—crowding eagerly forward to replace your old skin that is departing in almost invisible, worn-out flakes!

These tiny flakes can menace the loveliness of your new skin, says Lady Esther. Why let them? Why not help your new skin to bring you new youthfulness?

Each unfolding of your skin can bring you Reborn Beauty, says Lady Esther, if only you will let my 4-Purpose Cream help you to remove—tenderly and gently—those tiny flakes of worn-out skin veiling your complexion today—beclouding the glory of your new skin!

Run your fingertips over your face now. You probably can feel the tiny rough spots left by those almost invisible flakes of worn-out skin. They're the thieves that steal the beauty of your face powder—keep even the finest powder from going on smoothly—make you look older!

Let my 4-Purpose Cream help you remove them *properly*—soothingly—gently! It loosens the impurities so that you may waft them away gently—helps Nature refine your pores and reveal the youthful freshness of your "*new-born skin!*"

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

All the better if he's a specialist on the skin! Ask him about so-called skin foods—about hormones and vitamins. I'll be surprised, yes, I'll be amazed, if your doctor tells you that vitamin deficiencies should be remedied by your face cream.

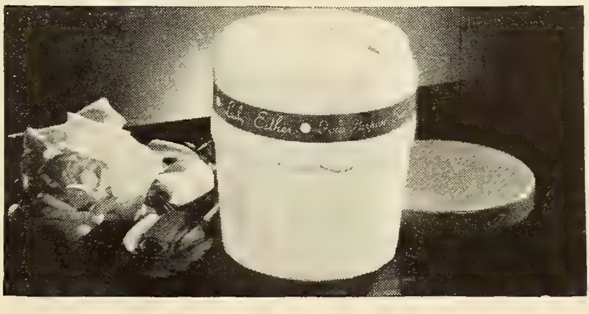
But ask him if *every word* Lady Esther says isn't *absolutely true*—that her cream removes the dirt, impurities and worn-out flakes of older skin . . . that it helps Nature refine your pores . . . and thus brings beauty to your new-born skin!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream *at my expense.* Use it twice a day or oftener. Try it before you powder. See how much more glamorous your powder looks. Let my cream help bring you New-Born Beauty—help keep your *Accent on Youth!*

Please Accept Lady Esther's 7-Day Tube *FREE!*

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is *constantly* wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—*always* crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!



(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (56)

LADY ESTHER, 7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, postpaid. (Offer limited to one per family.)

Name__________

Address__________

City__________ State__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Act Your Age

[*Continued from page* 54]

These Three through the *Nancy Drew* series. Gone are the days when her hair was indifferently arranged, let fall where it would; when her brows were left thick and wayward, when she wore hardly any make-up. How she's changed! Her hair is still worn in the long bob, but it's parted differently, and waved softly around the face. The straggling hairs have been plucked from her brows, and their arch has been accented slightly, to give depth to her eyes. A light film of the correct shade of powder gives her skin a clear, translucent effect. Lipstick brings out the curves of her mouth. Bonita's chin tends to be a trifle strong—so the studio make-up artists taught her to widen her mouth slightly at the corners, and to build up the curves of her upper lip. This makes the mouth seem more in proportion to the lower part of her face. A darker face powder dusted over the jawline helps to shade out that firmness.

Both Bonita and her beauty advisors feel that absolute cleanliness is the most important thing for all young skins, and especially for those inclined to be oily—as so many teen-age skins are! Bonnie applies plenty of cold cream to remove the heavy make-up used on the set. She massages it in with the tips of her fingers, removes it and her greasepaint with tissues, then reapplies the cream to be sure to get every last trace of the make-up. Next, she works up a thick cleansing lather with a mild soap, lukewarm water and a soft bristled complexion brush. The friction of the brush helps keep the pores free of black heads, and prevents their becoming clogged with oil or waste matter.

The most significant thing about Bonita's cleansing routine is that she doubles up on everything. She's not satisfied to cream her face lightly, nor to wash it just once, even with the friction of the brush to help out! She repeats the washing procedure, always with a rinse between lathers, and then rinses twice, thoroughly, with cool water.

BONITA thinks every girl should be extra careful to choose make-up that tones in with her own coloring. That means taking into consideration the color of your eyes and hair as well as your skin. If you're a blue-eyed, silvery blonde, you'll look best in cream or beige shades of powder, and the wine or raspberry shades of lipstick and rouge. Dark-eyed brunettes can wear the warmer tones of powder, with the true red or new rust red shades of lipstick and rouge. Be sure, too, that your lipstick and rouge harmonize with each other, and that your nail polish tones in with them both.

Hollywood girls learn early that soft, well groomed hands and neat, clean-smelling hair are worth having. Bonnie's blond mop is washed twice a week at the studio, and set in soft waves every morning. And it fairly gleams with shining highlights when you meet her. That should convince you that it doesn't hurt to wash your hair often. Simply be careful to choose a mild shampoo—and wash your hair as often as necessary. I said mild shampoo, because harsh soaps and strong alkaline solutions will injure your hair if used only once a month!

Don't neglect brushing your hair. Lots of you write me you can't brush your hair because you have a permanent, or you don't need to brush your hair because you've had a rinse to bring out the highlights—or your hair is too oily, and brushing makes it worse. I say "'Tain't so" to each and every one of these poor excuses. Brushing will make your wave softer and deeper and more natural looking. A rinse will brighten the color of your hair slightly—but it can't give it gloss. And if your hair is oily, brushing is just what it needs! Because brushing, the proper kind, stimulates the oil glands of the scalp to a more normal rate of production. (That means it helps both dry and oily hair.) It distributes what oil there is on your hair evenly, so you won't have an oily scalp and dry ends. And five minutes brush-work each day peps up the circulation of the scalp to give you a healthier, lovelier head of hair.

Do you have difficulty choosing make-up that harmonizes with your coloring—and with itself? Then you're just the girl I want to tell about a swell-elegant new kit of three make-up items, all keyed to each other, and to your coloring. It's a bargain if I know one! First, there's a generous sized box of an extra fine textured face powder. It gives your skin a smooth, velvety finish that lasts and lasts. Next there's a compact rouge of the smooth spreading variety that won't cake or go on blotchily to give you that hectic flush men despise. Apply it lightly, after powdering, because you can always add more, but you're apt to rub it into your pores if you try to remove any excess. And lastly, there's a grand lipstick—just creamy enough to go on smoothly, but not enough to smear or run down into the little grooves around your mouth. It'll stay on, too, especially if you apply it generously, and let it set for about five minutes—then blot off the excess grease with a facial tissue. All three of these cosmetics come in four types, and one of them is especially designed for you. I'll be delighted to tell you how to choose your set if you'll write me about your coloring. The price of the kit including powder, rouge and lipstick is only 55 cents.

Looking for a soap that will do a super cleansing job—and still be kind to your skin? Then you should surely try one of my favorites that's been improved just about 100 percent—or so I think. First, this new improvement brings you a soap that will give you a gentler, more abundant lather in a shorter time. It's a small bubbled lather that fairly swooshes away dirt and excess oils, but it won't remove any of the precious oils in your skin. It contains no free alkalis to irritate, or leave a dry and taut feeling. The soap always did have a delicately lovely fragrance—but it's ten times nicer, now. It's more lasting, to begin with, and I think you'll find you prefer the scent, too. Hundreds of women who tested it did! All in all, these improvements make the soap a bigger help than ever before in making your complexion clear and radiant looking—and keeping it that way. And the price remains as low as ever—about a nickel everywhere.

Don't let summer breezes fool you into thinking you needn't use a hand lubricant from now on. Your hands are in water just as much as they are in the wintertime, aren't they? That's what dries them out—not just the cold weather. You see, there are very few oil glands in the back of your hands, so what little oil they do supply is easily rinsed away when you go swimming, wash your hands or help with the dishes. That means you should use a hand lotion or cream several times daily, whenever your hands have been in water, if you want them to be soft and lovely always. Don't forget to carry the lubricant up your arms—and pay special attention to elbows. They become coarse so easily—and rough elbows certainly aren't glamorous.

One of our best known manufacturers of hand lotions has recently brought out a hand cream that is a worthy addition to the family. It spreads easily, and vanishes completely into the skin, so it won't leave the hands sticky. I can heartily recommend it for even problem hands that are rough and red and sore, because it does such a fine job of soothing, softening and whitening. Its deliciously feminine scent is nice because it is not too apparent. You can use the hand cream as a vanishing type of powder base, to keep your make-up on smoothly—it won't ooze through, or give your nose that unpleasant shine—and to help protect your skin from sunburn this summer. (The hand lotion makes an equally good make-up foundation, if your skin tends to be oily, and you prefer the liquid type of softener.) Both the lotion and the cream come in 10 cent sizes, and the large jar of the hand cream costs only 39 cents. Want to know more?

YOU can wash your hair as often as you want, when you use the fine oil shampoo I'm telling you about. The several olive and vegetable oils of which it's made are so treated that they practically dissolve dirt and excess oils, so they and loose dandruff flecks can be easily rinsed away. The shampoo is really an oil treatment and cleanser in one, because it lubricates the hair way down to the base of each tiny shaft, and leaves it soft and glossy looking. There will be no dulling film left on your hair to spoil its lustre when you use this shampoo, because the oils of which it's made are completely soluble in water. Use it weekly to keep your hair at its loveliest. You'll find this shampoo in dime, drug and department stores, and you can have a treatment with it at almost any beauty shop. Want the name?

Bonita, like most of the other younger Hollywood stars, likes perfumed cologne for its cooling fragrance on hot summer days. She uses it when she wants to press in the wave of her hair, before going dancing, because it acts as a wave set, and scents the hair slightly—quite the glamor trick, don't you think? Slap it all over yourself after bathing—the alcohol gives a wonderfully refreshing tingle, and the perfume of the cologne will be gradually released by the warmth of your body, during the day . . . I'll be glad to give you the name of a delightful cologne that comes in six of the floral fragrances that are so popular during spring and summer months. Carnation, lilac and honeysuckle are especially fresh, but each scent is nicer than the last, and the attractive hobnail bottles make you want to have at least two or three for your dressing-table. You can use the bottles as bud vases, lamp bases or just decorative glassware when the perfume is all gone. Each contains nine ounces—that should give you many cool mornings this summer. The price is $1.

Write to me before June 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

1. Gr r-r! That gang of mine! They would stir up a skating party on the very day I'm being a woman. I couldn't go! I was sizzling mad! So I sneaked up the stairs. But . . .

2. My Aunt Kate who's down on a visit wanted to know "how come." So I upped and told her, "I'm chafed. One turn around the rink and I'd be fit for a wheel chair." The next thing I knew, things were flying around. And . . .

REVENGE IS SWEET

BY SUZY

3. Out of Aunt Kate's bag came a box of Miracle Modess. "Haven't you heard that Modess now has 'Moisture zoning'?" she stormed. "It acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad—keeping edges dry and comfortable longer than ever before."

4. "And look at this," she rushed on: "Here's why Modess is so heavenly soft! The inside is made of *fluff*—airy as a cloud. Entirely different from layer-type napkins." "I'm sold," I piped up, but Aunt Kate said, "Wait! I'll show you another surprise!"

5. She took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad—poured some water on it—and not one drop came through. "See," she crowed: "Modess is safer, too!" Right away quick, I borrowed the box and . . .

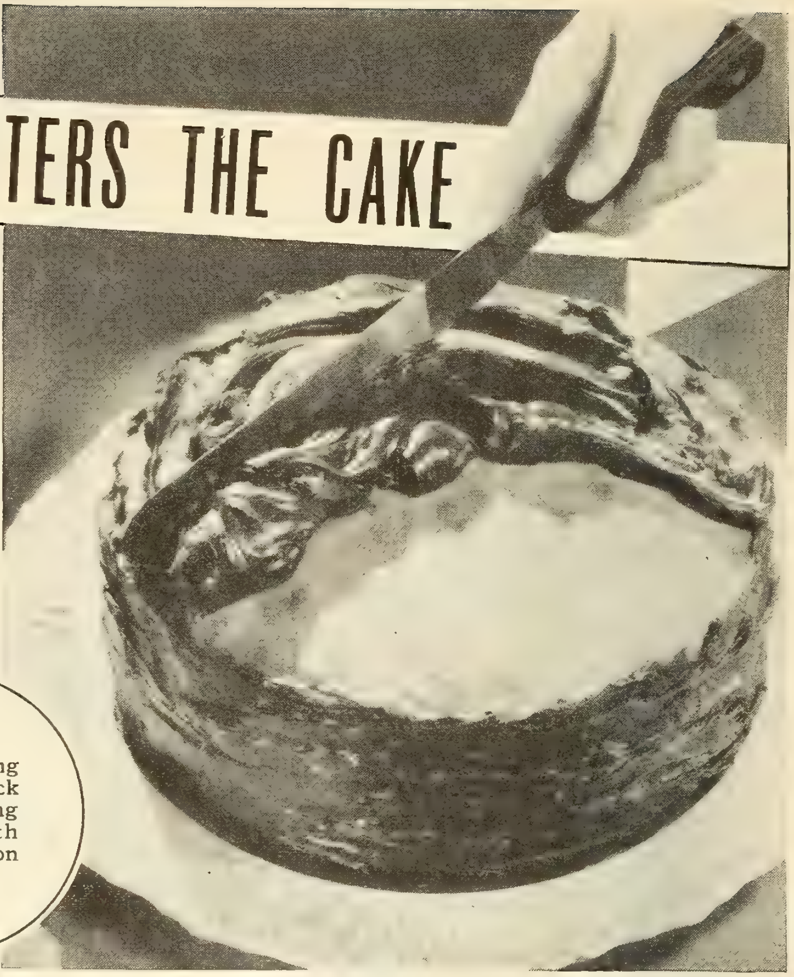
6. Whango! When the crowd came over to play ping pong that night, I romped off with the game and sweet revenge! I'll say it's Miracle Modess and glorious comfort for me from now on. (Specially since I've found it costs no more!)

TRY IT NOW! NEW MIRACLE MODESS WITH "MOISTURE ZONING"

FROSTING FLATTERS THE CAKE

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Frosting takes the cake—particularly if it's chocolate, a favorite



Work frosting from edge back to center using spatula with swirling motion

Candles, cake in individual boxes, dignify the June wedding reception table

EVERY WOMAN KNOWS THE FLATTERING RESULTS OF A GOOD "FACIAL." FROSTINGS BRING EQUAL CHARM TO CAKE COMPLEXIONS

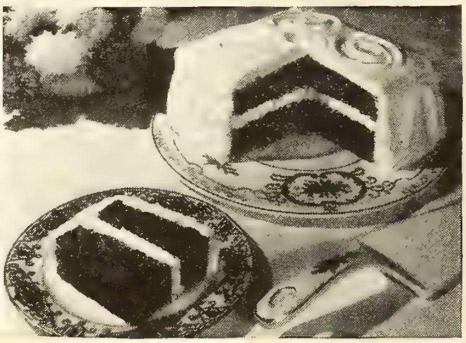
GIVE your cakes a flattering frosting "facial"!

Every woman knows the flattering results of a good "facial," and in quite a similar way a thick, delicious, creamy frosting brings equal charm to cake complexions! The frosting serves to fill in any unsightly pores, depressions or rough edges on the cake; it coats it with a uniformly smooth surface pleasing to the eye; it helps keep the cake moist and less likely to crumble or dry out; it adds color or heightened make-up to the ensemble; last, it may be used as true ornament when manipulated by a cake decorating or frosting tube into flowers, scrolls and greetings like Happy Birthday!

In most cakes also, the frosting adds to the sugary sweetness of the entire cake. But one should by all means avoid anything in the nature of a goo-y frosting

Dainty cupcakes topped by various frostings accompany the refreshing sherbet

It is easy to make fancy refreshment cakes at home with assorted frostings



Frosting cake facials give uniform smoothness and add color and make-up or filling—and let the frosting be a topping, *an effect,* and permit the cake to shine of its own good qualities.

The term "icing" has been entirely discarded in favor of "frosting" which means any coating spread either on the inner layers or on the top or sides of cake. In general it can be laid down as a good rule to *use uncooked or simple frosting* on delicate and sponge cake mixtures; reserve *cooked and richer frostings for butter cake* and similar rich cake mixtures. Fudge type frostings are especially appropriate to dark, devil's food, and other chocolate mixtures; lemon, lime, orange and other tart fruits team well with white cakes, sponge and "sunshine" cakes which need scarcely any frosting; loaf cakes are not usually frosted except lightly on the top only.

That Simple Uncooked Frosting: The most simple frosting is uncooked, and is made from a mixture of confectioner's sugar (XXXX) blended with sufficient liquid to produce a spreading consistency. Always twice-sift the sugar in a flour sifter to free from all lumps. If cocoa or other dry ingredient is to be used, first sift together with the sugar. Add liquid (which may be cream, orange juice, coffee infusion, etc.) slowly, so as not to get mixture too thin to spread. If coloring is to be added, be sure to blend a very small amount in a teaspoon of water and add with care until just the right tint is achieved.

HERE'S a good novel example of this frosting, which is easy and quick to mix, and which gives a fine facial to the sponge-type of cakes:

CREAM CHEESE CHOCOLATE FROSTING

1 package (3 oz.) cream cheese
¼ cup sweetened condensed milk
1½ cups sifted confectioner's sugar
2 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted
¼ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mash cream cheese with silver fork. Add condensed milk and whip until smooth. Add sugar gradually and beat until light. Add melted chocolate, salt, and vanilla, and beat well until thoroughly blended. (Sufficient for tops of two 9-inch layers or 18 cupcakes.) A smooth creamy frosting which keeps well.

And, here's still another—this time featuring fruit juices which bring a cool refreshing flavor to the frosting. It's called:

GOLDEN BUTTER FROSTING

¼ cup butter
2 cups sifted confectioner's sugar
dash of salt
1 egg yolk
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon lemon juice
1½ teaspoons grated orange rind

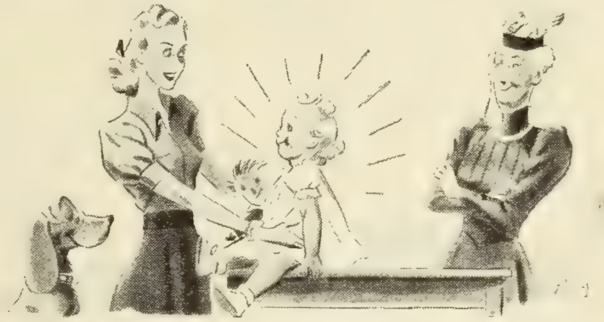
Cream butter until soft. Gradually stir in 1 cup sugar. Add salt and egg yolk. Add remaining sugar alternately with blended orange and lemon juices, beating smooth after each addition. Add grated rind. Beat until light and creamy. (Sufficient for tops of two 9-inch layers or about 18 cupcakes.)

Still another excellent frosting of this same type gains its fine creamy spreading quality from the use of sweetened condensed milk, which always insures velvet-smooth consistency whether used in frosting or sauces. Added to melted chocolate, it

[*Continued on page* 80]

Meddle! Meddle! Meddle! Goodness only knows why, but this busy neighbor does it plenty! She criticizes you for this. She criticizes you for that. And glory, what a spot you're in—if she looks at your little angel and finds her dressed in dingy, tattle-tale gray!

Don't get mad—just get wise! For no matter how hard you rub and rub, some soaps are so weak-kneed they simply *can't* budge all the dirt out of clothes. So hurry to the grocer's and switch to the soap that doesn't give dirt a chance! Switch to Fels-Naptha—*golden* bar or *golden* chips!



Then parade the baby in style! And prick up your ears—whenever that meddler comes around. For Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and *gentle, dirt-loosening naptha*, working as a well-balanced team, make tattle-tale gray give up in despair. They get clothes honestly clean *all the way through.* So sunny-white and sweet—it's a thrill to have even a meddler notice—to hear her sing your praises to the skies!

Now—Fels-Naptha brings you 2 grand ways to banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"!

"Use the *golden* bar for all bar-soap jobs. It's just the best ever! Use the *golden* chips wherever you use box-soap. They're HUSKIER flakes—not puffed up with air like flimsy, sneezy powders. And now they've got a new suds-builder that makes oodles of rich, busy suds. Simply grand for washing machines."

FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS
FELS-NAPTHA

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All This, and Heaven Too

[*Continued from page 42*]

gotten them back to bed, she walked into the schoolroom, in lonely indecision. Her heart was troubled. The children were beginning to notice that the Duke never came to the nursery any more. They spoke of their mother's angry spells and Isabelle had declared that she would never get married because she didn't want to be like Mama.

The door opened and she made an attempt at casual speech as she saw the Duke. "I—I was putting the girls to bed. The music attracted them—and all the excitement and splendor."

He seemed not to be listening to her words, just her voice. "I stood it down there as long as I could—the smiles and bows and hypocrisy." He checked himself. "How are the children—actually? I miss them."

She returned softly, "And they miss you. They think about you. They wonder—" Her beautiful grey eyes were wide. "Monsieur, I wish I knew if I did right when I agreed—"

DELIBERATELY, he interrupted. "Has Madame told you our plans for next Saturday? No? Well, we're taking the children to Melun for the holidays. It's my home."

She nodded. "It must be beautiful in the country at this season."

"Yes. How good it will be to get away from this prison." He went silent, fighting for control. Then he pointed out the window. "The first snow of the season. It's come early this year."

She smiled. "How like a fairyland it makes the garden look. It reminds me of those little glass globes we had as children. There was a winter scene inside and if you shook it the snow whirled out from nowhere in a blinding storm."

He looked down at her. A pulse was beating in his cheek. "Yes. And then, if you looked closely enough the whole rest of the world seemed to be obliterated and shut out."

The pause was long and throbbing and their emotions were dangerously near the surface. Then she went to the door. "I'll tell the children about Melun. I know they'll be delighted. Good night."

Pierre, the caretaker, was standing in the corridor when she came out. He was a queer little man with a glimmering humor and she had always liked him. But now, as he stared at her she asked sharply, "What's the matter, Pierre?"

His eyes blinked and he said, in a raucous whisper, "I'll give you some old and impertinent advice, Mademoiselle. Run. Run out of this house for your life if it's not too late. You see, I'm talking about a man who has a wife—"

"How dare you!" Then her indignation cooled. "Pierre," she pleaded, "there has never been a word or a gesture between the Duke and me that couldn't be shared by all the spying eyes in the world."

"And your *feelings*—could they be shared?"

"Yes." She cried out, "Let me alone."

He chuckled peculiarly. "Yes, I'll go because I see it's too late to give you any warning. You're caught in the net and you don't even *wish* to escape."

With pounding heart Henriette watched him down the corridor. Then she sped to her room. . . .

She was readying the children for the journey the next morning when she heard the Duchess' voice at the top of the stairs. The woman was shrieking out at the Duke as if she were in agony. "Theo! Last night I begged you to come to me—in the sacred memory of our love I begged it."

"In the name of your pride," he returned.

Her voice rose piercingly. "How cruel you are. I'm not going. I'm not going to Melun. But you'll realize—when I'm dead and out of your way—"

In a stark silence, Henriette sat in the carriage with the children and waited. Then the Duke came out and said to go on alone. He and the Duchess would not be coming along. "Here are the tickets," he said quietly to Henriette. "Give the children as good a time as possible. I shall think of all of you during the holidays."

The Duke's chateau was a lovely place set deep in the woods of Melun. Every day Henriette played games with the children and taught them their lessons. But when night came, her thoughts were elsewhere, fleeting swiftly to a pair of dark, unhappy eyes, to a tender mouth that seldom smiled.

One night they were celebrating All Hallows Eve around a fire in the clearing when suddenly a dark, cloaked figure appeared. The children let out a scream but a hearty laugh answered them.

"So you thought I was a ghost," the Duke called. "Don't you know your own father?"

A moment later, everyone was babbling happily and no one even commented on the fact that the Duchess hadn't come along. The next day they went to church and toward evening stopped off for tea at Madame Gauthier's lodge. There was a music box going and the Duke suddenly did a few fancy twirls. Henriette turned her glowing face to him. "Monsieur—here at Melun you're the youngest child of them all."

He sat down beside her. "Why shouldn't I be?" Then his face grew serious. "Mademoiselle, don't we all like to hark back to the time when we were happiest? Don't you?" Her eyes clouded. "Didn't you have a happy childhood?"

"Not especially."

He was all quick sympathy. "I'm sorry to hear that. Why?"

"Well, I was alone." Then she told him about her grandfather—how he had hated her for not being a boy. When she was old enough, she had run off to England to work and had dropped the name of Desportes and become Mademoiselle Deluzy.

"But what made you become a governess?"

"Since I loved children—what better?"

"Marriage," he said quietly. "It would make me happiest to think of you seated in a chair before your own fire with your own children playing near at hand. And your own husband looking at you and counting his blessings."

She could barely speak for a second. Then she rose. "Thank you, Monsieur. We—we must get the children. It's late and it's a long drive home."

When they were back at the chateau, the children ran in ahead. The Duke helped Henriette out of the carriage and looked at her tenderly. "It's been a long day. You're tired." He tilted up her chin and looked at her frightened eyes. "Would you have preferred I hadn't come here?"

Something glistened—one of her tears. "God help me, no. And I can't deny it has been beautiful to have you here. But there's the accounting that you and I will have to give."

"Whatever comes," he said sternly, "I promise you that you will not have to face it."

"But this time I can't help feeling that you will pay dearly."

His eyes went a little wild. "I always pay. Sometimes I pay most for what I never had." Now his words were hushed. "These few hours—this little glimpse of what life might have been—I haven't asked for more."

"No," she breathed.

"And if it had been only one hour or one minute it would have been worth throwing away everything for."

"Knowing—that it could never last?"

"It will last as long as it is remembered." And then suddenly their longing for each other blazed into flame. They drew together and he gathered her hands to his lips. Her heart was bursting and she felt the need to crush her mouth to his, to be clasped tight against his beating heart.

The chateau door opened and the light was full upon them. In the entrance stood the Duchess' father. "Theo," he said sharply, "if you will be kind enough to step into the study—"

The Duke pressed her fingers as, a moment later, he left her to enter the study.

A short time afterward, Henriette was faced by the Duchess. The woman's face was twisted like an animal's as she spoke and there was poison in the drip of her words. Her attack was swift and brutal. Mademoiselle was entirely without morals or scruples. She had conspired to become the mistress of the de Praslin household beneath a mask of innocence. She had thought to reign without rivalry, no matter how scandalous the position. She had even tried to steal a mother's four children away.

Finally, Henriette was able to speak. Courageously, she denied all of the Duchess' accusations. Then she said, "You must know that a dismissal now will place me in a false light. A governess has only one stock in trade, Madame, and that is her good character."

The Duchess nodded. "Then I will be generous. I will give you a letter, clearing your name of scandal and praising you as the most excellent of governesses." She cried desperately, "You can have money, a pension—anything, if you will only go away."

"I don't know, Madame." Once before the Duke had pleaded with her. She could not let herself be forced into a false position now. "There are so many things to consider. The children, a promise I made him. I must have a chance to think."

An insolent smile sharpened the Duchess' face. "You needn't hope that this time he will protect you. A man who has found it so easy to replace a wife will not find it difficult to replace a—governess." She waved her hand in dismissal.

Outside the library, the Duke was waiting for Henriette. He was in a mood of black anger. "If you had heard him," he raged. "The filth of the Marechal's highmindedness. Oh, he took care to paint the picture for me. It's a popular one—the wife and mother left deserted, ill and suffering while her husband consorts—oh, it's too shameful."

Henriette touched his arm. "My dear friend, we have both known how it had to end."

He looked at her. "Yes," he said quietly,

[*Continued on page 62*]

Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

FOR anything at all—ANYthing!—Hollywood'll bust out with a party . . . If your cat has kittens, if you catch cold, if you've just finished a picture—any of these things'll be excuse for a party . . . EVEN, believe it or not, the arrival of a 16-pound smoked ham! . . . One arrived at Henry Willson's house, from Virginia—a 16-pound Smithfield, hickory-smoked ham . . . So what?—so came a party. Henry called together such as Alan Baldwin, Carol Stone, John Payne and Anne Shirley, Grace and Bill Henry and Pat Ellis—and they had a ham dinner . . . And NObody—nobody at ALL—even mentioned sweets to the sweet and ham to the—well, you finish it!

MAY Allah help the Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy friends! . . . They've worked and worked and worked this up, to pull at some future Hollywood party, when they're both guests, and the party goes into that everybody-do-a-stunt routine. . . . Jeanette and Nelson have practiced on a double xylophone, so that they're practically perfect on the good, old William Tell Overture—with variations! . . . SOTCH variations, mmmm! . . . Swank Party of the Month—was the one thrown by the Jack Warners for Lady Diana and Alfred Duff-Cooper, my word! It was a Japanese party. . . . Cherry blossoms and little Japanese figurines were the decorations on the little tables set all over the Warner dining-room, which seats so many, many people. . . . Hostess' gown, specially made for Mrs. W. by Jack's studio's ace-designer Orry Kelly, was a print gown, Japanese fashion. . . . Guests and features: Elsa Maxwell with her wild anecdotes of her personal appearance tour. . . . Myrna Loy and Hubby Arthur Hornblow tossing a mean rhumba. . . . Eddie G. Robinson, still glowing over the compliments on his Doctor Ehrlich germ-battling. . . . George Raft, positively GLUED to Norma Shearer. . . . Gwili Andre apparently playing a re-take with one-time heavy boy friend Willis Goldbeck. . . . Marlene Dietrich knocking 'em cold with a white gown. . . . Lili Damita WITHOUT Errol Flynn, looking stunning. . . . Party-Catastrophe of the Month—came in the middle of the dinner party Greer Garson gave for Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. . . . It was a chicken dinner—or, rather, it was TO HAVE BEEN a chicken dinner. . . . Greer bought a grand fowl, and her cook did it up swell—and left it on the kitchen table to carve, while she went about other dinner business. . . . Soup done, the guests waited. . . . And waited. . . . Greer got a hurry call to the kitchen. . . . There was a tearful cook and a happy dog, named Coco. . . . Explained the cook, pointing to a debris-littered table: Coco yumped ooop on de tabbel undt et op all d'chicken! . . . Greer, Viv, Laurence *et al* ate cold roast beef.

BIRTHDAY Gift Gag-of-the-Month—was what Mary Livingstone did to Jack Benny, when they ate dinner in their home the eve of his birthday . . . In his jello, Jack found a pair of diamond cuff-links . . . It was Mary's birthday present . . . Now Jack is afraid to eat hash at home . . . He thinks maybe he'd find Orson Welles in it . . . Most Brilliant Party-Decoration Idea of the Month—was what was done to the porch of Johnny Mack Brown's lovely house, when tenants Jules and Doris Stein threw a party . . . Endless yards and yards and yards of colored cellophane were draped and re-draped along and about the porch . . . The many glowing lights, shining through the transparent colored stuff made a picture of sheer delight . . . Big party it was, too—big enough for TWO bars, not just one . . . There were all of 250 of the partiest names in Hollywood present . . . If you ever, ever get invited to one of the Saturday night shindigs during the racing season at Bing Crosby's Del Mar track, you'll hear the regular rendition of the—well, maybe you could call it the place's theme song . . . Anyway, Bing, Pat O'Brien and others usually get together on it some time during the evening, and it goes like this—

> Shake hands with your Uncle Mike, me bhoy;
> Shake hands with your Sister Kate;
> And here is the girl you used to swing
> Down on the garden gate;
> Shake hands with all the neighbors,
> And kiss the colleens all;
> You're as welcome as the flowers in May
> —TO DEAR OLD DONEGAL!!!

KID-Party of the Month—was the third birthday party given for little Woody Van Dyke by Papa Director Woody and mama. . . . Scene of the party was that elaborate children's playhouse the Van Dykes have built on their estate—a playhouse divided into two parts: a swank three-room apartment for little Barbara; and a workshop-playshop combined for little Woody . . . More than a score of Hollywood's movie tots were guests at the party. . . . They ate at a specially-built table, T-shaped, low enough to accommodate the little ones, and adorned with horns, balloons, trick paper hats and gaily colored bags full of toy favors. . . . They ate creamed chicken, ice cream and cake.

Three fights a day....

Those upsetting "scenes"—those long-drawn-out conflicts about eating—do not *have* to happen. Countless mothers have proved with Clapp's Strained and Chopped Foods that such troubles can be avoided. They've shown how important it is to offer foods whose flavors and textures *please* the baby and suit his stage of development.

Or three happy meals?

Babies take to Clapp's!

They like the flavors—special vegetables bred, grown, cooked, and lightly seasoned to please the taste of babies. (And they test high in vitamins and minerals, too.)

They like the *textures*—not too coarse for easy handling, nor too fine for exercise.

They like the *variety*—more kinds than any other brand offers.

They like the *pleasant placid transition* from Strained Foods to Chopped Foods—the same good garden-fresh flavors they've always known.

• Any wonder Clapp's know what babies like? Doctors and mothers have been giving them tips about it for almost 20 years! Clapp's is the oldest baby foods house, and the only one of any importance that makes nothing else.

17 Strained Varieties for Young Babies

Clapp's
STRAINED FOODS

12 Chopped Varieties for Toddlers

Clapp's
CHOPPED FOODS

Clapp's Baby Foods
OKAYED BY DOCTORS AND BABIES

LIZ SERVED THE BAD NEWS WITH THE COFFEE!

1. "Sure, it's a fine house this is!" blurts out the just-hired Lizzie. "That old kitchen drain is stopped up tight!"

2. "A stopped-up drain?" inquires a tactful guest. "I know the answer to *that* one! We'll telephone for some Drāno!"

3. Down the drain goes Drāno! And it gets down deep—***digs out*** all the clogging muck—clears the drain thoroughly!

4. "Drāno not only *cleans* drains—it keeps 'em clean!" smiles the guest. "Use a teaspoonful at night after dishes are done!"

P.S. After the dishes—use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard ***against*** clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1940, The Drackett Co.

All This, and Heaven Too

[*Continued from page* 60]

"we have both known. Deep in our hearts we have known that if ever you go away, I will go too."

Her eyes were immense with shock. "Oh, no." Then her words tumbled out swiftly. "You are desperate and, yes, I too am desperate. And it would be so easy to do something we would regret in shame—without thinking of those four that we love."

He was silent. Then, brokenly, he asked, "But where will you go? What will you do?"

"I will have my work." Her lips quivered. "There will be other positions—other children. After all, everyone can't expect that in all this world one should be singled out to have one's heart's desire."

He held her hands tight in his own. "Will it be any comfort to you to know that when you are gone, my only happiness will be in knowing that I am sharing your loneliness? Will you remember that there will never be any call you make that I won't answer?"

Tears were blinding her. "Bless you," she finally said. Then she turned to the children's room. "I must say good-bye to them."

IT WAS cold in Paris that winter, as Henriette discovered in her four months of seeking a position. People's hearts were cold too, especially since the insinuating news columns had made much of the sudden dismissal of the de Praslin governess.

She finally took lodgings with an old friend, Madame Le Maire, but when weeks passed and her letter of recommendation from the Duchess was still not forthcoming, hope dropped away. The Duke's letter was not enough, in view of the suppressed scandal. In fact, it was a detriment and she had soon stopped proffering it to her prospective employers.

As her money went, Madame Le Maire began suggesting that she send for the Duke. But stubbornly, Henriette refused. Then, one day, he and the children were announced and she ran down the stairs from her attic room to greet him.

With little cries of delight, the children clung to her and kissed her and unwrapped the gifts of flowers and fruit they had brought. Then Madame Le Maire took them away and Henriette was alone with the Duke.

He seized her roughly. "Why didn't you tell me? I had no idea until I heard from Madame Le Maire."

Her eyes were heavy with fatigue but every fiber in her thrilled to his touch. "She shouldn't have let you know. You have enough trouble as it is."

"At least I could have done something—given you money—"

"No, I don't want money. Only the letter. I must have it."

There was such a fury in him that he could have torn down the roof of the world. "When did you write last? What did she say? What dared she say?"

She clasped her hands. "That if I would go back to England perhaps she would send me the letter there." Then her eyes flashed. "But I won't be driven out of my own country in disgrace. Wasn't it enough—"

"Enough for *her*?" His voice rasped. "You underestimate her, my dear. She has power in those plump white hands of hers and she will squeeze and squeeze—"

She cried out, "Stop. You frighten me, Theo."

"*I* frighten you?"

"The look on your face."

He asked strainedly, "Is it as noticeable as that—that I am going mad?"

A piercing pain went through her. "Please," she implored. She spoke calmly despite her inner tumult. "Let's forget the letter. I'll manage."

His lips twisted. "Come to the house tomorrow." He pressed a kiss to her hands. "You'll have the letter. Come at two o'clock. . . ."

It was toward dawn that Henriette suddenly awoke to a loud knocking on her door. Two gendarmes stood there. Then everything took on a nightmarish quality. They were saying that the Duchess de Praslin had been murdered. She, herself, was under arrest. There was talk of an intrigue with the Duke . . . something about a scandal. All Paris had known, it seemed. . . .

For days she paced her cell at the Conciergerie, with only terror for a companion. She was not permitted to see anyone, not even allowed to read a newspaper. The jailer had told her that the Duke was being questioned. But he had not been arrested and from the bottom of her heart she thanked God for that.

Her trial started a few weeks later and day after day they pounded questions at her. What was her influence in the Duke's household? When had she last seen him? She had wronged the Duchess, had she not?

With all her strength, she cried out the denial. No, it was not true. She had loved the children, been a friend of the Duke's, but an intrigue? No. Never!

Then, that day, back in her cell, a visitor was announced. She started in surprise as she saw him. Why, it was the young American minister, Henry Field, whom she had met on the boat. His face was infinitely compassionate as he approached her. "Please," he said, "I came with just a word of faith that might be some comfort to you."

She smiled bleakly. "Comfort in faith?"

He nodded. "I don't know whether I can tell you without sounding stodgy—but I believe that no matter what our despair, there is a heaven on this earth for each of us if we can only find it."

Her eyes filled. "A woman is dead—the children I loved are orphaned. I'm afraid I cannot believe in your heaven on earth, Mr. Field."

"You must try not to be bitter," he said. "But I want you to know that I am going to be your friend and help you."

"You mustn't." Her cheeks were aflame. "Don't you know that you can't help me but only harm yourself? Haven't you heard what everyone is saying about me?" He was silent. "Suppose I tell you it's true."

"It will make no difference." He asked, "Have you good legal counsel for your questioning before the House of Peers tomorrow?"

"No, I don't want a lawyer. I can answer their questions myself." Questions? What was there to say to them? That the only happiness she had ever known had been a few stolen minutes with the Duke in the moonlight? That he had given her some tender words that would remain in her heart forever?

"But you have no knowledge of the law," he protested. "And some blunder on your part—or some clever scheme of theirs—might do you great harm."

"I'll risk it." She was taut as she stood before him. "I'll tell them anything they want to know. The truth is all I have to rely on and I prefer to give it to them in my own way."

She was in the witness stand the next day and Pasquier began hurling accusation after accusation at her. "These lofty sentiments which you express for the children," he shouted, "did they not also extend to the father?"

"We always return to that, don't we, Monsieur?"

"Yes, and we *will* always return to it."

"Then I will tell you again," she said quietly. "I did not bring sin into that home—since that is in your mind. But I had a genuine affection for the Duke. Can't you understand that it is possible to love honestly?"

Pasquier was exasperated. "Can you call it an honest love when it results in a violent crime and death?"

Suddenly, there was an intrusion—a courier with a message. Then Pasquier turned to her. "Mademoiselle Deluzy, I advise you to prepare yourself for a shock. News of the most startling nature has just reached me. The Duke de Praslin has taken poison."

She froze to ice. Then one terrible cry came from her. *"Oh, no!"*

"Even now, he is dying. By his own hand he has left you to face the aroused anger of the French people."

"No. I beg of you—" Then she crumpled and went into merciful blackness.

Conscious again, she realized that she was in a fast-moving carriage. From a great distance, she heard voices. They were taking her to the Duke, hoping that he would confess his love for her when she appeared at his bedside.

Her shoulders were bent in agony as she passed through the front door. With what joy and eagerness she had entered this place for the first time. She could almost hear the children's laughter, feel again Theo's warm handclasp when they had met that day. Now they were in his room, and her strength almost failed her again as she saw him lying there, so white and still.

Then the torture began. Pasquier stood over him and thundered, "Are you guilty? Answer, yes or no." As the questions were hurled each time, the Duke would shake his head weakly. "Did you love her?" Over and over, Pasquier flung it at him and each time received a "No," for an answer.

Finally, Henriette was led out of the room and there in the dark corridor, the frenzied tears of grief poured from her eyes in a great torrent. . . .

A few weeks later, she stood before a leaden plate stabbed deep into the earth. Sad and despairing, she looked at the grave. "Is this what you have come to, the Duke de Praslin—a grave in unconsecrated ground?

[*Continued on page* 65]

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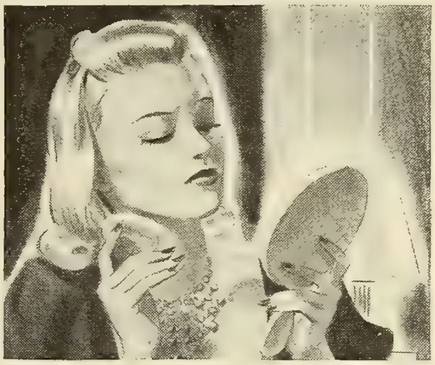

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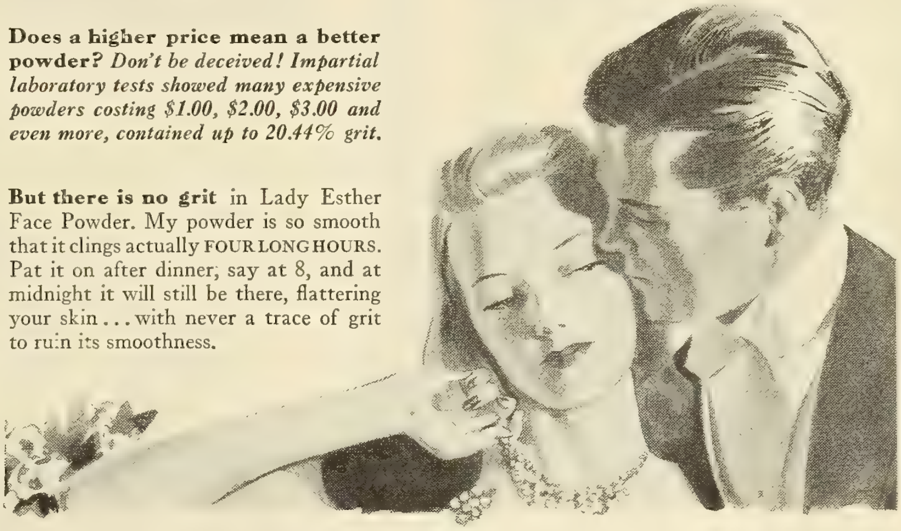

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Dad saves the Day for Junior!

MOTHER: How I dread giving Junior this laxative! He raises such a fuss!

FATHER: You can't blame the kid. I wouldn't want to take it myself!

MOTHER: Well, what else can I give him? You know he needs a laxative.

FATHER: What about Ex-Lax? It tastes like chocolate and works fine!

MOTHER: S-a-ay! Ex-Lax did wonders for Junior! And he took it without even a whimper.

FATHER: That's what I like about Ex-Lax! It not only tastes good — it's good *for* you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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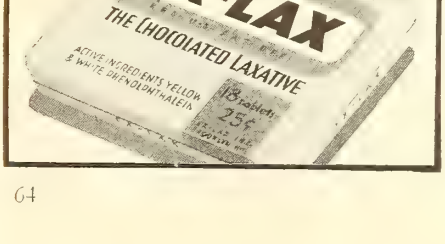
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PICTURE PARADE

TOO MANY HUSBANDS

—AAA½—

Remember *The Awful Truth?* Well, *Too Many Husbands* is also based on a marital mixup and is every bit as much fun. Claude Binyon does a beautiful job of adapting this W. Somerset Maugham play to the screen and Wesley Ruggles does some top-notch directing. Together with a delightful musical score and the superb talents of Jean Arthur, Melvyn Douglas, Fred MacMurray, Harry Davenport, Dorothy Peterson and Melville Cooper it adds up to one of the most charming comedies of the season. It is as light and frothy as a champagne cocktail. And the idea is precious. Jean Arthur believing herself widowed by Fred MacMurray marries his best friend and partner, Melvyn Douglas. The honeymoon is barely over when MacMurray turns up ALIVE after being rescued from a castaway island. Which makes Jean a bigamist or something. Anyway, she likes it and so will you. Jean wants them both but neither the men nor the state will allow it. But see for yourself how Jean handles "too many husbands." It's one of her best performances and she's at her most beautiful best.—*Columbia.*

VIRGINIA CITY

—AAA½—

If you're shopping for a spy, Western or romantic melodrama go to the nearest motion picture theatre exhibiting *Virginia City,* for this latest Warner epic is a combination of all three and is replete with thrills, heroics and romantics. It takes you back to Virginia City, Nevada, a Union stronghold, during the Civil War. There you meet *Capt. Kerry Bradford* (Errol Flynn) a Union intelligence officer who learns of a Confederate sympathizer's plan to remove $5,000,000 in gold to Richmond, Va., for the Cause. Heading the enemy's party are *Julia Haynes* (Miriam Hopkins) and *Capt. Vance Irby* (Randolph Scott). *Capt. Bradford* is determined to block the passage of this plan and succeeds but his romantic inclinations towards the beautiful *Miss Haynes* interferes with his duty and he is court-martialed, convicted and doomed to death for rufusing to advise his superiors where the bullion has been cached. But we're not going to tell you what happens next. Errol Flynn, Miriam Hopkins and Randolph Scott are swell in the top spots and lending grand support are Humphrey Bogart, Frank McHugh, Alan Hale, Guinn Williams, John Litel and others.—*Warner Bros.*

[*Continued on page* 74]

All This, and Heaven Too

[*Continued from page 63*]

A number on your tombstone such as convicts wear in life?"

Her mind touched on many things. It was Pierre who had told her the truth. The Duchess had refused Theo the letter of recommendation that night and so he had destroyed her. And when he had died, he had sent Henriette a message. "Tell her," he had said to Pierre, "that I worship her. She is my heart and my lost soul. But if I confessed that, they would have sent her to her death. They can never harm her now."

"Sleep well, my dear," she sobbed. "Rest well. I knew. I never doubted."

Henry Field stood at her elbow. Gently, he took her arm. "Please, you only torment yourself."

She turned for one last look. "Yes, goodbye, my dear," she whispered. "You will not be lonely for I am lying at your side."

Henry led her away and outside he said, "We must begin to think of the future. You are not safe in France. The anger of the people is still high."

She shook her head. "This is where I was born. I will stay here. Only—it feels odd to be dead so young."

He looked at her. "Well, we shall see. I agree with you that Henriette Deluzy is dead—but who can tell about the future of Henriette Desportes?"

"Who indeed?" Henriette thought some months later as she looked at the class of girls before her. She had finished her story. A while before they had all been giggling together. Yes, the "crime" of Mademoiselle Deluzy had even travelled here to America where Henry had brought her. It was to him she owed this position in Miss Haines girls' school. It was for him now that she must try to hold it.

"Well," she said to them all, "it is for *you* to tell me the end of my story. Do you think that this 'Mademoiselle D' deserves to suffer the rest of her life, or do you think she has earned the right to continue her work in this country where so many before her have taken refuge?"

She waited. Then suddenly there came a heartening cheer from all of them.

She addressed one of the girls—the boldest of the lot who had drawn a caricature of her on the blackboard. "You, Emily Schuyler, you haven't said anything. That surprises me. I thought you'd be the first to ask me a question."

The girl rose and said falteringly, "I haven't any question, Mademoiselle." Then she gestured to the others. "No. You needn't tell us any more. I guess you know how we feel. We're just—just plain skunks."

The laughter and tears of the others broke up the decorum of the class. Then Henriette glanced at her watch. Her lips were quivering as she smiled. "All right, Mesdemoiselles—tomorrow we will resume our lessons. You have learned precious little French today but I think you have learned some kindness and tolerance. So perhaps the hour has not been entirely wasted."

Henry had been standing outside and when they were gone, he came in. "It was a real victory," he said. "You've won their love for all their lives."

"Then—I am content with the future."

"But if you could only *see* into your future—see that there is someone who could love and cherish you—who needs you—"

FROM a great distance she heard Theo's voice. ". . . and then, if you looked closely enough, the whole rest of the world seemed to be obliterated and shut out."

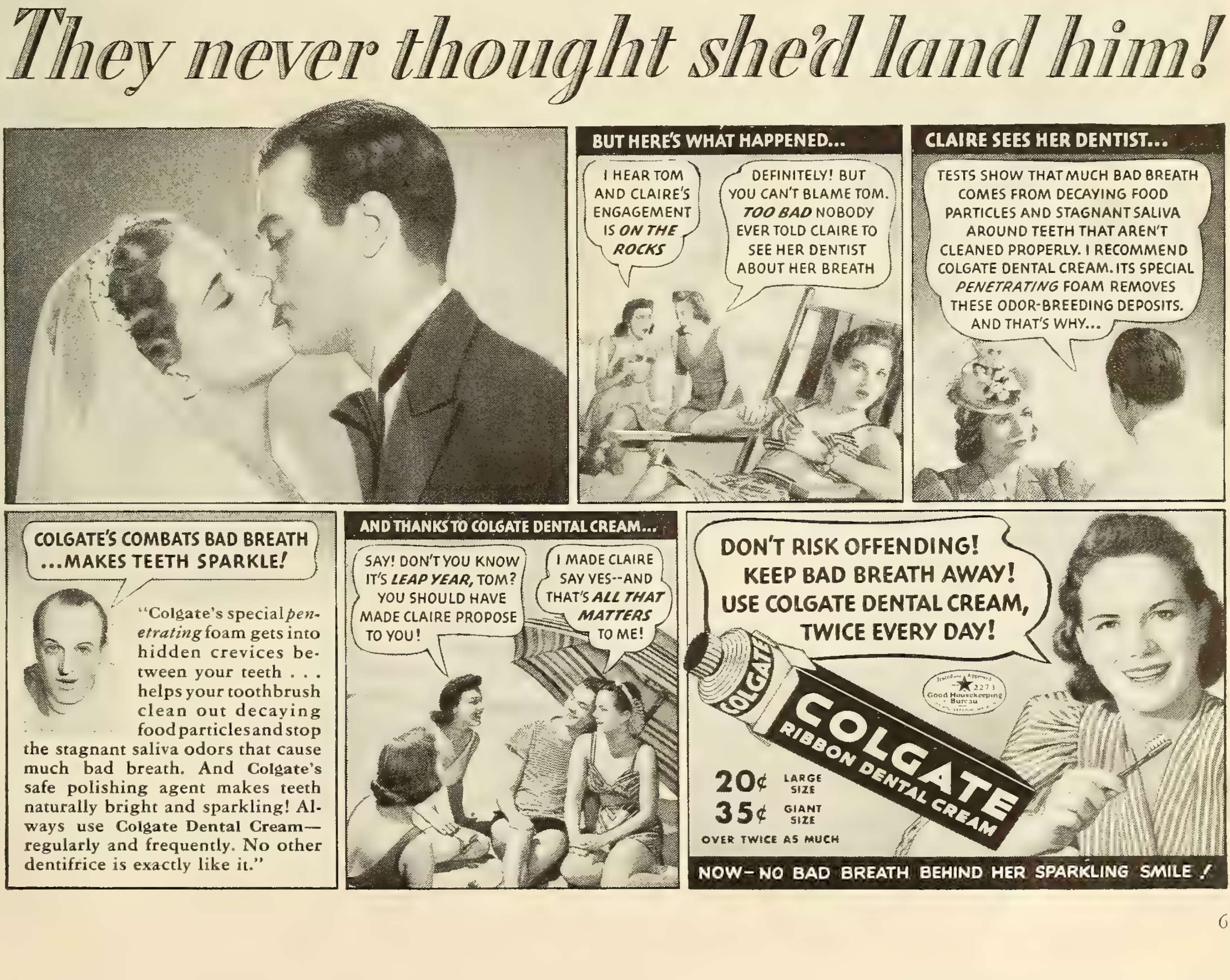
The utter loneliness in her heart welled into her eyes. "I am afraid of love, Henry," she said. "I always will be."

"And yet you were born for love," he said gently, "and to rule as queen in your own home—and there before your fireplace to gather about you your children—"

Her misty eyes lifted to his. "He said that—that it would make him happy."

"Yes. And I promised you once that you will find a Heaven on this earth—and I am going to keep that promise."

She looked at him in wonderment. Could this ever be for her? Was it right? And then, suddenly, the weight of sadness and tragedy began, in some incomprehensible way, to lift from her shoulders. Almost, she could see ahead, could see the light of that fireside—as it might someday shine on the heads of a group of laughing youngsters. And Henry—Henry Field would be at her side.


They never thought she'd land him!

BUT HERE'S WHAT HAPPENED...

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DEFINITELY! BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME TOM. *TOO BAD* NOBODY EVER TOLD CLAIRE TO SEE HER DENTIST ABOUT HER BREATH

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I MADE CLAIRE SAY YES--AND THAT'S *ALL THAT MATTERS* TO ME!

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20¢ LARGE SIZE
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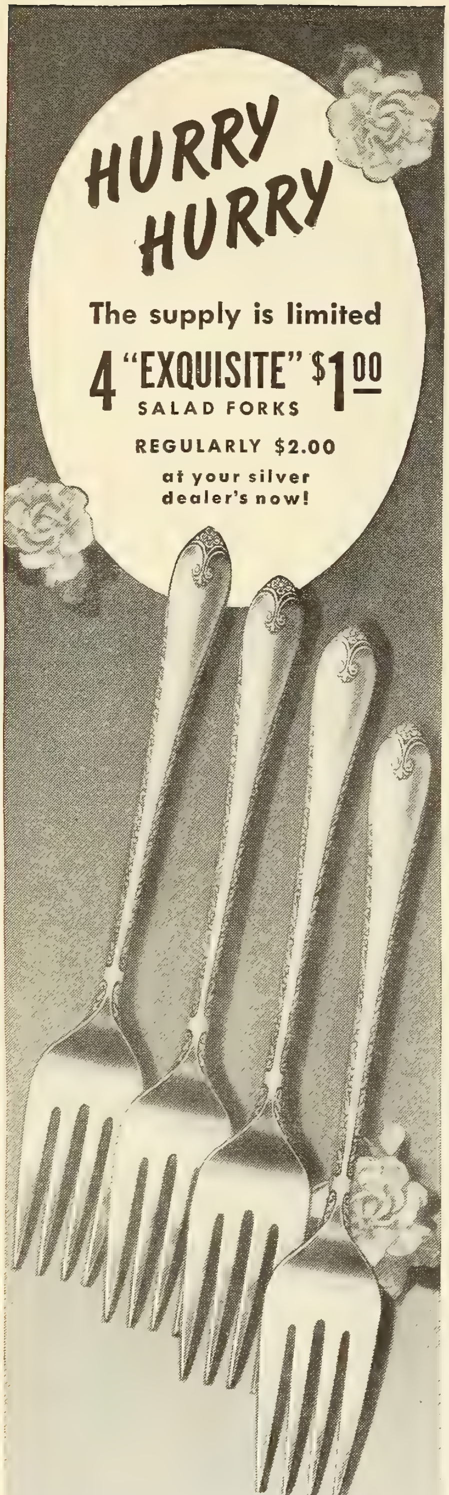
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!



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WM. ROGERS & SON

BY INTERNATIONAL

"It's Original Rogers!"

Hollywood's Greatest Picture-Stealer

[*Continued from page* 31]

don't want audiences thinking about me except in terms of that character," he says. "I don't want them thinking of me in terms of publicity hooey."

There is also another reason why he is wary of press-agents. Actors don't start going Hollywood until they start eating up their publicity. He has a horror of going Hollywood in any form.

He sounds like a would-be hermit. He isn't. He doesn't avoid anybody except press-agents and interviewers. He is as gregarious as any Irishman with the price of a beer. He knows everybody in town. And everybody knows him, by sight and by reputation. But not by virtue of his tooting his own horn.

IN A weak moment early in his Hollywood sojourn, he was high-pressured into giving "a few biographical facts" about Thomas Mitchell. He gave only a few. He hasn't elaborated on them publicly since. After four years, they are all that Hollywood knows of his background, his long struggle to get where he is today. He just won't dramatize himself.

He was born in Elizabeth, New Jersey. According to studio statistics, the date was July 11, 1895. According to a recent story in his home-town paper, the date was July 11, 1892. Whichever is correct, he still is this side of fifty.

Someone once asked Tom haughtily if he had any famous ancestors. Tom haughtily replied, "Dion Boucicault, the famous Irish actor-playwright." He was only giving vent to his Irish mischievousness. The only actors in the family before Tom were 'way back on his mother's side, and they set no Irish rivers afire.

Both his father and mother were straight from Ireland. All Tom has to do today to acquire a brogue (see *Gone With the Wind* and *Three Cheers for the Irish*) is to remember how they used to talk. His father was a furniture dealer, who knew an investment when he saw one. When the old Elizabeth Opera House went on the auction block, he bought it, converted half of it into living quarters for two adults and seven children (Tom was the youngest of five boys), and still had room in the other half to store furniture stock.

Tom says, "I got stage-struck as a kid, and I'm not over it yet." How it happened to him, and didn't happen to anyone else in the family, he can't explain. As he remembers, he was the least bashful of the Mitchell offspring. When a teacher asked him to recite something in front of a class, he was up there reciting before she could change her mind and ask somebody else. Any time there was a school play, he fought to be in it.

As long as he was in short pants, his family didn't pay much attention to this. But when he began nearing his present height of five feet nine, and was driving everybody mad, always rehearsing around the house, there was a family council. What was going to become of Tom, if they didn't get this crazy notion of being an actor out of his head? His brother, John, who worked on a newspaper in near-by Newark, took him in hand, pulled wires, got him a job as a cub reporter.

Cubs are invariably sent in pursuit of the duller stories. Even then, Tom had no liking for things dull. To make the stories interesting, he injected imaginative touches. After printing a certain number of retractions, the paper told him that it thought he "would be happier elsewhere." The paper left no doubt that it would be happier if he were elsewhere.

His pugnaciousness cropped out then as a determination to make good as a newspaperman. But his heart wasn't in it. He went from paper to paper, not lasting long at any of them. He couldn't obey the journalistic injunction: "Stick to the facts!" He had an unsuppressible urge to dramatize. To get some of it out of his system, he wrote a dramatic vaudeville skit, suggested by something he had run across while reporting, and hadn't been allowed to report. A booking agency was interested in it. When he heard that particular bit of news, Tom started talking fast. Why couldn't he play the central character?

He was only 17, but he kept the booking agency from suspecting it. He was hired to tour in his own skit.

It wasn't a colossal flop. Neither was it a colossal success. The principal thing that it did for him—when he ran out of bookings—was to get him a job in a stock company. That led to jobs in other stock companies. It's the old familiar story of an actor who learned his trade in the toughest, best school of them all—stock companies.

His first New York appearance in 1913, was in Madison Square Garden, of all places. The famous Ben Greet Players took over the arena for a Shakespearean festival, and he played *Trinculo* in *The Tempest*. He did all right. He got an offer to join Charles Coburn's Shakespearean Company, spent the next two years touring the country, presenting Shakespeare at colleges. That was the nearest he ever got to acquiring a college education.

Then the Ben Greet Players returned to America and he rejoined them for their New York engagement. When they left, he stayed on Broadway. He was still there in 1936 when the movies got him.

Counting the roles he did in stock, he has played more than one thousand roles on the stage. He *ought* to know how to act. But acting isn't his only theatrical talent. He has written plays. He has directed plays. He has produced plays. When the movies signed him, it was to a three-way contract—to act, write and direct. He has been kept so busy acting that he hasn't had a chance to do anything else. But he'll get the chance, one of these days. Right now, he's writing a new play.

IT WASN'T all beer and skittles for him on Broadway, however. There was one time when he was flat broke. He went around to a theatre to borrow a few dollars from an actor playing there. The actor "wasn't around." As Tom was trying to find out from the stage doorman when his pal would be around, a stranger standing near-by came over, and said, "What did you want to see him about? Did you want to borrow some money?" Tom, taken aback, said, "Why, yes, I did."

The stranger took a roll of bills from his pocket, peeled off a hundred-dollar note, handed it to him. Tom started to stutter his thanks. "Just see that you pay it back," said the stranger, and started walking away. Tom ran to catch up with him. "But what's your name?" he asked. "Louis Wolheim," the man said. Thus began a friendship that lasted until Wolheim's death. He went out to Hollywood once to visit Wolheim. He couldn't be tempted by the movies then. Stage-directing at that time was still new to him.

"I FIRST met him when he was making one of his first pictures. It was a blistering day, and he was on location at the typical small-town railroad station in Arcadia, for scenes in *Theodora Goes Wild.* Arcadia is no icebox on a hot day. Perspiration was pouring off Tom, glistening on his ruddy face. "I never suspected," he said, grinning, "that actors had to sweat like this to get that movie money. I'm thinking of going back to writing."

He's still working hard for what he gets. But what he gets, nowadays, would make you whistle. Every time he has stolen a picture, his salary has gone up another notch. And he hasn't been in a picture yet that he hasn't stolen any scene he has adorned. Here's the list, since *Lost Horizon,* for you to mull over for yourself: *Make Way for Tomorrow, The Hurricane, Love, Honor and Behave, Stagecoach, Only Angels Have Wings, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Gone With the Wind, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Swiss Family Robinson, Three Cheers for the Irish.* He reached stardom in *Swiss Family Robinson.* "We might as well star him," cracked Producer Gene Towne. "He'll steal the picture, anyway."

Tom is constantly amazed at the amount of money the movies pay actors. "They probably rate what they get, bringing people into theatres," he says. "But there's something screwy somewhere. Nobody is worth that much salary."

He's salting his away. Not going Hollywood. Not spending on display.

He resents the fact that in Hollywood he needs what he calls "an ensemble": an agent, a stand-in, a secretary, a chauffeur, a gardener. In New York, he didn't need even a chauffeur. There he could walk if he didn't taxi. (He doesn't drive, himself.) On his days off, he still walks. It's the only form of exercise he likes. He covers ten to twelve miles a day, walking along the roads around Pacific Palisades, where he lives in an inconspicuous French Provincial house.

He pays no attention to his clothes. He rivals Bing Crosby as Hollywood's sloppiest dresser—except that Bing's wardrobe is a bit on the loud side. Snappy sport jackets aren't in Tom's line. He sticks to business suits, which usually look rumpled, and ties, which are usually askew. No one can ever say, looking at him, that he's going Hollywood.

He doesn't look like the type, and even denies that he is the type—but he collects rare books. He also collects paintings, by the modernists. He will argue anything, just for the fun of arguing. Conversation is his idea of relaxation. His favorite form of conversation is reminiscences about "the good old days" in the theatre. His favorite rendezvous is Dave Chasen's eatery, where the Broadway crowd collects.

WHEN he's working, the boys don't see much of him. He stays home, studying his lines. He will rehearse until 2 or 3 a. m., if he isn't satisfied with the way the lines are going.

He may take his acting seriously, but he has a lively sense of humor. He isn't the professional Irishman, given to Irish jokes. Neither is he a wise-cracker. But when he wants to make a point, he can usually think of some funny reminiscence to illustrate what he means.

Other players don't resent him, as they resent other notorious scene-stealers. He hasn't any hokey tricks up his sleeve, gestures to distract the audience's attention from other players. He steals his scenes the honest way. By being conspicuously natural, by extracting every last drop of emotion from a line. When they are in a picture with Tom, other players know they have to work, and work hard.

He has been twice married, twice divorced. His first wife (for twenty years), Anne Stuart Brown, is the mother of his grown-and-married daughter, Anne, who is the apple of his eye. His second wife was Rachel Hartzell former stage actress. They were so quietly divorced last fall that few people in Hollywood know that they have even separated.

He has one phobia while acting. He can't stand still photographers who grab quick shots during "takes." He blows up every time. The last time it happened, the crew framed a gag on him: hung a huge sign on the trailer he uses as a portable dressing-room, "Welcome, Candid Camera Club of America!" He took it—with a grin.

He has a new story that he is telling now, when anybody tries to tell him he is a great actor. He describes the scene in *Swiss Family Robinson* in which, after falling off the raft unconscious, he is rescued by Freddie Bartholomew. He and Freddie did the scene in person, not with benefit of doubles. As Freddie, a strong swimmer, hooked one arm around his neck and started towing him through the water, Tom began flailing the water erratically with his arms. When the "rescue" was completed, Freddie said to him, "You certainly gave a great performance as a drowning man, Mr. Mitchell."

"That wasn't a performance," protested Tom. "You were choking me to death!"

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Creamy ..... ☐	Green .... ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ..... ☐	Hazel .... ☐	Light ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy ...... ☐	Brown .... ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ..... ☐	Black .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Freckled .... ☐	LASHES *(Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive ...... ☐	Light .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
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How Boyer's Private Life Changed Him

[*Continued from page* 24]

have!" cried the poilus, as they played valet to the horses for the cannons. "It is the Little Napoleon, is it not? My, my, how he has changed! How sad, too!—how sad that the magnifique M. Boyer-Napoleon must now play chambermaid to the horse . . . !"

It smacked Boyer in the face—and in the conscience, too; let it be said—like a blow. There was nothing mean or vicious in the ribbing the fellow-privates dished out to Boyer, there in that artillery camp. It was the down-to-earth, ribald, unsparing raillery with which comrades bombard each other; comrades who have a job to do, and whose lives aren't worth two shakes of salt, and who know it, and don't care. Private-life distinctions are gone; screen star Boyer and street sweeper Jacques were just buddies now, and Boyer had to take his ribbing and like it.

At first, he didn't like it. Hollywood screen stars don't like to be razzed, and Boyer was no exception. Not, that is, at first. But then there came to the surface that quality that makes Boyer one of the finer men in pictures—that ability to see beyond his own mirror. And today, back out of the ranks, back in Hollywood, Boyer is a changed man—and an even more impressive one.

THERE is about him a new seriousness, a new intensity, a new strength that wasn't plain before. And a new realization of the fact that his own individual self isn't so important. He is glad of that experience in France—

"I am happy it happened to me. It was not pleasant; it is never pleasant to us to have our ego slapped down, is it?" he says, frankly. "It is doubly hard to keep one's balance in Hollywood—and after what Hollywood has done to one who makes a success in pictures. . . .

"Well, it took a war to save me from what might have been a touch of too much Hollywood. I have recovered my own balance. A short time in the army was enough to wipe out, for me, any false ideas Hollywood might have planted in my mind, of my own importance."

Boyer speaks more than words, when he says that. True, he is out of the army now—out of the French army. But he is a soldier of France. Today, in his every spare moment, he is working fiercely for France's cause. Yet do not ever insinuate to him, or in his hearing, that he was excused from army service by France, so that he might come here as a sort of unofficial ambassador, or propaganda agent.

That's hooey, he fiercely tells you. He was mustered out of service not to go back to America and propagandize. He was mustered out because he is, after all, forty-two years old—and France has found that she will not have to call her men of the forties to the colors—not, that is, unless the threat grows far worse than it seems likely to now.

Boyer's faded gray-blue poilu uniform, however, is still ready. And so is Boyer. If France calls, he'll go back again, like THAT!—back to currycombing horses, if so ordered—or to digging front-line trenches—or to stopping a Nazi bullet, if that's what fate has in store for him. Because, in the final analysis, Boyer is first of all and always a Frenchman. And with his France in peril, he knows that his old "line" of wanting to be what he called "international," back in the peaceful interlude, was just so much publicity twaddle. . . .

That was when, skyrocketing to stardom, he gave out interviews about the stultifying effect of staying too long in any place. He felt that a half year in Hollywood, then a half year in Paris, say, was what he wanted. He wanted to be neither French nor American nor Hollywood—he wanted to be a compound of the glamor of them all. But today, he's dropped that. Today, he just wants to be a screen star, to make as much money as he can for France, and to be a Frenchman. That's why you'll always see Boyer's name at the top of any Hollywood activity for the help and relief of France or the Allies or their people or their cause. . . .

MEANTIME, back with that new seriousness and that new earnestness, Boyer is devoting himself fiercely to retrieving whatever he may have lost of his screen and radio prestige during those months of army service in France.

He feels he has lost something. He knows, for example, that that concentrated intensity of being French lost him much of his facility with the English tongue. He found himself tripping over words and phrases with painful inadequacy. So, since he's been back, he has spent hours a day, re-learning his English so he can put over to you American gals the same appeal—from the screen or your home radio loudspeaker—that he packs.

He works at it. He took six weeks off and did nothing but practice English. Even now, he has recordings made of his rehearsals for his radio programs—the very first rehearsal of each broadcast goes on wax, and Boyer carries them home and plays them to himself—over and over and over. Then painstakingly and painfully, he repeats and repeats and corrects. For every Boyer broadcast you hear, you can depend on it that Boyer, himself, has done it a hundred times—just to satisfy himself that you'll be able to understand!

Yes—debonair, casual, offhanded as he is on the screen and on his programs, just so painstakingly precise and hard-working he is, in the actual production of what he puts out for your entertainment. In the studio—screen or radio—he is a strict boss. Here, he becomes Napoleon again.

If you want to work with him, you've got to produce—or else. Nothing impolite about it, but no dilly dallying. He doesn't tear his hair or rant or insult his co-workers, but unless they can come through, all they get from him is a polite thank you and goodbye. He is not nasty, but he is deadly cold with incompetence, when he encounters it.

If France ever *does* call him back to the colors—and gives him a commission, as would be most likely—then his men can depend on it: they'll have to step lively when Boyer commands—or there'll be hell to pay. They won't kid him then about being Napoleon. He'll BE Napoleon!

But let's get back to Hollywood—

He and his wife, British Pat Paterson (there's a Franco-British alliance for you!), have a rather mixed-up sort of Beverly Hills home. The exterior is a Mexican farmhouse type—the kind you find by the dozen about Hollywood. Boyer couldn't do much about that—the exterior. But inside, he's done his bit by France.

Inside, the Mexican farmhouse does a complete national flip-flop, and becomes the essence of France—French furniture, both period and modern. French fittings. French books by the score—including Boyer's favorite, many-times-read-and-re-read volume, *Two Men,* which is rich with the psychology of friendship.

And above all, a French cellar—one of the grandest cellars in all Hollywood, stacked from floor to ceiling with the finest of French wines, especially champagne. For Boyer loves his wines, and there is no more popular dinner-host in all Hollywood than Monsieur Boyer.

Pat Paterson is becoming Mrs. Charles Boyer more and more, every day. When he married her, she was on the fair road to becoming a rather big star herself, as Pat Paterson. And then she met Boyer, and poof . . . ! That was while they were both at 20th-Fox. Three weeks after they met, they were at a party at Winnie Sheehan's home. That was in February of 1934.

Boyer had made up his mind that he'd never marry. Pat had done pretty much the same. So what?—so, as they left the Sheehan party, Boyer suddenly changed his mind. That's the privilege of a Frenchman. And so did Pat, because everybody knows that it's a woman's privilege, too. And they eloped and got married—and they've never regretted it for a single moment, since.

Not even though M. Boyer follows the French precept in his attitude toward marriage. A Frenchman still holds that a wife is pretty much a chattel. Certainly, Pat Paterson has faded from her own effulgence as a coming star into the pale relative unimportance of being merely Monsieur Boyer's wife and helpmeet. She loves it. And as long as Boyer insists (as he does) on going shopping with her, to help pick out her clothes—her hats, her gowns, her shoes, her more intimate things—why Pat's satisfied.

And if her friends wonder why she's becoming such a mousy, subdued little wifie, she doesn't care. Let them not forget that Mrs. Charles Boyer is happy—even after well over six years of married life. And in Hollywood, there are dam' few wives who can say that!

OF HIS private life, Boyer will say nothing to interviewers. He will not discuss Pat, nor his home, nor any of his intimate doings. As a matter of fact, Boyer is one of the publicity-shiers of Hollywood, on the surface. He keeps people away from his rehearsals, and keeps his stages closed to visitors. He dodges interviewers. And yet, he does it all with such charm and such ineffable courtesy that the very people he rebuffs praise him for it.

And therein lies something of the secret of Boyer's success. Boyer is one of those heaven-gifted individuals who'll never have to read Dale Carnegie's hints on How to Win Friends and Influence People. As a matter of fact, Mr. Carnegie could learn a bookful himself, from M. Boyer. . . .

Boyer has, to a greater degree than any other actor now in circulation, the same indescribable quality that made Rudolph Valentino what he was. Women unashamedly admit that they go into dithers at either the sight of him on the screen or the sound of his voice on the radio. They practically swoon when he starts to make love. Psychologists will prate learnedly of the reasons—they'll tell you that Boyer is the "dream man" of every woman—the man whom, to younger girls, is not like their boy friends or their brothers but somehow "different"; the man who, to older women, is everything they wish their husbands were.

Boyer is the hero of every woman's hidden dream romance. And the psychologists will bet that he'll still be that, even if the women DO know that he wears a hair-piece when he appears before the camera. After all, a man may lose a few hairs at forty-two, but if he's a Boyer, he'll lose no tiny bit of charm along with them . . . !

Himself—he's a moody chap. If you have the entree to the inside circles and meeting places, you'll see him, often enough, sitting at his lunch table, all alone, for hours after he's finished his coffee. He'll just sit there, silently and practically unmoving. His eyes are fixed on nothing you can see—but the intensity of them tells you plainer than words that Boyer sees much with them, as he stares. He lights one cigarette from another—chain-smoking. But he tells no one—not even Pat—what thoughts pass through his mind in those long, silent periods.

Those who know him and his moods and his habits don't approach him, during these introspective interludes. They know that at such times, if ever, Boyer MAY be momentarily rude. And they know that if he's let alone, to gloom it out to the end, he'll suddenly snap out of it, and with all the concentrated charm and magnetism of personality that you know as Boyer, he will suddenly bubble back to life.

Maybe that silent, moody, depressed, heavy-faced, chain-smoking, surly-looking Boyer is the real Boyer. Maybe the charmful, effervescent, lady-killing Boyer is just an act. If it is, it's the best one Hollywood has ever seen. He doesn't miss a trick—

He even sends an orchid, every broadcast night, to his leading lady . . . !

What a man!—what a French man!!

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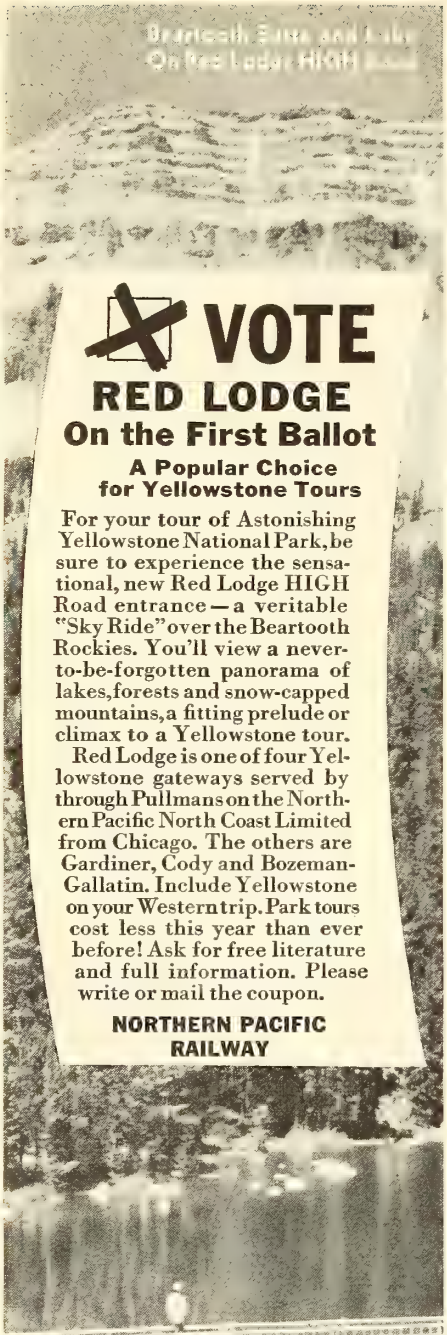

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Ballyhoodooed Stars

[*Continued from page* 26]

also. Their starlet was attracting more attention than their stars. And they didn't know exactly what to do about it.

While they waited warily to see if the furore *might* last, they cast Ann in the same sort of roles as usual. Walter Wanger had more faith in the drawing power of "oomph." He wanted to borrow Ann, feature her in a college picture called *Winter Carnival.* Warners were happy to have someone else take the gamble; particularly someone like Wanger, who had done right well by Hedy Lamarr.

People weren't sure what to look for, but, after so much clamor, they looked for something more than they found in *Winter Carnival.* (Which was no *Algiers.*) And they were baffled to find Ann still in small roles in other pictures. Unimportant pictures.

Ballyhooed out of all proportion to her screen accomplishments, she was ballyhoodooed.

People expected her to be sensational. When she wasn't, they resented it. They felt cheated. They said: "We'd like to see her do something to deserve the attention she has been getting." That put Ann on a spot. And it put her studio, which had started all the excitement, on a spot.

The public demanded. "Why doesn't Ann Sheridan play star-sized roles in important pictures? Isn't she equal to them?" Ann didn't know. Her studio didn't know. But the public wanted that last question answered "Yes" or "No."

The answer is supposed to be in *It All Came True,* just completed. Ann's whole future hinges on this one picture. If it converts the skeptics, she can be a star. If it creates more skeptics, it may be Good-bye, Ann Sheridan.

SHE isn't the first player who has been publicized to the point where the public gets tough and says: "All right, we know all about you. Now, show us what you can do!"

Hedy Lamarr has been ballyhoodooed.

When Hedy made her big hit in *Algiers,* in a small role ideally suited to her exotic beauty, her own studio was caught by surprise. It had nothing to give her in the way of an immediate follow-up picture; only tons of publicity. And the longer it took to prepare a picture for her, the more frantically the press-agents toiled to keep the world Lamarr-conscious.

They analyzed her appeal as Glamor with a Capital G. So they ballyhooed her as Glamor Girl No. 1. They took hundreds of photographs of her, taking care that each one suggested that Hedy was breathtakingly-beautiful—that she had something no one else on the screen had. They took scads of fashion photos, insinuating that no one wore clothes quite so well as Hedy. They deluged newspapers and magazines with their artful photography. They gave hints of her past, each hint conveying the impression that she had lived more colorfully than any other girl on the screen. They sold the idea that Hedy had everything that anyone could want a dream-girl to have.

This went on till near the end of her first picture on her home lot. After $750,000 had been spent on it, the picture was shelved. The official reason was "story trouble." The principal trouble with the story was that it had too much dialogue. Hedy tried hard, but she wasn't equal to the nuances of vocal expression that so much dialogue called for. She had everything but varied acting experience.

While debating how to salvage the $750,000, studio heads had to do something about stilling the public demand for a Lamarr picture. They rushed her into some Adrian gowns, a romantic foreign setting, the arms of Robert Taylor, and *Lady of the Tropics,* which called on her to do little except look exotically beautiful. The publicity hullabaloo died away to a whisper. There were prayers that, after the great build-up, the public wouldn't expect too much—would be satisfied with just looking at her. Millions of people found looking at her an undeniable pleasure. Even the critics. "But," the critics added querulously, "when are we going to find out if she can act?"

The remake of *I Take This Woman* proves that Hedy has been spending long and profitable hours with a voice coach. But she still is on a spot. She still has a monumental task ahead of her, to win back lost customers—who never would have been lost if they hadn't been led by ballyhoo to expect too much, too soon.

Robert Taylor was ballyhoodooed. The press-agents, who didn't notice Bob until the public did, took another look and saw a boy so good-looking that, with a little pushing, he could be built up as the handsomest man on the screen—someone as handsome as every girl would like her boy-friend to be. So they set about ballyhooing him as The Perfect Lover, the Beau Ideal.

They had him in the portrait gallery constantly, so that they could constantly flood periodicals with proofs of the perfection of his features. Not so much as a hair was ever out of place. Candid-camera art was frowned on; it wasn't glamorous. They broke up his romance with little-known Irene Hervey, forced him to be seen with famous stars, so that they could ballyhoo his romantic appeal. Whenever he went anywhere, they sent word ahead so that women would be sure to mob him, adding grist to the publicity mill.

The press-agents overlooked the men in the audience. Men took a dislike to this man who was alleged to be perfect. "Pretty boy!" they snorted. "Beautiful Robert Taylor!" Women, who couldn't help listening, began wondering if their idol was a little short on masculinity. Bob finally had to prove that he was a he-man, or else. His whole career depended on *A Yank at Oxford.* He showed that he *could* take physical punishment, man-style. Since then, men have liked him better. And, if you've noticed, his principal publicity since has been about his ranching, his outdoor life. And most of his photographs have been the candid kind. . . . But he had a narrow escape from oblivion.

Simone Simon was ballyhoodooed. Her American debut was preceded by a billboard campaign, of the "teaser" variety. On every main thoroughfare in America, big white letters on a background of solid black asked: "Who is Simone?" These were followed by other ads arousing public curiosity. Then came the ads for *Girls' Dormitory,* starring Simone Simon— "pronounced See-moan See-moan." People went to see her, expecting someone dazzlingly different, and discovered a snub-nosed little French girl with a provocative pout, whose English was difficult to understand.

She was different, but not dazzling. Why all the excitement — when there were

American actresses who were prettier, who could act just as well, and who could be understood? Simone improved her English, and she played the wistful heroine of that perennial heart-warmer, *Seventh Heaven.* But when an audience has a show-us attitude, it's difficult to impress an audience.

Press-agents built up great expectations of Arleen Whelan. She was the first real, live Hollywood Cinderella. A beautiful girl who hadn't even dreamed of a movie career, she had been working as a manicurist in a Boulevard barber shop when a director discovered her. For a year the studio had been grooming her for her screen debut—as a star. During that year Selznick had offered $50,000 for her contract, because he thought she could play *Scarlett O'Hara,* and the offer had been turned down.

Impressed by her publicity, people expected to be impressed by Arleen in *Kidnapped.* But her drab costume dimmed her beauty, and her role let her be nothing but an ingenue, and her inexperience was plain to see. People refused to think of her as a star.... If she hadn't been ballyhoodooed, they would have welcomed her to the screen, asked to see more of her. She would have been kept busy.

When Marlene Dietrich and her studio parted company, the studio didn't go into mourning. It had blond Isa Miranda—who, according to the press-agents, was an inspiration for poetry by D'Annunzio. She had everything Dietrich had, and more. That was the gist of the ballyhoo preceding her appearance in *Hotel Imperial,* once intended for Marlene. After such a build-up, the letdown was terrific. She was attractive, and able. But people had been led to expect more.

Her studio was positive that it had a great find in Ilona Massey. So positive that the press-agents, not trusting the public to appreciate her without being prodded into it, turned on the ballyhoo full force. Here was a great beauty, a great singer, a great actress. They quoted her director as saying that in two years' time she would put both Garbo and Dietrich in the shade. People went to *Rosalie* with a show-us attitude. They expected her to dominate the picture—which she didn't. They felt misled. And they didn't like straining to understand her English....

Her studio didn't dare present her again for a year. And then the publicity was all about her heart-breaking struggle to make good in Hollywood. The effort wasn't to awe audiences, but to ask them to give the girl a chance. As it turned out, that was all she needed to make a great hit.

BEFORE *The Hurricane* was released, press-agents did most of their shouting about new-discovery Jon Hall. He was, from all accounts, a young bronze god. People went to the picture expecting to come out raving about Jon Hall. Instead, Dorothy Lamour and a storm got the raves.... And Jon, through no fault of his own, has been a species of forgotten man ever since, because he was ballyhoodooed in his first picture. But now that the ballyhoo has died down Jon is being given a second chance (after three years) in *South of Pago-Pago* and may prove himself a man to remember.

Ballyhoo that he was a replica of James Cagney gave people the wrong expectations about William Cagney. He's still in Hollywood, but not on the screen; he is Jimmy's business manager.... Joan Fontaine knew what she was doing when she objected to any publicity that she was Olivia de Havilland's sister.

Newcomers aren't the only ones who run the danger of being ballyhoodooed. Stars are also susceptible.

Martha Raye clamored to be given glamor, but the ballyhoo continued to be about the size of her mouth, climaxing in her appearing with Joe E. Brown. Joan Crawford was ballyhooed as Hollywood's outstanding example of rags-to-riches success—until she was called "box-office poison." Now she's fighting to prove that she can play something besides Cinderellas. Kay Francis was labeled "Hollywood's best-dressed woman" so long that people thought of her as chiefly a clothes-horse, and she, too, became "box-office poison." Now she's busy winning back her reputation as an actress.

Dick Powell was publicized so long as a singing juvenile that it has taken him a year to find a non-singing, non-juvenile starring job. It has taken Edward G. Robinson years to shake the nickname, "Little Caesar," and to persuade audiences to expect to see him in something beside gangster pictures. Garbo's whole life has been affected by the legend that she is a woman of mystery. The first time Laurence Olivier came to Hollywood, he was ballyhoodooed as "another Colman." It took Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., years to be thought of as a personality in his own right, not as his famous father's son. Carole Lombard has had a time shaking her build-up as an unpredictable screwball. Anne Shirley devoutly hopes that when she has a baby, come July, people will finally believe she is grown up.

It isn't all a bed of roses, this being famous. Not when you're ballyhoodooed.

FREE! Thrilling trips to Hollywood All expenses paid

AND 50 AUTHENTIC PERC WESTMORE STUDIO MAKE-UP KITS... identical with those used by Hollywood's Leading Stars

Kits of rich, soft, fine leather, exquisitely fitted; awarded to next 50 successful contestants.

In a search for America's most beautiful feminine figures, Catalina offers 60 of the most exciting prizes imaginable! First 10 winners will come to Hollywood, all expenses paid, for a week of unforgettable fun—living at the world-famed Ambassador Hotel, with thrilling trips through motion picture studios, etc.

Earl Carroll, internationally-known stage, screen and night club producer, and Dan Kelley, Universal Pictures' Casting Director, will judge the 60 winners solely on the basis of *figure*-beauty. And since every contestant will submit her photograph in a Catalina Swim Suit, *every* girl has a chance to win. For these captivating new suits, styled in California for the stars of Hollywood, will definitely highlight *your* figure-charms as well. Especially when they're made with CONTROLASTIC...marvelous elastic yarn that glamourizes *any* figure almost magically!

Catalinas alone are color-coordinated by Perc Westmore, studio make-up man for the Hollywood stars.

See these suits now at your nearest department or specialty store. For contest entry blank and all details, send coupon today.

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LOOK FOR THE FLYING FISH

Exquisite princess lines in this suit of satin CONTROLASTIC ...flared skirt...fitted bra...Celanese jersey trunks. Priced at $5.00.

WORN BY RITA HAYWORTH, STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES

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I've found The face powder that has EVERYTHING!

Wake up the sleeping beauty of your complexion! Amazing new "texture of youth" Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to blend with your skin. That is why it is so *velvety*, so *naturally* lovely, night or *day*. Stays on unbelievably long! From the famous house of Park & Tilford . . . with its 100 year tradition of truly fine quality. Get Park & Tilford Face Powder . . . *today!*

$1.00 and **50¢** sizes, drug, dept. stores.
10c purse size at ten-cent stores.

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LADIES'
JEWELED
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With every matched Bridal Pair ordered now and paid for on our easy Credit Plan.
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MATCHED BRIDAL PAIR Ladies' Lifetime Sterling Silver Wedding Ring, also genuine Diamond-cut White ZIRCON solitaire engagement ring.
SEND NO MONEY with Order

Choice of smart, new Ladies' Wrist Watch or men's accurate, guaranteed Wrist Watch FREE with every Matched Bridal Pair (Wedding and Engagement Rings) ordered and paid for on our new one-year payment plan. Make only 2 easy payments of $3 each. **Send no money** with order, just name and ring size. No red tape. Satisfaction guaranteed on 10 days trial or money refunded. Your package comes C.O.D. for 1st payment, by return mail.
EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. 285-Z, Jefferson, Iowa

Great Scott!!

[*Continued from page* 43]

Scott who had played the femme lead in the opus, the above-mentioned demise was the luckiest thing that ever happened to her. It's also the luckiest thing that has happened to Hollywood for a long time—because it brought Martha flying to the west coast to test for the role of *Emily* in Sol Lesser's screen production of the Pulitzer Prize play, *Our Town*. When these tests proved successful she was coaxed to write her name to a long-term Lesser contract and, thus, one of the most talented actresses you ever laid a critical eye upon comes to our town. Lordy knows this burg is in dire need of her, there being no more than ten women in the celluloid business worthy of the name of "actress," aside from those who play character roles.

This isn't our biased opinion, by the way. Catch any critic, director or producer hereabouts and when he's relaxed and his ulcers don't bother him, he'll tell you the same thing.

When Lesser (he loved the play so much he flew back to New York seven times to see it!) bought the screen rights to *Our Town* about the first production job he handed over to himself was a search for someone to play the role of *Emily*.

He had Martha Scott in mind from the very first because Martha had created the role and he had seen her seven times in superlative performances. But as much to his surprise as to Sam Wood's, his director, he announced that Martha wouldn't do for the picture. He'd seen the tests she had made for *Melanie* in *Gone With the Wind*.

If Lesser had known what was to happen seven months later he would have eaten his words because he spent that length of time in a frantic and futile search for an *Emily*—only to find one, finally, in none other than Martha Scott, the girl he had turned down at the beginning of his hunt.

WELL, he's got Martha where he wants her, in *Our Town*, and to a long-term contract which is just where Martha wants to be because she's confident, now, that her second try in filmland has been successful enough to permit her to stay awhile.

At that, Lesser came within an hour or two of losing her. Flying from New York her ship ran into rain, fog, high winds and blizzards and when she landed at Salt Lake City she was about the sickest girl one could find in the air or on land or sea. So sick, in fact, that she called up Lesser and told him that he'd better start search for another *Emily*.

Lesser was very patient about it all. If the tests proved okay, and he was sure they would, production would start within a day or two after Martha's arrival. If she kept to her resolve and returned to Broadway he'd be forced to start anew on another *Emily* hunt and become a fit candidate for the booby hatch.

But Martha finally listened to reason when he talked to her. And Lesser added ten years to his life and a better than twenty-five per cent to the entertainment value of his picture.

After making the tests and signing her contract, the very first thing Martha did was to come out, cold turkey, and ask her boss for an advance of $100. Lesser would have advanced her $1,000 and thought nothing of it, but this one hundred buck business was peanuts and he became curious about it.

"Why the hundred?" he asked. "Why not two hundred, or five, or a thousand?"

"I want to finish paying a debt," Martha told him. "It's the last installment on a $1,500 loan and I want the thrill of being able to clean it up. It's taken me five years, but—that is, if you give me the hundred—I've done it!"

Well, Lesser gave her the money and she wired it out of Hollywood before the day was over. Wired it to Miss Ida Lilly, a schoolteacher in Kansas City, Missouri.

We'll come to Ida Lilly later. But before we do, let's examine the case history of the girl from *Our Town*.

MARTHA will be twenty-four years old come September 22nd of this year. She was born in Jamesport, Missouri, to Walter Scott (one of whose ancestors is the famous novelist, Sir Walter Scott), a Detroit engineer, and Letha McKinley Scott, a second cousin of the martyred President McKinley. Martha's introduction to an education was made in a one-room schoolhouse in Jamesport. It was when she attended high-school in Kansas City that she was bitten by the teaching bug and so severely that the stage came within an eyelash of losing her. The party responsible for the birth of this ambition was Ida Lilly, one of the high-school instructors.

"She was more than a teacher," Martha says. "She was like a sister and I adored her and thought the teaching profession was the greatest profession in the world. So I decided that was what I was going to be."

That, apparently, was what Ida Lilly decided, too, because when she learned that her protegee would be unable to finish out her course at the University of Michigan, due to a pronounced lack of family funds, she wrote out a check for $1,500, enclosed it in a letter that stated she was sending the money of her own free will so that Martha could complete her last two university years without financial worries.

Furthermore, she—Ida Lilly—wanted it understood that there was more where the enclosed came from and, furthermore, she wanted it distinctly understood that neither Martha nor her family was to bother their heads about paying off the debt. She—Ida Lilly, again—could wait and she—Martha, this time—could take as long as five to ten years to repay it. She—Ida, once more—had enough in her savings account to take care of her in case something happened and she lost her job. All she wanted Martha to do was to become a teacher—and a good one.

"Ida's letter arrived one morning during the summer of my sophomore year," Martha reveals. "It arrived, I remember, just as I was going down into the basement to help Mother with the ironing, so I took it with me and Mother and I began reading it together. It was a cheery letter and we needed cheering up because it had been decided only the day before that I would be compelled to give up my university work.

"We sat side by side and read page after page, laughing ever so often over the things Ida Lilly wrote so delightfully about. And then, without so much as a faint forewarning we came to page five and with it the check glued to it. I saw my name on it, the figures, $1,500, and then as though from miles away came Mother's voice reading on and on in a choking sort of voice . . . well—perhaps you can imagine what a celebration we had when Dad came home!"

Martha graduated from the university and, true to her promise to become a teacher, taught school for—just six months!

"I was convinced," she says, "that I wasn't cut out for the work." Which is an honest, although far from logical reason for her unexpected retreat from the teaching profession.

By this time you see, Martha had decided to become an actress. During her university years she had been active in the play production department at Michigan. Not only active but deeply interested. So, she says:

"I went to Chicago determined to get an acting job, no matter how small, but all I could get was a job in a department store for the first month and a job in a candy store for the second month. Board and room money and not much of that. It was while working behind the candy counter that I learned that the Bonstelle Theatre in Detroit was going to have a winter company. So I said good-by to the candy counter, took a bus the next day to Detroit and the day after I arrived I was an honest-to-goodness actress! Hired by the management to do walk-ons and bit parts!"

Martha walked on and off and did her bit parts in what must have been a capable manner because she stayed with the company until the season ended when she returned to Ann Arbor and became head of the properties department in the college repertory company.

"They paid me twenty-five dollars a week," she says, "but I didn't mind about the salary. I learned enough about the stage during that period to offset the salary a thousand times over."

Thomas Wood Stevens, head of the company at Ann Arbor, liked Martha's work and when he took over the Bonstelle Theatre the following season she went with him. After that she hooked up with the Aimee Loomis stock company and went on tour. It was Stevens, by the way, who made it possible for Martha to become the fine actress that she is now. He and B. Iden Payne, now director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, organized the Globe theatre in Chicago and she became a member of the company.

"For five months we played abbreviated versions of Shakespearean plays in Chicago," she recalls. "We put on seven shows on week-days and eight on Saturdays and Sundays. No days off. It was hard work but I loved it. Rehearsals began at eleven in the morning. The first show went on at one-thirty. The final curtain dropped at ten-thirty. Then rehearsals until midnight. Wages? Never more than $25 a week. When the Chicago run ended we went on the road making one night stands."

Eventually the company got as far west as San Diego, played there a season, then moved up to Seattle and back again to San Diego. That's where Martha deserted.

"I'd had two years in Shakespeare," she explains, "and that was enough. New York was my goal and I had made up my mind that as soon as I had $150 saved up I would go there. I had that amount when I returned to San Diego and so I kept right on traveling until I reached Broadway. I hit town with fifty dollars, a lot of enthusiasm, and within two weeks got myself a job in summer stock.

"Unfortunately, the job lasted but two weeks and for the remainder of the summer I walked in and out of agents' offices. It was all very discouraging and perhaps I would have quit and gone back home only I was lucky enough to win a bit in a radio show doing a nightly presentation of ghost stories with a young man who, since then, has blossomed out into the most talked about theatrical figure in the country. His name is Orson Welles.

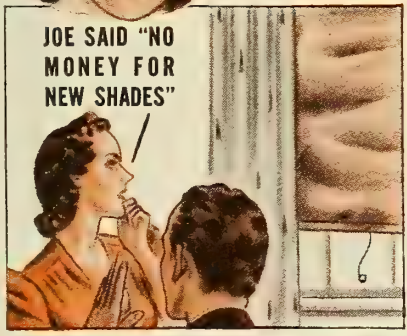
"I thought I was set when this radio job came along, but it was gone with the wind and after that no one appeared to want me in the theatre. But eventually some one did. I got a part in the Dennis summer theatre and played with such stars as Phillips Holmes, Margaret Anglin and Julie Haydon and Evelyn Warden. About this time Jed Harris was casting for the Thornton Wilder play, *Our Town*. Miss Warden was selected for the role of *Mother Gibbs* and when it came time to find an *Emily*, Miss Warden suggested my name; and when I was offered the role I said yes ten times rapid-fire just so Mr. Harris wouldn't miss what I was aiming at."

Martha played *Emily* for seven months on Broadway. When Selznick began casting for *GWTW*, Martha was flown out to the coast to test for *Melanie* but the tests didn't jell and she returned to New York for radio assignments. Later she came west to play with the coast company of *Our Town*. Last summer she returned to the Dennis theatre as guest star in *Our Town* and then played with Edward Everett Horton in *Springtime for Henry*. Last December she got the lead in the Lonsdale floppo, *The Foreigners*, and when that one bit the dust she came to Hollywood to win one of the most coveted roles of the year—*Emily* of *Our Town*.

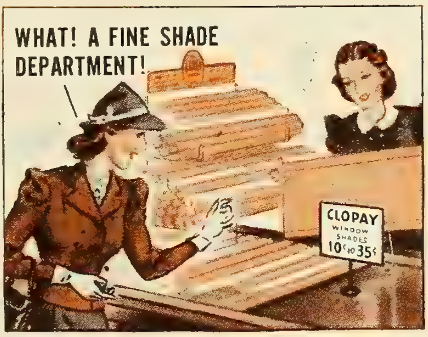
She's here for good, now, and take our word for it, she's some pumpkins before the cameras. As Director Sam Wood said the other day as he put a few finishing touches to a scene in *Our Town*—"Great Scott, how Martha can act!"

I Was on the "Outs" with my Husband

...BUT THE DIME* STORE SETTLED OUR PROBLEM


JOE SAID "NO MONEY FOR NEW SHADES"

Then One Day at the Dime Store →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YES MA'AM—AND YOU CAN SCRUB THEM!
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It's our treat...let us send you 5 full trial size lipsticks, each in a different fascinating new shade, together with a pack of handy Lipstick Tissues. Just send 10¢ for mailing costs.

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Send me 5 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks, and handy pack of Lipstick Tissues; enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin) for mailing cost. (15¢ in Canada.)

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10¢ and 25¢
AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES ONLY

● Also ask for FLAME-GLO ROUGE in harmonizing colors!

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN
Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

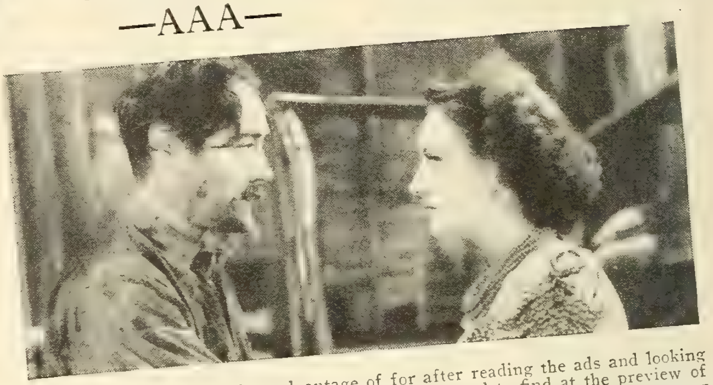
If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

PICTURE PARADE

STRANGE CARGO

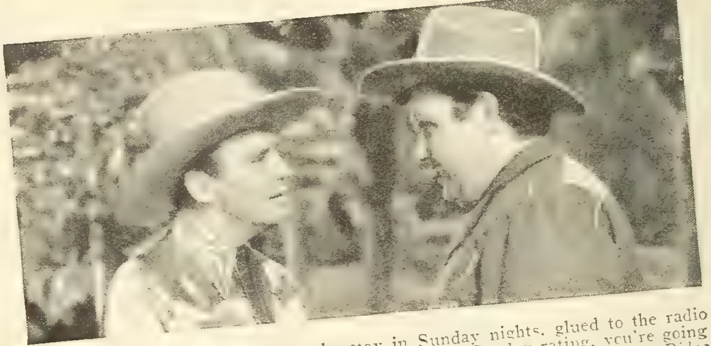
—AAA—



We feel we've been taken advantage of for after reading the ads and looking at tons of art the last thing in the world we expected to find at the preview of *Strange Cargo* was God. So we're telling you to be prepared to meet Him—or your conscience (God is the goodness in us)—when you see this dramatic epic of the tropics (quoting Metro's ads) based on the book *Not Too Narrow . . . Not Too Deep* by Richard Sale. Joan Crawford and Clark Gable co-star in this emotional drama and the supporting cast includes Ian Hunter, Peter Lorre, Paul Lukas, Albert Dekker, J. Edward Bromberg, Eduardo Ciannelli, John Arledge, Frederic Worlock, Bernard Nedell and Victor Varconi. They're all splendid, too. The story takes place in a penal colony in French Guinea from which five hardened criminals, a lady of easy virtue and a mysterious stranger make an escape through the jungle. The stranger of course is Him and through the terror and tortures experienced in their trek through the wilds He helps them to find salvation. The moral of the story is there's a little bit of good in each of us. —*Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.*

BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN

—AAA—



If you're one of the millions who stay in Sunday nights, glued to the radio from 7 to 7:30 p.m., EST, and swell Jack Benny's Crosley rating, you're going to feel very much at home at your favorite movie house while *Buck Benny Rides Again.* For in his latest opus you not only enjoy the antics of Mr. Benny himself but practically his entire company—there's Eddie "Rochester" Anderson (and there better be), Phil Harris, Andy Devine, Dennis Day, Don Wilson, the voice of Mary Livingstone and even Carmichael in person. In addition there's Ellen Drew who plays the romantic lead opposite Jack, Virginia Dale, Lillian Cornell, Kay Linaker and Theresa Harris, a dark beauty, who couples up with Rochester as a swell song and dance team. Jack Benny is trying hard to make an impression on *Joan Cameron* (Ellen Drew) one of a song trio, but doesn't get from here to there because *Joan* hasn't any use for softies (anyone who can't break a bronco). Determined to win *Joan,* Benny is convinced he first has to woo a steer so he packs up and is off with Harris and Rochester to Nevada and Andy's ranch. When he gets there the fun begins so be sure to be there so as not to miss any of the fun.—*Paramount.*

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

is TEN TO ONE that Orson'll NEVER make a movie, despite all those fawncy contracts!!

Meow!

■ Eddie Albert hates cats. So what?—so the other day, he came out of the stage where he was working, stepped into his car —and there was the studio cat with a litter of six kittens!

Melted In Time

■ One of the features of the Brown Derby is the weekly caricature of some film celebrity, carved out of a great block of ice, and set up for the customers to marvel at. It's done by one Tom Sherbloom, sculptor in ice.

Tom insists that his best subject to date, from all of Hollywood's famous folk, has been Greta Garbo—

"Of course, like all the others," he said, "she melted, in time. BUT—HER face remained frozen longer than any of the others!"

Terse Verse

■ *Gals who sigh for Davie Niven*
Can't have really done much liven!

Great Profile Chatter

■ Everybody seems to think John Barrymore's antics are so, SO, soooo funny!—everybody, that is, except his family. . . .

In Hollywood, all the Barrymore friends are scared to death that Lionel'll have a relapse, for one. And for another example of how the Barrymore clan regards John's Barrymorals, your snooper learns just now that Dolores Costello's two children by Barrymore—John, 9, and little Dolores, 7—have stopped using the name of Barrymore and have taken on the real family name—in school, they've changed their registrations from John and Dolores Barrymore to John Blythe and Dolores Blythe.

"My children," explains Dolores, "are entitled to live normal, happy lives. I decided it'd be better to drop the Barrymore—ah—*trademark!*"

Dilly From Billy

■ Leave it to W. C. Fields to take the lustiest of all cracks at himself. Heading for Sun Valley the other week, he cracked: "I'm going skiing. NOT whiskying!"

Terse Verse

■ *Girls who'd like to be Missus Gable*
First should consider are they able?

Helping Old Ladies In Distress

■ You don't HAVE to believe it, but it really did happen. It was on Sunset Boulevard. Three little old ladies were stalled in an ancient automobile, with a flat tire, out near Jane Withers' home, where garages and service stations are few and far between.

"Maybe," hopefully hoped one of them, "a good Samaritan will come along."

"Humphed," humphed the cynic of the trio; "this is Hollywood, where good Samaritans just AREN'T!"

DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION

LET THE FAMOUS MEDICATED CREAM THAT'S AIDED THOUSANDS HELP CLEAR UP YOUR COMPLEXION

● Don't let a Poor Complexion cheat you of a lot of life's fun!...Don't cover up a skin that's rough-looking or marred by externally caused blemishes! You may be making those very flaws *worse!*

Let *Medicated* Noxzema Skin Cream help restore your normal skin beauty. It's the cream so many nurses rely on for *natural* complexion loveliness.

How it Works... Noxzema helps reduce enlarged pores with its mildly astringent action... softens rough skin... soothes irritated skin... helps promote quicker healing of externally caused blemishes. Apply Noxzema as a *Night Cream*— it's *greaseless!* Use it as a protective *Powder Base.*

See if Noxzema can't help you as it has so many thousands. Get a jar *today* at any drug or department store. Trial size, 35¢, 50¢.

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EXCLUSIVE!

A beautiful color portrait of RICHARD GREENE, free of printed matter front and back, will be found on page 35 of this issue. Next month, MOTION PICTURE will offer another of these exclusive, color portraits and it will be of Hollywood's most popular star—MICKEY ROONEY.

TORRID TEST *in the* TROPICS

TEMPERATURE 98°

NO UNDERARM ODOR AFTER!

Again, Yodora proves its power to protect in difficult conditions! A nurse supervised this gruelling test, in the Caribbean tropics . . . Under her direction, Miss M. K. applied Yodora. Then played deck tennis for three hours in the blazing sun! Result... not a hint of underarm odor! Though amazingly efficient, Yodora seems as gentle and silky as your face cream. It is soft, non-greasy. Yodora leaves no sickly smell to taint your clothing. Will not harm fabrics. 10¢, 25¢ or 60¢ jar, or 25¢ tube. McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

YODORA DEODORANT CREAM

Your hair can win HIS adoring gaze

Most of us work on our face forgetting that our hair frames the picture — forgetting too that when we look in the mirror *we* can't see much of our hair, but *he* can — and *does.* If you want your hair to look soft and lovely, to gleam with lustrous highlights — use Nestle Colorinse. It rinses away that dull soap film that robs your hair of its natural lustre — adds a beautiful rich tone — helps to make your hair gloriously feminine. And Nestle Colorinse is so easy to use — and so inexpensive. Easy to remove too — washes out completely with a single shampoo. Start using Nestle Colorinse tonight.

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COLORINSE
will glorify your hair
CONTAINS TWO DARK AUBURN HAIR RINSES

10c *for package of 2 rinses at 10c stores.*
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HAWAIIAN GUITAR—Learn right in your own home. EASY, SHORT-CUT METHOD. No tiresome practicing, all melody. LEARN TO PLAY BY PLAYING. Win friends and popularity. Get "on the air". Make money. Hundreds of our students now successful in orchestras, radio and teaching. You can do the same. FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET "Learn to Play the Hawaiian Way" tells all about this easy, fascinating way. Write today.

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The Hedy Lamarr No One Knows

[*Continued from page 22*]

some interior decorator's taste. You look around you.

You don't have the uncomfortable feeling that you are in a movie star's house. There is no display of wealth. The room isn't the size of a salon. It is the size of a living room. Moreover, it looks lived in.

For one thing, there is no period furniture. Every chair in the room is comfortable. On each side of the fireplace—which is stacked with logs ready to be lighted—there is an inviting, deep-cushioned easy chair. Across the opposite corners of the room are deep-cushioned divans, on one of which Donner, the great Dane, sleeps at night. The windows are hung with hand-blocked linen drapes, not tapestries. The walls are paneled from ceiling to floor in some dark wood, with large book-shelves built into the end walls, crammed with colorfully jacketed books. There is a large radio phonograph in one corner. On this, unframed, stands a new fashion portrait of Hedy in a dark, gauzy *sari,* with a solitaire diamond in her hair in the center of her forehead.

Today's interview is her first in months—her first since long before her ill-fated salary strike. You wonder how she will approach it.

AS IF in answer, a station wagon wheels into the drive. Out of it steps Hedy, hatless, in slacks and a bulky camel's-hair coat. A moment later, she is in the house, shaking hands with you, and apologizing for the coldness of her hands ("I can never wear gloves when I drive") and her tardiness ("I was having lunch at Ida Koverman's").

There have been rumors that Hedy, since her strike, has not been in good standing with her studio. The perfect answer to such rumors is that players not in good standing don't get asked to lunch by Ida Koverman, who is executive secretary to Head Man Louis B. Mayer.

Hedy touches a match to the wood in the fireplace, then straightens up to examine the collar of her yellow sport shirt in the mirror over the mantel. "This is a man's shirt," she explains, struggling, "and there is something here pushing into me." Triumphantly, she extracts a stay designed to keep the collar stiff. "Now I can relax," she says. Only she doesn't relax. She stands with her back to the fireplace, stretching one hand behind her, while she gestures with the other, telling about an encounter with a traffic cop—whom she couldn't talk out of giving her a ticket. "I drive too fast," she says, grimacing. "I am always in a hurry."

Standing in front of the fireplace, she isn't the wistfully sophisticated, super-feminine Hedy of the fashion photo. She is a pert tomboy. Her gray slack suit—with a jacket to match the trousers—is tailored like a man's. Her shoes are glorified sandals, with soles and heels all one, the heels built up no more than an inch.

Conscious of inspection, she says, "How do you like my hair?"—and turns for a quick glance into the mirror. "For four years, I wore my hair down to my shoulder. The other night, I got tired of it. I took Gene's paper scissors and cut it, and curled up the ends . . . Gene says I look about eighteen."

Gene—Producer-Husband Gene Markey—is exaggerating about two years. She looks like a sixteen-year-old. You ask her if she is trying to steal Shirley Temple's thunder. You warn her that her fans may not recognize her.

She shrugs her shoulders with a wide smile, decides to perch on the arm of the nearest chair. "For better or worse, it will have to stay this way now for *Boom Town.* I think it will fit the character.

"YOU have heard about the picture?" she asks. "It is a *Grand Hotel* of the oil fields. It has Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Claudette Colbert and a few hundred—well, almost a few hundred—other M-G-M stars in it. I have a teeny-weeny part. But a part, at least." Her gray-green eyes are mischieviously eloquent as she says this. "A sort of *Algiers*-ish part. I am on the screen only the last ten minutes. Well, perhaps fifteen. I have about six scenes. But—they are good scenes . . . I didn't have to play the part. I wanted to play it."

She says that she has a bet on with Spencer—that he won't get in a travel vacation before he has to report for work. She adds, "Poor Spencer! The only traveling he gets to do is in travel folders! Though he did get abroad last year before the War. He claims I helped talk him into that, telling him about Monte Carlo and the Riviera and Capri and Naples and Vesuve—how do you say here, Vesuvius? And Taormina—the most delightful place I have ever seen. The hotel is an old Gothic convent, with lemon trees growing in front, and flowers, millions of flowers. Then there is Mt. Etna, the top full of snow, and flowers where you are, and the blue sea behind. It is very romantic. . . ."

You have a fleeting suspicion that Hedy, herself, is "very romantic."

"But I am glad to be here, in America. Only a year and a half more, I have to wait for my citizenship. It makes me so angry to hear people say, 'Oh, if we could only be there now.' They could never be happy there. Even after this War, I think no one can be happy there again—for a long, long time. I do not like to think about it. I get too sad."

She smiles apologetically, abruptly changes the subject. "I was listening in the car to the radio. There was a marvelous symphony on. You know, I have made a discovery. There are six hours of symphony every day on the radio. Most people do not know that. All the time, I listen. I never appreciated music so much before. In Europe, there was so much music, I took it for granted. When I first came here, I drove people crazy, playing swing all the time. It was new to me. Now I feel a need for real music.

"I used to play the piano. I used to ski, too. Now I probably couldn't do either. But I would like a piano again. Only where would I put it? Behind that divan, perhaps

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—and climb over the divan to play. Perhaps there will be space in the playroom we are going to add some day, there where the windows are."

Half-believing the Hollywood tales that the Markey-Lamarr marriage isn't doing too well, you are faintly surprised to hear Hedy speaking confidently of the future. And to hear her say: "When we first moved here, we rented. We liked it, so we bought. Then, room by room, we changed things, to make it *our* home. We added one room when we got the baby. Now we have more plans. How do you say it? Installment plans. The sign over the gate—did you notice as you drove in? That is the newest thing."

SHE slides down into the chair on whose arm she has been perching. She smiles. "I have changed much since I first came to Hollywood. That was two and a half years ago. I felt like a stranger then. Now I feel like an American. Then, my home was behind me. Now, my home is ahead of me. I am happier, more at peace. Then I was much too hurt by every little nonsense, much too excited by every little promise.

"The more I am here, the more I appreciate this freedom of America. The Academy dinner—that made a great impression on me. No matter who you are or what you are, you stand a chance in America to win recognition for what you do."

And what would she like to do?

"A very colorful picture, in which I could go from very young to very old. Hedy Lamarr with gray hair? People cannot imagine it. But I could do it, I think . . . A picture full of ups and downs, both gay and sad. I would like to dance somewhere in it. I would love to do the story of Lola Montez, the dancer of the early California days, during the gold rush. I used to dance, in Europe. I am going to take it up again.

"But—" she shakes her head, smiling—"I am not *planning* to do Lola Montez. I am superstitious about planning. All through my childhood I was sick so much. I think I had all the children's diseases. Whenever I planned a thing, I would come down with a new sickness. So I stopped planning. Now I am healthy.

"I am the adventure type. I have ideas of doing this, and that—exciting things. But I never seem to do them. I was born impulsive, and I have grown cautious. I used to run my head against stone walls, right through stone walls—and get hurt. But it was good for me. I learned. It is better to get such bumps young. That way you build character." Again that smile. "So I'm told.

"But I am not yet a serene person. Calm. Completely balanced. I am still unpredictable, even to myself. I am not sure which way I want to go. At parties, sometimes, I meet philosophers. I amaze myself, talking to them, as if I have learned their language."

ONE language that she *has* learned is English. They can't keep roles from her any more, on the grounds that the dialogue may be too difficult for her. "I have learned from conversation, and from the movies even more. On the screen, if you do not understand what the characters are saying, you see what they mean by their expressions, the way they act. There are very few words I can't pronounce now. Also, I am lucky: I have a good memory. I have reached the point where I think in English. I now have passed that point. I even dream in English."

You have heard that between *Lady of the Tropics* and *I Take This Woman*, Hedy went in intensively for dramatic lessons. The tale

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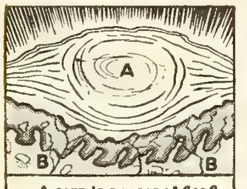

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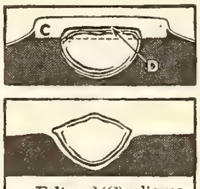

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isn't true. "I have had no dramatic lessons," says Hedy. "Only Phyllis Loughton, the dialogue coach, on the set with me, helped me pronounce words. I am not so sure of my English yet that I do not need an adviser on pronunciation."

Hedy comes out with it: "People say, after they see me in a picture, 'We want to know if she can act.' To me, that is wonderful. I must seem natural, or they would be conscious that I am acting. They think I am being myself, when I have not yet been myself in any picture."

You can believe that, seeing her in person—animated, talkative, quick-motioned, direct, not passive and poised and mysterious.

"If people say that they do not know if I can act, that is wonderful," Hedy repeats. "I never want audiences conscious of when I am acting. I want, always, the illusion of naturalness."

CRITICISM has not shaken her belief in herself as an actress. "You know how it is, when you ride with someone who does not drive the way you do?" she asks. "You find yourself 'putting on the brake,' watching traffic all the time, not relaxing one second. I am like that when I go to the movies. I suppose every actress is. I watch the girl up there on the screen, tense about her next action, wondering if she will do what I would do in her place. I get so excited, I clutch the person with me. I could never go to the movies alone. I would strangle."

Her own favorite actress is Bette Davis. She has stood in line to see a Davis picture. It is one of her favorite stories about herself. Seeing the line, she tried to get in the stage entrance of the theatre. The attendant didn't recognize her. "Nope, sister, you can't get in this way," he said. "Only stars, like Mae West, get to use this door."

You ask Hedy if she is afraid of glamor, afraid it throws obstacles in the way of acting? She shakes her head. "I am not afraid. It should be possible to have glamor and act, too. But sometimes—I admit it—glamor is a nuisance. That is when they make still pictures. You are supposed to get a certain pose and hold it. I can't do that. It drives me insane. The photographer has me placed just as he wants me and then, before he can snap the shutter, I am objecting. That is why my mouth is open in so many portraits. I am talking back to the photographer."

She tries to make herself sound like The Photographer's Problem. You happen to know photographers who pray every night for more Lamarrs—to make life simple. She is one girl without a bad camera angle. You know one photographer who, to stress this point, is forever quoting the famous beauty who said, "Whenever I see Hedy Lamarr, I give up."

Hedy goes innocent when you ask her about her beauty secrets. "I have none. I try to get nine hours' sleep—more when I am working. I take vitamin tablets, yes. Cucumber juice and things like that, no. The effect of things like that is purely mental. If you feel good, and you are well rested, you look good." She smiles. "Mostly, I am tired."

She is the designers' dream girl. She glorifies any creation she wears. You wonder if she is clothes-crazy. "I like clothes. But I do not have as many as I would like because I hate fittings so. It is the business of standing still, hours on end. I have some new clothes waiting for me now; they have been waiting for days; all they need is a fitting. And I keep putting off the fitting."

The diamond clipped to her hair in the fashion photo is one of the few jewels she possesses. She has a few earrings, a necklace of pearls. "I like jewels less and less, the more I think about this war in Europe—this war of starvation."

Beneath that beauty, there seems to be a heart.

Looking at that beauty, men suppose that Hedy hasn't a single woman friend on earth. "I have only women friends," she protests, "women I trust, who trust me. You do not know them because most of them are nonprofessional. One of my closest friends is Phyllis Loughton. My closest actress-friend, and she is very close, is Verree Teasdale."

Jealousy, apparently, isn't one of Hedy's shortcomings. There were critics who said that Verree stole *I Take This Woman.*

Frankness is one of Hedy's virtues—a virtue that Hollywood finds disconcerting in a "mystery" girl. "I could lie," Hedy says, "but I would be a bad liar. Sometime during the conversation I would be bound to say what I really thought. I am a poor politician . . . When I am working with someone who is unfriendly, I cannot shrug my shoulders, shake it off with the thought that in my next picture I will be working with someone else. I have to go to that person, find out what is the matter. Sometimes, I think, people do not like that. But that is the way I am.

"That is why I am happy in a small house. I cannot entertain many people at a time. I can know all my guests, be natural with them, frank."

She isn't extravagant. That is proved by her house. And ponder this: "Gene and I had a skeet-shooting outfit on trial. We gave it back, because we wanted a fence more." The girl who took the most famous swim in film history—in *Ecstasy*—has no swimming-pool.

She and Gene celebrated their first wedding anniversary last March 4th—by themselves. "We stayed home, where we could be alone. I never drink. That night I had my first glass of champagne. And sitting here by the fire afterward—" she smiles in recollection— "I felt my head going 'round and 'round. I didn't feel the least bit like an old married woman."

They both love children. They proved that when, disappointed about the stork's reluctance to flap its wings, they adopted a baby boy last October. "Soon he will be talking. Then he will be even more fun."

HEDY likes conversation. "I get restless, just sitting by myself. I do not like to be alone. And if I am alone, I talk to myself. I even sing to myself.

"I have to be active to be happy. I go for long walks in the hills with the three dogs. I play backgammon with anyone who will play with me. I knit—I do petit point—anything to keep busy. You should see me sometimes. I am the very cozy wife, sitting by the fire knitting, while Papa reads the paper . . . I am always looking for something new to do. Once I know how to do something, I lose interest in it. That is restlessness, no?"

She has no idea how long she will be active on the screen. "That is not in my power to decide. The public will decide. I would *like* to know—I might arrange my life differently. As it is, no one knows what I am going to do next. Least of all, I know. I live on the spur of the moment."

For all her two and a half years in Hollywood, she still can't laugh off untruths printed about her. "Is there something wrong with me? They still upset me, those things that are not true."

Criticism, she can take. "I know stars who cut out only the barbed things said about them. That would keep me too busy, so I cut out everything."

You can't help liking a person like that.

Crazy With Sense

[*Continued from page* 44]

a studious, hard-working, God-fearing young man of the movies who doesn't believe in luck. He hopes that, given time, he'll eventually develop into a better than fair-to-middlin' character player. He doesn't care for this leading man stuff although he's not turning down any "fat" parts like the one he has now in *Turnabout.*

WELL, we could go on piling up the complimentary score on the subject of this essay until our readers might rightly conclude that he was our candidate for the role of Hollywood Babbitt No. 1—which he isn't by any measure we can think of. He's all the nice, normal things we've written about him so far, make no mistake about it, but—

We still insist, waiving all parliamentary rights to free speech if necessary, that Hubbard is the "craziest" sensible guy we ever came across.

John Hubbard, the ex-M-G-M-er, the ex-Paramounter, and at present the Hal Roacher, wants to be a bullfighter! He not only wants to be, but he's going to be if practicing the bovine art of papa-cow sticking means anything.

For more than six months, now, our future matador has been taking lessons in teasing and stabbing ze bull from Oscar (Bud) Boetticher, Jr.

"John's about ready to tackle a live bull," Oscar says proudly, "and we may journey down to Caliente some Sunday afternoon and see what happens."

We hate to put a damper on Oscar's enthusiasm in his pupil but we might as well do it now as three pages later.

There's going to be no traipsing down Caliente way some Sunday to see what happens. A certain party by the name of Mrs. John Hubbard is going to take care of that. And definitely!

"I don't object to John throwing the bull in Hollywood," she says, calmly but firmly, voicing her wifely solicitude and objections, "but believe me, he's not going to travel to Mexico to kill it!"

Dodging the bulls for the moment and for good, we hope, we take our statistical spade in hand and dig up the following facts about Hubbard. He was born in East Chicago, Indiana. He attended grammar and high-school and then moved on to Indiana University where he majored in chemistry and mathematics. His spare time, when it wasn't given over to tennis, basketball, and baseball, was devoted to dramatics. Long before his college days he had been violently bitten by the acting bug and he nursed along this hankering for the stage by appearing in college plays whenever he got the chance.

John's urge for the footlights became so pronounced and out of control that he finally decided to quit college and enroll in the Goodman Theatre of the Chicago Art Institute. This, he discovered, was much easier said than done. Voicing his decision at the family breakfast table one morning he found himself in the midst of a verbal cyclone of objections hurled at him by his father.

No son of his, so declared Pere Hubbard with appropriate gestures, was going to "ham" his way through life as an actor!

"I'd be the laughing stock of the steel industry if it learned that a son of mine was making a fool of himself by daubing himself up with grease-paint!"

"He said a lot of other things," admits John, "and he wasn't particularly modest in his phrasing, either. He'd arrived at his executive job in steel the hard way and when he got hot under the collar his choice of expletives could make a mule-skinner feel like a sissy.

"Sitting there, listening to him, I could see his side of it well enough. For years he had looked forward to the time when I'd be in steel, too, and here I was, giving it up for the stage. It just didn't make sense to him and he wasn't going to permit it.

"Well, fortunately for me, I have a generous portion of his stubborn streak and I kept right on presenting my side of the argument and I must have tired him out because he finally consented.

"But he made it mighty tough on me. I got an allowance of ten bucks a week, six of which went for room rent and the balance for food. Whatever extra money I needed I had to earn outside of school hours. I can see now, of course, that father's tightening of the purse strings was merely his way of finding out whether or not I was really serious enough about the stage to make sacrifices because he is an unusually generous man.

"He not only refused to give me extra money occasionally, but for two years he even refused to come to the theatre to see me act, and perhaps he wouldn't have then, only he was urged to do so by some of his steel friends who had seen me act in a play called *Dark Echo.* It was my performance in that play that won him over.

"I'll never forget that night. After the show he came back to the dressing-room and to my complete amazement he began to praise me for my work. He went completely overboard in tossing me verbal bouquets and from then on there was nothing he wouldn't do to help me. He increased my allowance, added to it occasionally with envelopes containing $25 to $50 dollars, saw to it that I had a bigger and better wardrobe and came to the theatre two and three times a week to see that I tended to my acting chores in the proper spirit."

IT WAS while engaged in his role in *Dark Echo* that Hubbard was discovered by Oliver Hinsdell, Paramount talent coach, who insisted that John come to Hollywood for testing.

"I was with Paramount for several months," Hubbard says, "and managed to appear in a few pictures. Bit parts mostly. Then I went over to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer under the sponsorship of Mervyn LeRoy, who at that time was busy with *Anthony Adverse.* It was LeRoy who renamed me *Anthony Allan.* And it was under this name that I got screen credit for my work in *Dramatic School* with Louise Rainer and in *Maizie* with Ann Sothern."

It was at this juncture that Hal Roach got busy. Enthused by Hubbard's work in the *Maizie* picture, Roach felt that the young man was slated for more important things and he persuaded Metro to allow him to assume the rest of Hubbard's contract. When this was accomplished Roach's first act was to restore the young star's own name.

Hubbard's first picture under the Hal Roach banner was *The Housekeeper's Daughter* in which he played the romantic lead opposite Joan Bennett. His current effort is in *Turnabout* in which he plays opposite Carole Landis.

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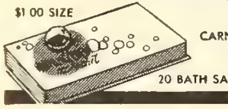

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Frosting Flatters the Cake

[*Continued from page* 59]

can be varied in many ways, and should be a basic recipe in every household where "chawklate" is the preferred flavor. Here it is:

MAGIC CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate
1⅓ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add condensed milk, and stir over rapidly boiling water for 5 minutes, or until thick. Remove from heat and add water. Cool. Spread on cold cake. Use 3 squares of chocolate for a strong-flavored frosting, or 4 squares if a bittersweet frosting is desired. Variations:

(1) Omit water; and add 8 marshmallows, quartered.
(2) Omit water; and add 1 tablespoon orange juice with 1 tablespoon grated orange rind. Garnish with strips of candied orange peel.
(3) Omit water; add 8 marshmallows and few drops oil of peppermint.

That Richer Cooked Frosting: The boiled or cooked frosting is richer because its sugar changes during the cooking process. *This type is always made from white granulated* (or brown) *sugar cooked to a syrup.* To prevent such syrup from cracking too readily, and contrariwise to make it "stand up" in a firm frosting, we may add any one of the following ingredients: white corn syrup, marshmallows, egg whites, cream-of-tartar or gelatine. Just as in making a good ice-cream mix, these ingredients are needed to stabilize the sugar syrup during cooking and thus prevent it from graining or sugaring. Here's a very simple recipe utilizing marshmallows:

SNOW CAP MARSHMALLOW FROSTING

1 cup sugar
1 egg white, unbeaten
3½ tablespoons cold water
6 marshmallows
1 teaspoon lemon extract

Combine and beat together sugar, egg white and water in top of double boiler. Have water in bottom just below boiling point. Beat with rotary beater constantly until it begins to stiffen. Then add marshmallows and continue beating until mixture is quite thick. Add lemon flavoring and beat again for a few seconds.

Another recipe of the same type is familiar to most homemakers and in this particular one, chopped nuts are added for flavor. It's that good old 7-minute frosting:

BRAZIL NUT 7-MINUTE FROSTING

2 egg whites, unbeaten
1½ cups granulated sugar
dash of salt
⅓ cup water
2 teaspoons white corn syrup
1 teaspoon vanilla
½ cup minced Brazil nuts
whole Brazil nuts

Combine and beat together egg whites, sugar, salt, water and corn syrup in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water, and continue beating with rotary beater 7 minutes, or until frosting thickens and holds its shape when dropped from beater. Remove from heat. Add vanilla, and continue beating until stiff enough to spread. Spread frosting on each layer and sprinkle with minced nuts. Decorate top layer with whole nuts. (Sufficient for tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.) You may substitute minced walnuts or omit nuts entirely.

How Do You Give a Cake Facial? Like all beauty treatments, there's an accepted technique for applying the facial. To frost a layer cake: *always frost cake when it is cold.* Spread bottom layer with frosting, lay on top layer, hold together with big toothpicks, and let frosting set in cool place. (Not in the refrigerator which makes it runny.) To frost top layer, heap frosting around edges of cake, and *work back toward the center,* using a spatula in a swirling motion. Once the frosting tends to set, don't touch it, as it never again can be worked so smooth and glistening. In making an ornamental frosting, first cover entire cake with foundation frosting and let it get very hard. Then the more delicate work of ornamenting with roses, names, etc., can proceed more safely. Most dime stores as well as housefurnishing shops sell cake decorating tubes with assortments of "tips" or metal cones which permit making different shapes, flowers, letters and other frills in frosting.

What's What in Cake Decorations: Shredded coconut is always a happy finale and should be sprinkled on while the frosting is moist. Chocolate and colored "shot" sprinkled over cake gives similar effect. Lozenges and colored gum drops are in high favor with the youngest set and a birthday cake garnished with red hot cinnamon drops is sure to prove popular. Whole nut meats set in a simple pattern is a neat, easy topping But whatever the decoration—don't let it be fussy—it's the cake and its facial which count most!

What flavor frosting? Cocoa, bittersweet, butterscotch—there's a frosting for every taste in the special leaflet which will be sent free to all readers. Be sure to send for it promptly. Use the coupon below.

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The Talkie Town Tattler

[*Continued from page* 81]

Lana. The other night, Greg and a gal friend walked right by the nite-club table where Mr. and Mrs. Artie Shaw were parked—and neither twosome recognized the other! In fact, the patrons roundabout complained that the place was cold!

No less torchy than Greg is Betty Grable, who's reported doing a burn in the East.

■

HOLLY-WOULD like to know—if Virginia Langdon is the secret bride of Magician Russell Swan?

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Hal Roach, Junior and Mary Beth Hughes—
Newest entry in the town's romantic two's.

■

LONGEST-TIME anniversary of the month was the Harold Lloyd celebration of their *seventeenth* wedding anniversary! And, true to the un-Hollywood tradition of the Lloyds, the celebration was NOT a whooptedoo nite-club shindig, but a quiet little home dinner with their three children. How kuh-*waint!*

Other anniversaries of the month included the first anniversary of the Walter Kane-Lynn Bari wedding, for which he gave her a ruby-diamond-and-aquamarine ring, and the sixth anniversary for the Bob Hopes.

■

WONDER if Joan Valerie talks with Charlie McCarthy's voice when she sits on Edgar Bergen's knee?

Newest romantic twosome, possibly altar-bound, finds Linda Darnell and Bob Shaw at premiere of *The Grapes of Wrath*

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The same issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS contains further details of the big Song-Poem Contest which gives you your chance at fame and financial reward. If you can write a simple verse, your chances of winning are as good as anybody else's. The winning poem will be set to music, broadcast by Glenn Miller and his band, and the author will receive royalties and a free trip to New York. For news about other prizes and entry requirements, see the new TRUE CONFESSIONS.

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True Confessions

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She Dared To Be a Human Being

[*Continued from page* 34]

fine and silly 'front' led me directly into a mess of unhappiness. If I hadn't caught on to myself, if I hadn't deliberately shifted to a new way of living, believe me I wouldn't be sitting here!"

Re-discovered, re-acclaimed, this altered, confessing Ann sat as straight as an arrow in her new dressing-room at M-G-M and, pulling no punches for sweet publicity's sake, cleared up all the persistent curiosity about her comeback. She is a mere five-feet-one-and-a-half, and looks exactly like a voluptuous, wary doll. But, definitely, Ann is no dizzy dame. She comes from a good family, is well educated. Her father is a successful Seattle broker; her mother is a prominent singing coach in Los Angeles. Ann, herself, studied at the University of Washington before she hit Hollywood's glamor road. The records show that since her nineteenth birthday she's earned her own way in the world.

"But unvarnished truth is all that's worth repeating," admonished Ann, her mobile mouth curving, but her practical manner belying her frothy appearance. "I'm honest with myself these days, so I might as well be just as honest with you. I was almost licked, you know. Both professionally and personally.

"I was off the screen for a full year and the local weather-vanes mumbled, 'Poor Ann.' That is, whenever they remembered me at all. I'd had long-term contracts at five major studios—I began at Warners, then was here at Metro, went on to Columbia, Paramount, and RKO. I'd even had my heroine moments on the 20th Century-Fox sound stages, if we're going to be particular. I'd lasted more than five years, the theoretical lifetime of a star.

"But from my own viewpoint, everything assumed the other angle. I'd only gotten my teeth in at each studio; then I'd been stymied by bad pictures. I didn't feel even a trifle passe; after all, I was still in my twenties. I'd ended my last contract of my own free will. I'd thought that if I didn't stop doing such trite pictures I would be ruined; I wanted more interesting stories.

"I THINK any girl who walks out on a regular weekly check will understand my gamble. You reach that explosive point where you've got to locate a new boss to keep from slipping into the rut backwards. It's a nice stand, if you can win out. I received offers, once it was known I was 'available,' but to my chagrin they weren't any better than what I'd left. I could have gone East for Broadway shows. But I like Hollywood too well.

"No big boss in Hollywood believed I could be anything but Ann, the glamor gal, so I didn't get any work. I maintained it was wiser to hold out until I could somehow maneuver a part with some point to it rather than to be one of the last of the glamor crowd. Staying off the screen, when I wanted to act, did to me what being out of a job does to any woman with a profession anywhere. It gave me a whole lot of spare hours in which to wonder where I was headed. Finally, I got around to debating why I was a flop.

"I'd never had any trouble attracting friends; be generous to people and they'll be generous to you solves that. I got along fine with my family. But both my sisters, one a writer,the other a composer, were advancing in their work, and they were real wives, besides. And as for me, I'd spent ten years in the studios, and two years wrestling with the problem of being a part-time wife. Undoubtedly, and disappointingly, I was fizzling fast at the two chief things in my life. I didn't have a real career, nor a real marriage—no matter how gay an air I put on."

ANN, no longer lonely and adrift, grinned reminiscently. "Hollywood," she declared, "is not as heartless as it's cooked up to be. I wasn't dropped socially as I faded into ex-stardom. The top dogs went on nodding in friendly enough fashion. My true friends didn't forget me at all."

You can estimate a Hollywood girl's popularity by how frequently she has her love life pricked at by the caustic columnists. There is much current speculation as to how long Ann will stay married to Roger Pryor, her musical, actor husband. Which doesn't make Ann cynical, for obviously the sensation snoopers didn't give a hoot about her romantic difficulties until her sixth long-term contract, which Metro has handed her, distinguished her as a name once more.

"I've learned," Ann told me, her soft grey eyes tolerant, "that what 'they' say about you doesn't matter half as much as what you can say about yourself. I imagine every marriage goes through a getting-adjusted period. Mine did. But if you're both ambitious it's liable to be rebuffs rather than triumphs that can separate you.

"It was that way with me, anyway. I had a husband; yes. Roger was swell, when our two careers didn't keep us apart or tire us out. I never fancied I'd climb into a plane as nonchalantly as though it were an automobile. But from the minute we were married airplanes became a basic part of our routine for seeing one another. We didn't fly into our marriage. I may be breezy when I've a reason to be—but love is no joke to me.

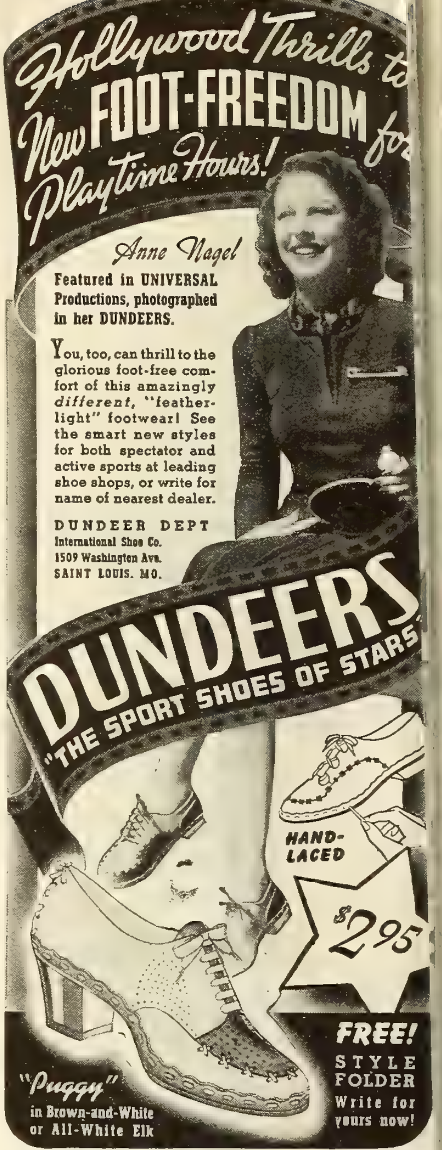
"I went with Roger a couple of years before I was positive we cared deeply. It wasn't reckless love at first sight. What's more, we had a wedding a woman can recall with pleasure! No barren elopement for me! I was married in a church, by a minister, and I had a bridal party. I had to rush like fury to get in all the trimmings, but it was worth it.

"This was the rub, however. On the stage Roger had done straight drama. He'd never sung a song. But the movies started him off as a musical comedy hero. Then they switched him to passion. Well, even I can see he's not handsome photographically! I certainly couldn't blame him for feeling disgusted with what he was up against. He's an excellent musician. When he decided his future lay in organizing his own band to play in smart night clubs in Chicago and the East, I couldn't ask him not to do it.

"Yet I'd fought for my contract. It was bringing in pretty big money; it couldn't be ignored. And even though I'm married, I'll always want to work. No kind of an art is ever monotonous like office dullness.

"So, how our schedules did clash! Our first year of marriage wasn't like anyone else's. We were away from one another nearly a year. That hectic flying back and forth was exciting for awhile. As soon as I'd been assured the last re-take was taken, I'd hop an airliner at Burbank. Then I'd take an apartment wherever Roger and his

[*Continued on page* 89]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crazy, insisting on riding all over the country. When I advised her not to drive a car, she must drive a car. In England, after taking *one lesson,* she drove 20 miles to meet me one night at Croydon Airport. You may imagine my sensations when I beheld a car zigzagging toward me and upon its coming closer discovered that it was Irina at the wheel!"

"It goes far back, this contrariness of mine," Irina took up the thread. "I can remember my first birthday cake. It had a big icing rose upon it. My mother told me, 'Don't eat that rose.' I had not thought of eating it but now, at once, I tore it off and ate it. I got married when I was sixteen. Oh yes, of course, I was in love. But also, my parents said to me, 'You must not marry, Irina, you are too young.' So one day, we were on tour and this was in Columbus, Ohio. I took a box of mascara and some hair-curlers and we flew to Cincinnati and were married. . . ."

"I SIMPLY had to have more authority over her," Jerry explained. "Being managing director of the Ballet did not appear to suffice. As when I told her NOT to play snowball fights in the streets and she did, and broke her ankle, her ankle, mind you, a *ballerina* . . . I knew that something had to be done. . . ."

". . . and when we got married," smiled Baronova, sweetly, too sweetly to be safe, I thought, "and the minister said to me, 'Will you love, honor and obey?' I looked at Jerry and I said 'You will' . . . the minister was indulgent about that, a slip of my tongue, he thought, because I did not understand the English pronouns. . . ."

"Well, she isn't driving a car in Hollywood," said M. Sevastianov. And Irina pouted at him. She pouts deliciously.

"So, then we escaped from Russia," she took up her story, "and went to Bucharest. After a time of many jobs, my father was quite well off. He became a designer of theatrical scenery. When I was seven my mother got the idea that she wanted me to be a dancer. She thought that ballet lessons might improve my health, which was frail. She thought they might cure my meanness, which was not frail at all.

"I said, of course, that I didn't want to be a dancer, I thought dancers looked silly. My father didn't like the idea, either. But my mother was not easily opposed and so I went to school and worked there six months. And then my teacher told my mother that I should have better teachers, that if I stayed longer with her, she might ruin me. That was honesty. By this time my father liked the idea, too. He said that I must have a good education in the dance and that we must move to Paris.

"There, again, my father became quite well off and there, for five years, I attended regular school in the mornings and in the afternoons I studied under Olga Preobrajenska, who had been a famous prima ballerina in the Russian capital before the Revolution. . . ."

Baronova was twelve years old when she made her first appearance on the stage, in an operetta put on by Balanchine, husband of Zorina, who is Baronova's close friend. She was only a few months older when Colonel W. de Basil, producer of the Russian Ballet and successor to the famed, late Diaghilev, selected her for the Russian Ballet company at Monte Carlo.

When the managing director at Monte Carlo first saw the little Baronova he felt, I imagine, much and more as I felt when she first ran down the stairs to greet me. He was, she relates now, "so infuriated when he saw me. I was smaller than all the others. I had such long arms I could scratch my ankles in back of me, and did. He said I was like a little monkey-thing. . . ."

But then the managing director had not seen Baronova dance, as she was to dance the lead in the ballet based on Tschaikovsky's Fifth Symphony—as she was to dance the innumerable parts she herself created in *Le Bleu Danube,* the queen in Rimsky-Korsakov's *Coq d'Or.*

It was just about to begin, then, the career which was to take her all over the world, to the United States and Canada, to Australia and the Orient . . . it was just about to begin, that path when she became the friend of kings and queens, when King Christian of Denmark requested her company in his box, when she surprised King Carol of Rumania, who addressed her in perfect English, by answering him in perfect Rumanian. When, often, Queen Elizabeth of England sat in a darkened, empty theatre to watch Baronova rehearse and it became familiar procedure for Buckingham Palace to telephone the theatre where Baronova was dancing to say that Their Majesties would occupy the Royal Box that night so that M. Sevastianov kept a bouquet for the Queen constantly on hand and was, occasionally, embarrassed when the Duke and Duchess of Kent "came long, too," and there was only one bouquet! When to the final night in London, not many months ago, in Covent Garden, with the war forcing the close of the Garden, when heads crowned and uncrowned gave her an ovation lasting thirty-five minutes. . . .

It was then she was rushed to America on the Clipper, flown to Hollywood, costumed, tested, signed. And when she signed, a sigh of thanks went up, of thanks to Winfield Sheehan, producer of *Florian,* who may be said to have "discovered" Baronova for pictures. In Los Angeles, the four times she appeared with the Ballet here, Mr. Sheehan watched her. He has watched her dance in Europe, and has long considered her one of the most glamorous women he has ever seen. And immediately *Florian* was decided upon —*Florian* with the beautiful Lipizzan horses which were a gift to Mme. Jeritza, now Mrs. Sheehan, its tale of archdukes and falling dynasties and old, imperial dreams—he knew that he must have Baronova for this picture.

"I ALWAYS wanted to act," Baronova was saying now, "but I never thought it would be so soon. At first, as I told you, I was frightened of everything so that I cried and cried. My first day on the picture when they said to me 'This is not a test, this is the real thing,' I got nearly seasick. When they told me that the first take was a print and that this does not often happen with a beginner, and is good, I felt better because they seemed so gay with happiness—Mr. Marin, who is directing, and Bob Young, who is acting, and all the others.

"I am very dramatic in the picture. I scream all the time. This is the first time I have ever opened my mouth, you see, so I like it. I have a scene where I turn a table over and break things, such a pleasant feeling. I think the money is nice, too, though I am not extravagant. I adore to go shopping but I like much more window shopping than really shopping.

"I do love furs and have many. I hate evening dresses. I step on them and other people step on them. I like the idea of having a home, which we have not had before. My parents can be here, too, my mother is here now. I have trunks in every country in the world and would like to collect them together.

"Yes, I like it here . . . if I am also liked, if, as Jerry says, I am 'the tops,' *if I keep excited enough,* if I have enough of nervous tension then . . . then *Florian* will not be my only picture. . . ."

Her Feet Will Go to Your Head

[*Continued from page* 28]

would be down presently. As he explained to the French maid that we would have tea, I thought he was looking faintly amused about something. Later, I was to understand that look. . . .

And then, presently, a little girl ran down the stairs and into the room. A child of about sixteen, I judged, and *where,* I thought, does *she* fit into the life of a Beautiful Ballerina? She wore a woolen frock of bright blue checks, a short, flared skirt. She had a small, soft nose, a young, rather pouting mouth, vividly lip-sticked, wide-set gray eyes and bright, tan hair.

M. Sevastianov introduced us . . . and I don't suppose I ever felt sillier in my life. Or, to be perfectly frank, more disgusted. I thought: Gad, the "friend of kings and queens," the Beautiful Ballerina is a *child,* looking not much older and certainly not much larger than Shirley Temple! For those who like resemblances noted, something about her curly, still-forming face made me think of Ann Sothern. . . .

WELL, anyway, Baronova curled like a kitten into the chair across from mine and the tea things were brought in and she poured. . . . Jerry passed the cups and cakes and there was a little desultory conversation about how Baronova doesn't need to diet, since the strenuous regimen of the Ballet, takes care of that. There was the inevitable talk of how-do-you-like-Hollywood . . . and Baronova told me how she had met Clark Gable, it was when he was making *Parnell,* she said, and she was here with the Russian Ballet and she said: "Oh, I was so excited that I was sweating all over!"

And Lionel Barrymore is another favorite of hers, and Charles Boyer . . . and as I sat there, I couldn't help thinking I had been tricked. My enigma of the Ballet with the kohl-darkened eyes and royal-purple Past is . . . a *kiddie*! Not only a kiddie, but a *fan,* another little girl who gets That Way about Gable—and all. . . .

But wait! "Working in the movies is the easiest work," Baronova was saying . . . she cannot get over having a stand-in, she said, in the ballet when you have to stand, you stand, you yourself. And then she and Jerry both said that they think one has to be very disciplined not to stumble in Hollywood. . . . Actors, they explained, artists, must live *"all the time, in excitement."* Here in Hollywood, there are long lapses between pictures, long intervals during which actors play and *relax*. Baronova said the word "relax" as one uses a frightening, incredible word. . . .

"They don't keep themselves in complete nervous strain," she said, "for actors, I think that is bad. For me, it would be impossible." . . . After the preview of *Florian,* Jerry told me, they will know better what they will do . . . if Baronova is "what you call tops in pictures, I think she should remain in pictures," her husband said, "but if not . . . *no.*"

In any case, there will be no lapses and no intervals for Baronova. For if another picture is not immediately scheduled for her, Jerry is forming a ballet company and they will go at once on tour.

As Baronova talked, my hopes slowly lifted. I became aware of things I had missed because the shape of the child had deceived me . . . the fingers handling the tea things, for instance, had long, fantastically filbert nails, as scarlet as sensation—the voice telling me about the spartan schedule of ballet, how they have a lesson at 9 a. m., a brief time off, another lesson from 10 to 1 (and this is even when they are on tour), rehearsal from 3 to 5, make-up on at 7:30 for the evening performance—this voice was familiar with discipline certainly not of our world. . . .

Yes, though Baronova is only twenty-one, and looks younger—though she did have on a little wool frock such as Priscilla Lane might wear, it was being impressed on me that right there all resemblance to our little starlets had ceased.

And though she is only five-feet-four, this little Baronova can become, incredibly, five-feet-six-or-seven when she is on her winged toes. Her eyes hold secrets. I now noticed the intricate arranging of her hair parted in the middle, deviously coiled and folded at the nape of her neck. No American girl wears her hair like that. And the accent, not purely Russian, perhaps, because Baronova speaks Rumanian like a native, and a beautiful French, and German and Italian and Spanish, is not so much an accent as a tincture of many tongues. . . .

She was born in old St. Petersburg, now Leningrad, on March 13, 1919, during the Revolution, that was. Her father, Captain Michel Baronov, was of the Russian Imperial Army . . . "so that we had to disappear quietly from Russia, you understand. . . . I was then one year old. I know of our escape from what my parents have told me. My father disguised himself, my mother and me, and bribed contrabandists on the River Dneister to ferry us across in a small skiff. In the middle of the river on that dark and dangerous night, I started to cry. I must have been miserable and so I started to cry.

"I always start to cry when I am miserable, even now. I cried the first day I made tests here in Hollywood. I was too frightened of everything. I thought dragons were all over me . . . but then, that night, worse than dragons were after us. And the boatman had a wicked knife between his teeth and he gritted at my parents and said that if I cried just once more he would throw us all overboard. I shut up," smiled Irina, "but my mother tells me it is the last time I minded anybody. . . ."

"IRINA," contributed Jerry, "suffers from excess vitality and contrariness . . . the latter probably comes from the fact that her body is so sternly disciplined by the study of ballet that. . . ."

"That is it," agreed Irina, "that is it. My body is disciplined to the last possibility so that my thoughts and emotions must fly about. I am like your American nursery rhyme, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary. Whenever I am told I must do a thing, it is the thing I do not want to do. When I am told I must NOT do a thing, that is the thing I must do.

"When they told me that this *Florian* is a picture with horses, I said, at once, 'Oh, I will not play in a *horse* picture!' And when they told me about the rare and beautiful Lipizzan horses of Mr. Sheehan, with their rare and beautiful history and said, 'Of course, if you do not want to do this,' then, at once, I did want it. . . ."

"When she is advised not to ride horseback," contributed her husband, "it is horseback she must ride. In England, she and Zorina had Balanchine and myself half-

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Position No. 9 is shared by two people as different as humans can be. But that's the way the voting has it. So we'll have to adopt Notre Dame's and Southern California's prerogative and play two first-string quarterbacks, so to speak.

With our head down and our guard up, we present Mickey Rooney, movie star, and Louella Parsons, movie columnist.

Mickey Rooney is Hollywood's favorite son—and the fickle jade has done right well by him. From a husky, devilish youngster with a football team, a gang of his own and some odd jobs in the movies, Mickey has become a rising young song writer of nineteen, a radio star and perhaps the best all around "box-office" in pictures. Mickey is everybody's pal, and at the sight of his ready grin filmdom opens its heart and loosens its purse strings.

Hollywood has also been generous to Louella. The town and all its environs read her column and reviews in the *Examiner* religiously. She knows everyone from the lowliest extra to the highest-ranking star—and everyone knows her too. She is tops in her profession, and though Hollywood is an ever-changing town, Louella is as permanent a fixture as a personality, newsgatherer and star-builder as its sunshine.

BEFORE presenting the final of Hollywood's Ten Most Interesting People we'll consider the former holders of positions nine and ten—Harry Cohn and Jim Jeffries. Harry Cohn, as President of Columbia Pictures, has been too busy with production routine to give Hollywood anything to talk about during the last three years. Jim Jeffries' gradual retirement from his "barn" activities has taken him out of the public eye hereabouts.

More than a hundred of those interviewed felt that one spot should be given to a "timely" candidate, to one who is news and highly popular at the moment.

And so, once again we present a double-feature: Hedy Lamarr and Vivien Leigh. No need to tell who or what they are. Look at any newspaper or magazine for details.

1. Orson Welles
2. Charlie McCarthy
3. James Roosevelt
4. Greta Garbo
5. John Steinbeck
6. Elsa Maxwell
7. Aimee Semple McPherson
8. Cecil B. DeMille
9a. Mickey Rooney
9b. Louella Parsons
10a. Hedy Lamarr
10b. Vivien Leigh

And that completes the list of The Ten (or rather twelve) Most Interesting People In Hollywood. But now, as formerly, we find it necessary to catalogue a second team in order to recognize those who have received many votes. Here it is:

1. Gracie Allen
2. Mischa Auer
3. Howard Hughes
4. Louis Bromfield
5. Dr. R. A. Milliken
6. Samuel Goldwyn
7. Clark Gable
8. Bette Davis
9. Frank Capra
10. Deanna Durbin

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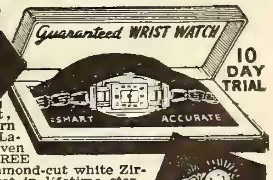

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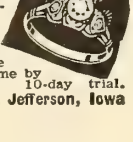

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the rights of the under-privileged, John Steinbeck came as a celebrity burning with a mission.

He had no time or patience to waste on motion picture producers or stars. To him Hollywood was merely another workshop. In Hollywood he devotes himself to writing, refusing to become involved in any of its social life or glamor. He tolerates its glitter and tinsel just so long, then dashes off to his home in Los Gatos, about fifty miles south of San Francisco.

IT IS Elsa Maxwell's astounding capacity for being exactly the opposite of John Steinbeck that makes her one of the most interesting people of our day. For sociability is Elsa's stock in trade and has won her the title of America's No. 1 party-thrower. In fact, considering that she first won social success and the reputation of a gloom-chaser in London during that period of mental depression following the World War, she might well be called the World's No. 1 party-thrower.

Back home from Europe, Elsa introduced such weird, screwy and original parties to the social sets of New York and other American cities that she succeeded in breaking down the distinction between the stiff shirts and the common people, and made both act like human beings.

As a result she is credited with creating what is now known as America's cafe society —a sort of blend of shirt sleeves and high hats.

Naturally, the unpredictable sort of things she did convinced Hollywood that she was its kind of people. Soon she was pitching filmdom's most ambitious parties. But the rest of the country refused to relinquish its option on her affections and she returned East. There she discovered that her remarkable knowledge of human nature, her keen sense of humor and her wide experience in mixing all nationalities and types into agreeable social cocktails had a decided market value. So she started writing on how to throw parties, how to have a good time and how to make the landlord hate you, for magazines and book publishers.

Now she divides her time between writing, touring the country on lecture jaunts, making movies (she's writing and acting in a series of shorts for Warner Bros. under the title *How To Get Fun Out of Life*) and periodically returning to her social acrobatics to keep our various classes from snapping at each other.

Which makes us feel that as surely as John Steinbeck deserves a place among the most interesting people of our land for opening our eyes to the suffering resulting from the pitiless struggle between the classes, so surely does Elsa Maxwell deserve a spot for showing us what a whale of a good time all sorts of people can have together, if they'll just mix it up a little.

In filling spot No. 6, Elsa Maxwell replaces Al Jolson who once was regarded as the world's greatest entertainer—and later known as "the Midas of Hollywood" because everything he touched showed a golden profit. But time has faded Al's name from the roll of the ultra-interesting.

Time doesn't appear to have slowed the swinging stride or thinned the snowy beard of Peter the Hermit—but other devastating changes have been wrought in him. He no longer parades the hills and boulevards in loin cloth and sandals to delight awed visitors to filmland. For Peter has put on clothes. And, like the strip-tease artist, has shed his glamor by donning raiment.

W. S. (Woody) Van Dyke, demon director of Hollywood has also been removed from our list by time. Van Dyke no longer roams the world making adventurous pictures and he has abandoned his wild ways to fit into the important niche that properly belongs to one of the movies' most successful directors. These days Woody keeps his two hard fists in his pockets and his famous restless feet in the narrow path of prosperity.

Errol Flynn has taken over Van Dyke's role of ace adventurer of Hollywood and this star's amazing background, vivid experiences in all parts of the world and undoubted courage have marked him as the most romantic figure in pictures. Flynn's exploits, such as flying through a fog day and night to rescue a seaman from his yacht in Mexican waters, are, many believe, worthy of a picture in themselves.

Men have voted Flynn the most interesting man in Hollywood because of this adventurous spirit, and women have voted him the same for the romantic figure he cuts on the screen. This writer also casts his vote for Flynn—but the majority rules, and the majority of those interviewed say that Aimee Semple McPherson must appear in seventh place among Hollywood's most interesting people.

Aimee Semple McPherson, founder of the famous Angelus Temple, head of the Church of the Four Square Gospel, is still after many years the best all-around attraction in Hollywood. Thousands follow her and she never fails them, hundreds of thousands come to her for inspiration and she never denies them.

Millions have visited her temple and she has never disappointed them. On the air or in person this religious leader is always sure fire, with a service that is "show" enough to win the envy of every radio and movie producer in town.

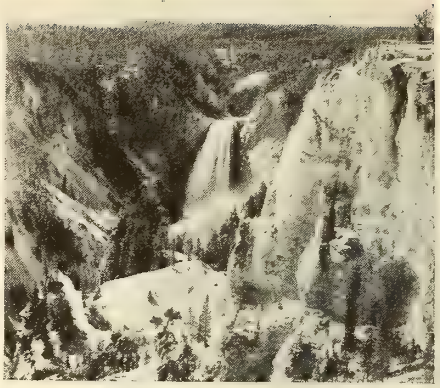
For almost twenty years people have come from all parts of the country to visit her temple and to hear her preach, and since being selected for our "second team" four years ago the radio has increased her popularity to a point where she belongs on the first ten.

There are many reasons why people are classed as interesting: because their personalities are fascinating; because their background is so adventurous or so glamorous we have a feeling that in talking to them we will to a degree share the thrill of it; because they are so radically different from the mill run of people that seeing them is the thing to do; because there is a mystery or inaccessibleness about them that piques our curiosity or perhaps because they personify a thing in which we are vitally interested.

IT IS because Cecil B. DeMille personifies motion pictures—as the public at large likes to think of them—that he is eighth on our list. His being one of the veteran directors in pictures, the producer of some of the most gigantic of Hollywood's colossal epics and the originator of several of the industry's most practical production methods is not responsible for the terrific thrill that visitors to his set get at the sight of him. Instead, the cause of this can be found in the fact that he is everyone's idea of how a motion picture producer and director should look and act.

The public has had so many illusions shattered that it is grateful to anyone who keeps them alive. Showman extraordinary that he is, DeMille realizes this, and the visitor fortunate to see him directing stars or supervising the shooting of some great outdoor sequence witnesses a show that he will never forget. Others may produce epics, but never with the flourish and color Cecil B. DeMille exhibits when he works.

Seeing DeMille in action is truly one of



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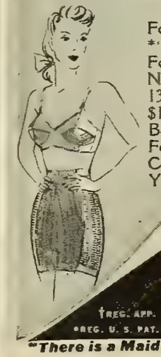

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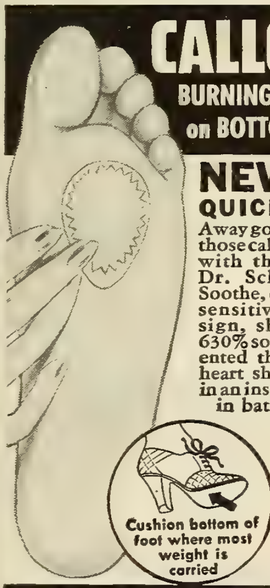
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Hollywood's Ten Most Interesting People

[*Continued from page 32*]

8. Josef von Sternberg
9. Tom Mix
10. Bill Robinson

It is interesting to note that of all those listed death has removed only one name, Irving Thalberg. But public interest has not been as kindly. Naturally, those of us who contacted the public to compile the list expected a high casualty rate. But we were not anticipating a massacre.

Yet of the ten most interesting people in Hollywood of four years ago, only one "rates" today. That one is Greta Garbo. All the others have gone with the wind—or something.

SO LET'S see how the hundreds of people of all classes in Hollywood, including stars, producers, directors, writers, gas station attendants, beauty shop operators, housewives, car-hoppers, cops, clerks and taxi-drivers plus visitors of all types, disposed of our original ten, who replaced them, and why.

No. 1 was Shirley Temple. There are many reasons why the public is no longer so eager to see Shirley. First, because she has outgrown her famous babyhood; second, because the things she does on the screen are not amazing for her present age; third, because of competition, and fourth, because there is a new crop of child wonders on the screen.

Her No. 1 spot is taken by the man who replaces John Barrymore. Barrymore won his place among the ten by being the most interesting person, in himself—to talk to, to associate with and to watch—in Hollywood. He has been replaced by one equally interesting as himself, with equally as keen a sense of humor and showmanship, PLUS a wide background of accomplishment.

Because of his amazing performance while still in his teens and the reputation of being the only one that ever frightened entire American communities into hysterics (his radio broadcast of "The Battle of the Worlds" did just that) Orson Welles has surpassed all comers in arousing the envy, jealousy and antagonism of Hollywood. A no mean feat in itself.

By a large majority, this twenty-four year old is voted the most discussed and interesting person in Hollywood. **And it might be well to point out here that for the purpose of preparing this list "Hollywood" refers not only to the motion picture colony, but to the entire district.**

Every type of individual was considered, from scientists such as Einstein and Dr. Milliken and international authorities such as Polyzoides at the U. S. C. to exhibitionists such as Aimee Semple McPherson and professional native sons such as Leo Carrillo. Only one yardstick was used to measure a candidate's qualifications—the ability to attract public attention, and to create in the average person a desire to see or meet that candidate.

Jack Barrymore no longer qualifies, not merely because he is not now in Hollywood, but because his antics are becoming a bit monotonous to the public at large.

The second on this year's list hasn't the temperament of Jack nor the brains of Orson—but he gets there just the same. For No. 2 spot is filled by one Charles McCarthy. Like it or not, Charlie *is* the second most talked of character in Hollywood—and everybody who comes here craves to see the *real* McCarthy.

Charlie is among the ten most interesting because he is a myth that *exists*. Hundreds of thousands of twins of him have been sold to the doting American public—and abroad—for everything from five cents to ten dollars each. For a guy that lives in a suitcase, that lad certainly gets around.

Third on this year's list is James Roosevelt. Not because of anything he has done, but because of his background. He shines in reflected glory. Even the deepest dyed Republicans (including Louis B. Mayer) admit that one of the first questions asked by the millions of visitors to sunny, southern California is "What's Jimmy Roosevelt doing?" or "Do you think I'll see Jimmy Roosevelt on Hollywood Boulevard?"

To date Jimmy has separated from Samuel Goldwyn, the man who brought him into the industry, organized a movie company of his own and announced his intention of personally presenting his pictures, when they are made, to his audiences in the theatres, with the request that they tell him just what they think of them. Sort of bringing the fireside chat to Mahomet, so to speak.

And so Jimmy Roosevelt rates a place among Hollywood's most interesting people, while position number three's former occupant, Grace Moore, fails to qualify because she is no longer in pictures or the public's eye.

Greta Garbo, the only veteran on our list, is fourth now instead of seventh, as of four years ago. To the average person nothing is more interesting or fascinating than a mystery—and Garbo is the great unknown. Intentionally or unintentionally, her aloofness and the mystery that surrounds her is the master stroke of showmanship. Curiosity has made millions eager to see her and has driven thousands of fans to frantic efforts to catch her off guard—to see her face and to photograph her.

Everybody wants to see Garbo because she can't be seen. It is an excellent example of wanting what we can't have.

Today Garbo is more interesting than ever because she is a four year older mystery than when this poll was previously taken and because she has won thousands of new fans by her recent picture success, *Ninotchka*.

In the exact center of our roster of magnetic personalities is the Tartan, the disturbing element or the spice of the pudding. Around him centers national controversy and many believe he will turn Hollywood into a battleground. There are those who say he is the Pied Piper of the movies, leading motion pictures headlong into calamity. And there are those who say he is bringing new blood and a new purpose to films.

But whether they believe him a great crusader or a plain radical, practically all those queried agreed that John Steinbeck is one of the outstanding characters of the country today.

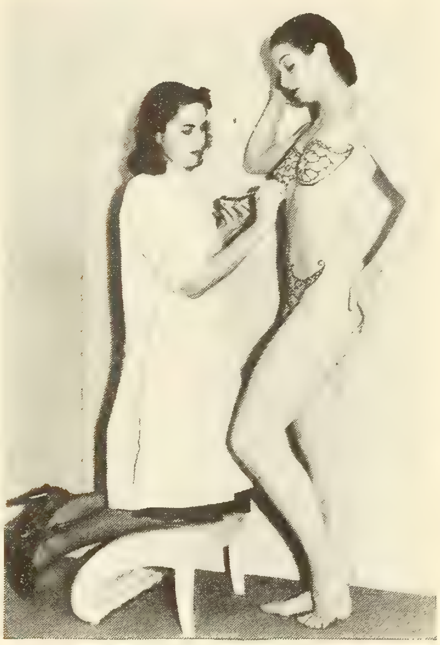
Whether the nitroglycerin Steinbeck wrote into *Grapes of Wrath* will eventually prove a stimulant or a poison to the industry, the vital power of the man's personality cannot be denied.

His six feet of coiled springs are on a hair-trigger. He resents fanfare, refuses to salaam and is impatient of anything that interferes with his work. He did not bring the customary background of theatre or dramatic school to Hollywood. A poor ranch-worker in the district he describes in his books, a straw boss in a sugar refinery, an occasional student at Stanford University, a hod-carrier and a soul restless to fight for

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 10]

Keen looker-overs say Yvonne Duval has best figure in Hollywood. You can see an eyeful in *Ma! He's Making Eyes At Me*



New is synthetic costume designed by Max Factor, Jr. Of rubberized material, it's flesh-colored, paper-thin and introduced by dancer Miss Palmera. It can be applied over tights and brassiere

CUPID'S UN-couplet:
Rudy Vallee and Patricia Dane—
Cupid's sunshine has turned to rain.

■

AIN'T-Love-SUH-weet-? item—that bracelet Bill Powell just gave Bridie-Widie Diana Lewis is made up of lots of little lockets, each of which, when opened, spells: "I love you."

Oh, guzzie-wuzzie-wooooooo!

THOSE who know, from 'way back, know that the Alice Faye divorce suit against Tony Martin is not something sudden—but something she finally gathered the courage to do.

Among Alice's intimates, there's never been any doubt but that the Faye has been unhappy for a long, long time over being Mrs. Martin. Despite her denials, despite her actually pathetic attempts to put on an outside front of love and devotion, her closest friends have known that Alice has been living for the day when she could undo the marriage, with as little fuss and unpleasantness as possible. She's an emotional kid—a highly volatile woman, who is different from the usual Hollywood gal in that divorce is not to be taken lightly, with a shoulder-shrug and a wise-crack. That's why she took so long getting up nerve to do it; that's why she had her stage closed to all visitors, the day after the suit was filed.

Ten-to-one, her divorce will boost her box-office. Twentieth-Fox thinks so, too; they've just signed her to a new contract.

■

AFTERMATH of the Lana Turner-Artie Shaw marital act still jitters Hollywood. Most gigglesome item in the wake that followed the elopement was the appearance of Jackie Coogan and Greg Bautzer, lunching together, and discussing the vagaries of women. Greg is the lawyer guy Lana threw overboard to marry Artie; and Coogan is the guy who used to be married to Betty Grable, whom Artie threw overboard to marry Lana.

Sotch a nize pless, Hollywood; huh, momma?

Since then, Greg's been torching with consolers Margaret Roach, Wendy Barrie and lovely Carole Gallagher, who's the same age as

[*Continued on page* 88]

Dan Topping, wealthy socialite recently divorced by Arline Judge, had Sonja Henie at big fight. She denies romance

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Beech-Nut Gum

She Dared To Be a Human Being

[*Continued from page* 87]

band was playing and attempt to make it seem homelike. Between his engagements, Roger would fly to California and try to reassure himself that our rented house was what we'd dreamed of having.

"For both of us," vowed Ann, "are rankly sentimental about a home. We don't putter too hard, I'll admit. I can't cook. Roger ducks the lawn mower. But I'm a meticulous housekeeper by remote control, and I can get you testimonials to prove it.

"When I'd quit my last contract I instructed my agent about the roles with guts I wanted. Then, since Roger was on tour with his boys, I flew East and signed for personal appearances with them. I didn't like it! Four and five vaudeville acts each day is a terrific strain. Weeks of the identical routine, and I was glad to come back to Hollywood and remind my agent I was still ready for that elusive decent role. I didn't lose confidence in myself as the months passed, but I did get that awful sense of being pushed out of the running.

"So," she was saying, "my thinking became more serious when I felt a financial pinch, too. I'd always had my salary check coming in on Saturdays. I found out then that anything can stop, and will stop if it isn't deliberately kept going. Slowly I realized I'd chosen my fate. I'd allowed myself to be persuaded into concentrating on beautiful close-ups and Fifth Avenue style.

"I realized I'd let them douse me with their gilding. And it wasn't what I wanted! Ten years of finagling with my face and silhouette had been money-making; but it had got me right where I was. The old order in Hollywood was going out fast; I could see the writing on the wall.

"It was tough, holding out for a script that promised me an opportunity to characterize. Eventually I was right, though. Walter Wanger convinced me I could make something out of the wise-cracking secretary in his picture, *Trade Winds*. I've great admiration for Walter Wanger, but I was so bent on making the right start again that I hesitated two weeks before signing for the role."

Applauded by the critics and the public, Ann cannily waited again, until the script for *Maizie* turned up.

She asserts a woman can trust her own hunches. "No, I never knew a *Maizie!* I went down to the beach concessions at Ocean Park and listened to the barkers; I spotted their secret — they never completed a sentence. With that as a tip, I relied on my able imagination for the rest. I'm not going to be typed in that hard-boiled, but heart-of-gold line, either.

"From here on in, so far as acting goes, I've but one goal: to become a good character actress. I want to make people come away commenting, 'Say, she gave a swell performance, didn't she?' I am so through with trying to be beautiful that I don't go to see the daily 'rushes' anymore; how I look can't compare with whether the plot has any meaning. I think I'm only beginning now to learn what acting's all about. I don't think I'm even started—if you ask me how close I am to a great performance!"

"But," I interrupted, recalling when Ann was the prima donna of both stage and screen musicals, "what about your singing?"

She crossed her fingers, tapped her lips with her right forefinger. "That's the ace in the hole! I'm not telling anyone here at Metro that I can sing. If I have to, I will. But I got so horribly bored with those standardized, trivial musical comedy stories! Who wants to impersonate a piece of fudge? And what woman doesn't perk up with a clean sweep?

"My life was once built around my singing; at fourteen I reeled off symphony scores at the drop of a hat. My mother coached me, and I had to be a respectable model for her pupils, of course." Recently the Minneapolis Symphony sent Ann, a Minneapolis girl, a formal invitation to sing classical numbers on one of its biggest nights. Which gives you an idea of her potentialities.

"I haven't even taken a lesson in the past two years. But someday I'll begin to study again.

"A woman with any zip to her doesn't have to prop up a fancy 'front.' When I called a halt on my glamor stunt, and dared to be a human being who wanted only to be a down-to-earth hard worker, I rented a less expensive house. After living in it a few months, I felt it was right for Roger and me. So we bought it.

"Roger and I found out for ourselves that a happy marriage is no cinch. You have to be unselfish; careers are apt to make one too self-centered. You have to be as considerate as you were before you married; luckily, neither of us fell down on that one. But don't envy that airplane business! A happy marriage demands that you be together. We couldn't share our everyday experiences, which makes up living.

"Roger, thank heaven, wanted to settle down as much as I did. He got tired of traipsing around the country with his travelling man's schedule. The more we talked about ourselves, the more we knew we wanted to put down roots. He tried pictures again. But on a different tack, also. He didn't mention any more heroes; he believed he'd be a more convincing villain. And, as a movie villain, Roger's been working steadily. I think it's wonderful he doesn't pretend to be what he can't enjoy, and has the nerve to stick to his own convictions!

"BUT," added Ann radiantly, "I haven't given you 'the story behind the story' yet. I wasn't living as I should until the lull taught me to live in the present, and not for the future! The way to try to be a successful wife is to begin behaving like one right off. I recognized that we'd never have a home unless I made a home appropriate to our needs and income. The place we bought wasn't brand-new. But it's been such fun remodelling it to fit us! I began on my bedroom. Today we're Georgian but comfortable, and as soon as I drive off this lot am I the proud homebody. You bet!

"Roger didn't make his decision to return to Hollywood permanently until I climbed off the glamor-wagon and paid attention to our situation as man and wife. I had to do my bit to get us balanced. I had to make a stable home in the present. Roger is moody; it's up to me to fit in with his moods, cleverly. He'll calmly analyze, where I'm inclined to be too impulsive. I'm stubborn. I have to keep tab on this trait, or I might be sorry."

She doesn't claim to be perfectly happy. "I'm not at peace with myself. Our future isn't stretching clearly before us. I know I haven't completely crystallized. I think I've just scratched the surface of what I can be, as a real wife and as a real actress.

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Peggy, the Patient Plugger

[*Continued from page 37*]

Peggy's in Hollywood, now, and has been for a couple of years. At present she's out at Universal Studios where she is regarded as the prize "find" in this, or any year's crop of budding starlets. In fact, the front office executives liked her so well in her first picture, *First Love,* starring Deanna Durbin, that they gave her the feminine leads in five other productions, all of which were finished before the Deanna Durbin film was released! Each role she had in these five pictures was different enough to show her bosses what she really could do, given the opportunity, but it wasn't until she showed them how she could handle a snappy comedy role in *Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love,* her most recent picture, that the front office arose en masse, so to speak, and gave her four of Jimmie Fidler's bells and six of their own!

Now the production chiefs at the studio have locked up their staff of writers in their tiny cells and have commanded them to remain "in solitary" until they've manufactured a half dozen "A" production scripts for their pride and joy. Yes, indeed, Universal has rolled out the red carpet for this young lady whom we still insist is better looking from any angle (we should say, curve) than nine-tenths of the models her pappy employs for his calendars. Moran pere does his work back in New York, now, and hearing about the progress of his young daughter he's been smart enough to get on the band wagon. He says his favorite model is a young lady by the name of Peggy who has never posed for him professionally! Well, it's too late, now. His paintbrush will die of old age before he ever has a chance to catch her likeness on canvas.

PEGGY was born in Clinton, Iowa, on October 23, 1918. She came to Hollywood when she was five, to escape the tall corn that grew right up to her bedroom window. Or so she says.

"I didn't think much about a theatrical career," she says, without cracking her best Sunday smile, "until almost a year after I arrived in Hollywood with Mother. She took me downtown one day and into an office building somewhere on the Boulevard. She lifted me up on a high stiff chair in the waiting room of some office and told me to be a nice girl and wait for her. Well, I waited and waited and finally climbed down off my high perch and sneaked out into the corridor to play. About ten minutes later a man came out of an office down the hall and when he reached me he stopped, placed his hand under my chin, and said, very quietly: 'I am Darios. They call me the Hollywood Prophet. Some day you will be a movie actress.' Then he smiled and was gone. I didn't know it then, of course, but Darios was a fortune teller quite popular with the movie colony. The pronouncement made a deep impression on my mind and although I was sidetracked many times by the usual adolescent ambitions that all girls have, I always turned back to the idea of one day being an honest-to-goodness actress."

After Peggy was old enough to attend public school she argued her mother into letting her take private dramatic and singing lessons. Her mother, having been one of the Denishawn dancers with Ruth St. Denis before her marriage, agreed to Peggy's demands, but only if she'd take dancing lessons, too. A happy compromise was effected and the art of terpsichore was included in her extra-curricular studies.

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"I must have inherited my love for dancing," Peggy says, "from Mother, because the older I grew the more I studied it to the exclusion of dramatics. But this ambition got sidetracked when I entered Junior College and got an opportunity to be active in school dramatic productions. Believe it or not I was so good that I was chosen as the school's representative in one of the Annual Shakespearean Festivals."

But that isn't the whole story. She was so good in dramatics that she was recommended to Radio Station KFI for small parts and she did radio acting for a year. "And it was mighty fine experience," she says. "We used to get our scripts half an hour before the program went on the air and I got so I could handle sight reading in a fairly capable manner."

After graduation from Junior College Peggy, probably thinking she might follow in her pappy's footsteps, worked for a few months "inking in" for a commercial artist.

"I had a vague hunch that maybe I had inherited some of Father's talent," she explains the sudden switch in ambitions, "and during my inking-in apprenticeship I began to study drawing seriously. But the more I studied the worse I got, and no one had to tell me that as an artist I was hopeless. I knew. So back I went to the study of dramatics, determined this time that nothing would interfere with my building a good foundation for a career on the stage."

But you know how it is with women. Their minds are as variable as the winds. Or so we've heard. At any rate, the subject of our thesis took another detour from the straight and narrow and difficult road that leads to the footlights. For reasons that she finds impossible to explain now she decided to become a teacher of Spanish, having acquired, she says, considerable fluency in this language. But before she got as far as sitting herself down behind a school ma'am's desk to teach cute kiddies to say *Yo hablo Espanol muy bueno,* she exercised her woman's prerogative, tossed her Spanish grammar into the corner and resumed her dramatic studies.

ON THE basis of her radio work Peggy was given a screen test at Warner Bros., but the test was shelved for several months. The high moguls of the studio finally remembered it, dusted it off, and gave it their expert once-over with the pleasing result that Peggy was called in for an interview that went off so well she was given a contract.

About the only thing she got after that was the cold shoulder.

"It was pretty disheartening," she admits. "I didn't know a blessed soul on the lot and nobody knew me which may have made it even Stephen for all hands around, but it was very depressing nevertheless. For me, at least. After a week of idleness—and getting paid for it—I placed myself in the hands of the studio's dramatic coach and worked like the proverbial little nailer to improve myself. Work, I've found, never hurt anyone, particularly a girl who has screen ambitions and I put in long hours, sometimes as many as twelve a day, learning things that would eventually help me along in my career."

Peggy is one girl in Hollywood who emphatically doesn't believe in lucky breaks, or just plain luck. Maybe this belief tabs her as being slightly on the old-fashioned side, but she claims you can't get anywhere in business unless you use plenty of the well-known elbow grease. The Army and Navy call it preparedness. But whatever the nomenclature, Peggy, the Patient Plugger, proved conclusively that being ready, willing, and able, when opportunity came a-knockin' at her door, was equal to a dozen steps up the cinematic ladder she was so eager to climb.

Universal Studios got her on the first bounce when Warners decided the time had come to throw her out on her shell-like ears, and she was plopped into those five pictures one right after another. And you can bet six reels of film from any "A" production you care to select that she'd never have gotten these roles unless she had been able to deliver her acting chores P.D.Q. and expertly.

Up through the years—that is, from the time Darios, the Hollywood prophet, told her that she'd become a movie actress some day, up until she arrived at Universal, she had kept this prophecy to herself. Not even her mother knew about it. And all other ambitions and longings she likewise kept hidden in her heart. The reason? Well—

"I was always afraid," she says, "that if I told any of my friends what I had mapped out for myself they'd try to switch me to something else. Well-meaning friends sometimes have the bad habit of doing that and so I thought it best to keep my plans for a career to myself. That doesn't mean I refused advice or that I thought I never needed it. I'm not that dumb! Any girl in the movies needs advice—and plenty of it!"

Peggy's ideas of movie making took a sudden turn for the worse, when she was assigned the leading feminine role in *Oh, Johnny, How You Can Love.*

After reading the script she discovered that she had to do a nifty rhumba on roller skates, make a running dive through a porthole scarcely large enough to provide an exit for a month-old kitten, stand still while Tom Brown put a zestful flying tackle on her and lastly, as a sort of film fillip, get herself mixed up with a lot of exploding firecrackers and Roman candles. Some fun, eh, kid!

"It was the roller skating sequences that got me down," she confesses. "I'd never had a pair on in my life and when I told the producer, he merely said something about 'think nothing of it, Peggy, you've got three weeks to learn,' and with that the studio engaged an instructor, fitted me to a pair of skates, hired a rink, and from then on I spent six hours every day until actual shooting started learning how to roll along. Bruises? Golly, I had millions of them scattered here and there where they hurt the most! Not even the pillows I had tied onto me, helped. But finally, I got so I could make my legs behave and, believe it or not, I got expert enough to do a rhumba. I really think, though, Universal should have given me a stunt check along with my regular salary. But I guess it all comes under the heading of good, clean, Hollywood fun. Anyway, just as soon as my black-and-blue marks fade out I'm going to learn how to ice skate, ski, ride a bucking bronc, wrestle with a bear, and swing from a high limb. All just in case!"

Well, maybe so. Maybe she'd better get busy on these athletic stunts. And maybe not because Universal is chattering loudly and enthusiastically about her dramatic ability and plan on proving it to motion picture goers with nothing but Grade "A" productions.

But for all that, we still insist her father, Earl Moran, the calendar drawing man, overlooked the prettiest looking model of them all when he drew the line and refused to let her pose for him. Parents are funny people.

But what's one man's loss is another man's gain, and if the calendars lost the prettiest girl the movies have gained a fast-coming star who's going to shine in the movie heavens with dazzling brilliance.

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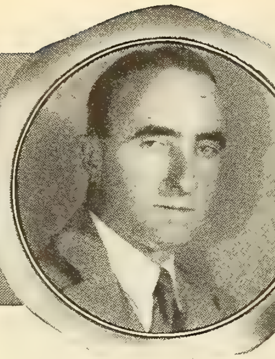

BETWEEN OURSELVES

HOLLYWOOD IMPRESSIONS

By LARRY REID

Close-Ups of a Fabulous Town

HOLLYWOOD BLVD. and Vine—the Times Square of Movietown . . . Newsboys hawking papers at midnight, dodging cars and trolleys at busy intersection . . . Eastern steaks (New York cuts) featured at the better restaurants . . . the semi-circular table booths giving semi-privacy for six in these spots . . . absence of hat-check girls in most spots (the town's honest—your coat, hat are safe) . . . Don Ameche going for Eastern oysters at Vine St. Derby . . . they serve salad first in Hollywood. Eat those vitamins, be beeg and strong . . . movie crowd favoring the Derby spots on fight night (Friday) . . . "Don't let him crowd you, Garcia!" "Look out for his left, Armstrong!" . . . Sunset Blvd.—and where it bends into the Strip . . . agents, agents and AGENTS in white, arty one-and two-story buildings . . . Ditto interior decorators . . . including Mary Miles Minter. Remember her? . . . No crowds on Strip. Must do phone business . . . Some swank, chauffeured cars . . . Must do carriage trade . . . Immensity of 20th-Fox lot . . . immensity and landscaping of Warner lot . . . Immensity of M-G-M lot. Magnificent Irving Thalberg Building on same lot . . . Armed cops at all M-G-M gates to keep crashers out . . . Don't sass 'em, they're Culver City cops . . . Auto trams, like World's Fair buses carrying sightseers, tourists and workers over M-G-M streets. You need a car. Some workers ride bikes . . . Commissary Cafe de Paris (neat decorative job) at 20th-Fox . . . Roomy and crowded commissary at M-G-M. Gable, Tracy, big money players at same table. Low man at dice pays for lunch . . . Lana Turner talking about her Artie . . . Kliegs, searchlights opening new market. Ditto drug-store . . . Give 'em a come-on like the movie crowd . . . Circus seats up for big openings like *Grapes of Wrath*—adjoining theatre entrance to take care of fans (some with babes in arms). "Oh lookit, there's Dietrich! Oh, ma, there's Raft and Shearer!" . . . All chatter ceases as Orson Welles enters Ciro's, booms at Sir Cedric Hardwicke: "I'm so glad to see you." Orson Welles in long English tails, with walking-stick and limping. No beard now—only moustache . . . Peter the Hermit gone Hollywood in slacks and coat . . . Helen Ferguson's Grecian temple for publicity office on Strip . . . Wilshire Blvd's. Miracle Mile—swank shops, hotels, apartments—and landscaping . . . Job of getting from here to there in car with blvd. stops or stop-and-go signs ganging up on you . . . the pedestrian's always right . . . car reaching crossing first has right of way. Mexicans don't cara mucha. They TAKE right of way . . . Ann Sheridan driving car like expert bus-driver on torn-up Ventura Blvd. . . . Workers pause for look at Oomph, resuming put extra humph into work . . . Sympathetic understanding of Director Irving Cummings in handling *Lillian Russell* scenes at 20th-Fox . . . patience of Mervyn LeRoy in making scene click for *Waterloo Bridge* . . . Bob Taylor setting off English officer's uniform well . . . Vivien Leigh coquettishly perfect in use of fan in scene . . . Taylor and Leigh relaxing 'tween scenes with Chinese checkers . . . Bette Davis fascinating Director Litvak as if he were visiting tourist in staircase entry scene of *All This, And Heaven Too* . . . Wisecracks at Bing Crosby's table at Universal commissary . . . Deanna Durbin with mommy. Deanna as pretty off as on . . . Helen Parrish, pretty too, with mommy . . . around town she's with Forrest Tucker . . . Paramount contrasts—raven-black hair, blue-gray eyes of Patricia Morison and Titian long bob and brown eyes of Susan Hayward who has look of constant surprise . . .

THE gentle ribbing and streamline humor of Bob Hope at Academy Dinner (No "I'm good, I am" technique here) . . . Laurence Olivier munching olive or he had tongue in cheek while making belated entrance with Vivien Leigh at Academy Dinner . . . Howard Strickling bringing in last year's winner Spencer Tracy to much handclapping at Dinner . . . H. M. Warner trying to dance on dime at Dinner . . . All stars, producers, directors trying to dance on dime at Dinner . . . Orson Welles most discussed man in Hollywood . . . Hitler? Who's he? . . . Andrea Leeds shutting eyes in ecstasy as father-in-law's hoss, Seabiscuit captures Handicap . . . Mervyn LeRoy in paddock looking over his hoss—40 to 1 shot—exercising before Handicap. Hoss let him down . . . Brenda Joyce and Owen Ward . . . Tall stories of Bob Cobb, Brown Derby boss . . . No one can tell 'em like Bob . . . Elsa Maxwell can tell 'em too . . . Marion Davies making other stars feel self-conscious. That poise . . . Stars in jodhpurs and cowboy togs at Palm Springs . . . The into-a-dying-sunset drive from Palm Springs to L. A. . . . the miles of Guasti vineyards on this drive . . . The Colonial Drive-In boss on Sunset who knows all the stars' secrets . . . his cheeseburger, nutburger, hamburger creations . . . Aimee's Temple, still packing 'em . . . soft words and eye-meanings in Beachcomber cozy corners . . . Singapore and Shanghai in Hollywood. What boat you on, sailor? . . . Greetings to Louella Parsons from stars at premieres . . . Greetings from Louella to stars at premieres . . . Starlet Ann Rutherford delayed twenty minutes signing autographs at *Strange Cargo* preview. Girls in slacks on Sunset . . . Fat women in slacks in glamorous markets . . . Even markets have S. A. . . . 8:30 a. m. line-up at Grauman's Chinese . . . Studio car drivers—polite and homesick. Engage you in chatter— "You from the East? Me, too. Like to see Gloucester again." A fisherman in Hollywood . . . M-G-M driver says: "With all this traffic streets should be wide like back home in Salt Lake City." . . . Like New York, Hollywood people come from back home . . . Modernistic eye-catching broadcasting studios . . . Santa Anita track . . . makes most tracks look like game you play on parlor floor . . . it's those mountains, those flowers, those stables—plenty of breathing space . . . Great open spaces everywhere except on mountain top real-estate signs and dance floors of night clubs . . . Drive-In theatre on Pico . . . Cowboy bit player kills cowboy bit player. No play actin'—he meant it. (*To be continued*).

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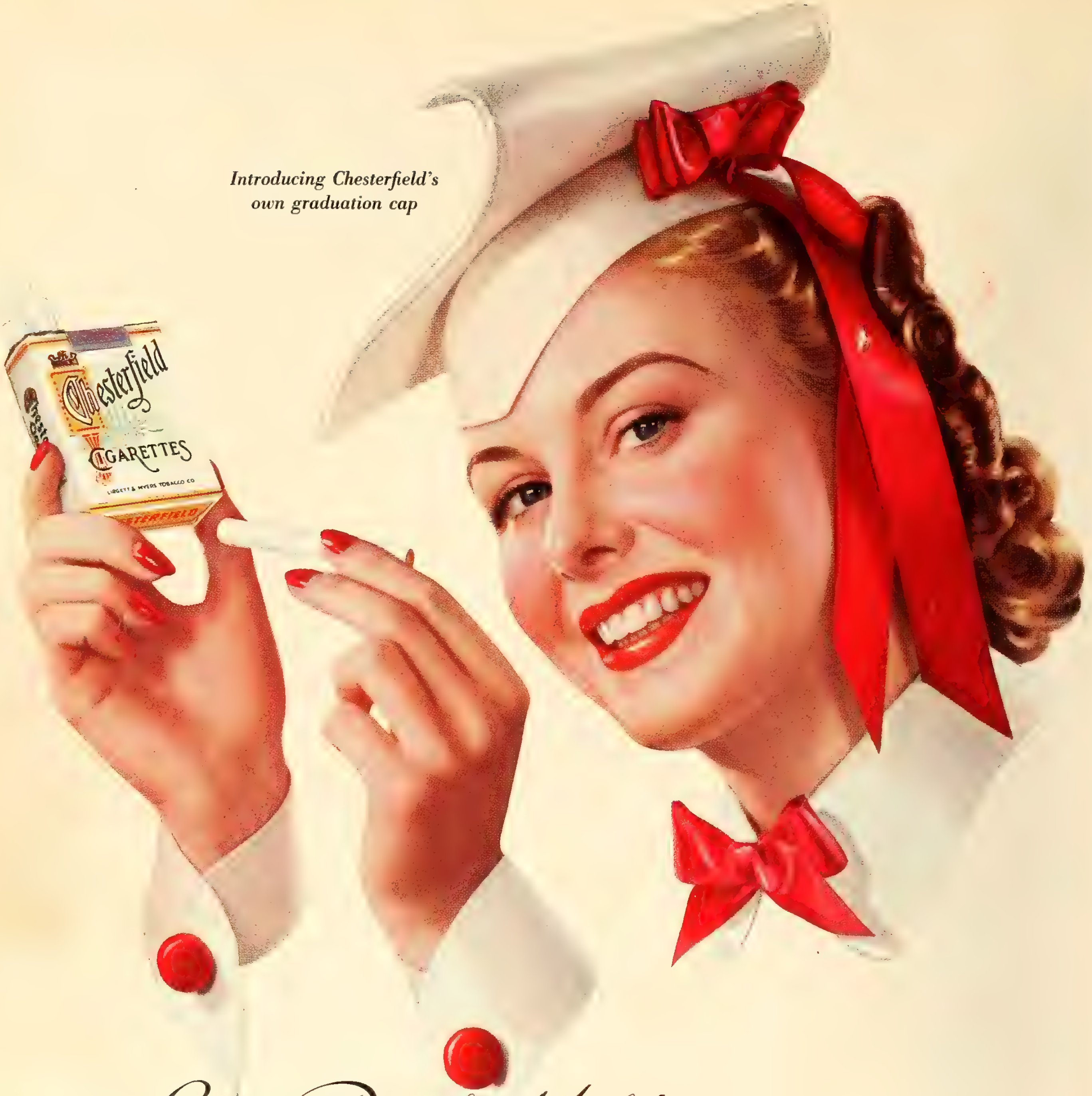
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JULY
NSC

WHY GABLE IS STILL TOPS

Alice Faye
Starred in
"Lillian Russell"

THIS MONTH'S COLOR PORTRAIT
MICKEY ROONEY

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A NORTH WOODS VACATION

Side view of the main lodge and one of the many log cabins

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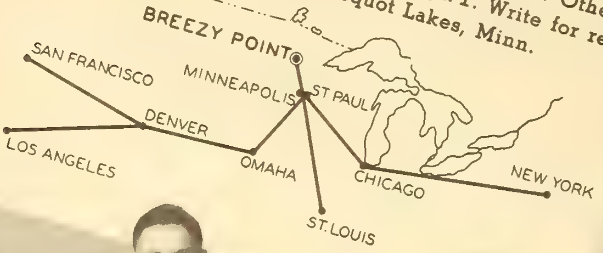

FAWCETT'S BREEZY POINT LODGE

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MOTION PICTURE

INCORPORATING MOVIE CLASSIC

W. H. "BUZZ" FAWCETT, Jr., President

LAURENCE REID, Editor

Volume LIX. No. 6 JULY, 1940 Twenty-ninth Year

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CAN WOMEN BE FRIENDS IN HOLLYWOOD?

The intriguing question above is answered by Bette Davis in next month's MOTION PICTURE. Bette gets down to fundamentals of the question—in a town rife with ambition and jealousy. This issue will also feature scintillating stories about Merle Oberon, Joan Fontaine, Paulette Goddard and a host of others. There will be a beautiful colored insert of Vivien Leigh, plus exclusive portraits of leading favorites. Look for the fiction version of a new film—and the BEST News and Gossip coming out of Hollywood. Order the August MOTION PICTURE from your regular newsdealer NOW. It gives the most for your money of any movie magazine on the stands.

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

HERE ARE THE LATEST INSIDE ANSWERS TO HOLLYWOOD'S ROMANCES, WEDDINGS, SPATS, DIVORCES AND BLESSED EVENTS

By HARRY LANG

David O. Selznick, producer of *Gone With the Wind* and *Rebecca*, congratulates W. H. "Buzz" Fawcett, Jr., newly-elected president of Fawcett Publications, Inc. Mr. Fawcett succeeds his father, the late Capt. W. H. Fawcett, as president of the company, one of whose many magazines is MOTION PICTURE. Mr. Selznick discusses with Mr. Fawcett his plans for million dollar production of *Joan of Arc*

WHAT Holly-WOULD really like to know: Is it true what they're saying about Gene Markey and Hedy Lamarr? The town's abuzz with undownable rumors that Hedy and Gene are on the outs, and that they're headed for the divorce courts—and everybody's feeling very sorry about it!—not for Gene and Hedy so much, as for the little boy baby they've been adopting. On account of if the rumors *are* true, and the Lamarr-Markey wedding is all washed up, then the kiddie'll have to go back to the orphanage. . . .

Meantime, Hedy and Gene, with a fine outward show of high fury, deny all the reports and say that what THEY'D like to know is: Who started the blankety-blank-blank rumor anyway? Never in all the world or in Hollywood either, they swear, are there two people more in love than themselves!!!

■

BUT — that's just exactly what Dolores Del Rio and Cedric Gibbons kept chirping to the world and the columnists—and all the gossipeers. And look at Dolores and Cedric *now!—The* Hollywood washup-of-the-moment.

■

NINE years they've been married—Del Rio and her Cedric. And every time somebody burped about what an unhealthy place for marriage Hollywood is, the loyal legion of defenders of Hollywood would come back with "look at Del Rio!"

Yet for months, their lovey-dovey exterior's been hiding a coupla busting hearts, unless Dolores doesn't know what she's talking about. Take it from the languorous

[*Continued on page* 8]

Susan Hayward takes to shadow of rocks to avoid a quick burning. She expects to acquire Titian tan to match tresses

George White's Scandals honeys . . . nobody'd be surprised if Tommy Guinan (Tex's brother) and Arline Judge (Dan Topping's ex) practice saying "I do" to a preacher . . . Mrs. Dick Foran and Gilbert Roland quite a duet . . . Mary Anderson, than whom there's no cutie cuter out at Warners, is consolation aplenty for Eddie Albert, who used to feel blue about Jane Bryan . . . Actor Eddie Norris, who ought to know ooomph when he meets it on account of he's Ann Sheridan's ex, is finding oomph aplenty in Judith Allen . . . ex-footballer at U. C. L. A., Mike Frankovitch and Binnie Barnes say they'll be mrandmrs after September 27 . . . Is it true that Janice Logan is going to throw that Paramount contract overboard to marry French newspaperman Jacques Choller? . . . former London agent Fred Brisson is the lad who's got the inside track in Roz Russell's life . . . Bob Stack and Judy Garland, dating four nights in a row and missing not one dance together when they step out . . . Steffi Duna can't decide between Big Boy Williams and Dennis O'Keefe . . . reminiscent of the old days is the current twosoming of old flames Ivan Lebedeff and Wera Engels, remember? . . .

■

DON'T BE SURPRISED—if there's a reconciliation soon (maybe by the time this sees print) between Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen, who used to be his first wife, and may be his next.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:

Junior Laemmle and Mary Rogers—
There's a coupla rumor-dodgers;
Mary Rogers and Junior Laemmle—
Wonder how soon she'll join the faemmle?

■

DIVORCEES OF THE SEASON: Ginger Rogers has her divorce at last, but it's a California one after all—which means she can't marry again for a year at least. And Ginger isn't saying whether it'll be Howard Hughes then, or not. To get her divorce, Ginger told the judge that Lew Ayres had told her to get out and go home to mama—and mama added that Lew had said he didn't want Ginger any more, and mama could have her for keeps.

Alice Faye, jittering out loud that she was "as nervous as a cat" and saying she hopes she'll never have to get another divorce, took the witness stand and explained that Tony Martin was away from Hollywood too much and, anyway, when she went East to be with him, he left her home while he stepped out. So the judge gave her a divorce, and now she's stepping out with a few of the boys while Tony's big moment in New York is showgal Ann Graham.

■

ALL-IS-CONFUSION Dept: Rosalie Graybar, one of the town's toppest nite-club singers, is being rushed by Cesar Romero, Bunny Bacon and Bruce Cabot,

[*Continued on page* 18]

CHARLES BOYER

"ALL THIS, AND HEAVEN TOO"

IN ALL ITS GLORY, with the full fire of its deep-stirring story, this beloved best-seller sweeps to the summit of screen achievement! And *never* have its stars come to you so immeasurably magnificent, or brought you a drama that touches so close to your heart. You will, of course, see it!

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Rachel Field

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AN ANATOLE LITVAK PRODUCTION
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture

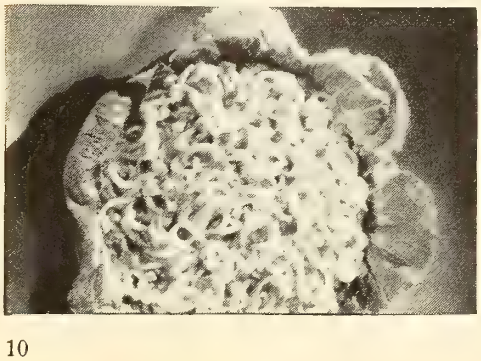
Spaghetti--SUMMER SPECIALTY

Delicious is the Packaged Spaghetti Dinner with Sherry meat sauce and shaker of cheese

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

Cook and serve spaghetti in glass bakingware for that grand hot dish for summer

Stuffed peppers prove spaghetti and macaroni to be thrifty cooking ingredients



For a hearty but cooling hot weather dish, macaroni salad mold is the tops

SUMMER MEALS MADE EASY WITH APPETITE-APPEALING SPAGHETTI

"WHEW—*is* it *hot!* No, never mind getting me supper, I don't feel like eating anything much tonight—just bring me a pitcher of something cold to drink until I cool off—"

How often do we hear a remark of this kind, and alas, how mistaken is such a viewpoint! Granted that midsummer with its soaring thermometer is hot or even scorching, nevertheless nothing is more detrimental to health than the practice of downing a quantity of chill liquids without accompanying them with sufficient amounts of substantial warm food.

"SAY IT WITH SPAGHETTI!" Yes, not only tubular spaghetti and macaroni, but their cousins and their aunts in the large food paste family which take the form of elbow or "cut" macaroni, interesting shell shapes, large and small, bow-knots, and even the intriguing letters of the alphabet. There's a pattern, shape and size of these delicious, nourishing foods to suit every course in the meal from soups, through salads, to the dessert.

Spaghetti to the homemaker immediately projects a realization of a good hot meal—ready in a jiffy. For all these high value (but most easily digestible) semolina grain or wheat foods require only to be dropped into rapidly boiling salted water and cooked nine minutes, flat.

Most time-saving, indeed, is the complete or "packaged" spaghetti dinner including 8-oz. of spaghetti, an 8-oz. can of meat or other tasty sauce (wonderfully seasoned with Sherry, by the way) and a generous sprinkling of cheese in a convenient sprinkler top shaker. It will certainly pay to keep a couple of such handy, inexpensive and ready-to-eat packaged dinners right on the pantry shelf all summer long. Never "unexpected guests" with a complete dinner thus on hand at any hour.

Then, of course, the many excellent varieties of spaghetti and macaroni in canned form should likewise fill a goodly shelf in the summer stockroom. Canned macaroni with a rich, hearty, cream sauce lends itself to many appetizing, but never taxing, hot [*Continued on page 79*]

I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL WITH LUX SOAP

JOAN BENNETT

WALTER WANGER STAR

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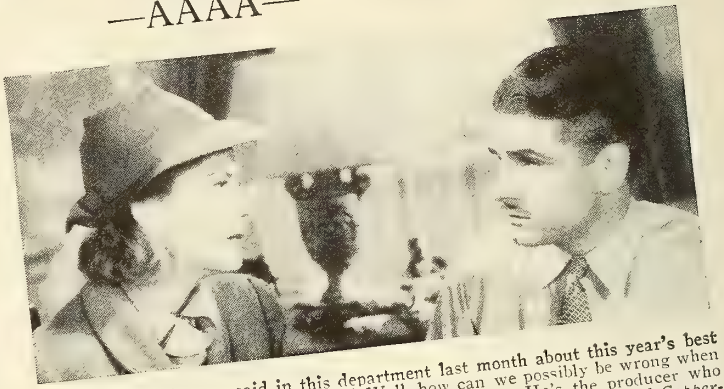
PICTURE PARADE

REBECCA

—AAAA—



Remember what we said in this department last month about this year's best pictures being last year's best novels? Well, how can we possibly be wrong when David O. Selznick had the same idea—and long ago. He's the producer who scored such a sensational success with *Gone With the Wind*, also *David Copperfield*. Being a perfectionist Mr. Selznick isn't content with just good pictures, he must have the best and it not only is apparent that Mr. S. knows what he wants but how to get it. He gave *Rebecca* a splendid cast, a beautiful screenplay by Robert Sherwood and Joan Harrison and an ace director—Alfred Hitchcock. The result? *Rebecca* is the most literal translation of a fascinating book and is not only this year's but any year's best picture. Joan Fontaine as the second *Mrs. Maxim de Winter* is magnificent. She doesn't play a part—she *is* the girl Miss du Maurier wrote about—the young, naive, plain, sensitive girl that *Maxim de Winter* took to Manderley as his second wife. As to *Maxim*, Laurence Olivier plays him splendidly, but then we expected it. The rest of the cast in this exciting mystery-romance is above the average.—*Selznick-U. A.*

'TIL WE MEET AGAIN

—AAA½—

It looks as if we aren't going to be able to keep our health and our job, too, for in the past few weeks we have suffered from tumor of the brain (*Dark Victory*), a dreaded social disease (*Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet*), acute appendicitis (*Young Tom Edison*) and cancer (*Rebecca*). And although we enjoyed all these films—they were all four star pictures—the pain (even if imaginary) was becoming unbearable. So to the doc we went for a check-up. And just as we were beginning to feel tip-top again, after being reassured that the only thing wrong with us was imaginitis, along comes *'Til We Meet Again* and here we are stricken with angina which as you probably know is a serious heart ailment. Our beautiful heroine, Merle Oberon, is a victim of the disease and only has a few months to live. Our hero, George Brent, hasn't much longer as he is being returned to San Quentin by Pat O'Brien to fulfill a death sentence for murder. They meet at a bar in Hong Kong and then again aboard a steamer homeward bound and fall desperately in love. It's a beautifully romantic and sympathetic story and really touches the heart. Merle Oberon is fine.—*Warner.*

[*Continued on page* 14]

LAST CALL FOR HOLLYWOOD!

ALL ABOARD! HERE'S THE LAST CALL TO JOIN THE 1940 MOVIELAND TOUR—AND SEE THE STARS!

LAST call! There is still time to join the big 1940 Fawcett Movieland Tour. But if you want to enjoy a glorious two weeks' vacation of travel and Hollywood thrills, you must act *now*. There is no time to lose!

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3 *for* 25¢

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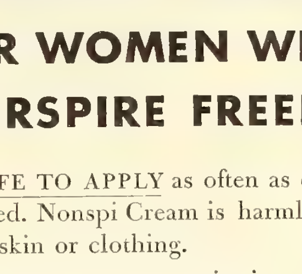


There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI** *— at drug and department stores.*

PICTURE PARADE

IRENE

—AAA½—

Delightful to the eyes and the ears is this Herbert Wilcox elaborate part-Technicolor production of *Irene*, the musical comedy that set New York on its ear some years ago—with such tunes as *Alice Blue Gown*, *Irene*, *Out on a Limb*, etc. But it isn't Mr. Wilcox's directing-producing talents alone that make *Irene* so stimulating to our senses, there's Anna Neagle—the star who's been associated with Queen Victoria and more recently Nurse Cavell—and her vocalizing and acting and dancing are not what one would call exactly hard on the eyes or ears. In fact, you'd have to go far to find anyone who could match Miss Neagle's talents—thespian, terpsichorean, tonal—and beauty. The rest of the cast is impressive, too, particularly Ray Milland, Alan Marshal, Roland Young, May Robson and Billie Burke, to mention only a few. *Irene* has all the qualities that spell entertainment—it's gay and romantic. A young girl in an upholstery shop is sent to do some straightening-out at the home of a wealthy client, meets a friend of the son of the house—and she's on her way to fame and fortune and the altar.—*RKO-Radio.*

SAFARI

—AAA—

More than a year ago they dressed Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. in khaki shorts, high boots and a pith helmet and he's been wearing them since—in India for *Gunga Din*, in the South American Jungle for *Green Hell* and now in Africa for *Safari*. We don't know how Doug Jr. feels about it but we are beginning to feel about Doug's shorts as we do about Dorothy Lamour's sarong. But it's just like Hollywood to do that. They probably couldn't find another man in the cinema city who could wear white tie and tails better than young Fairbanks or who could be more comfortable in Park Avenue or Pall Mall drawing-rooms but, no, they wouldn't give those parts to Doug. They save those for some guy who thinks that only undertakers and head-waiters wear dress suits. But that's enough of Hollywood, let's get on to *Safari* and penetrate deepest Africa with Doug, Madeleine Carroll and Tullio Carminati and catch some game. *Jim Logan* (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), an idealist, is in it for the money while *Baron de Courland* (Tullio Carminati) for the sport. *Linda* (Madeleine Carroll) the *Baron's* fiancee is in it because she lost a bet.—*Paramount.*

[*Continued on page* 66]

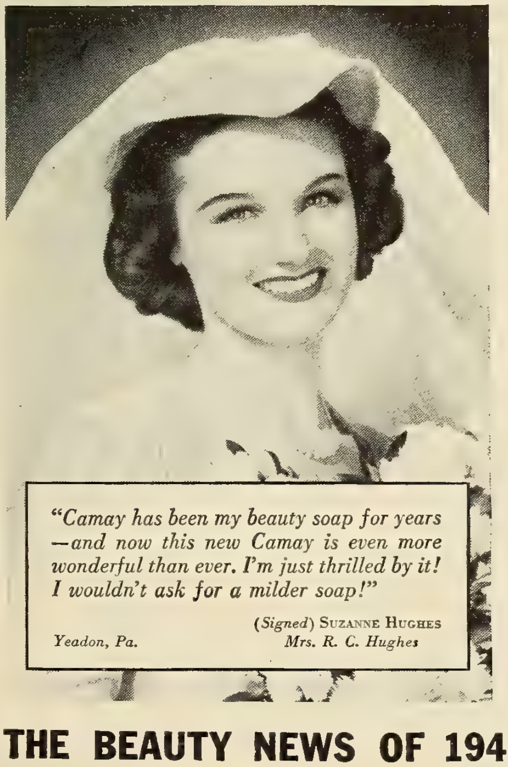
Lana's adapting herself to wifehood with unexpected ease . . . **OF JANE AND EDDIE:** The lad who accompanied Eddie Albert on his highly publicized jaunt to Mexico returned with word of Jane Bryan . . . Jane thus far has made good her decision to give up the screen . . . But she will return to the stage in the East as soon as she locates a suitable play . . . It seems that it was love at first sight the moment Jane looked into the eyes of handsome Justin Dart . . . That was some months before their marriage . . . Eddie and Janie had been playing at romance before then . . . Eddie was in on the Bryan-Dart marriage plans all along . . . He's not carrying any torch . . . He was never lost in Mexico . . . It was his companion, a young actor appearing in *I Married an Angel,* who was lost at sea for seven days, after dropping Eddie off at Ensenada . . . The actor was due back in Los Angeles for the opening of the musical . . . while the adventurous Eddie was strumming his guitar under the balconies of dark-eyed senoritas, the unseaworthy craft carrying his best friend and a sea captain, sailed out to sea . . . Fortunately, the boat drifted back to Ensenada while the studio and Eddie's mama thought Eddie lost . . . And whereas Eddie got some swell publicity out of the affair the young actor lost his job. . . .

SPRING ON BROADWAY: World's Fair visitors will see more movie names in these parts than on a trip to Hollywood . . . Broadway raids on studio talent continues while Paramount does as well by Broadway's young hopefuls . . . Leila Ernst returned from *Life With Henry,* the second Henry Aldrich comedy, denying that the Jackie Cooper coupling was anything but a particularly uninspired studio romance . . . Aren't these trumped-up publicity romances getting silly? Alexander D'Arcy, known to me only as the gentleman who almost romanced Arleen Whelan to the altar, joined the cast of *Keep Off the Grass* . . . Gracie MacDonald, a cute trick and clever dancer, was plucked right from the arms of George Jean Nathan for a Hollywood debut . . . Gladys George opened in *Lady in Waiting* with husband, Leonard Penn, also in the cast, without convincing the critics she wasn't wasting her talent . . . Lupe Velez, who continues to be a breath of an earlier, less inhibited Hollywood, is "so hap-ee ovair her coomback in peectures" . . . and is featuring her devastating imitations at the Paramount Theatre . . . So she can buy herself another diamond bracelet . . . Gene Raymond had little success trying to place several new songs he had written . . . and was called back to RKO for another picture with Wendy Barrie . . . Gene is doing just the sort of light comedy he did with Ann Sothern, after a long hold-out against that type of picture . . . But the fans will be pleased . . . Sylvia Sidney was pacted by Warner for the lead opposite Jimmy Cagney in a part Bette Davis turned down . . . The Groupites aren't eyeing Hollywood with quite that old jaundiced air since they struck a financial snag . . . John Garfield was all for a hasty return when *Heavenly Express* opened to discouraging returns on the road . . . But an enthusiastic Pittsburgh reception encouraged the producers to bring it in . . . Harry Carey is also in the cast . . . It's his first legitimate experience in thirty-five years of acting.

YOU SHOULD HAVE seen all the girls rushing Tony Martin the night he opened at the Versailles! . . . Producer Harry Cohn took one look and sent Tony back to Hollywood . . . He completed a sensational engagement after an equally successful season in a Miami club . . . If Tony could act the way he sings . . . and looks . . . he'd be just about the best thing on the screen . . . Desi Arnaz, of *Too Many Girls,* and who has a devoted following of his own at the La Conga, laughingly accused Tony of muscling in on his territory . . . But peace reigned . . . Tony still prefers blondes and Broadway's Glamor Boy Number One likes brunettes . . . Particularly Renee DeMarco . . . They both have tough competition from Franchot Tone who moved right up there in the telephone numbers with *The Fifth Column* . . . Between them they've left that other model's prayer, Burgess Meredith, slim pickings . . . Desi will appear in the film version of *Too Many Girls* . . . He has a no-marriage clause in his contract . . . Which isn't bothering the twenty-two-year-old Cuban personality boy just yet . . . Cary Grant looked the town over after a week's shooting in historic Williamsburg, Va. . . . He did El Morocco with lovely Marcy Westcott . . . Marcy has been spoken for by Producer George Abbott . . . She will join Arnaz in the Rodgers and Hart musical at RKO this summer . . . At Sardi's: Tyrone Power escaping the autograph hunters . . . Ty told Renee, the famed hat-check lassie, it was the only place where he could eat in comfort . . . Ty and Annabella entertained friends at the popular restaurant after attending the opening of *Higher and Higher* . . . Annabella and Marta Eggert of the cast are old friends . . . Simone Simon, Cary, Ray Milland, and Frances Fonda were other first nighters . . . Hank was grounded by bad weather several days later and missed the opening day of the circus . . . He's a circus fan from way back . . . At Ralph's: Josh Logan who directed *Higher and Higher* tried to get Ralph to remember when he, Hank Fonda and Jimmy Stewart ate dinner in the little spaghetti place "on the cuff" . . . But the boys were no different from dozens of struggling lads Ralph extends credit to between engagements . . . He didn't remember . . . But Josh did . . . Hank never could get a job that paid more than seven or eight dollars at some tiny strawhatter . . . Of the trio, only Logan prefers Broadway success to the Hollywood variety.

AT "21" CLUB: Lana and Artie Shaw saying hello to Betty Grable . . . Betty, you remember, was the bewildered little girl Artie left behind when he sought to get away from it all . . . Betty is going very steadily with Alexis Thompson, a wealthy Canadian, recently out of Yale . . . Charles Laughton, even more unpressed than usual, in jolly mood . . . The Astor: The Press Photographer's Ball was as much fun as usual . . . The room reserved for the stars held nary a flashlight . . . No publicity pictures on this night . . . Did I notice a few disappointed looks? John Barrymore and his dark-eyed Elaine are the pets of the lens lads . . . John has dropped years in appearance since Elaine has him in hand again . . . He appeared sober and subdued . . . Maybe it was just weariness since he has been donning a tux nightly after the show and squiring his wife to those society cafes she so dearly loves . . . Barrymore thinks brother, Lionel, will be along for a show if his health permits . . . Michael Whalen and Margo . . . Lyle Talbot . . . Edward Arnold remarking to someone who recalled seeing him as a romantic juvenile twenty-three years ago, that he always had trouble getting jobs until he got fat . . . Success never caught up with him until he was middle-aged and corpulent . . . Ray Milland excited about a motor boat he had purchased that day . . . Ellen Drew . . . George Murphy sent his regrets . . . His entire visit in town was spent in a hotel-room nursing a cold . . . La Conga: The Henry Fondas . . . Harold Lloyd, still seeking a youthful comedian to remake his old comedies and gain stardom overnight . . . Glenda Farrell, following her performance in Alan Dinehart's *Separate Rooms* . . . Sally O'Neil and Molly O'Day . . . remember? . . . They are even now younger than many present day stars . . . yet Sally is playing a very small part in a current show . . . still wistful-eyed and full of Irish charm . . . and Molly, the wife of actor Jack Durant, is the mother of three children and so domestic . . . Sally is full of pride and won't be considered a sob story . . . But she does wish she had invested in a home in those fabulous Hollywood days, instead of a ten thousand dollar car. . . .

Lovely Women Welcome this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



"Camay has been my beauty soap for years—and now this new Camay is even more wonderful than ever. I'm just thrilled by it! I wouldn't ask for a milder soap!"

(Signed) SUZANNE HUGHES
Yeadon, Pa. Mrs. R. C. Hughes

MILLIONS of women have tried this wonderful new Camay. And everywhere they're thrilled to find a soap whose greater mildness, and more abundant lather can help them in their search for loveliness!

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Camay has a new, long-lasting fragrance. Almost 2 out of every 3 women we asked voted it more pleasing than that of these other soaps!

THE BEAUTY NEWS OF 1940 IS THE NEW CAMAY

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 9]

Judith Barrett, Venus from Venus, Texas, gives up screen for good now that she's wife of Lin Howard, whose pappy owns the track champion, "Seabiscuit"

and running her neck-and-neck for who's-whose honors is Ernest Truex, who's rushing Julie Jenner (agent Monte Proser's ex), Ann Taylor (the Ciro's ciggie-gal) and Olive Hatch (ex-Olympic swim champ).

◆

MEANTIME, are Dolores and Orson Welles even BETTER friends?

How to keep beautiful but tanned in swim suit, Ellen Drew lets sun do its stuff on back, saves face with wide-brim bonnet

BABY TALK IN HOLLYWOOD: The Rex Leases have a date with Ol' Doc Stork for mid-fall. . . .

And the Kent Taylors (who have two already) expect a third in early summer (and don't be surprised if it's here by the time you read this).

Constance Moore and hubby Johnny Maschio have had to buy a new home, on account of their honeymoon cottage was just a twosome-spot, and now they're going to need a nursery.

Mrs. and Mr. Oscar Levant (she's June Gale to you!) say there'll be a little Levant along pretty soon.

The Ray Millands have named their baby, which came ahead of time but is doing fine, thank you, David Daniel.

And the Doug Fairbanks, Juniors have chosen Daphne as their li'l gal's name.

◆

HOLLYWOOD, incurably romantic and sentimental, insists on believing that it's gonna be a retake with Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks. And neither Cary nor Phyl say 'tain't so. But they don't say, either, 'tis. . . .!

Nothing was ever colder than the bust-up of those two. Hotter than paparika while they were Hollywood's twosome-of-the-season, only a few scant months ago, they suddenly broke-up and loved each other like Hitler and a rabbi!

Outstepped Cary with a row of honeys, notably Lucile Fairbanks, not to mention Joan Castle (who was Georgie Jessel's light-o-love until he decided she was superannuated or something). Phyllis, on the contrary, carried the torch high and flaming—and was notable for her non-stepping-out in Hollywood.

And now, as this is written, Cary and Phyl have made up — they're having dinner together, and they're dancing cheek-to-cheek. Lucile Fairbanks is out in the cold, save when Owen Crump helps her forget. And Hollywood's betting two-to-one that Cary just couldn't find anybody who agreed with him as whole heartedly about Cary's perfection as does Phyllis.

And THAT'LL get ANY man, even if he were NOT a movie actor.

◆

ELOPEMENT of the season was the one which wound up with June Lang (the gal Victor Orsatti couldn't stay married to) becoming the bride of John Roselli, ex-New Yorker and former bodyguard to Producer Harry Cohn, whom practically NObody in Hollywood had EVER heard of until he became Mister June Lang.

Their elopement was a surprise to all Hollywood, including even June's friends. When Orsatti heard of it, he wished bridegroom Roselli a lot of luck. Meantime, Victor, who stayed married to June only two months, is getting ready to take another fling at marriage, himself. He and Helen Gilbert, not long divorced, are altar-bound.

TIME-MARCHES-ON note: Freddie Bartholomew, bounding merrily along into deep-voiced adulthood, is also getting to be THE stepper-outer of the town's teen-ages. Freddie plays a four-gal field: June Lockhart, Judy Garland, Gloria Lloyd and Peggy Lloyd.

The latter are Harold Lloyd's daughters.

Wonder when Shirley Temple's going to have her first beau. Well Georgie Jessel is out.

◆

BRIEF NOTE to JOAN CRAWFORD: That so-gorgeous compact you got for your birthday from ex-hubby Franchot Tone doesn't mean anything more than that Franchot Tone is a thoughtful ex-husband.

Former model Ann Roberts who is an eyeful as well as armful, appears as one of the lovelies in Hal Roach's *Turnabout*

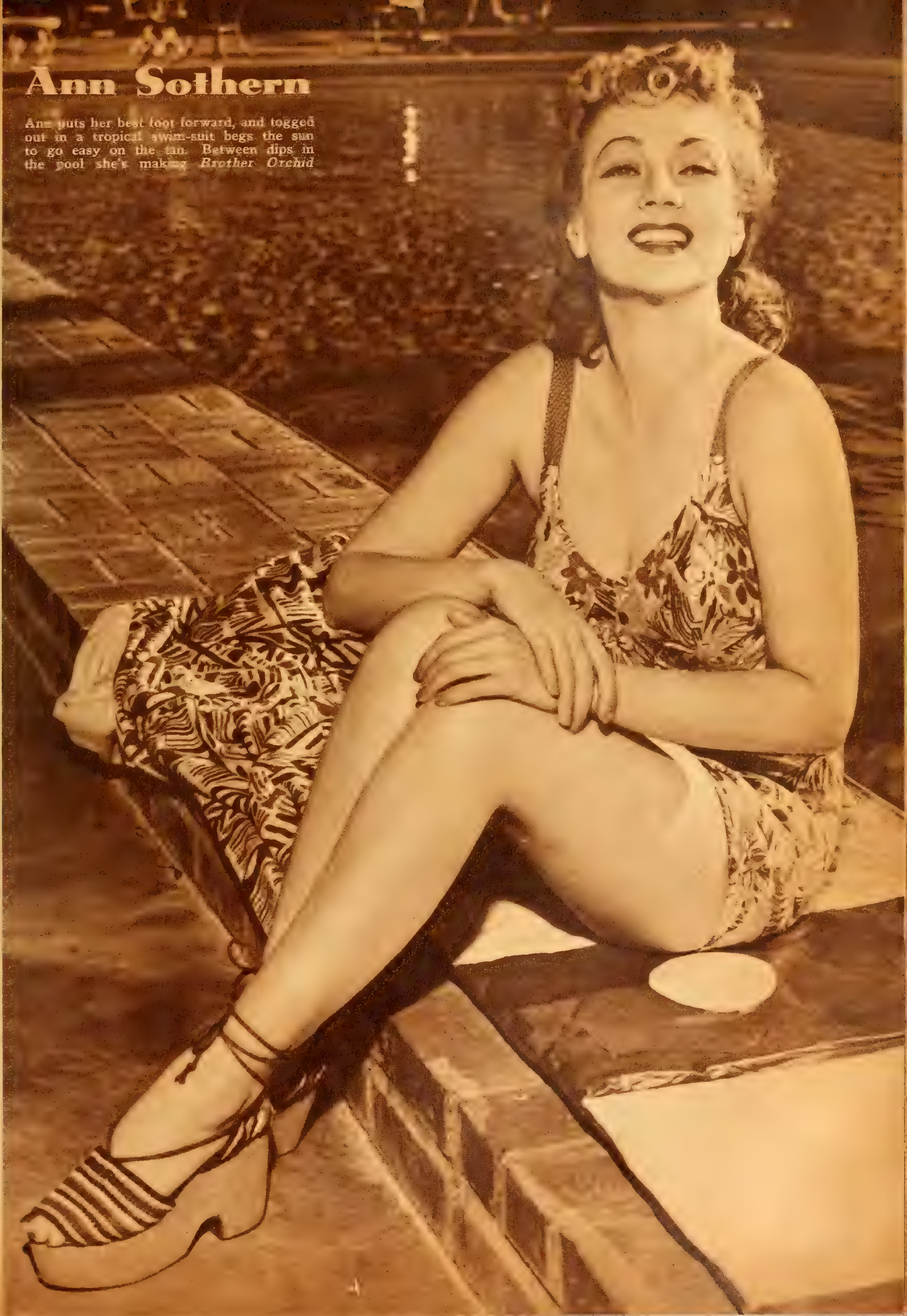
On account of Franchot's HEART wasn't packed up in the compact. Because Harriet Bennett is keeping it for him. She used to be an Earl Carroll beauty-cutie. Now she's Franchot's ditto.

◆

MAYBE Lana Turner is still happy about being Mrs. Artie Shaw, but M-G-M certainly wasn't till the other day when they lifted her suspension. Lana was hotter at M-G-M than Annie Sheridan is at Warners, just before she set Hollywood on its ears by eloping with Artie. But since that—well, Lana's just another of the gals on the lot, and so what?

Lana isn't perturbed. Between Artie

[*Continued on page* 77]



Ann Sothern

Ann puts her best foot forward, and togged out in a tropical swim-suit begs the sun to go easy on the tan. Between dips in the pool she's making *Brother Orchid*

SHE OWES IT ALL TO OLIVIER

By JAMES REID

READY TO PASS UP LONDON STAGE CAREER BECAUSE SHE WAS GETTING NOWHERE, GREER GARSON CAME UNDER DIRECTION OF LAURENCE OLIVIER—WHO SAVED HER TALENT FOR THE MOVIES

"I'VE never told, in detail, the part that Laurence Olivier has played in my life," said Greer Garson, smiling as if she hoped for a reaction of lifted eyebrows. Then having achieved that reaction, she feigned surprise. "My life as an actress, I mean," she added.

It was 4 p. m. on the set of *Pride and Prejudice,* co-starring Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. The entire company—predominantly English, with the notable exception of the jovial German cameraman, Karl Freund—had taken time out for tea. Greer was also taking time out for an interview.

With one eye on her interviewer, and the other on the small kettle simmering on the electric grill on her dressing-table, she said significantly, "If it hadn't been for our good friend, Mr. Olivier, I might not be acting today.

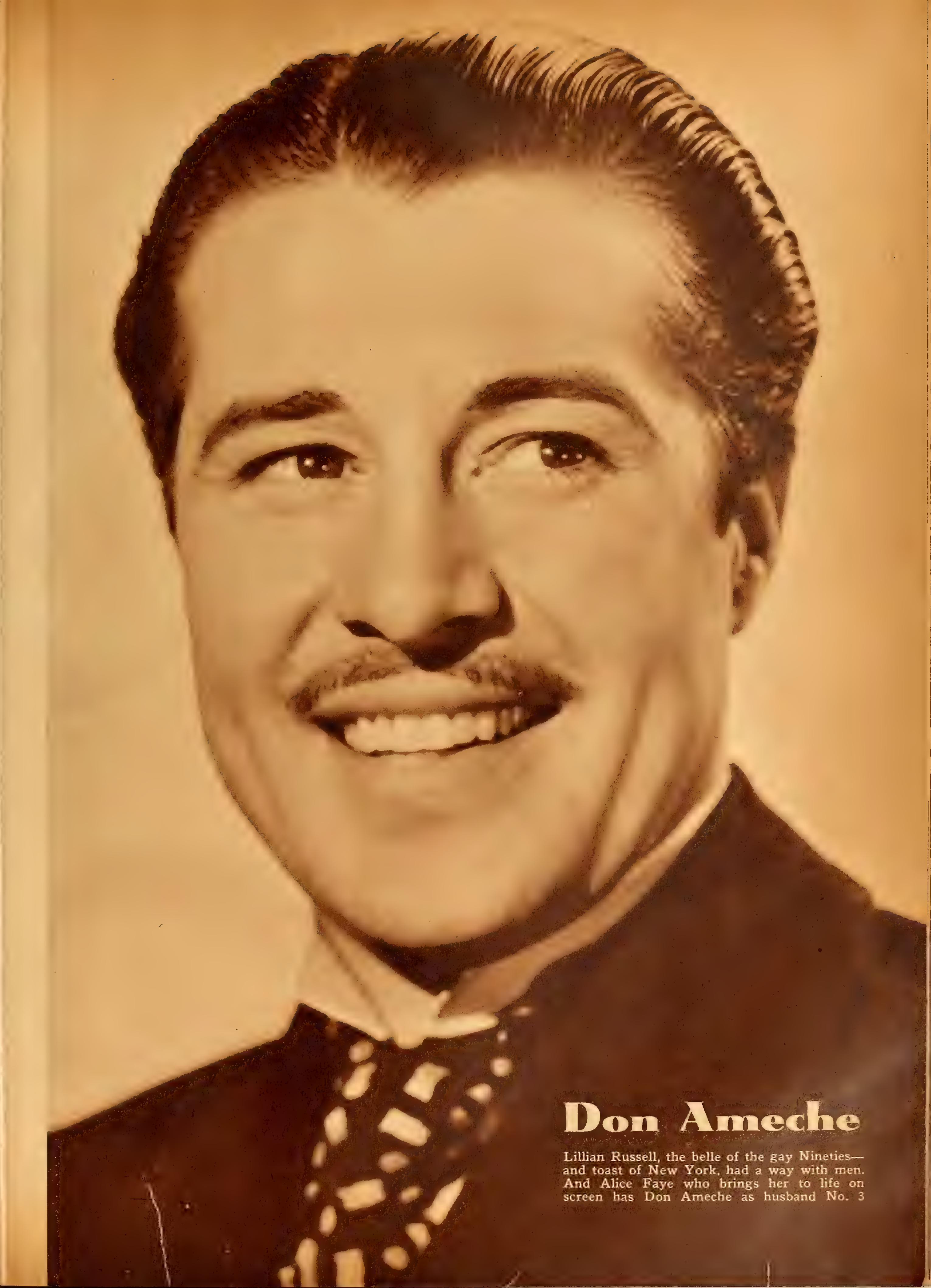
"I'll tell you how he saved my career"—she rolled her r's, with mock dignity—"five years and six thousand miles ago.

"Five years ago, almost to the month, I was in London, in an abyss of discouragement. I had been trying to get a lead in a West End show—any West End show. And I had reached the hopeless conclusion that the feat was impossible. The West End—which is to London what Broadway is to New York—had no use for unknowns.

"As far as the West End was concerned, I was an unknown. The leads I had played in Birmingham and on tour didn't count.

"Doing those plays in the provinces, I had been looking constantly toward London, confident that, in time, London would look toward me. What happened instead was that, in time, I had lost my belief in Cinderella. I *hadn't* seen any producers trampling each other, anxious to sign me. In fact, it had become horribly apparent that if I were ever to amount to anything as an actress, I'd have to force the issue, myself. If I were ever to get to London, I'd have to buy a ticket, myself. So, one day, I had done just that.

"Then, month after dreary month, I had made the rounds of the London theatrical offices. Most of the managers wouldn't see me. Those who did see me invariably said, 'You're a leading-actress type in everything except name—you're one of those hit-or-miss people.' They didn't feel they could afford to gamble on my being a [*Continued on page 72*]



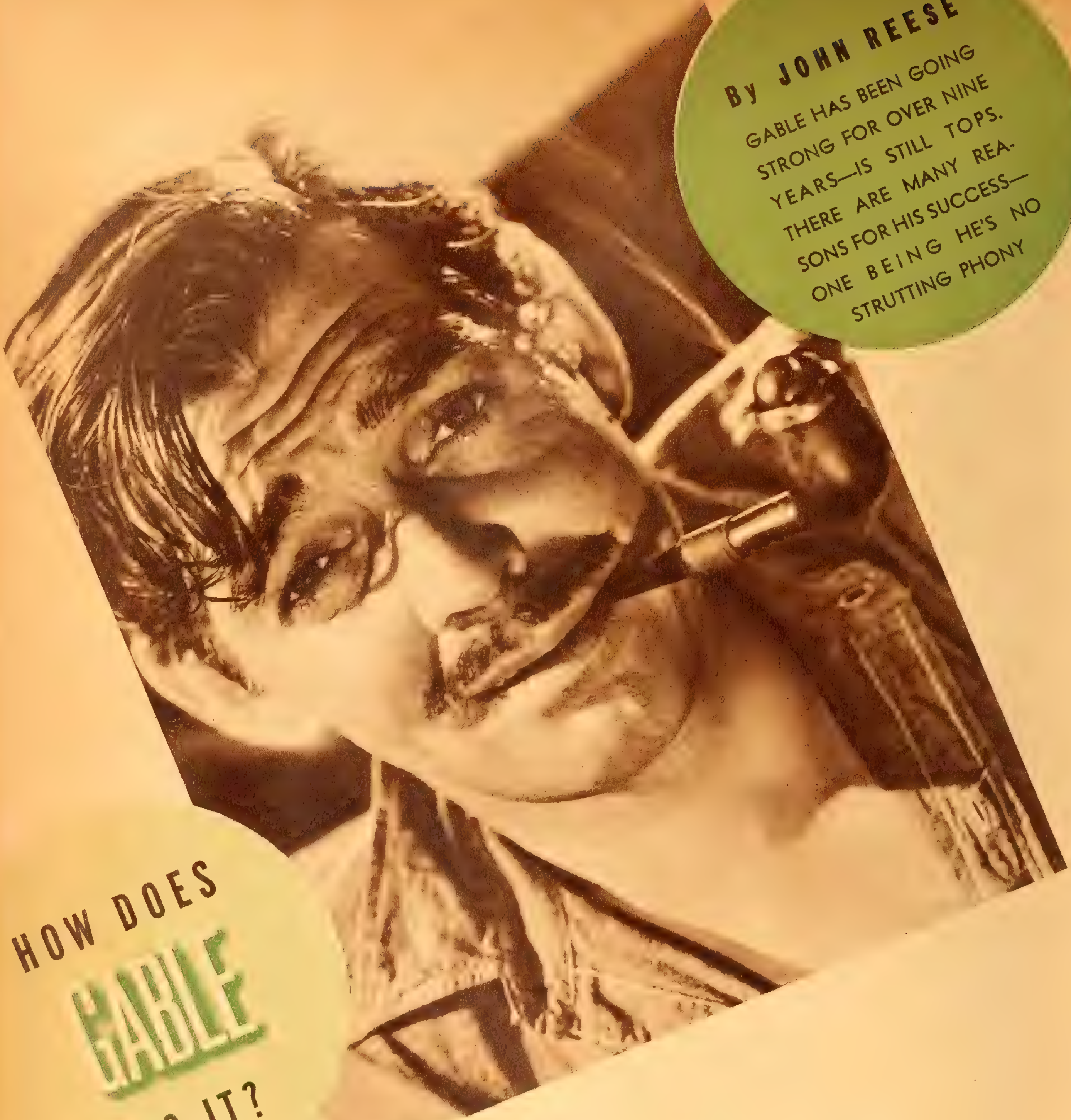
Don Ameche

Lillian Russell, the belle of the gay Nineties—and toast of New York, had a way with men. And Alice Faye who brings her to life on screen has Don Ameche as husband No. 3

HOW DOES GABLE DO IT?

By JOHN REESE

GABLE HAS BEEN GOING STRONG FOR OVER NINE YEARS—IS STILL TOPS. THERE ARE MANY REASONS FOR HIS SUCCESS—ONE BEING HE'S NO STRUTTING PHONY



"THIS won't last, so I'm going to make my pile quick and get out!" Clark Gable told me, nearly eight years ago.

The other day he smilingly admitted he had been a pretty poor prophet. Instead of getting out quickly, he has broken all records for year-after-year leadership at the box-office. Throw in his Academy Award, his *Rhett Butler* triumph, his new contract at $7,500 weekly, and you have what makes Gable the most successful movie actor of all time.

"But if I had it to do over again, I'd still make the same prophecy," he declared. "I know more about pictures now, but not enough to understand my good luck."

Clark had no intention of inferring, here, that his success was due to luck rather than ability. He is modest by nature, but too honest to be *that* modest! Actually, he has had his full share of unlucky breaks. Weak pictures, miscasting, divorce, unwelcome headlines in the press, occasional ill-advised ballyhoo such as that "mobbed by women" stuff.

Those run-of-the-mill misfortunes, which might have ruined another star's career, failed to retard Clark's. His great hold on the public, a product of magnetic personality plus acting ability, saw him through.

His good luck lay in escaping a graver danger. That escape, too, may be the secret of his tremendous success, for it enabled him to go through the Hollywood mill without being forced to "conform," as it is politely called.

Conforming, in that group of closely allied, paternalistic monarchies called the movie industry, does things to a man like Gable. Far more to his rugged, independent sort than to most actors, who take the "yessing" involved as a matter of course, as part of the game.

So when Clark uttered his skeptical prophecy, eight years ago, he knew that the movies might demand of him more humility than he was prepared to offer.

[*Continued on page* 63]

Nancy Kelly

Sailors have sweethearts in every port but there's one he prefers as mate. Which is why Nancy Kelly wistfully wonders if he's true in *Sailor's Lady*

"YOU CAN

By GLADYS HALL

I SAT on the side-lines on a sound stage of *Edison, the Man.* Spencer Tracy, as the Wizard of Menlo Park, was at work in the exact reproduction of the laboratory which M-G-M has built, faithful to the last gadget. Spence was inventing the electric light bulb before my very eyes. He polished off in an hour the invention it took Edison nine years to perfect. Then, with the usual Tracy lack of pomp and show-offiness, he strolled off the set and greeted me with a cordial, "Hello, what do *you* want *this* time?"

I greeted him with a poised pencil which he regarded as one might regard a fixed bayonet. Spencer, you know, goes through tortures when he's asked to talk about himself. He's one of the most inarticulate (concerning himself) individuals who ever mummed for a living. It's something congenital. Even at home he doesn't talk about himself. His children are very vague about the pictures he's made. Mrs. Tracy keeps up with his

ONLY DEFEAT YOURSELF--"

SAYS SPENCER TRACY

TRACY ISN'T GIVEN TO TALKING ABOUT HIMSELF AT ANY TIME, BUT CAN "GIVE" VEHEMENTLY IN DEFENDING HIS PROFESSION. ONE THING HE IS SURE OF — AND THAT IS AN ACTOR CAN ONLY DEFEAT HIMSELF

activities mostly by reading the trade papers and magazines. He's no Great, Big Movie Star at home, or anywhere else.

Spence is "better with men," they say, when he can swap stories and all. Mantalk, you know. I've often seen him on a set with Gable and Victor Fleming and the guffaws that go on then are thunderous.

I've often seen him lunching at the Writers and Directors Table in the M-G-M commissary, where only three actors are ever allowed to park—Gable, Taylor and Tracy being the three—and it's a table For Men Only. With these men, I've noticed, Spence is just a chatter-box.

But with the ladies his eyes seem to condemn them to the guillotine. Not that he isn't agreeable and cordial and friendly as anything. He is. He orders tea in his portable dressing-room (he's a tea-drinking fool) and cakes and things. When I complimented him on his tea and the pouring of it he said he's had a lot of practice . . . being an insomniac. Spence keeps a small electric percolator and coffee on his bedside table and "perks" himself a pot every now and again during his always wakeful nights. . . .

YES, he's very hospitable, very pleased to see you, even if you do carry a poised pencil. "Stay around," he told me when he had to go back to the set to make a scene, "stay around, I won't be long. . . ."

So, when Tracy, the Man, who looks enough like Edison, the Man, to be his twin brother, returned and had another pot of tea, I gave him an encouraging smile and said, "I've thought of a subject for our interview, Spence . . . *The Code of an Actor,* let's talk about that. . . ."

Spence blinked at me. Sort of a patient blink, such as a dumb animal might hand you if you asked it to conjugate a Latin verb.

"You know," I went on, avoiding his eyes, "a doctor has his code—the Oath of Hippocrates—and a lawyer has his. There are regimental codes and even honor among thieves. Now, then, the Code of an Actor, you know. . . ."

"I don't, though," said Spence with the stark simplicity that makes him cinematically great but conversationally helpless.

"I don't," he repeated, "has he got one? Look," he added, brightening, "you'd better run along and talk to Muni if you want anything like this to write about. This is the kind of thing that suits his book fine. I don't know anything about the Code of an Actor. *I* haven't got one anywhere around. . . ."

I said grimly, "I am a glutton for punishment."

"You sure are, sister," Spence laughed, but sympathetically. Then, "Aw, just write anything about me, *you* know me, make up something, anything, it's all right with me. . . ."

I said I [*Continued on page* 74]

As Thomas Edison, in *Edison, the Man,* Tracy works on inventions in laboratory like original

Rita Johnson is Mrs. Edison and joins inventor as he works on phonograph—an 1877 invention

Cary Grant

Cary has now caught up with Colonial life as lived by Patrick Henry and other patriots in *The Howards of Virginia.* Naturally the setting is Williamsburg at its Colonial best

SHIPWRECK ME WITH SHERIDAN!

FOR PAGAN EXISTENCE ON A DESERT ISLE ANN HAS WHAT RIVALS HAVE—PLUS

By SAM HARDWICK

HOORAY! Ann Sheridan has consented. She'll be shipwrecked with me on a tropical island.

Just think of it. With Ann under the cocoanut palms, when the sun blazes down and the world drowses. Or on the coral beach, when the trade wind whips up white banners of foam on the blue ocean, and makes Ann's red hair stream out behind her head. (Ah, for a color camera! But who'd develop the film?)

And with Ann at night, under the great yellow disc of the pagan moon!

Of course, as the star herself points out, it's up to me to arrange the details. The storm, the wreck, the island, and so on.

"That wreck will have to be carefully managed," I told her. "For instance, other survivors mustn't land on the same island. We want to be alone. Except, possibly, for a few cannibals, to fish and pick cocoanuts and bananas for us."

"Wouldn't it be a pity if the U. S. C. football team just happened to be marooned with us?" Ann suggested.

"Horrible thought!" I protested. "I don't like football players anyway, except from a seat on the fifty-yard line."

"Well, don't shipwreck us with the Earl Carroll chorus, either, darling!"

As though I'd do a thing like that!

Before choosing Ann, I had carefully considered all my other favorites among the glamor girls. The ones [*Continued on page 76*]

Ellen Drew

After three in a row, namely *French Without Tears, Women Without Names, Buck Benny Rides Again,* Ellen has now proved she's talented and popular, ready for real stardom

HOW TO WIN BACK A WIFE

as told by **RAY MILLAND**

to **LEON SURMELIAN**

MILLAND LOVED HIS WIFE ENOUGH TO WIN HER BACK, THUS PROVING HIMSELF THE EXCEPTION IN HOLLYWOOD—AND MOST EVERYWHERE ELSE. HE GIVES SOUND ADVICE TO DIVORCED COUPLES STILL IN LOVE

ON THE screen it's Ray Milland's boyish grin that does the trick. Women love it. And men don't resent him. He isn't the type men resent. But offscreen, he is moody, gay, perverse, amiable, explosive, easy-going, bored and attentive by turns. You miss, generally, his ingratiating smile. He is habitually reticent, often morose and brooding. But when you think he's lost in mournful meditation on the ills and mystery of life, he'll all of a sudden look up and wink at you. There's nothing like that wink on movie sets.

A strange and singular lad, this Milland. In appearance he's not at all disappointing when you meet him for the first time. Quite the contrary. He's more impressive than you'd imagine him to be. Black-haired, blue-eyed, tall, 6 ft. 2, this romantic and a bit scornful ex-hussar from the King's own personal bodyguard was born to stride along in spurred boots.

However, the other day, while carrying on a love-behind-hate scene in Columbia's *The Doctor Takes a Wife* with Loretta Young, he was limping. "I got a Charley horse," he muttered to us. His speech, at times racy, is never of the Mayfair tone and accent. He talks like an American. Good English is equally good on both sides of the Atlantic. An accent—Oxford or otherwise—only mars it.

Like a bad boy who knows he's bad, Mr. M. proceeded to declare his faults and shortcomings. That tendency of his, unusual in Hollywood, is partly responsible for his peculiar brand of offscreen charm. It isn't a pose. We held before him our figurative mirror. And here's how he saw himself in it—after flaring up at the word mirror and insisting he never looks into a mirror except to comb his hair or brush his teeth, that he hates mirrors, and hates men who like them. Why, he has watched a certain potent star preen and admire himself every time he sees a mirror, and it's disgusting! After this outburst against mirrors (we were in his portable dressing-room), he quieted down, and admitted:

"I'm very intolerant. I'm not polite and I don't give a damn what people think of me. I won't sit up all night with people who bore me. I won't put up with them [*Continued on page* 56]

The Sea Hawk

English actress Flora Robson portrays Queen Elizabeth and captures her spirit and character. In circle opposite is Claude Rains as the Spanish ambassador

When Errol Flynn's not up to derring-do, giving his all for Mother England, he's making love to Brenda Marshall

Flynn's as handy with a sword in *Sea Hawk* as he was with bow and arrow in *Robin Hood*

THOSE of you who go back to the silent days will recall that *The Sea Hawk* made film history in 1924—starring the late Milton Sills, with Enid Bennett, Lloyd Hughes and Wally Beery as supporting players. Warners who owned the rights, have now remade it as a super-super spectacle starring Errol Flynn in another up-and-at-'em swashbuckling role, and supported by Flora Robson, Claude Rains, Brenda Marshall and a large cast of prominent, and some not so prominent, players. It goes back to the England of Queen Elizabeth and birth of English sea power. Is packed with adventure, action, thrills and atmosphere—not forgetting the romance

MUSICAL MAID MADE Good

By E. J. SMITHSON

HELEN GILBERT WAS FOUND MAKING SWEET MUSIC ON A 'CELLO IN STUDIO BAND. NOW SHE'S FOUND MAKING SWEET PASSES AT A FELLOW IN MOVIE ROMANCES. 'CELLOS OR FELLOWS—SHE'S GOOD

YOU could have combed all the sound stages in Hollywood and it's extremely doubtful if you could have found a more surprised and jittery man than Director Woody (One Take) Van Dyke who was on the M-G-M set prepared to be upandattam on his second week of shooting an *Andy Hardy* picture.

A week's shooting was in the cans and, in case you don't know it, a week's shooting by Van Dyke means that he's pretty deep into the script.

At the precise moment of which we speak he was champing at the bit, but he found himself—or was going to shortly—completely stymied. That is, unless he wished to complete the picture without all members of the cast being duly accounted for.

With scarcely any urging at all this is what he most likely would have done and, being one of Hollywood's cleverest directors, the chances are distinctly in his favor that he would have delivered a Grade A job without recourse to the Bureau of Missing Actors.

It's substantiated by a rumor that once upon a time he shot a script so quickly that he came in seven days under the shooting schedule, minus any shots of either his leading man or leading lady and that the film came within three votes of winning an Academy Oscar!

Well, anyway, here he was with a full week's shooting in the cans, fretting as to whether or not he should go ahead and shoot, regardless of the absence of a very important member of the cast.

He thought a bit about writing this very important member out of the script. He thought a bit more about re-arranging his shooting schedule and tackling other sequences.

[*Continued on page* 86]

The most popular male star on the screen—Mickey Rooney—now joins our gallery of exclusive color portraits. No matter what role he plays he makes it an acting triumph, whether it's a *Young Tom Edison* or an *Andy Hardy*. Next month, MOTION PICTURE presents the eleventh in this series of gorgeous color portraits. It will bring you the fastest-climbing star of all—the Scarlett sensation — Vivien Leigh

LUCKY PENNY

By CAROL CRAIG

PENNY SINGLETON HAS LED SUCH AN EXCITING LIFE IN SHOW BUSINESS THAT IT RIVALS A DOZEN OF HER BLONDIE PLOTS. IN SUCH A ROLE SHE HAS FOUND A REAL CAREER AND A CHANCE TO BE HERSELF

ROOM 532 in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital is something to add to your collection of This-Is-Hollywood. Room 532 is reserved for patients with radio broadcasts to do, their physical condition permitting. It's wired for sound.

That's where they took Penny Singleton after that head-on automobile collision. She had a broadcast to do the next night, her injuries permitting.

The accident happened on a Sunday night, right after rehearsal for the program. Robert Sparks, producer of the *Blondie* pictures, was taking her to the Beverly Brown Derby for a late dinner. They were driving along Santa Monica Boulevard when, a half-block away, a car shot out of the oncoming line of traffic onto their side of the street. They couldn't get out of the way. Sparks slammed on his brakes, hoping frantically that the other driver would do likewise. The other driver didn't. In the second before the impact, Sparks threw himself in front of Penny, saved her from striking the dashboard or the windshield.

But when it was all over, Penny couldn't move. A stabbing pain in her chest paralyzed her. She had visions of internal injuries, of The End.

A big crowd collected. Somebody put in a call for an ambulance. Somebody else recognized her. A murmur went through the crowd: "It's Blondie! She's hurt internally!" She had both arms wrapped around herself. Tears were streaming down her face. She was babbling hysterically to Sparks. Onlookers wondered what she was saying. She was saying, over and over, "You'll see that Dee-Gee—" her little girl— "is well taken care of, won't you?"

The ambulance finally arrived. Penny was put on a stretcher. As she was about to be lifted into the ambulance, some child in the crowd screamed, "Oh, *don't* let Blondie die!" Penny heard the child, the fear in the child's voice. She was practically positive, herself, that This Was The Finish. But she raised her head from the stretcher to look for the child, summon a wan smile, and say, "Don't worry, honey. Blondie's going to be all right."

That was typical of her. So was her comment, a few days later, when she was convalescing nicely from a wrenched back and the loss of a cartilage from several ribs. "I'm afraid that in that ambulance scene," she said, wryly, "the whole ham came out in Penny."

She was propped up in one of those high hospital beds, which was made to look as little like a hospital bed as possible by the addition of a candlewick spread. She was wearing a blue marabou bed-jacket. Her blond hair was neatly arranged. And she was having a manicure.

Temporarily, circumstances might have cast her as [*Continued on page* 82]

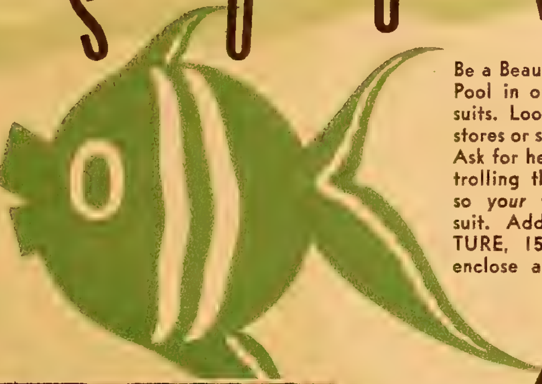
Five little mermaids at a swimming party given by Ellen Drew, wear their pet bathing suits. Here's Universal's Helen Parrish in her maroon Catalina suit topped with blue and white polka dots

The classic lines of Marie Wilson's Gantner & Mattern suit are feminized by an edging of lace. Elaine Shepard, RKO's bet, wears "Hollywood" satin lastex "midriff" suit in bright floral design

Hostess Ellen Drew, Paramount star, suns in Matletex twin print ballerina suit while chatting with Rita Hayworth, Columbia player, whose B. V. D. suit is perfect for lounging or for swimming

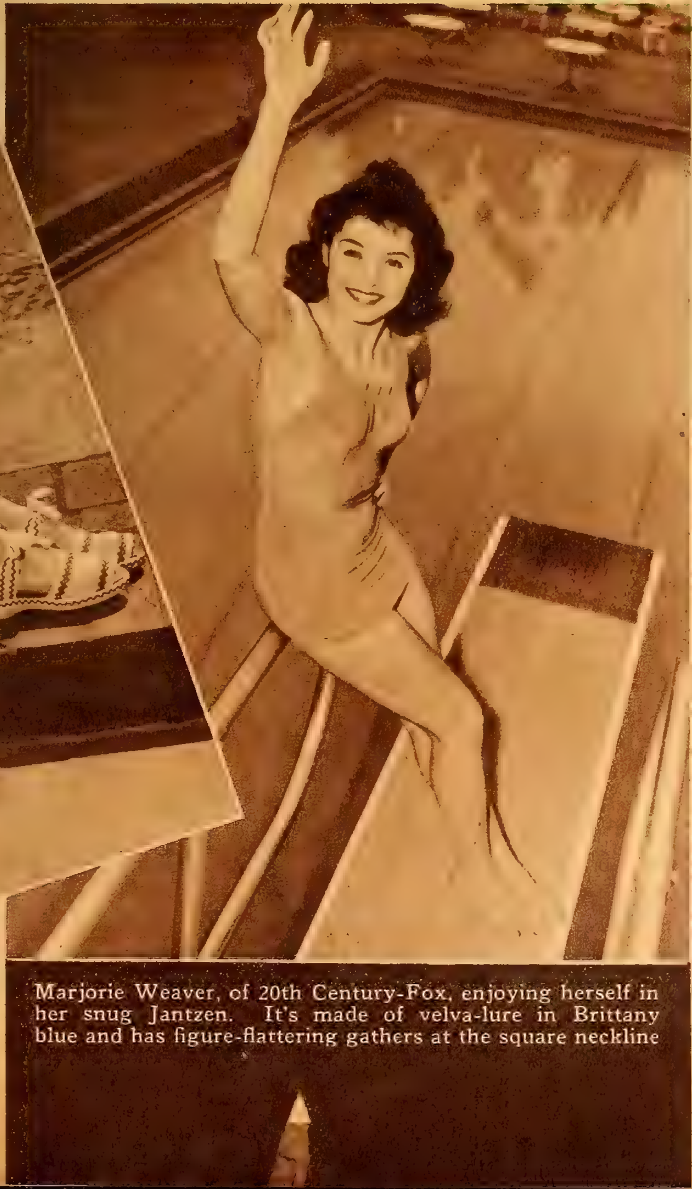
Ellen changes to her white Kleinert suit featuring colorful rubber corn flower shoulder straps, and bracelet. Her smart beach shoes and that nautical beach bag are also by Kleinert

POOL-ING RESOURCES

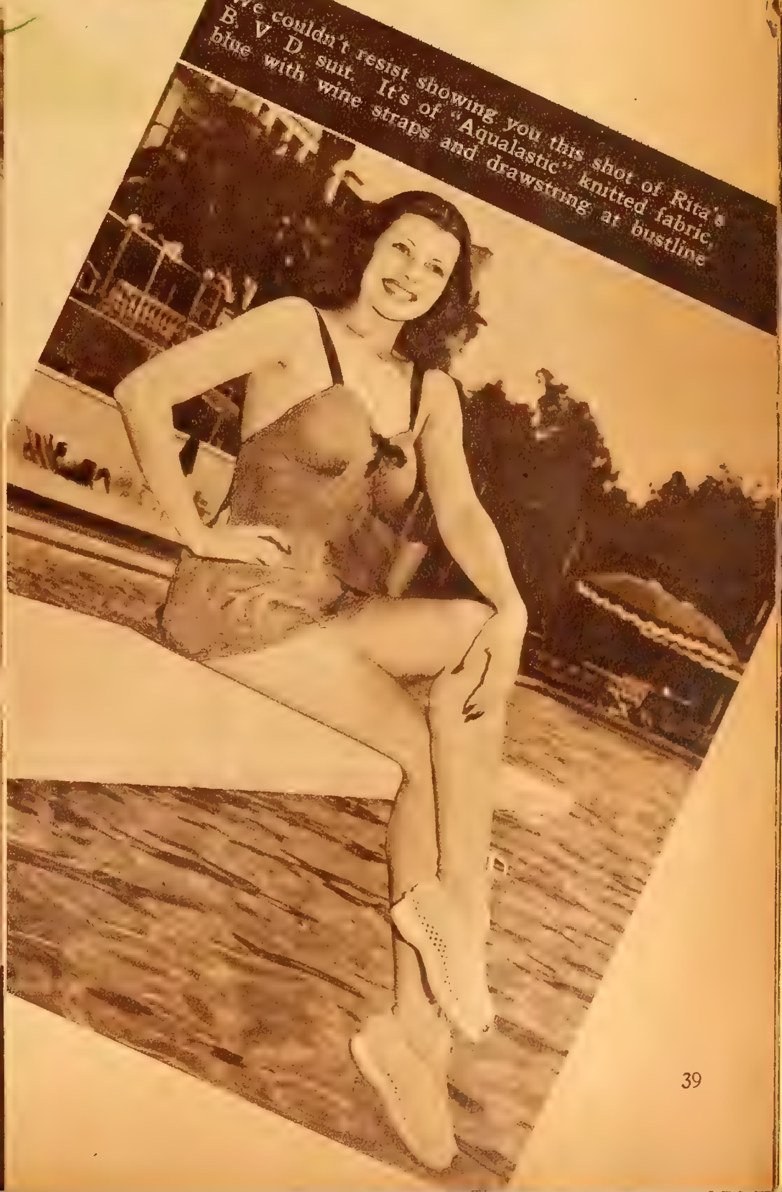


Be a Beauty at the Beach or a Peach at the Pool in one of these smart 1940 bathing suits. Look for them in your department stores or specialty shops, or write Candida. Ask for her free booklet of advice on controlling those curves, "Figures Can Lie," so *your* figure will do justice to your suit. Address Candida, MOTION PICTURE, 1501 Broadway, New York, and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope.

By CANDIDA



Marjorie Weaver, of 20th Century-Fox, enjoying herself in her snug Jantzen. It's made of velva-lure in Brittany blue and has figure-flattering gathers at the square neckline



We couldn't resist showing you this shot of Rita's B V D suit. It's of "Aqualastic" knitted fabric, blue with wine straps and drawstring at bustline

Gaucho

While Mr. Willoughby was thanking Gene, Frog and Joyce, Michael was telling Patsy that he was coming back some day to marry her

Two pistol shots rang out. Carter and Blake were taking one last gamble to get Willoughby who'd been spoiling their plans

REPUBLIC PICTURES

CAST

Gene	GENE AUTRY
Frog Millhouse	SMILEY BURNETTE
Joyce Halloway	JUNE STOREY
Patsy Halloway	MARY LEE
Michael Willoughby	CLIFFORD SEVERN, JR.
Alfred Willoughby	LESTER MATTHEWS
Buck Benson	SMITH BALLEW
Carter	WILLIAM RUHL

A Republic Picture

Associate producer, Wm. Berke. Directed by Frank McDonald. Screen play by Betty Burbridge and Bradford Ropes

WELL, it was tough, Gene Autry told himself, but it looked like the only way he and Frog could get back to the S. Q. Ranch in California was on Beulah's very doubtful sparkplugs.

Frog was pretty hopeless about it. "Gee, I don't think she'll make it. Her brakes ain't so good either." It wouldn't be so bad if they were alone but what with carrying the horses back in the trailer, it was quite a load. Too bad they hadn't been able to get those jobs on a homebound freighter. "Boy," he sighed, "if I ever get the manager of that rodeo I'll twist his neck for him. Nice business, skippin' out and leavin' us holdin' the bag."

Gene nodded and turned from the waterfront street onto the highway. "Yep. And we're still holdin' it." No use worrying about it though, he decided, and promptly dispensed with gloom. Then, softly, he began to sing an old favorite and Frog joined in.

But from the back of the car, there came some applause. "Bravo," said an English-sounding voice, "that was topping."

Frog's Adam's apple worked. "Huh?"

"I like the way you chaps sing," said the small boy in the back seat.

"Looks like we got a stowaway," Gene observed and jerked the car to

Serenade

There was a singing contest at the fiesta. Gene promptly declared himself a contestant and won $25

Michael let out a cry. "Hi there, Dad. Oh, gee, Dad, it's great to see you." Then he noticed no one else in group was talking

a stop. He turned to the boy. "Now, how did you get back there?"

The answer was simple and to the point. "I merely climbed in. You see, I'm Michael Willoughby." But as they stared at him, his confidence ebbed. "Aren't you Mr. Blake and Mr. Carter?"

Gene shook his head. Say, what was this? "Blake and Carter? Never heard of them."

"B-but," Michael stammered, "they were supposed to meet me at the boat and take me to San Quentin."

Frog was thunderstruck. "San Quentin?" This kid going to the penitentiary?

Now as the boy spoke up again, Gene began to make some sense out of it. It was clear that someone had told the kid that San Quentin was a Rancho—as a joke or for some other reason. The boy had thought that the S. Q. on their car stood for his destination. His ignorance was quite understandable though, since he had just gotten off a boat from England.

"But you must have heard of Rancho San Quentin," the boy insisted tearfully. "That's my father's place. And he's Alfred Willoughby."

It all came back to Gene. Quietly he conferred with Frog. Why, Willoughby was the Englishman who used to be general manager of Western Packing. He'd been sent up for stealing company funds. There had been something funny about the whole trial. Gene couldn't remember what. It was peculiar though, for Willoughby to have had the kid sent from school in England while he, himself, was still in prison.

Frog didn't like the sound of it either. He was all for turning the boy over to the police and letting them take the responsibility.

Gene sighed. "Guess you're right," he said in an undertone, "Poor little fellow. It's gonna be tough on him to find out his father's a crook."

Michael said charmingly, "Sorry to be such a bother." He was trying to be brave in the face of the mix-up. "But if you gentlemen will drive me to the next town I'll send word to my father."

"Sure," Gene said gently. "Be glad to." But his brow was wrinkled with thought. He just couldn't understand the whole business.

They drove along for a while but as they were chugging down the lake road Gene suddenly had to swerve to avoid collision with a speeding coupe. The coupe, out of control, skidded across the road, broke through a fence and zoomed into the edge of the lake.

Gene was furious. They might all have been killed. He jumped out and rushed to the partly submerged vehicle. "What maniac's driving this car?"

A twelve-year-old girl slowly came to view. Her eyes were wide and apprehensive. Then another girl appeared. She was carrying a bridal wreath and her head was entangled in foaming tulle.

"A female driver," Frog said contemptuously.

Gene echoed him with scorn. "Wouldn't you know it?"

The older girl's eyes flashed. "Well, what do you gentlemen expect us to do—swim back?"

There was a lot of sarcasm back and forth as Frog and Gene got the girls back on dry land. The elder—Gene had learned that she was Joyce and little sister was Patsy—glared at Gene. "There ought to be a law against you road hogs."

He spoke evenly. "You had plenty of room to pass."

"Oh, of course—if I'd been equipped with wings."

She was a fiery little minx, too much so for her own good. Probably used to having her own way all her life. And probably got it, because that yellow hair and those sky-blue eyes all added up to a lot of beauty. "You will have wings," he retorted, "if you don't stop tearin' along at seventy miles an hour." He turned around. "All right, come on, let's get to the car." They trudged along and he glanced down at her. "Well, looks like you're on your way to get married."

"Oh, no," she said quite snootily, "I always dress like this so inquisitive cowboys can ask me a lot of silly questions."

But Patsy obligingly explained. "We're running *away* from a wedding. She was to be the bride. Then she decided she didn't really love the bridegroom. That's his car we borrowed to get away in."

Gene shook his head. So she was the jilting kind too. Didn't seem to know her own mind. Well, that was the sort of girl to stay away from—seven days a week.

Michael beamed at them as they came up. "I'm glad to see you ladies weren't injured."

Instantly, Patsy showed her interest in this new male and Joyce observed, "Well, at least there's one gentleman in the party. How did a nice boy like you happen to get mixed up with *this* outfit?"

"Oh," Michael replied, "Frog and Gene are just giving me a lift. I'm on my way out West to my father's ranch—"

[*Continued on page* 58]

Joyce's voice throbbed as she said, "You know, Gene, I'll also be needing a new fiance. Want the job?"

WHY DICK (A GENT) PREFERS BLONDELL

By DOROTHY SPENSLEY

JOAN'S A BLONDE . . . BUT THERE ARE OTHER QUALITIES — HUMOR, COMMON SENSE, DEVOTION— THAT ENDEAR HER TO MR. POWELL

THIS is strictly a story of Momma Loves Poppa, and vice versa, and it's got to be kept "light and humorous." That's the way it is, says Joan Blondell, and that's the way it must be. "I did enough talking before," she says. "I thought I had everything in a nutshell, and knew it all, so I babbled and babbled for publication. It doesn't sound so good now, reading it over."

Joan—since September 1936 she has been Mrs. Richard Powell—reached for a cigarette, tapped it, lighted it, all with the sureness of movement and lightness that makes her one of the screen's genuine comediennes. All right, you may prefer Lombard or Joan Davis or Martha Raye, but Blondell's exceptional understanding of a humorous situation, her fine sense of timing, her roguish grin (inherited by Son Norman Scott Powell), cannot be under-rated. Along with the others named, Blondell is that rare thing, a woman with a real sense of humor.

Sometimes the humor gets mixed up with a hefty maternal instinct, in a seaweed-like embrace, and then there's heck-to-pay. That's the way it was for a goodly part of last year, eight months of 1939 to be exact, when Husband Dick Powell was staging a one-man stand-out for more recognition of his dramatic abilities and less recognition of the fact that as a song-plugging, singing star he is one of the best in the business. He had an idea, because ideas come fast to his crinkly-thatched head, that audiences were tired of hearing him sing, and sing again. He wanted to act. To Joan this made sense, but his idleness, while the producers got used to the idea, didn't.

Her sense of realism, plus humor and maternalism popped up: "You get your

[*Continued on page* 64]

The Wages of Sin Are

Bad girl role established Ida Lupino

Of Human Bondage made Bette Davis

Bad girl made Betty Field a star

By
GENE SCHROTT

FED UP WITH TRODDING THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH IN SCREEN ROLES, THE LUSCIOUS LADIES OF THE SCREEN ARE FLINGING THEIR GLAMOR TO THE WINDS AND TASTING LIFE. THOSE WHO PLAYED ANGELIC HEROINES ARE DETERMINED TO BE SPITFIRES, HELL-CATS, VIXENS

IN A world that insists upon clinging to hoary, outmoded, old truths and where goodness and virtue is supposed to yield the most profitable rewards, it may sound a bit startling to learn that wickedness brings an even bigger return.

It may seem surprising to discover that last year's crop of most promising and successful screen actresses were not of the goody-good type. The sweet, angelic maidens came in second best. Instead, first place went to the vixen, the hoyden and the shrew. And to them also goes the credit for helping pull the movies out of the doldrums, and out of the red into which they had settled since those drab and dreary depression years.

Where a few short years ago, an actress would sooner tear up a gilt-edged contract or forfeit her right arm rather than accept a role that painted her the slightest bit off color, today we find the luscious ladies of the screen vying tooth and nail for parts that will highlight their meanest traits, their vilest manners and their least desirable artifices.

All the sweet and honeyed roles are being ignored and even brushed aside with an impatient gesture. "Save them for Shirley," seems to be Hollywood's unanimous answer. "Keep all the sugar-plum parts on ice for her. When she grows old enough to take her place alongside the glamor girls, let her have all of them. As for us, give us roles with meat in them. Let them be tough. Let them be raw. But let them be earthy and real and alive!"

Hearing this, you cannot help being sympathetic toward this appeal. After all, stars are men and women—even as you and I. Too much of the same thing—even if it is a good thing—can become tiring. The feeling of surfeit can apply to their work as well as to their appetites. It's no wonder then, that the speaker-outers for the group are making new demands and want a return to realism; a closer bond to living, breathing, flesh-and-blood human beings.

You really can't blame them. They are fed up being model men and women on the screen. They are tired of continually trodding the straight and narrow path without being allowed a single stray misstep by the ever-vigilant Hays office. They want to commit a colorful misdeed or two and are perfectly willing to pay for their synthetic sins.

They want to rip off their golden halos and get a taste of life from the gutter. They want to fling their glamor to the winds. They want to be people who have touching, throbbing stories to tell—men and women who have tasted life and not merely watched it pass them by from behind heavily-draped drawing-room windows.

So from Hollywood comes the latest dictum of the delectable damsels. They want to be bad! They want to be spitfires, hell-cats,

[*Continued on page* 67]

High — — IN HOLLYWOOD

Vivien Leigh made *Scarlett* live

Helen Parrish enjoys playing a meanie

DEANNA'S DATES

By JACK HOLLAND

WHEN Universal Studios made the timely announcement that Deanna Durbin was to have love interest—and her first kiss—in *First Love*, it sent her fans gaga. At last, Deanna in love! But who would be the lucky man to kiss her?

On the heels of the statement, Universal promptly signed not one but two young men—Robert Stack and Lewis Howard. And because the time had come for Deanna to fall in love, these two chaps who had had ambitions but who looked upon Hollywood as a remote place with no particular connection with them, found themselves cast in their first picture, a new life and a new career blossoming.

TWO CHAPS WHO'LL BEAR WATCHING ARE ROBERT STACK, MISS D'S BIG DATE IN "FIRST LOVE," AND LEWIS HOWARD WHO DOES ALL THE DATING IN "IT'S A DATE"

Everyone remembers the fair-haired, good-looking fellow who planted on Deanna's lips her first screen kiss. His name was Robert Stack, son of a wealthy and socially prominent family of Pasadena. And because of his work in *First Love*, he was chosen by Jimmie Fidler as the most promising discovery of 1939, the most likely to succeed in 1940. With such a great future lying in wait for him, Hollywood sat up and began to take notice.

I found Robert—or Bob as he pointedly asks you to call him—away from his home lot and on a loan-out to M-G-M playing with Margaret Sullavan, Jimmy Stewart, and Bob Young in *The Mortal Storm*. He's an energetic fellow, excited by his life, jovial, and tremendously youthful. And he's just turned twenty-one, which may or may not account for his somewhat idealistic enthusiasm for all that is happening to him.

As a child, Bob was probably Paris' most outstanding young gentleman. Given his early training abroad and sent to all of the best schools, he came home to America finally [*Continued on page* 70]

Deanna Durbin

After *First Love* and *It's a Date* Deanna turns to *Spring Parade* for further experiences in amours—with more kisses, more dates, and yes, more songs

Please Pass the Horse Dovers

■ No half-way measures for Bette Davis. Now, she's learning French the hard way—she has an instructor in for dinner two nights a week—and the table rule is that all conversation must be in French. And if Bette can't ask for what she wants in perfect French, no eats! Now Bette, don't be calling *pommes,* potatoes!

After strenuous workout as honky-tonk babe in *Destry Rides Again*, can you blame Marlene for wearing best finery, being herself?

Mona Barrie of Australia, who appeared in Universal's *No Exit*, likes to relax at solitaire. Mona's now rehearsing for a singing role—her first

THE TALK OF

GOSSIP AND NEWS ABOUT THE VERY LATEST AND

Gag

■ Gag-of-the-month—was pulled by Ken Murray, when he gave a screening of some of his own 16-mm movies at a little party the other night.

After the screening, he gave away toy sets of dishes to his guests!

Thousands of girls envying Ann Rutherford would like to rumple Mickey Rooney's hair. If you don't think he likes it then see *Andy Hardy Meets Debutante*. What a spot for Mickey!

It's All Yours, Norma

■ In Hollywood, it's always the Grand Gesture that is called for. Like the other night, in a cafe, when Marlene Dietrich appeared with a costly, spectacular new handbag. A few moments later, Norma Shearer passed by, and extravagantly admired the bag.

"So, you like it?" remarked Marlene. "Then here—TAKE IT!"

And Norma had to accept the bag from her. Wonder what Norma will be giving Marlene?

Brenda Marshall, who plays daughter of Claude Rains, Spanish ambassador to England in *The Sea Hawk*, gives you a good "dietrich"

HOLLYWOOD

LIVELIEST GOINGS-ON FROM DEAR OLD HOLLYWOOD

Among The Souvenirs

■ At the Brown Derby the other day a Midwest tourist recognized Basil Rathbone, begged him for the plate he was eating from as a souvenir. Basil surrendered—bought the plate from the cafe, autographed it for the fan.

Terse Verse

■ Now where are you going, my little girlie?
I wish I knew, kind sir, said Shirley.

Cinemadrigal

■ Oh, Cary, Cary, quite contrary,
How do your romances grow?
With this one, and that one, and quite a few others,
They're doing fine, sir; all in a row!

It's A Pleasure To Drown

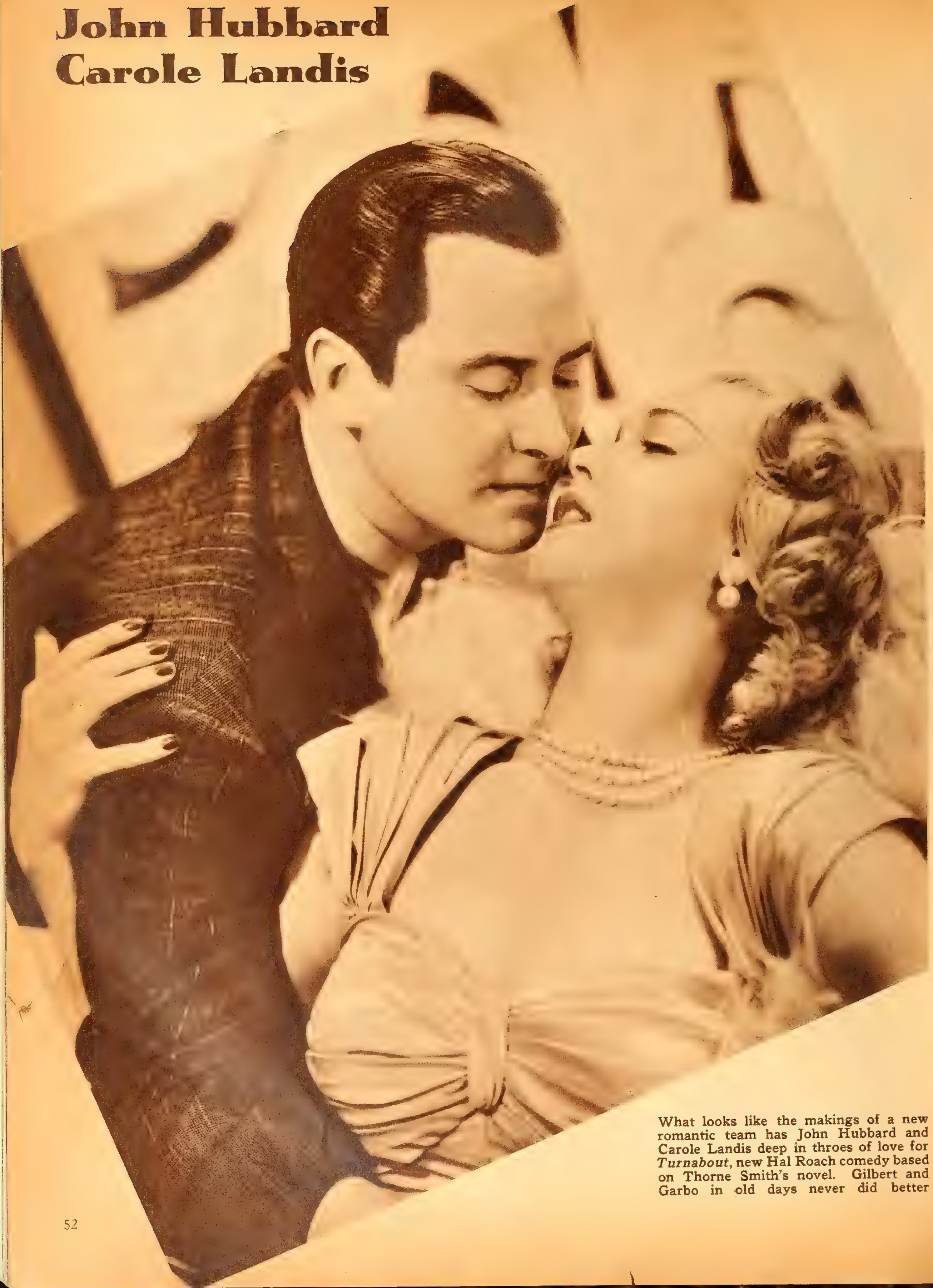
■ Latest evidence of Ann Sheridan's oomph fame is that her portrait—life-size and with a hardly-noticeable swim-suit on (if ANY)—has been painted on the bottom of a Beverly Hills swimming-pool! And THAT'LL make it hard for the boys to keep their minds on their swimming.

[*Continued on page* 81]

From candy-striped beach coat Zorina puts forth one of her pretties. Both pretties are sumpin to see in *I Was an Adventuress*

Sullavan and Stewart, aces at the art of "give and take" in romantic by-play, are stalked by tragedy in their forthcoming picture, *The Mortal Storm*, a story of Nazi-Gestapo rule

John Hubbard
Carole Landis



What looks like the makings of a new romantic team has John Hubbard and Carole Landis deep in throes of love for *Turnabout*, new Hal Roach comedy based on Thorne Smith's novel. Gilbert and Garbo in old days never did better

"The Summer Sun has changed your skin —why not change the shade of your Face Powder?"

[FIND YOUR LUCKY SUMMER SHADE—
AND GET IT IN MY GRIT-FREE POWDER]

says Lady Esther

Slowly, subtly—the sun has deepened your skin tones, making them richer—more vibrant. But... are you innocently spoiling your skin's sun-tinted warmth with a *too light* shade of powder? It's so important to change to a warmer, richer shade —a shade that will harmonize with your skin tones *as they are now!*

Find out now which is your most flattering shade! But remember, even a richer shade won't help... if your powder is *too coarse* for your skin! For the deeper the shade, the more important that your powder should be *free from grit!*

Make my famous "Bite Test"! Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth. Make sure your teeth are even, then grind them slowly. If your powder contains grit, your teeth instantly detect it. But how easily Lady Esther Powder *passes the same test!* Your teeth will find *no grit!*

Lady Esther Face Powder is so smooth it clings for 4 long hours! Put it on after dinner—say at eight—and at midnight it will still flatter your skin. No coarse particles ruin its perfect blending...or give you a harsh, "powdery" look!

Get your lucky shade in my GRIT-FREE Powder!

You can't judge powder shades by the appearance of the powder in the box. To find the most flattering shade for the new, warmer tones of *your* complexion... try each shade of my powder *on your own skin* ... at my expense!

Mail me the coupon, and there will come to you ten new shades of my grit-free powder—brunette shades, rachels, rose tones. Try each shade on your own face. Find the one that is just right *for you!* And as you try on these lovely shades... notice how *smooth* my powder is. Don't mistakenly believe a high price means a grit-free face powder.

Impartial laboratory tests showed that many expensive powders—costing $1.00, $2.00, $3.00 and even more—contained up to 20.44% grit.

Find your lucky shade of my grit-free powder, and wear it confidently. No coarse particles will streak or fade your powder...or give your skin a harsh, "powdery" look. You cannot find a finer, higher quality powder. So mail the coupon now!

*** 10 shades free! ***

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (57)
7130 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME ________________

ADDRESS ________________

CITY ________ STATE ________

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

SOME LIKE IT HOT

By

DENISE CAINE

Although Brenda Joyce looks like a Georgia peach you'll find her in *Maryland*

MOTION PICTURE PASSES ON SOME HOLLYWOOD SECRETS ON HOT WEATHER BEAUTY. LEARN HOW TO KEEP YOUR MAKE-UP FRESH, YOUR HAIR NEAT AND LOVELY THROUGH ALL YOUR SUMMER FUN

AND some like it cold. But most of us have to take pretty much what we can get—and make the most of it. The trick is in knowing how to look lovely in July or January. . . . In this article I'm going to pass on some Hollywood secrets—how to keep your make-up looking fresh through a furious game of tennis or a swimming party; what make-up to wear and how to apply it for hot weather beauty; how to acquire a golden tan without burning, drying out or coarsening a delicate, sensitive skin; and how to keep your hair neat and lovely through all your summer fun.

Pretty Brenda Joyce, playing in 20th Century-Fox's film *Maryland* is a good example of Hollywood's summer beauties. Certainly she looked as cool and pretty as could be the day I chatted with her—even though the temperature was soaring. And that doesn't mean that Brenda had avoided the outdoors that day or any day! Her golden tan told of hours in the sun, playing tennis and badminton (her favorite games) or sailing in her own boat. She's a sports enthusiast, and spends any spare time in the open!

You know, don't you, that Brenda is one of those gorgeous honey blondes with fair, fine textured skin and big brown eyes? Probably if you have the same coloring, or fair skin and red hair, you know just how difficult it may be to acquire a tan without painful burning. But here was Brenda, all biscuit beige—without a sign of a peeling nose or forehead. That, she claims, is because she takes the sun gradually, a little each day, working up to perhaps an hour after her skin has acquired that first delicate gold.

Perhaps Brenda has her job to thank for her moderation—it would never do for her to appear on the set Monday morning with blistered shoulders. And then, too, no movie star who's working on a picture can take much time to sunbathe. Perhaps a half hour after the day's shooting is done—or an hour on Sunday! The rest of us would be a lot better off if we'd learn a lesson from Hollywood and take our sun a little at a time—instead of trying to crowd a whole summer's tan into a week-end, or the first day of vacation.

Any sun rays that are hot enough to darken the skin, no matter how slightly, can be drying, too. So Brenda is always careful to double up on the use of creams when she's in the sun much. She uses cold cream to remove her make-up, scrubs her skin with a mild soap, warm water and a soft bristled complexion brush, and then, after thorough rinsing and drying, pats on a rich lubricating cream. Usually she wipes this off with tissues after about twenty minutes, but if she's been in the sun particularly long that day, she'll leave a fine film of it on overnight to counteract the drying effects.

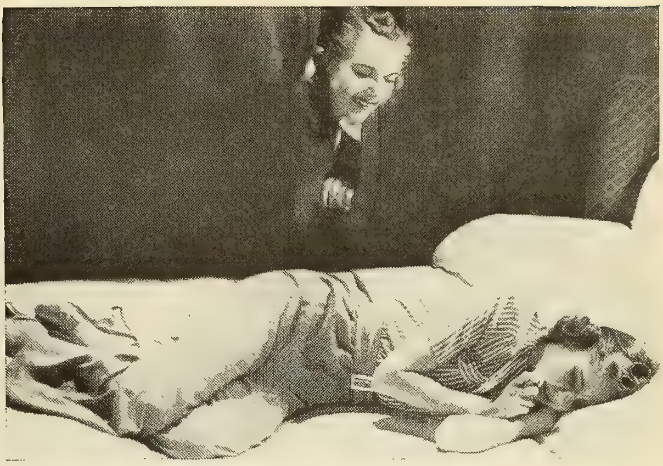
Brenda's [*Continued on page 62*]

HOW'S YOUR COOLING SYSTEM?

Would you like a comfortable yet becoming hairstyle for hot weather? Or help in choosing lasting summer make-up? Write Denise Caine for help with your special beauty problems. She'll advise you *free*, by return mail. Simply send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for your reply to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

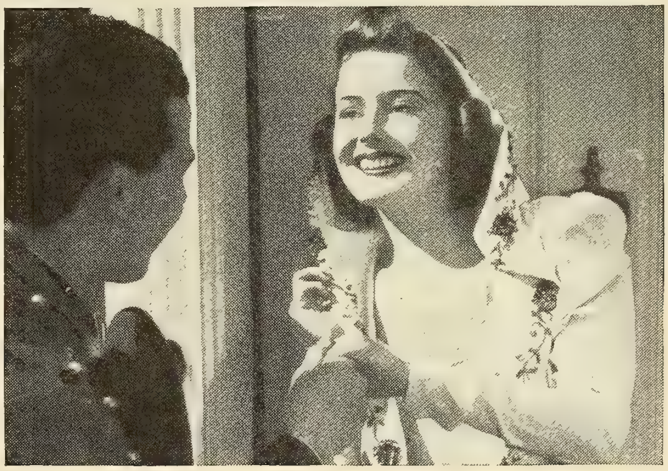
TEARS IN LOWER SEVEN!

Mile after mile, that train hummed along—and you'd think my heart would be singing, too! Off for a week end at the Academy and yet I was sunk! Why, *oh why*, would this super-swell invitation come at a time like this! I curled up on my berth and cried!



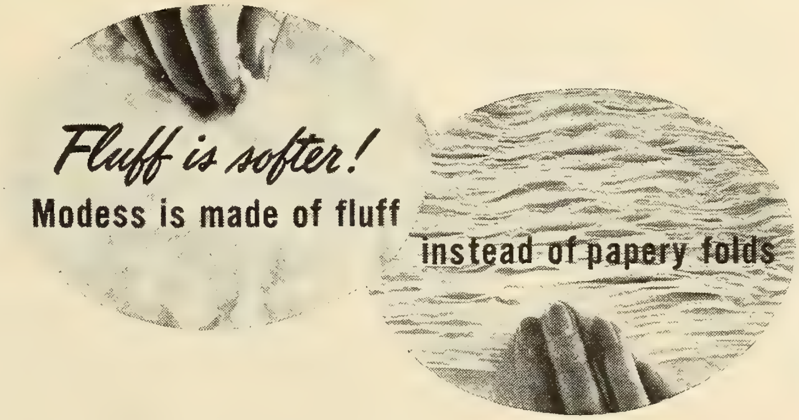
And that's when Judy popped through the curtains. "Oh, you ninny," she laughed, "what if it *is* the wrong time of the month? It's plain old-fashioned to let chafing get you down nowadays. Bring your box of napkins into the dressing room while I fetch *my* kind and I'll show you a thing or two!"

And two minutes later, Judy was cutting up one of my napkins and then she cut a Modess pad. "There—just feel the difference!" she cried. "Modess is *softer* because it's made of *fluff*, instead of papery folds. And Modess stays softer, darling, because it now has 'moisture zoning'." Well . . .



I borrowed Judy's Modess and what a glorious week end! I danced, I played tennis, I went sailing—so comfortable and carefree—I practically forgot the time of the month. Take it from me, now that I know what a difference *fluff* makes, I don't wonder *Modess is winning more new users than any other napkin!*

Cut a napkin made of papery folds—then cut a Modess pad—and feel the difference! No close-packed layers in Modess—but gentle, downy-soft fluff! So absorbent, this fluff is a miracle of protection. So soft, it's a miracle of comfort! And that isn't all . . .



Press that fluff and notice how it yields. That's why Modess moulds to the body so comfortably without bulk or bunching—why it stays smooth and flat where you want flatness. Thanks to "moisture zoning," Modess *stays* softer, too! And its moisture-resistant backing guards against striking through!

Get Curious! Get Comfortable! Get the New Miracle Modess!

How To Win Back a Wife

[*Continued from page* 31]

Ray Milland hit Hollywood ten years ago—won a contract and a wife. But eventually his troubles began. Once he conquered them he won back his wife and a high spot in pictures. Women like his boyish grin. They also like the way he makes love. Here he makes love to Ellen Drew in the Paramount-British picture, *French Without Tears*

just to be a charming host. I'll say good-night and go to bed, leaving the job of entertaining them to my wife. People who come to our house expect that.

"Some actors try to be so CHAHMING," he continued, "He is so BRILLIANT, my DEAH, people say about them. Well, they can't say that about ME. I'm myself. I never try to be something I'm not. I've always been willful, stubborn, impulsive." Only with those, truth compels us to add, he can't really hurt. He indulges in the luxury of being his rude self with people who can or should take it, who are more or less as fortunate as he is, now. It's an altogether different matter when he deals with the less fortunate.

"I'M THE biggest sucker for a sob story," he said, without any promptings on our part. "If I hear a sob story, it ruins my whole day. I keep on thinking about it, I can't rest until I do something to help. And I've no sales resistance at all. My wife can tell you about that. People can sell me anything, and I'll buy something absent-mindedly without knowing I bought it. One day I found myself the purchaser of a horse, and it was a great surprise to me when the horse was delivered to me. I didn't know I had bought it."

He loves horses—he definitely prefers them to a lot of people he has known. And he's rather proud of his horsemanship. In Britain he won several medals for his equestrian skill. As a long-legged boy he spent some of the most exciting months of his life on the ranch of a relative who bred race horses. Ray had the time of his life.

"I know horses," he asserted. "It's the only thing I do know."

His other hobbies are aviation and building model machinery. He is a licensed pilot. "I got a kid brother who builds planes, and I build the engines for them."

His strong point, he declared in his low voice, is his ability to judge people. "I see right through them. They can't fool me." And he also has a good sense of humor. "I really do," he insisted. He has. There's no doubt about it. He's one of those men who may look glum and depressed, but they are fully aware of the humor of their own situation and of everything that goes on about them. But he's a cynic. Hollywood made him so.

"The greatest lesson I've learned in this town is this: Never believe a word they tell you. Nobody tells the truth. You can't tell the truth in this town. Now that I'm successful I've found that out only too well. The reason for this sad state of affairs is that nobody is disinterested in this business."

We doff our battered reportorial hat to him. No man ever spoke truer words in Hollywood.

He's very definite in his likes and dislikes. Especially in the latter. We began, quite inevitably, to speak of women. Did he, by any chance, hate red fingernails in women? Those blood-red nails that look like the claws of predatory animals.

"I love them," he said. "I love flamboyant women, those who have color, dash. I love to see women wear their clothes with a certain flair. I don't like, though, false eyelashes."

Very good. But what kind of women he doesn't like? "I can't stand affected, fawning, fluttery women. They kill me. I don't like women who are loud and lack a sense of humor. The thing that I notice in a woman first of all is her voice. I like low voices. They indicate good-breeding, warmth, human kindness.

"The voice is a dead give-away in the case of women. And it expresses one's true character better than the eyes do. When you have a woman who has a pleasing, low voice and a sense of humor you have an unbeatable combination in feminine charm."

NEED we say that his wife, the former Muriel Webber, meets these qualifications? She is tall—5 ft. 9—an arresting personality—poised and charming. She doesn't have to give ground in any gathering of local blue-bloods. Mr. M.'s innate British reserve makes it difficult for him to speak about his wife for publication. Though you feel he wants to shout her virtues from the house-tops.

There was a stern tenderness on his expressive face, and an affectionate awe crept into his voice as he exclaimed under his breath, speaking of Mal, his wife, who recently presented him with an heir.

"Thank heaven, there are still a few good women left in this world." They have been married — and re-married — now several years. He is 32, married very young for a playboy who knocked around Europe and had his fill of the night life in Paris, Vienna, Budapest, the Riviera, Istanbul, before he came and settled down in Hollywood, or tried, at any rate. It was very tough going for a while, after an initial period of sudden success and prosperity.

"Mal is different from me." He calls her Mal and she calls him Jack. "She has a wonderful character. I get mad easily; she never loses her temper. I won't do things to further myself; she is wise and prudent, makes me do the right thing. I'm moody, often terribly depressed; she is always serene, beautifully serene. She has a marvelous sense of humor and always sees the brighter side of life."

Such was the spontaneous tribute Mr. M. paid his wife in a few deeply-felt words.

WHICH brought this writer to the question of how can a man win back a wife after they have been separated and even divorced, as it happened in the now-celebrated case of the Ray Millands. It's one of the most unusual stories in Hollywood, and reveals his character better than anything else he may say or do.

Incidentally, this winning back of a wife is a pressing national problem. Few men succeed in doing it. Mr. M.'s advice on this subject has the authority of personal experience and achievement behind it.

Naturally he is very reluctant to speak about this painful phase of his life in Hollywood. His attitude is: It's all over now, thank God. Why talk about it? Mr. M. definitely objects to any prying into his private life.

"But you can help thousands of couples who have separated and even divorced though they still love each other, with your advice," we pleaded. "Why not give them the benefit of your experience?"

We had touched on a soft spot—helping

[*Continued on page* 91]

Lovely Lola Lane

CHARMING SCREEN ACTRESS, ONE OF THE FAMOUS LANE SISTERS, AND POPULAR HOLLYWOOD STAR

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Make Yourself Glamorous

IRRESISTIBLE AND ALLURING AS HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST STARS. *APPLY YOUR POWDER AND ROUGE THE HOLLYWOOD WAY!*

12 WINNERS

OF THIS EASY JUVA-TEX CONTEST WILL BE INVITED TO HOLLYWOOD AND A PARTY GIVEN BY LOLA LANE. ALL EXPENSES PAID—5-DAY DE LUXE TRIP TO HOLLYWOOD. *500 EXTRA PRIZES—SPECIAL DE LUXE JUVA-TEX GIFT SETS—FOR THE NEXT BEST LETTERS.* ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TELL US WHY YOU LIKE JUVA-TEX.

READ THE RULES BELOW

This contest was devised to acquaint every woman in America with the world's most modern beauty discovery, Juva-Tex. Science has created something brand new—an "automatic compact" that is marvelous to the skin and luxurious to use.

Thousands of women tell us that their complexions were greatly enhanced after they started to use Juva-Tex. The soft touch of this new Juva-Tex puff makes you know your skin is lovely. The millions of tiny pores through which the powder passes assure an even distribution—no dabs left on moist spots. Juva-Tex pays for itself because the powder is never wasted or spilled. It will give you a smoother distribution of powder than you can get any other way, improving your complexion immediately, and this improvement increases with its continued use.

If you are not satisfied that Juva-Tex will do all these things and feel that it is not worth its cost after you have used it for 10 days, return the compact to us and your money will be refunded. We want you to use a Juva-Tex compact or puff and tell us why you like it.

Enter this contest now—and win a five-day de luxe round trip to Hollywood from any part of the country. Just this simple thing to do—finish the sentence with not more than 25 words "I Like My Juva-Tex Automatic Compact Because . . ." The rules are simple. Anyone except employees of the manufacturer and their advertising agency may enter . . . all have a chance to win!

1. Just complete the sentence "I Like My Juva-Tex Automatic Compact Because .   " in 25 words or less.

2. Enclose a Juva-Tex folder (or a reasonable facsimile thereof) that is in each package.

3. Letters with the enclosed folder or facsimile should be mailed before August 15, 1940, to Charles E. Zimmerman, **412-420** Orleans Street, Chicago, Illinois.

4. Entries will be judged solely on the answers submitted, and their sincerity. In case of tie, duplicate awards will be given.

5. The writers of the best 12 letters will be given a five-day, all-expense trip to Hollywood, and will receive an invitation to a gala party given by Lola Lane. 500 EXTRA PRIZES—special De Luxe Juva-Tex Gift Sets—for the next best letters. No cash prizes awarded.

6. The judges are D. M. Saltiel, Auditor, Chicago; F. L. Eason, L. W. Ramsey Company, Chicago; F. G. Bauer, Look Magazine, Chicago; their decision will be final. No letters will be returned. Right reserved to use letters submitted in advertising.

If your local drug, department or variety stores cannot supply you, use the coupon below, enclosing cash or money order (NO STAMPS).

"JUVA-TEX" Seal Compact

only 25¢

Last word in compact perfection! For enchanting make-up get one of these downy-soft porous automatic compacts. Each of these compacts has a beautiful design that will not wear or wash off because it is heat-sealed and is part of this velvety-soft Juva-Tex material.

"JUVA-TEX" Utility De Luxe Porous Automatic Compact

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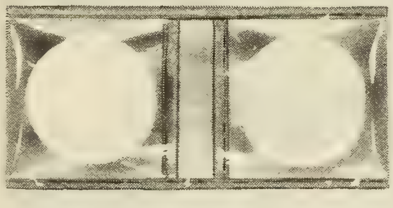
Millions of these feather-touch compacts were sold last year at 25c. We were months behind the demand at that price. Due to the economies developed by producing 7,000,000 compacts in 7 months, we offer this former 25c model, now improved, for 10c! Buy several at this amazing price.

New "JUVA-TEX" "Screen-Test" MAKE-UP KIT

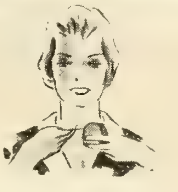
COMPLETE KIT WITH 60-DAY SUPPLY OF ROUGE



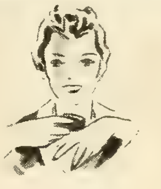
Contains everything you need for a lovely, natural-looking make-up. The smooth, velvety-touch of Juva-Tex Powder and Rouge Compacts gives you the perfect make-up.

This exciting make-up kit, complete with one Juva-Tex Porous Automatic Powder Compact with your favorite shade of powder and one Porous Automatic Rouge Compact with a 60-day supply of your shade of rouge included (you have your choice of rouge shades). Specify shade desired.

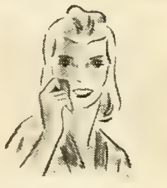
Only 25¢



JUST FILL— End powder spilling and wasting—just fill the porous Juva-Tex compact with your favorite face powder. Simplest, easiest thing you ever saw!



TAP— Tap the compact gently on the back of your hand and like magic your favorite shade of powder fills the millions of tiny Juva-Tex pores—ready for use.



AND APPLY— In a miracle-like fashion the powder sifts through the millions of tiny pores onto your skin in just the right amount. When not in use these pores close automatically. No powder is wasted.

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Gaucho Serenade

[*Continued from page 42*]

Abruptly, Gene stepped forward. That kid would have to be protected until they got to the bottom of this "San Quentin" business. And it was clear that Joyce and Patsy were about to ask too many questions. "Well, goodbye," he said to the girls abruptly. He pushed Frog into the car and jumped in behind the wheel. "As soon as I get into town, I'll send back a tow car for you."

The car started off with a roar and the two girls were left standing there, open-mouthed.

THEY were just a few hours on the highway again when they saw two familiar figures—Joyce and Patsy. Gene slowed up and Frog called,

"Well, if it ain't the runaway bride. What's the matter? Couldn't you find another car to borrow?"

Gene smiled as he looked them over. They'd made a good job of their transformation. Those innocent-looking gingham dresses had probably gotten them a hitch this far.

"I don't make a habit of borrowing cars," Joyce retorted angrily. She addressed Gene, "But if you think that jaloppy will hold out, I'd be glad to have you take us to the next town."

Frog yelped, "I resent that. This wreck ain't no jaloppy."

Gene considered the matter. If they just wouldn't ask Michael any questions it would be all right. But suddenly he noticed that Patsy and the boy were smiling together. They were obviously smitten with each other. Nope, it wouldn't do. "Sorry, lady," he said to Joyce, "we're not running a bus line."

They were off again in a cloud of dust with Patsy screeching after them. "You big lugs, I hope you get a flat tire."

Nightfall came and with it a crashing thunderstorm. There was an old barn just off the road and Gene stopped the car near by, then got out to lead the way.

But Frog began to shake. "Gene, we don't wanna go in there. If I ever saw a haunted barn, this is it."

"Keep quiet," Gene warned. "Do you want to scare the kid?"

Michael giggled and whispered, "I'm not frightened. I've always wanted to spend a night in a haunted house."

Gene closed the door and lighted a match. Then there was a sudden whir and Frog yelled, "Gene. They got me."

"Aw, it was only a bat."

"Don't tell me," Frog quavered. "It was an eagle with claws a foot long."

They all started slowly around the place to reconnoiter. Once, a board creaked and there was an eerie chill in the air. Then, even Gene's hair straightened out. Way in the back, a misty white figure was swaying. It disappeared.

"Don't worry, Gene," Frog said through chattering teeth, "I'm right behind you."

They tiptoed toward the back but all at once Gene tripped. *Something* grabbed his legs and he was brought to the floor. In silence, he struggled with his assailant. Then a match flared and he fell back and stared. "Joyce." She was all wound up in an old curtain from the window. And right behind her was Patsy. "Well," he gasped, "you certainly pop up everywhere." Gee, she looked a little banged up. "Are you all right?"

"I'm just ducky. Except for a broken neck."

"Aw, gee, I'm sorry."

But he was grinning and her eyes blazed. "You sound heartbroken." She looked so cute and mad, though, that he couldn't help laughing. "Well, it was funny . . . Frog thinkin' he was seein' spooks. . . ."

Somehow, they got settled for the night and pretty soon all was quiet and peaceful. Gene's last waking thought was of Joyce. Too bad she hated him so much. Well, she was probably used to a smoother type of person. It was sure a shame that he hadn't ever found the time to put on a little more polish.

The sun was strong and bright the next morning and Gene and Frog took the horses out of the trailer to exercise them across the meadow. Then Patsy and Michael wanted a ride and Gene snatched them both up. He wheeled this way and that, jumped some hurdles and then brought the two thrilled youngsters back to the barn.

The car had been parked near the road and the three males got into it, leaving the girls standing there. Michael looked at them wistfully. "If you're ever out our way I hope you'll pay us a visit. My dad's place is Rancho. . . ."

Frog butted in loudly. "Reckon the bus'll be along pretty soon." But he swallowed hard as a motorcycle officer drove up. "Oh, oh," he moaned, "I knew you gals would get us into trouble."

The cop dismounted and Gene said calmly, "Good morning, officer." Say, this was bad—maybe it was about the kid.

The cop said briskly, "We're looking for a couple of girls—Senator Halloway's daughters. They ran away from home yesterday."

"Senator Halloway?" Gene looked his surprise. "From out West?" So that's who they were. No wonder they acted so important—at least Joyce did.

"Yep," the officer nodded, "Big shot society. Thought you might've run into the girls along the road. The older one's fair, the kid sister's dark—" A dawning suspicion came to him as he looked at Joyce and Patsy. "In fact, you two girls answer their description mighty close."

But suddenly Joyce turned to Gene. Her voice was thick with Southern molasses. "Did you all hea' that, Sugah? This nice officer says ah look a heap like one of them society ladies. Offisuh, why'd she run away?"

He shrugged, a little uncertain of himself now. "Didn't want to get married I guess. Left the bridegroom waiting at the church."

"Aw, the pore man." She cuddled up to Gene. "Ah wouldn't a'done that to you, Sugah, would I?"

Gene shook his head dazedly. Things sure happened around here fast. "Well, no, I reckon not."

The officer goggled. "You two married?"

"Yes, indeedy," Joyce told him. "Fact is, we're on our honeymoon." The cop was eyeing the others and she went on rapidly, "Couldn't leave Mehitible an' Jason all alone an' Uncle Lester—he figured he'd better come along—jes' to make sure we didn't do anything we shouldn't."

The children immediately played up to the situation by throwing themselves at "Uncle Lester" Frog. "Good ol' Uncle Les," Patsy squealed and Michael immediately echoed the sentiment.

Joyce smiled winsomely. "Ah reckon we bettah get started. We got a long ways to go. Sugah heah's promised to show me the ocean."

The officer smiled expansively. Nothing like young love to gladden the day for a man. "Well now, I think you folks ought to have a real bang-up send-off. How'd you like a police escort as far as the state line?"

Joyce cried out with delight. "Why that would be just thrillin'."

Gene was just behind her. He took her arm. Then he said, between his teeth, "Get in—*Miss Halloway*."

Their motorcycle escort had really been a wonderful experience—if you liked that sort of thing. Gene didn't, though. It was too darned noisy for one thing—and for another it meant they couldn't ditch the girls so easily now. Those cops might come along any place on the road and wonder how come the bride had flown.

They stopped at the lake shore that night and built a campfire. Gene and Patsy sang to the stars while Joyce busied herself with some cooking.

Then Gene looked down at her, as she stirred the stew and he couldn't resist teasing. "Tsk. Tsk. Hope that wasn't a dash of arsenic you put in there just now. Very bad for the heart."

"Then you're safe, Mr. Autry," she returned. "Can't hurt something that doesn't exist."

He regarded her for a moment. Then he said emphatically, "And you're still going to take the bus when we reach the next town."

ALL at once, Michael and Patsy came racing up. "Gene," Michael called breathlessly, "why can't these two ladies ride all the way to California with us? And when we reach the West you can *all* be my guests at my father's ranch—"

"I think," Gene began, trying to cut him off but he was too late.

"It's a wonderful place," Michael went on, "Rancho San Quentin." Everyone froze. Patsy and Joyce stood there with eyes as big as saucers. "Father loves it there."

"San Quentin?" Patsy had found her voice. "Why, that's the name of the State pen."

"State pen?" Michael asked.

But Joyce interposed. "Yes." She shot Patsy a warning look. "The pen where they keep cattle—cattle that's sold to the State."

"Well," Gene drawled and now he was grinning a bit, "the ladies are riding with us." Why not? Cat was out of the bag. "You folks go ahead and eat. I'll go down to the lake and help Joyce with the water for the dishes."

When they were out of earshot she turned to him. "The poor kid. What's it all about?" He told her as much as he knew, himself, then added. "It's a mighty peculiar setup. I have a hunch there's something back of it. I'm going to keep the kid with me till I find out."

Her mouth was soft and curved. "Gene, please consider all past insults null and void. You're doing a grand thing for that boy. And—and you can depend on me to help in every way possible."

"Uh—thanks," he said hesitantly. "Glad you joined up with us. Michael needs friends—" He floundered. Then he got the words out. "Anyway, I kinda hate to think of you dodgin' policemen an'—an' maybe gettin' sent back to a man you don't want to marry."

They were on their way back to the campfire hand in hand when Joyce remembered. "Hey, the water."

"What water?" He smiled sheepishly and colored. "Oh—that's right. We did come for water."

Trouble hit them early the next night as they were proceeding along the road at a merry pace. One of the tires went flat and since their total capital was about fifty cents it looked pretty tragic for them.

But a few minutes later, a lucky break bounced right out of the radio. There was a singing contest going on at the fiesta at El Gaucho Cantina near by. Every one within the vicinity was invited. Without hesitation, Gene started for the place. And when they reached there he promptly declared himself a ready and willing contestant. He was the third one to sing and a while later it was being announced that he had won the grand prize of $25.

Young Michael's face was shining with such joy that Gene nudged him. "You go up an' get the prize, son."

Michael promptly marched forward. "Ah," the announcer beamed, "the good friend of Senor Autry will accept his prize. Are you, too, a cowboy, senor?"

"Oh, no, sir," Michael said into the microphone. "I'm an Englishman. My name's Michael Willoughby. But I love America and I certainly want to stay here."

They started off again, shortly after that, and this time Joyce sat in the front seat with Gene. They didn't say much but there was a feeling of blissful content between them.

Then all at once, it sounded as if the earth had torn in part. Gene looked behind him. *The trailer was gone.* It had gotten loose and was hurtling down the road. Michael and Patsy would be killed.

Gene swung the car around and stepped on the gas. Then he breathed a sigh of relief. Fortunately, the ground had leveled off and the trailer had come to a dead stop, right beside another car in the road. Two men were standing there, talking to Michael and Patsy.

Gene rushed up. "Are you kids all right?"

"Yes, quite," Michael said with dignity; but Patsy and Joyce began to blubber all over the place. When they had been quieted down, Michael explained to Gene, "This is Mr. Carter and Mr. Blake—the gentlemen who were going to take me to my father's ranch. They heard me on the radio and were trying to catch up with us."

Gene turned to them. "I suppose—you've been to Rancho San Quentin?"

Carter nodded curtly. "Sure. Much obliged to you for looking after the boy." He took Michael's arm. "You'd better come along with us now. Your dad's mighty anxious to see you."

But Gene didn't like the look of things. Who did they think they were kidding with that "San Quentin" stuff. He pulled Michael away.

"Just a minute, son. I think you'd better stay with me 'til we can get in touch with your dad."

Now Blake got tough. "You're coming with us, kid—" He reached out for the boy but Gene stepped between them.

Immediately Blake swung and the battle was on. Now Carter jumped into it and Gene had all he could do to hold them both off. He was panting heavily as he hit out with hard rights and lefts. Then Carter pulled a gun. His finger was on the trigger —when Frog rushed into the melee. But now the going was too tough for Blake and Carter. Simultaneously, they sprinted for

You may work like a beaver on your washings and *still* have tattle-tale gray! To get rid of that drab, dingy look, you need a soap that washes out deep-down dirt as well as the surface kind. You need Fels-Naptha Soap—*golden* bar or *golden* chips. And here's the reason why . . .

You get two willing workers in Fels-Naptha—richer *golden* soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha*. Two busy hustlers that speed out every last speck of dirt and make clothes dazzling white, sweetly fragrant. Enjoy this *extra* help both ways. Use Fels-Naptha Soap for all bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for all box-soap jobs. These *golden* flakes pep up washing machines like magic—because they're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy powders! No sneezy dust to bother you. And you get the grandest suds ever because they now hold a marvelous new suds-builder. Ask your grocer today for Fels-Naptha Soap—*golden* bar or *golden* chips—and put an end to tattle-tale gray in *your* house!

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha—*BAR or CHIPS*

Wherever you use bar-soap, use Fels-Naptha Soap
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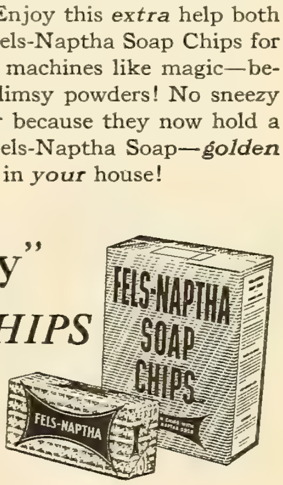

their car and with a loud roar their car sped off in the distance.

When they were on their way again, Michael said puzzledly, "I wonder who these men really are. They can't be friends of my father."

Gene nodded. "We'd better find out, boy." He turned to Joyce and said quietly, "I've got to get in touch with his father. If there was only some place where I could leave the kid."

Her eyes lighted up with inspiration. "Why not take him to my ranch? He'd be safe there."

Gene glowed. "That's a great idea. Lady, you're a life-saver." His hand closed over hers and for a second their eyes held.

Then Joyce sighed pleasurably and came back to earth. "Stop at the next town. I want to send a telegram." They pulled in at Hilltown and when the wire had been sent, Joyce took her seat beside Gene again with a confident smile. "Everything's fine. My friend at the ranch has arranged it all."

"Say," Gene said heartily, "that friend of yours must be right clever. Think I'll like her?"

She fumbled a little for words. "It—it isn't a her—it's a him."

"Oh." Funny, the night didn't seem so pretty now.

She plunged on embarrassedly, "Suppose I've got to tell you the truth. I'm coming out here to—to marry the man I—I really love. He's the foreman of my ranch."

Gene finally found his voice. It hurt to say the word. "Congratulations." What a big lummox he'd been, thinking she'd be liking a guy like him. "He's a lucky fella." He added with forced lightness, "Almost fell for you myself—but I'm not much of a guy for the ladies, I guess."

They got to Joyce's place sometime the next afternoon and Gene almost froze at the wheel of the car with astonishment when he saw the sign that had been tacked onto the driveway entrance.

"Rancho San Quentin."

"You're wonderful," he said to Joyce softly. So that's what the telegram had been about. Then he saw somebody standing there waiting for them. He hopped down and rushed to the man. "Why, Buck, how are you, boy? Left the dude ranch, huh?"

"Sure did. So it's Gene Autry in person. Why, you old coyote, you." Buck gripped both his hands.

Joyce interrupted coldly. "Remember me, Buck? I'm your fiancee."

A little embarrassed, Buck bent down and pecked at her cheek. "Why, honey. Sure tickled pink to see you. Sure am." Then he turned to Gene. "Where you been all this time? West ain't seemed the same without you. . . ."

AND that's the way it was the whole livelong day. Michael and Patsy went off to explore while Buck and Gene and Frog swapped reminiscences. Joyce simply stalked about the place in a resentful silence and Gene could hardly blame her. Buck wasn't exactly acting like a romantic sweetheart.

They were all sitting on the back porch that night singing with the radio when suddenly, an announcement cut through.

"We interrupt this program to bring you an important bulletin. Residents of neighboring counties are warned to be on the lookout for three escaped convicts. They are Red Wilkins, a convicted murderer, Jim Hines, a forger, and Alfred Willoughby, convicted recently on a charge of embezzlement. . . ."

Gene jumped up. Willoughby! Thank God, Michael was in bed. A few moments later, the sheriff's posse arrived. All of the men had been captured except Willoughby. They were drafting all the people in the neighborhood to go out on a manhunt for him. Gene was only too willing. Orders were "shoot to kill" and maybe if he could get to Willoughby first he could save him from death—for the kid's sake.

But a few hours afterwards he and Frog returned. Failure was written all over them. "Not a sign of Willoughby," he told Joyce. "How's Michael?"

"All right. But I had a job keeping him out of the way with all those guards around the place."

Gene shook his head. "It'll be too bad for Willoughby if he tries to get to the kid."

A voice spoke from the doorway. "*I* may not get out of here alive but you won't either."

Gene spun around. A man, ragged and mudstained, was standing there. It was Alfred Willoughby. There was a gun in his hand.

He advanced into the room. "Stay where you are. So Blake and Carter got you to kidnap my boy, eh? Bring him here immediately."

Frog said nervously. "Sure. Honest, he's the cutest little feller—"

Gene shoved him aside then turned to Willoughby. "We didn't kidnap Michael. We've been taking care of him." Willoughby laughed shortly. "It'll be an awful shock to the boy when he sees you. We've told him you're out on the range, rounding up cattle. . . ."

"Bring him here."

But then the door opened and there was Michael in pajamas, rubbing his eyes sleepily. "Gee, what's happening. . . ." He let out a cry. "Hi there, Dad." He threw himself at his father. "Oh, gee, Dad, it's great to see you." He began to babble excitedly. Then he noticed that no one else was talking. "Gene—what's the matter—I don't—"

"Nothing's the matter, Mike," Gene said quickly, "You see, your dad's been out with the posse after those convicts."

"Gosh." Michael was truly impressed with his father's valor. He began to laugh and talk at once. "Say, Dad, I've had the most exciting time. Some chaps tried to—to snatch me and Gene and Frog made 'em—made 'em scram. It was a swell scrap. Say, notice how good I talk—like a real American—"

"I—I don't understand," Willoughby said uncertainly, but his face had begun to soften. Then, when Michael had been sent off to bed again he turned to Gene and handed him his gun. "I guess you can have this now."

Now Gene began to question him about the whole matter. What was behind this business—the kidnapping?

"You see," Willoughby explained wearily, "Blake and Carter would go to any lengths to keep me from telling about the crooked methods they used in building up Western Packing. They had me railroaded on a false charge of embezzlement because I knew too much. And they're afraid of their trial that's coming up this month." His voice strengthened now with triumph. "But now that I know Michael is all right I'll give some testimony that will put Carter and Blake and *all* their associates behind bars."

Gene nodded, and with Willoughby's consent, called in the sheriff.

The best thing for Willoughby to do now was to go back to the prison peacefully and quietly. His chance would soon come to wipe the slate clean. Then he and his son could have a long holiday together.

Gene and Frog accompanied him to the station on their horses. Then they stood there and watched the train as it slowly pulled out.

Frog sighed mournfully. "Kinda makes me blue to think of Willoughby goin' back to prison. He's one swell guy."

Gene nodded. "But it won't be long before they move him out and put Carter and Blake in there. And it'll be a big day for the ranchers when that happens!" He tensed. A pistol shot had rung out. Then another. Say, there was something going on down there.

Gene wheeled his horse. "Looks like they're takin' one last gamble to get Willoughby. Come on." Swiftly, he and Frog rode down the slope to the train. Then they galloped alongside. They could see some men moving back and forth inside the train. And just as they reached the front, they saw Blake clubbing the engineer. "Stop the train," he was shouting. "We're takin' off a passenger."

Now the train began to gather speed. While Frog opened fire at the enemy, Gene made a flying leap for the engine caboose. He landed, with not a sixteenth of an inch to spare. Wildly, he struck out at the attacking men. Then Frog, too, got aboard and Gene grabbed for the air brakes. The train began to slow up and Gene turned to survey the damage.

THE engineer was conscious but pretty battered up, but there, on the floor was as pretty a sight as a man could hope to see. Blake and Carter were both stretched out cold. . . .

Willoughby's testimony brought the trial to a dramatically swift conclusion. Thoroughly clearing himself, it convicted Blake and Carter on criminal charges and completely smashed the Western Packing monopoly.

Then Willoughby and Michael prepared to set sail for England where the boy was going to finish his schooling. There were tearful farewells all around.

"Maybe you'll come back to America some day," Patsy said to him wistfully and the boy nodded.

"We certainly will—'cause—well, I'm coming back here to marry you."

When they had gone Gene knew it was time for his own departure. He went to Joyce and told her so. "It certainly looks as if we'd better be moseyin' along." Outside, in the light of the moon, the Ranch hands were singing the *Gaucho Serenade*. But the melody made him sad.

"But why must you go?" Joyce asked and then she burst into laughter.

Gene got a little mad. She didn't have to act as if she was glad to see him go. "You sure seems to be happy, Ma'am."

"Indeed I am," she cried. "Buck's just jilted me." Gene was dumbfounded. "He's going to be a movie star. He has a Hollywood contract." Again her laughter came.

Gingerly, Gene touched her shoulder. "Sure you feel all right? I heard a broken heart makes women hysterical."

"I'll recover." Her eyes were soft and tender as she came to him. "But, Gene, now that Buck's going, I'll be needing a new foreman."

"Yes, Ma'am." Gee, that music sounded beautiful now. The stars were bright too.

"Want the job?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You know, Gene," she said and her voice was throbbingly husky, "I'll also be needing a new fiance. Want *that* job?"

"*Yes, Ma'am*—uh, what's that?"

But he didn't bother with any more questions for Joyce was in his arms and that was enough to keep any man busy for the entire evening.

Mlle. Chic's HOLLYWOOD FASHION TIPS

Darlin'—

FOR **the best** gosh-darned "wearable" clothes that have come out of Hollywood in a long time, you'd better take yourself to the neighborhood theatre and get a good look at *Irene* . . . Don't worry, I haven't turned press-agent, and this isn't a publicity build-up for the picture, but after seeing it the other night, I made a visit to RKO to see Eddie Stevenson, who designed the clothes, and asked him how he made so many of them look like things you and I could copy . . . Eddie has very definite ideas on how clothes should be designed, and one thing he never loses sight of is that a gal should wear clothes because they suit *her* and not simply because they are "in style" . . . He has some very definite low-down words to say about gals with limited budgets going for momentary fads . . . If you can afford to buy a trick fashion, wear it a couple of times, then throw it away—swell! . . . But if you're not quite sure where next month's clothes are coming from, it's far better to buy things you won't mind wearing a while . . . There's one evening frock Marsha Hunt wears that I know you'll want to copy . . . It's the good old classic dancing gown of tight bodice and bouffant skirt . . . Marsha's gown looks grey . . . Actually the skirt is of three thicknesses of net, two black with a white one in between . . . There's no end to the possibilities of color combinations with this type of gown . . . I get positively romantic-feeling, just sitting here thinking about a skirt of two shades of blue worn on a moonlight summer night!

AND **speaking** of blue—it's a cinch you're going to have at least one outfit of the "Alice blue" color which is popularized in this picture, *Irene* . . . Anna Neagle, who wears the famous "Alice blue" gown in the picture, liked it so well that she has had several dresses of that color added to her personal wardrobe . . . Anna's favorite is a casual two-piece dress of waffle-weave blue cotton . . . The shirtmaker blouse is worn with a skirt which is deeply shirred in the center front . . . With it Anna wears wooden beads in the same shade of blue . . . There are two other colors you can't overlook, however, if you want to be up-to-the-minute on your Hollywood styles . . . Those colors are navy blue and grey . . . I guess I've seen more navy blue outfits in my wanderings this month than I have at any other time . . . But always there is the refreshing touch of white in some kind of trim . . . Pat Morison was lunching at a Boulevard cafe the other noon wearing a chic little suit of light-weight navy wool . . . The jacket was cut bolero style and was worn over a tailored blouse of white pique . . . Little Anne Shirley, who loves to design her own clothes, was lunching at the same place wearing a navy blue ensemble and a wide-brimmed sailor hat of blue felt . . . The brim of the hat was piped with white pique and tiny bows of the white were tucked under the brim on either side.

PIQUE **seems** to be the most popular material to use for your accent of white . . . I talked to Lucille Ball the other day and she told me she uses wide piping of that material around the V-neckline of both her jacket and topcoat that belong to a three-piece suit of seagull grey . . . The secret in using white is to have the trim detachable so it can be removed and laundered to retain its fresh, crisp look . . . Blue and grey as the first colors of the season are used in sports clothes, too . . . The best-dressed gal at Palm Springs last week was Dottie Lamour wearing tailored slacks of grey flannel . . . The slacks were worn with a madras shirt of grey and yellow stripes, and a yellow snood covered the Lamour head of hair . . . Try this combination of grey with yellow—if you want something cool-looking with a touch of color . . . And here's a clever handkerchief trick Dottie taught me: Dottie buys two large colorful linen handkerchiefs—about twenty inches square—puts a corner of each handkerchief together then stitches it about half way down each side, and she has a hood to wear with her sports clothes . . . White pique is smart in playclothes, too . . . At least Lupe Velez was getting her share of looks when I saw her taking a sunbath dressed in a strapless sunsuit of that material trimmed with bright red grosgrain ribbon piping.

So I'll leave you for this month and try to chase down the rumor that says someone is designing a Vesuvius hat for Gloria Swanson . . . It is to have a concealed smoke-pot inside which will send tiny clouds of perfumed vapor from the crown.

Mlle. Chic

A Wad of Money—

DOESN'T MAKE YOU RICH

A sure way to fatten your pocketbook is to wad money up in bunches. But *folded* bills buy just as much...and are lots less bulky!

Elementary? Certainly! And for just that same reason Kotex sanitary napkins are made with a soft *folded* center! This naturally makes Kotex *less bulky* than napkins made with loose, wadded fillers!

Snap your fingers at worry! For safety's sake, an *improved* new type of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad...

And that's not all! Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show...never make ugly bulges...the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes — *Super — Regular — Junior.* (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes of Kotex have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And *all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

FEEL *its new softness*
PROVE *its new safety*
COMPARE *its new, flatter ends*

KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
KOTEX

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Some Like It Hot

[*Continued from page* 54]

blond hair bleaches a shade or two lighter in the summertime, because she is in the sun so much. She likes that—but she doesn't like the fact that the sun, in lightening it, also makes it a touch dryer. She offsets that tendency by having an oil type of shampoo once or twice a week at the studio—and by brushing it herself night and morning. Brushing stimulates the oil glands of the scalp, and helps them to help themselves—and equalize their output of oil. Brushing will help distribute what oil there is more evenly on the hair, so you won't end up with an oily scalp and brittle, dry ends.

Brushing helps keep Brenda's curls in place, too. And this in spite of the fact that she has a permanent. Which all goes to show you what a crazy superstition it is that you shouldn't brush your hair if you have a permanent wave! All the best hairdressers will tell you that brushing will make your wave deeper and lovelier and more natural looking! Brenda brushes her hair five minutes every day—first all over to one side of her head, then to the other, then all forward over her face—and finally back into those soft curls off her forehead and around her face.

IT'S a smart idea to have a fresh permanent at the beginning of summer, Hollywood glamor girls find. Then there'll be no stringy locks after the badminton game or morning dip. And if you have a permanent to give your curls "backbone," you won't have to do them up on curlers so often. That *is* a blessing these hot summer nights!

Getting a permanent needn't be an ordeal, something to be put off till a cooler day. I had one just the other day that was about the most comfortable thing I ever felt. In the first place, it's a machineless type of wave. The curlers are hot (just the right temperature for your type of hair) when they're put on your head—and they cool off in a minute or so. That means your curls can never be overcooked till frizzy.

I was particularly pleased when I saw the bright red *sealed* box the waving supplies came in, because that meant they were sanitary. They couldn't possibly have been used on anyone else's perhaps-not-so-healthy scalp. First there were the waving pads or sachets, and a sealed bottle of the special waving solution for my hair, then the box of individual scalp protectors—meant for use on my hair, and mine only! These protectors, by the way, are specially designed to allow the operator to get closer to your scalp in winding the hair on the rods—that means your permanent will last longer! Then arranged around the box were cunning little vials of special shampoo, brilliantine and waveset, for use after the wave. . . . I want to tell you that my curls were glossy, soft, and naturally sheenful—and that they're holding their spring, too! The wave isn't any two-for-a-dollar bargain, of course—I believe that most cheap permanents are dangerously apt to harm your hair. But it is a bargain in the sense that you get good value for your money, and that your wave will last *beautifully* for several months. Do be sure to write me for the name.

Do you have difficulty keeping your make-up smoothly in place in the summertime? Do you find that your skin just will get oily and shiny? Here are several remedies for that. First, use plenty of soap and water to remove excess facial oils, then rinse several times with cool water, and gently pat your skin dry. Now saturate a square of cotton with skin freshener or mild astringent, and slap it lightly over your face and throat. This helps counteract any oiliness. Give that about ten minutes in which to dry—and to tighten the pores somewhat. Then apply your make-up, using the lightest film of powder and rouge so your skin has a chance to breathe freely on hot days.

Out Hollywood way they're enthusiastic about liquid make-up for use in warm weather. And I don't blame them, because it does give the smoothest finish! It's easy to apply: just pour a bit into the palm of your hand, and smooth it over your face, or blend it with cotton. You can use it as a base for powder (it's non-oily, and will not shine through) or alone—didn't I say it makes your skin look velvety soft? If you'd like to give the effect of a light tan without actually acquiring one, this liquid powder is your dish. Choose the suntan shade, and smooth it evenly over your arms, throat and legs as well as your face. It's removable with soap and water, or cream, but otherwise is so waterproof you can wear it in swimming without its streaking. . . . You'd think that with all these fine qualities, the lotion would be expensive—but you're wrong! A generous bottle costs only a dime. Want the name, and information about the five shades? I'll be glad to tell you all!

Why not try the special dry skin cream put out by one of our finest manufacturers? It abounds with all the rich oils that lubricate an excessively dry and sensitive skin, and soften one that has become slightly coarse and leathery from too much sunning. Don't use it for cleansing, because that's not what it was made for! Use it instead, after washing your face, to soothe any irritation. And use it regularly, leaving it on for about twenty minutes during the day, or overnight in severe cases, to replace some of those essential oils you've burned out of your skin. . . . There's always danger that suntanning, by removing the oils that keep your skin supple and smoothe, will hasten the appearance of fine lines around your eyes and mouth, or on your forehead. Use a rich cream like this one to prevent that tragedy! There's a ten cent size you can try—and larger, more economical ones priced to a dollar. Interested?

THERE'S one summertime worry that practically everyone can avoid—perspiration odor. Bathing twice a day will take care of the invisible perspiration (we all exude a full quart a day, you know) that collects on the body and makes you feel moist and sticky. But it cannot completely remove underarm odor, simply because there are more sweat glands in that area, and they seem to work overtime! You need a reliable perspiration corrective that will neutralize and deodorize the perspiration before it has a chance to decompose and decay in the confined space of the armpit—that is what causes the odor!

I'll be glad to send you the name of a grand deodorant in cream form. Simply pat it under your arms after your morning shower, and forget about the whole matter. Because the cream will be Johnny-on-the-spot all day long to protect your reputation. It's harmless to use, of course, and won't irritate your skin or soil your summer sheers. Why not try carrying the ten cent size in your purse, for quick re-application before step-

What every motorist should know

When you drive, take some Beech-Nut Gum along. It's always refreshing and restful, especially when you get tired or tense. Your choice of 7 delicious kinds:

Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
and 4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

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GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? Visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive, stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

ping out in the evening? There are larger sizes of this good friend at thirty-five and sixty cents for your vanity table or bathroom shelf. Want the name?

Nothing makes you feel more tired and uncomfortable in hot weather than weary, burning, aching feet—and nothing makes you look it more, either. Sore feet show up in a pained expression on your face—an unhappy look that completely detracts from your careful make-up or lovely tan. But you don't have to develop a poker face to hide your foot troubles—get at the trouble itself. . . . The other day I found a grand new liquid foot balm that is simply wonderful for soothing tender, aching feet. Bathe the feet first, in warm water, dry them thoroughly, then smooth on some of the liquid. It vanishes almost immediately, but leaves the feet with a delightful tingling coolness that is mighty refreshing after a day's shopping or tour of the Fair. And it contains special ingredients that soothe the tender spot where a new pair of shoes has chafed the skin. The thirty-five cent bottle holds quite a generous amount (a little will go a long way) and is handy-sized for slipping into your handbag or travelling case.

Write me before July 15th, please, if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and send your letter to Denise Caine, MOTION PICTURE Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

How Does Gable Do It?

[*Continued from page* 24]

More than he dared offer, in fact, for as his friend, Lionel Barrymore, pointed out, Clark's unique screen appeal was a fearless virility, which no cowed actor could simulate by phony strutting.

"These big salary checks they hand out every Wednesday aren't going to make me kiss anybody's feet," he announced. "I can make a living anywhere, and I'll soon have a stake big enough to let me travel, which is what I want to do most of all, anyway."

HAVING made this decision and boldly declared it, so all listening stool-pigeons and hidden microphones might hear, he stuck to it. He has kowtowed to none, kissed no feet. And in all these passing years, no movie monarch has cried, "I don't care if Gable *is* a gold mine—off with his head!"

In fact, few controversial issues with movie royalty ever confronted Clark, either in the various studios where he worked, or in the dangerous atmosphere of Hollywood social intrigue. When those rare occasions did arise the star, friendly, reasonable but determined, never lost "face."

His one important rebellion, instead of proving costly, led to his luckiest break. That was some years ago, when he realized that in playing meaningless roles opposite certain female stars, his own box-office strength was being sapped in a futile endeavor to increase theirs. He called a halt.

As punishment he was "loaned out" to Columbia to do a "little" picture. The picture was *It Happened One Night*, and Clark

[*Continued on page* 78]

1

GASPS AS LITTLE CLEOBELL, PLAYING HOUSE, TRIPS AND LITTERS CLEAN RUG WITH SUGAR

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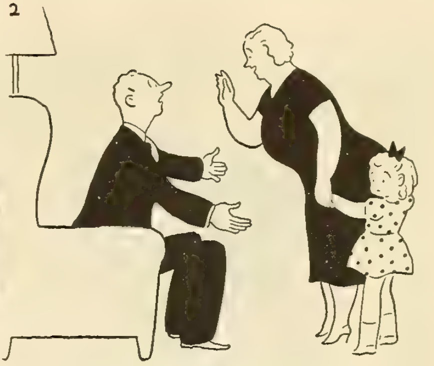

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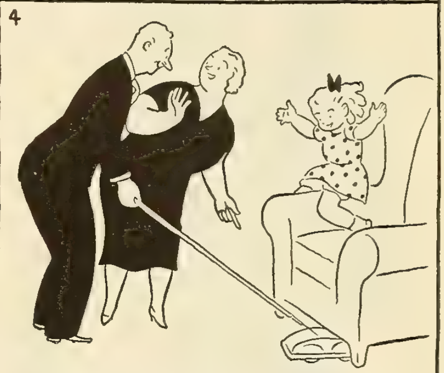

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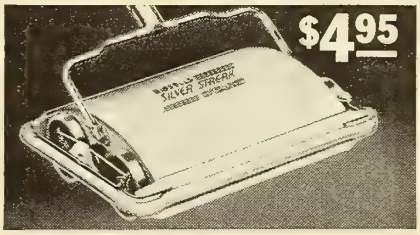

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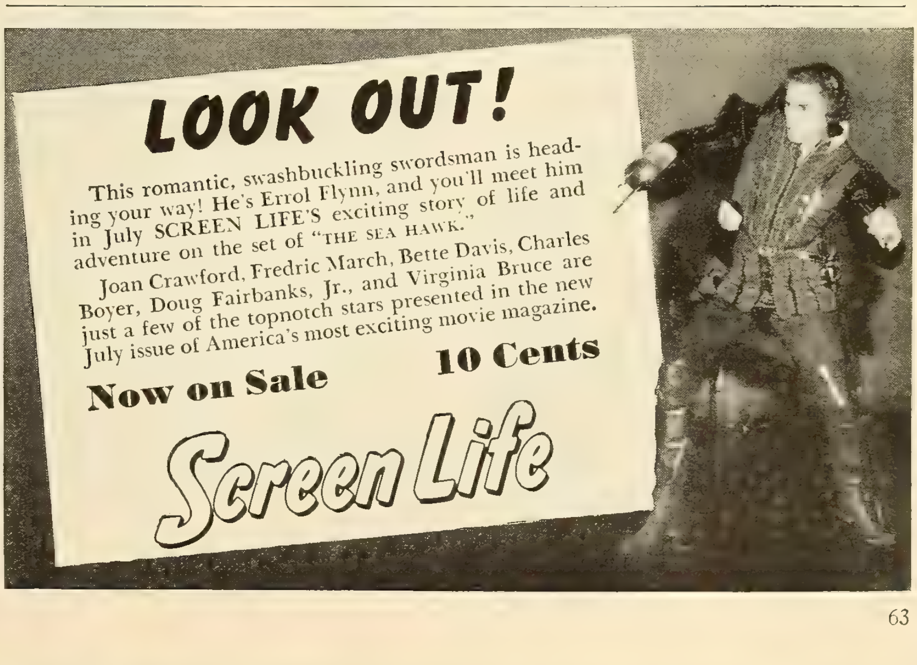

LOOK OUT!

This romantic, swashbuckling swordsman is heading your way! He's Errol Flynn, and you'll meet him in July SCREEN LIFE'S exciting story of life and adventure on the set of "THE SEA HAWK."

Joan Crawford, Fredric March, Bette Davis, Charles Boyer, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Virginia Bruce are just a few of the topnotch stars presented in the new July issue of America's most exciting movie magazine.

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HOLLYWOOD

Why Dick (A Gent) Prefers Blondell

[*Continued from page* 43]

fanny right out of this house, Dick Powell," she told her husband, for she knew that soft words and sentimentalism had no place in a moment like this. "There's a perfectly wonderful personal appearance offer waiting for you. Take it and it will give you something to do while waiting for a non-musical film."

And so it was that the Hollywood Reporter, Variety, and the other trade papers began to record the sensational business that Dick Powell's personal appearance tour, eight weeks of it, in New York, Philadelphia and other key cities, was doing.

"I'm not exaggerating," says Joan, "when I say that the biggest thrill of my life came when we looked out of the dressing-room window in the New York theatre and saw crowds of people, a whole city square full of them, swirling around, and yelling like mad: 'We want Dick Powell! We want Powell!' I turned to Dick and looked at him. . . . 'There,' I said. And he thought they 'hated' him."

It was just after this that Hollywood producers, being a docile crew of leader-followers and always keen about what the public wants, realized that they had better get the Powell face on a film, even if he refused to sing. Universal Pictures thought he'd be swell for the twins (both of 'em!) in *The Boys from Syracuse* and Paramount Pictures got Mr. and Mrs. Powell's signatures down for a sprightly little comedy called *I Want a Divorce*. It was this title that brought us to Joan.

That's the way it is in Hollywood. So conscious are we of divorce, with the Colony's high marital crack-up rate, that the mere mention of the word, even in a film title, makes us react like Bull Ferdinand after meeting the bee. The obvious story on the professionally re-united Powells (they made *Golddiggers of 1933, Footlight Parade,* et cetera, together under Warner Brothers' contracts) with the evidence of their peaceful domestic life, was Why We *Don't* Want a Divorce. See?

But Joan didn't. "I don't like to talk about divorce," she said, knocking on the wooden frame of the divan. "Nor do I like to talk about our marriage. And I've always tried to discourage it. But what else is there to talk about when you're happy? So I always caution the writers to cut the serious talk, and make the story, if they *have* to write about our home life, as gay as possible.

"When I was much younger and before I was married, I thought I knew *all* about it, so I babbled away about how couples should run their lives. And I didn't know a thing about it," Joan continued. "Articles like that sound stupid when they are read years later. I don't regret, very deeply, having co-operated on them. There are too many other big things to regret if you really want to go out for that sort of thing. But the stuff that I dished up sounds so silly now. It shows me what a headstrong, independent, wilful dope I was. I thought I knew *everything*. And I knew so little.

"That's what I want to avoid now, sounding like a matrimonial oracle. I think I've 'grown up' in my marriage to Dick," she said, slowly puffing smoke from her brightly colored lips. "I was awfully young, then. And I didn't care about anything, not even myself. I didn't care about my hair; I'd run the comb through it when I got up in the morning and pay no more heed to it all day—that is, of course, if I were not making a picture.

"Clothes never bothered me, either. They were just something to cover up my nakedness, and that was that. I was signed to a Warner Brothers' contract in 1930, and did rather well in gaining screen popularity, although, heaven knows, I worked like a dog, once doing thirty-two pictures in twenty-seven months. I didn't care about the pictures. When a new script was handed me, I'd thumb through it to see how many pages I had to learn. Not to see how big, or how little, my part was, but hoping that I would only have a few 'sides' to learn. Half the time I didn't bother to read the story; didn't know the implication of my scenes or how they affected the film.

"It wasn't until I knew that I was going to have a baby that I began to think about myself, and about really getting ahead. I say it was the first time I commenced to think about myself, but really I was thinking about myself only in relation to this other life that I was bringing into the world," said Joan.

"I began to realize that I was creating someone for whom I would always be responsible; that this baby was going to need a lot of things, not only for a few years, but he would have to go to school and college. He would have to be given a chance in life, and because I had given him life, I would also have to see to it that he had a chance.

"I THINK I really became adult, mentally, along about this time. I began to think things out. Dick is a thinking type, too, and it has been good for me to be associated with him. He is also a fine business man. During that 'holding out' period of last year he was idle only as far as his singing career was concerned.

"He bought a 192-foot business block in East Long Beach, built a string of new stores, then he personally saw to it that they were rented, two on long-term leases—one runs for twenty years—to big chain stores. He'll never need a benefit staged for him . . . I hope! Why, the rents alone would keep this going—" and she waved at the extensive property with its tennis courts, patio, fine old rooms— "and he wouldn't have to work in films or radio.

"As for me . . . I'm no business woman. Haven't taken care of my salary check since I was two, and my dad, Eddie Blondell, had us all out on tour in vaudeville. Nowadays I turn the salary check over to Dick and he takes care of it. I like it that way. It gives me freedom to run the house, and he pays the bills. It seems to me that's the way marriage should be—the husband signing the checks, footing the bills. We have, then, separate identities, as master and mistress of the manse. Not everybody sees us that way. Our agent doesn't, I'm sure. He looks at us as a lump sum . . . so much percentage to be made from our professional appearances," she said, with a laugh.

To those who knew the carelessly gay Joan in the old days, when she was writhing under her contractual ties, champing at the bit, there has been a great change. Sure—in those early '30 days, she was charitably inclined, good-natured, happy-go-lucky, but she didn't have the steadiness, the evidence of planned happiness, that she has as Mrs. Powell. Maybe it was because she was not then the mistress of the old Vidor home, once the home of Fay Wray, and now completely changed over into the Richard Ewing Powell establishment. Nor was she (incidentally) Mrs. Powell. The kind of home that the Powells run takes time and attentive supervision.

This is not because it is excessively formal and full of flunkies . . . in fact, you can't tell where the butler ends and the companion begins, but there are two children to think about . . . Norman Scott Powell and Ellen Powell, Dick and Joan's nineteen-month-old daughter. Then there are the tennis courts, the wide grassy slopes, the flower gardens, the children's playhouse, the stately house itself, all surrounded by a tall red-brick fence, for Dick is given to privacy and protection.

More importantly, there are the stunning antiques; so many that a stranger, first entering the house, thinks he has strayed into a fashionable shop.

"They're Dick's and mine," says Joan. "We both collect, and when we married, we simply pooled our collections. Dick goes in for guns," she added, and she need not. Across the windows above the hearth were muskets, and the sunroom overlooking the terrace—where Joan and I sat—bristled with ancient firearms. It was pretty evident that Dick *did* collect guns.

All this self-conceded maturity has made little difference in the physical appearance of Joan Blondell. Her hair, yes, is more tidy than in the old days, but her figure has not suffered from the birth of two babies.

She still has all—and more—than George Petty requires for his lush *femme* drawings, and today she was wearing a "little girl" pink and white playsuit, full and short of skirt. In the deep *decolletage* of the throat was a huge silver heart suspended on a thin silver chain, and on her feet white, canvas, toeless sandals. She had retreated to the house from watching Dick play a fast set of tennis with a friend.

"I've just finished *Two Girls on Broadway* with Lana Turner for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer," she said. "Some people think I was crazy, taking a second lead when for years I have been starred and co-starred. My last films at Columbia, those with Melvyn Douglas, *There's Always a Woman, Good Girls Go to Paris* and *The Amazing Mr. Williams,* were co-starring pictures. But I wanted to show the producers what I could do with a part that wasn't 'typically Blondell.'

"In this I'm kind of a wallflower, older-sister type—Lana's sister. I don't say it's the best thing I've ever done, for it isn't. As a matter of fact, I don't think that I have ever given my best work. Sounds kind of zany, at that, for an actress who has been nine years in films to say that she hasn't had her chance yet. But that's what I feel about myself. I think there's something artistical, in me that hasn't been expressed, and I don't think I'm too old, too typed, too hide-bound, to show it sometime.

"My real reason for going to Metro in a secondary part was to remind the producers that I am still alive. They have a property over there that I'd like to do—*May Flavin.* Maybe you know the novel. It's about a girl who loves a guy and stands by him, bearing him six children. It's a story with a real wallop, and I'd like to be the one to do it. So, too, I understand, would Joan Crawford. Well . . . it doesn't do any harm to give the folks a sample of your acting. I'm waiting."

While she waits her thoughts are on those she loves . . . Norman's health, Ellen's ostrich-like appetite (first it was for aspirin; lately she was discovered drinking eye-wash), Dick. . . .

"Dick has reached a turning-point in his career," she says. "He's no longer the musical upstart that he was in all those early films. I discovered that last year. He rehearsed the famous Hal Skelly role in *Burlesque* and I did *Bonnie.* If things hadn't broken as they did we might have tried a summer of 'straw hat' theatre. It would have been good for both of us.

"I saw the change in Dick immediately when he started to read lines. 'Jeepers,' I said to myself, 'Dick mustn't do boy's stuff any more. He's adult.' After all, Dick is thirty-five. That was what was wrong in his other contract. He had to play ridiculous youngsters, and he wasn't a kid any more. He was a man. But what's to be done about it when you're shoved into roles that don't fit? I used to get so furious with a magazine critic. He went out of his way to be nasty about Dick and his 'rah rah' roles. Used him as an editorial whipping-post merely to stimulate his own ego.

"Finally I got so furious I sat down and wrote him a ten-page letter and told him to lay off of Dick, and I didn't mince words. I got his answer. He said he thought I was a fine wife and mother, and could he print my letter? 'This,' I answered him, 'is strictly between ourselves, and of course you can't publish my letter.' Later, the same critic wrote a book, and he sent me an autographed copy. The inscription read: 'To Joan Powell, a fine wife *and mother.*' And so it goes."

If mothering everyone is second-nature to Joan, it's not a bad hobby. It fills every nook and cranny of her life as richly as custard sauce over pudding.

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PICTURE PARADE

A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT

—AAA—

Yes, we know comparisons are odious but if the producers would stop presenting remakes we promise we'll stop making comparisons. Besides, we're becoming terribly fed up with "hash" and when we protest the argument is always the same—"A new generation has grown up." Well, we're far from senile ourselves but there are very few, if any, remakes that are new to us. And you'd think that if they had to rehash these old films they would at least try to improve upon them. Instead, they're usually not even as good as the earlier versions. Which is a roundabout way of telling you that we didn't enjoy this new version of *A Bill of Divorcement* nearly as much as we did the John Barrymore-Katharine Hepburn one. They were so grand as the insane *Hilary Fairfield* and his daughter *Sydney* that it was a task for anyone to compete with the characterizations. While Adolphe Menjou and Maureen O'Hara are both excellent players they're not up to the Barrymore or the Hepburn. And we missed the touch of humor Barrymore supplied in his portrayal of *Hilary* for *A Bill of Divorcement* is an unhappy story.—*RKO-Radio.*

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN

—AAA—

The rhyme "Saturday's children work hard for a living" is the tip-off on this human drama based on a Maxwell Anderson Pulitzer prize play. It deals with the everyday marital problems of a couple of youngsters—*Bobby Halevy* and *Rims Rosson*—who struggle to make a go of their marriage on an income that has been reduced to something like $100 a month when *Bobby* has been fired from *Martin's* because *Rims* is gainfully employed there. It's sincerely and realistically done—perhaps too real some may think for it cannot help but discourage thousands of youngsters who are planning a future under similar circumstances. But on the other hand it may be good for these kids to have their eyes opened. *Saturday's Children* doesn't offer much laughter but what there is is supplied by Dennie Moore and most welcome. Anne Shirley and John Garfield as *Bobby Halevy* and *Rims Rosson* are excellent and there's swell support lent by Claude Rains as *Papa Halevy*, Lee Patrick as older sister *Florrie*, Elizabeth Risdon as *Mama Halevy*, Roscoe Karns as *Willie Sands* and the aforementioned Dennie Moore as *Gertrude Mills*.—*Warner.*

The Wages of Sin Are High—In Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 44]

shrews and vixens. They want to let themselves go. They want to give their fine manners and pretty poses a holiday. They want to bring the warmth and drama of human life to the screen and they want to do this by portraying characters who are possessed of the same human frailties, the same shortcomings and faults as the average human being. In short, Hollywood wants to get off its pedestal and taste life in the raw.

Psychologists will point out that there is nothing odd or unusual about this. They will tell you that we all like to step out of our everyday role occasionally and be someone else for a week, or a day or even an hour. They will tell you it is merely the sign of the healthy, normal being to want to be different—to want to do strange and startling things for a change.

And what's more, they actually advise a person to step out of character and let off steam every now and then. They say it is absolutely essential for the well-being of the individual; otherwise something inside is apt to become stifled and stilted and then all expression and interest may die. Psychologists may call it the purgation of the emotions—the katharsis of the soul. But whatever terms they may use, it is exactly what is happening to most of the actors and actresses in Hollywood today.

However, it's nothing new. If you thumb back through the musty pages of your text books, you'll find that the early Greeks were the first to discover the need of this change. And because they discovered it, you can thank them for having motion pictures to entertain you today. For it was in their early drama—the forerunner of our present stage and screen—that they first introduced the necessity for entertainment through the medium of acting. But the world has made much progress since those days and now we find that the very players who entertain us are the ones who want to step out of character.

ON THE screen, the only way an actress can accomplish this is by changing her roles completely—by reverting from one definite type to another. So when you were accustomed to seeing Bette Davis playing the sweet, innocent girl in picture after picture, you seldom got excited. It was nothing new either to you or to Bette herself. She was merely another little lamb of a girl—tender, docile and innocuous. But when you saw her as *Mildred* in *Of Human Bondage*, you sat bolt upright in your seat!

Your eyes popped with interest. Your pulse beat a trifle faster. It was difficult to believe that this girl, who until now wasn't guilty of a single screen transgression, was the same one who was making life miserable for the easy-going, trustworthy Leslie Howard. You scarcely believed that anyone could be so cruel and hard and cynical. You didn't think this bitter, back-biting, wrathful creature could be the same Bette Davis. You sat enthralled at her portrayal of a girl who had tasted the very dregs of life, who was disillusioned with everything in life and trusted no one—not even herself. You watched a human being hurtling the very last ditch—unsuccessfully. And even when a helping hand tried to pull her out of the mire, she turned on it and bit it.

Though you may have sat in the theatre hating Bette Davis with the temporary vehemence that such a characterization invokes, when the picture was over you couldn't help respecting the girl's ability as an actress. You couldn't help feeling that you had been in on her rebirth—and on the beginning of a truly great career. Most people who felt that way at the time have long since discovered they were right in their assertions.

From that moment on Bette Davis became an entirely new and different personality. She hurriedly discarded all the saccharine traits she had previously regarded as "musts" for an up-and-coming actress. She no longer concentrated on being a sweet and pretty girl on the screen. She had found something inside of her that every actor and actress hopes some day to discover!

Whatever Bette Davis did up until that time doesn't matter. Hardly a handful of her fans remember even a single one of her films before she appeared in *Of Human*

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Bondage. And she herself, wouldn't give two cents for that period prior to her interpretation of the vicious, snarling, selfish *Mildred.* Everything of hers that deserves any credit has been done since that time. . . . *Marked Woman, Dark Victory, Jezebel, Kid Galahad,* and *The Old Maid.*

In most of these films, the roles she undertook were anything but the sweet, fresh, wholesome ones that are generously meted out to most actresses. She was an underworld moll in one; a spoiled, hard-drinking social butterfly in another; an outrageous and heartless flirt in the third; a hard, cynical woman in the fourth and a frigid, straight-laced spinster in the last. In *Elizabeth and Essex,* she was the vicious, power-mad queen who, in spite of her love for him, had *Essex* beheaded.

According to a quaint Hollywood belief, audiences should hiss and hate Bette Davis. There shouldn't be a single shred of admiration or affection left for her. But strangely enough, she manages to reign as one of the finest and most popular players of the present decade. She has convinced the public that when she is bad, she's really very good.

She has proven that, contrary to all outmoded opinions, it pays to be bad—and it pays very well (in films, at least). She has shown that if the audiences hate you in your parts, you are proving ability as an actress. And once that fact is firmly fixed, there is no need to worry about any harm or injury to one's reputation because of distasteful roles.

BECAUSE she never worried about the personal opinions of the public, Betty Field stepped from a sweet, schoolgirl role in *What a Life* to a part that made most Hollywood glamor girls shudder at the mere thought of even considering it. But when *Of Mice and Men* unfolded its tragic and touching story on the screen and yielded forth Betty as the cheap, little wench, it was the signal for instantaneous recognition—recognition that usually comes after years of playing goody-good roles which have nothing the least bit tangible about them.

Most people can't believe that Betty's break came so soon after her entrance into films. But few people have any explanation other than that she must have been born to the part. That isn't so. Betty Field comes from the staid old Back Bay of Boston and was raised in the atmosphere of the grand drawing-rooms of that aristocratic city.

Yet when the chance to play the part of *Mae* offered itself, she literally jumped at it! It was the sort of thing she had always wanted to do. It was the sort of thing she thought all actresses would want to do. But poor, naive little Betty. She didn't know Hollywood. She didn't know how zealously the players guard their reputations—both offscreen and on.

But she went right ahead. She sank her pretty teeth deep into it. She went out and purchased an eleven dollar wardrobe and would have none of the carefully planned costumes that the studio prepared. It was *her* part. It was *her* interpretation. And she was going to do it the way she thought it should be done. She knew all about girls like *Mae*—and what she didn't know, she soon found out. And during the time she was playing the part before the cameras, Betty Field lived and breathed, ate and drank that role.

Still there were plenty of Hollywood habitues who doubted her ability to carry through so difficult an assignment. After all, she had only appeared in a single picture before then. And it was no easy job for a comparative newcomer to put over the role of a cheap, little tart effectively. Yet that would have been the least.

The difficulty was to make the audiences feel sorry for her—to overlook her love of tinselled pleasures and to sympathize with her in her loneliness and misery. As you watched her inviting her own end, you couldn't help feeling a peculiar pang in the region of your heart and you actually felt sorry for this hoydenish little youngster who started out in life on the wrong foot.

But at the same time there was a new respect and admiration for Betty Field the actress. Few players in films today would have staked their reputations on so unsavory a role to build up their box-office appeal and accomplish it as expertly as Betty has done. By handling her one big opportunity with skillful dexterity, she achieved in a single film what has taken other stars years and years to acquire. Wisely, she realized that wickedness does have its own reward, even though it may bar the gates to heaven it does fatten a star's bank account and can aid in getting her feet firmly fixed on the ladder of success.

Yet Betty Field was not the only newcomer to Hollywood who was willing to risk her career on an uncomplimentary role. Vivien Leigh, whom the American public first saw in *A Yank at Oxford,* had a similar debut in films. But hers was against the drab, musty walls of an educational institution instead of a ranch and there was no dearth of handsome young men on whom she could exercise her alluring charms. In spite of an excellent performance, not a shred of sympathy was aroused. She was never forgiven for her unladylike behavior. Still, she managed to imbed herself unforgettably in the minds of the thousands who saw her in the role.

When the entire country had been fine-combed to find a girl who could play the choice film role of this or any other year, Vivien Leigh astounded an anxiously waiting world by walking off with the plum part. Overriding actresses of tried ability and unquestioned skill, this pert and provocative girl who was comparatively unknown in this country, became the most widely-discussed personality overnight. And with a multitude of handicaps against her from the very start, she not only turned in a flawless rendition of *Scarlett,* but stepped into the Garbo, Davis and Sullavan ranks in a single bound.

As the heartless, selfish, flirtatious *Scarlett,* Vivien Leigh has contributed one of the most fascinating screen characterizations of the year. People who have seen her in the part are always haunted by the green eyes glistening with their pent-up fury and by the tiny mouth screwed and twisted in the agonized writhing of her jealousy. But in spite of the fact that she was a conniving, scheming vixen, and not a native of this country, she managed to overcome all prejudices against her.

Vivien Leigh made *Scarlett* live and breathe on the screen. She brought to the picture version all the shrewdness and cunning, all the selfishness and meanness and all of her strange, inexplicable beauty. And on this score alone, she deserves even more credit than has been accorded her. Hereafter, if she is referred to as *Scarlett O'Hara,* it will merely be further proof of her excellent interpretation of a part that had added more premature gray hairs to its producer's head than anything he has as yet undertaken.

Perhaps the attitude of the American people toward characters who are not entirely free from blemish is gradually changing. For at any other time, an actress who dared commit even a single one of the many offenses indulged in by the tempestuous *Scarlett* would not have been permitted to get off scot-free. If not God, then surely the Hays office would have taken care of that.

In spite of the few redeeming qualities that the character possessed, practically every actress in Hollywood would gladly have forfeited ten years of her life for the chance to do the role. Just what there was about it that intrigued most women would require several volumes to tell. But the fundamental attraction about her was that she was a woman's woman.

She broke moral laws to left and right of her and got away with it. But she got away because she was lucky enough to commit them in the two spheres where they are excusable—in love and war. She proved that even a wicked woman can make her vices profitable and at the same time find life colorful and interesting.

Perhaps the trend toward the opposite extreme of goodness is due to the reaction of the fans themselves. And because of this, Ida Lupino covered herself with unexpected glory when she accepted the role of a common street-walker in *The Light That Failed.* Until then, she was looked upon as being the very epitome of sweetness-and-light. All the pent-up fire and vitality that had lain dormant inside of Ida for years and years was given the chance for expression. But when the opportunity finally presented itself, she made the most of it.

Today, Ida Lupino is looked upon as if she were a new discovery. Hollywood didn't realize that she was merely going to waste all the years she had been playing the goody-good girl parts. But Ida, herself, may not have suspected that her forte lay in roles that savored slightly of the gutter. But it no longer matters. For a good actress interprets the role rather than dissects the morals of a character. If in the next few years Ida Lupino should rise to the glittering heights to which all stars aspire, it might be worth while remembering that a bit of badness helped put her on the right track.

WHEN Rosalind Russell accepted her assignment in *The Women,* half of Hollywood thought she was committing suicide as far as her career was concerned. They couldn't understand why she ever did it nor could they see the reasons that prompted her to appear in so unfavorable a light. But Roz wasn't as impulsive as most people thought. She realized beforehand that it was a chance to show what she had on the ball. She knew that if she could put the part over as effectively as it was done on the New York stage, her reputation would be strengthened rather than weakened.

Until she walked on the screen as the catty, gossip-monger most people thought there was an unapproachable barrier about her. Some even thought she was inclined to be a bit of a snob. Perhaps Rosalind thought the role might give the public a justifiable reason for hating her. But instead, it proved to be a lucky boomerang.

For all the excellent acting that *The Women* afforded, Rosalind Russell's delineation of a Park Avenue gossip was something that will long be remembered in film annals. But even more than that, it has given Rosalind the stepping stone to bigger and better things. Instead of harming her, it has boosted her prestige to new heights and established her more dearly in the hearts of the fans.

Most actresses in Helen Parrish's place would have wrathfully resented being cast in the succession of meanie roles that seem to be her lot in films. But this youngster hasn't raised the slightest objection. By the trial and error method, she discovered for herself that audiences remembered her more vividly when she appeared in unsympathetic parts. And since this was so, she put all her efforts into making those roles as realistic as they are in real life. When last seen as Deanna Durbin's arrogant and conceited cousin in *First Love,* she did something unprecedented in Durbin pictures. She stole most of the scenes from Deanna.

OTHERS may have refused to be consistently seen in a series of uncomplimentary characterizations, but Helen Parrish realizes that someone has to play them. And as long as the choice fell to her, she made the best of them. At present, she is taking everything in her stride and is merely biding her time for something big to come along and make the public aware that everything until now was merely a preparation for it.

If she had been content with the sweet type of roles the chances are that she merely would have been lost in the crowd who are still going along without touching the more sordid side of life in their work. But young as she is, Helen knows that being a meanie has brought in money for her. And she's not the one to bite the hand that feeds her.

During the past year Ona Munson and Claire Trevor have both raised themselves from the possibility of oblivion by turning in unforgettable performances as so-called evil women. But so convincingly and sympathetically did they render these parts, that instead of making them disliked, it greatly increased the demand for their services on the screen.

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Deanna's Dates

[*Continued from page* 46]

with impeccable manners but somewhat possessed of a warped conception of ways and means of living in the hectic United States.

"When I got back to America," Bob told me in an off-moment between scenes, "I knew all the qualities of a gentleman. I was thoroughly instilled with European training and was so much of a young French lad that I had to have an interpreter to speak to my brother. But after a while, especially after I had attended several public schools here, I was the biggest roughneck and rowdy you ever saw. My cosmopolitan—I guess you might call it that—training had suddenly disappeared."

It's difficult to connect the very ambitious fellow of today with the roughneck he claims he was. Of course, he's not the type who hides in a corner with his head buried in a book now. Far from that. He gets a big kick out of living, but, nevertheless, he has his ideals.

All the ambition and ideals Bob has today are directly inherited from his father and mother. His father is dead now, but Bob has never forgotten his example in life. From his dad, he received the impetus that has driven him steadily onwards toward success. And from him he learned the value of succeeding on his own.

As he told me, "If my dad could start as an office boy in an advertising agency and end his life as the owner of one of the biggest advertising firms in the world, there is no reason why I can't be a success, too. I can't let him down, and he wouldn't want me to let *myself* down!"

And then there's his mother, the idol of Bob's whole life, and whom Bob calls a "honey." When she was young, she was interested in the stage. She even had a Broadway show written entirely around her. But her family looked down upon the theatre, considered it a sinful life and forbade her going on with her dreams. She married, but always she has cherished the hopes, the dreams that were shattered by prestige and social position. So she lavished on her son all the encouragement and help that were never given her. She wanted him to act because she could never have the chance.

BOB'S life has been moulded, then, by two remarkable people, moulded carefully and thoughtfully—and successfully.

"I always wanted to act," Bob said to me, dressed in his ski outfit for the picture. "I used to give shows in high school and grammar school. But I never had thought of acting as a career until I went to college. Suddenly, I realized I had nothing in mind for my future. I didn't want to sit back and live on the money Dad left us. I wanted a job for myself, independent of everyone. So I decided to become an actor.

"Some members of our family disapproved of the idea entirely. Mother was the one person, naturally, who understood and tried to help me. To the doubting Thomases, I merely said, 'I'm going to try acting anyway, and if I find that I have no talent, okay. At least, I'll have found out for myself!' "

He divided his early acting experiences between the Henry Duffy stock company and the Pasadena Community Playhouse. It was nothing for him to work twenty-two hours a day, and most of the time he lived at the theatre. But it all paid. He began to make an impression on Hollywood scouts. He was asked to test for Walter Wanger's *Winter Carnival* before long.

Bob might have been youthful and easily impressed, but a test meant nothing to him.

"I refused to test for *Winter Carnival*, because I know what tests mean. You're put in a can, rested on a shelf, and brought down months later for exhibition when somebody wants to see what Stack looks like. I was determined to make a test only when there was a definite part in a producer's mind for me.

"When I was called for *First Love*, I felt I could hardly refuse to do a test, especially when it was such a big break and when a real part was the goal."

The rest of his story is another chapter in Hollywood history, but a chapter whose first pages only have been written so far.

It may seem funny that a chap with as much money as Bob has should want to work in pictures—or in anything else, for that matter. He really doesn't need the dough. But there is the central quality in Bob's code of living, the driving force that has brought him to the peak he has attained. He is inherently a restless person. He can never sit still. His temperament demands constant activity. And on top of it all, pictures, to him, are not only a means of letting out this energy, but they are very real to him. They are his first love, to paraphrase it.

When he's not working on a picture, he is engaged in any one of twenty different sports. He boxes, swims, hikes, plays golf, or goes to the duck-hunting club in Sacramento that his dad left him. Or else he's fooling with mechanics, building racing automobiles, boats, and tinkering with machinery on his yacht. Yes, he has one of those, too. He has also won many championship awards for marksmanship, the chief prize being the All-American classification he won while at college.

With all of this to his credit and because of his romantic appeal, it might be a general assumption that he'd be a marvelous catch for some young girl. But Bob's not interested.

"If you go out with a girl twice in Hollywood, you're supposed to be engaged to her. So I'm taking no chances. I'll take a different girl out each time. But I'm not interested in romance now. I'm as free as the breeze and I intend to stay that way."

Nothing, therefore, is as important to him as his career. He's thoroughly captivated by the meaty but unsympathetic part he plays in *Mortal Storm*, because it's his big chance. And he's also intrigued because he's playing in the same picture with his two favorites, Margaret Sullavan and Jimmy Stewart.

Of all the memories, however, that Bob can tell his grandchildren, *First Love* will take first billing. He can't forget certain phases of that picture and the part he had.

When he read the script and noticed how the lines built his character up so terrifically, he was thrown for a loop. Nobody could be that good, he said to himself. Besides, he was the guy who had to kiss Deanna for the first time! He was sure people would say when they saw him, "Gosh! Why did they pick him?"

And he felt rather foolish when he had to smile constantly at Deanna while she was singing. Usually, those scenes were shot when Deanna was off the set, and he had to smile at a black shoot on the wall and imagine it was the Durbin lass!

When he saw the preview, he took one look at himself and said, "That can't be me!"

He hid his head and that was about all he saw of the picture.

Bob appreciates Fidler's nomination, but it frightens him in a way because it automatically places a handicap on him, in that it makes people expect too much from him.

But fear has no place in Bob's life. Any discouragements that may come won't throw him. He's too sincere in what he's doing, and, above all, he knows how to get what he wants and how to keep it.

LEWIS HOWARD, while he played no romantic role in *First Love* and was a "diabolically lazy" person, as he describes the part, has much in common with Bob. Both come from very wealthy families, both left money to succeed on their own, and both were born in January, only three days apart.

Lewis appears a bit older than Bob. At least he did to me when I had lunch with him at Universal where he was making *It's a Date,* the new Durbin picture. But perhaps that semblance of increased years is due to his endless trek around managers' offices in New York.

Now, of course, Lewis had no business being an actor. It was entirely against all plans. His father was a lawyer, and he was supposed to be a lawyer, too. But Lewis was never a logician. He dreamt in fields too highly imaginative for a lawyer. So, one day, he casually informed his shocked parents that he was going to be an actor. Protests followed! But he wasn't swayed, and soon after he started out full of bright hopes and visions of a glorious future.

A year-and-a-half later, he had covered every manager's office in New York and had made a perfect score—no managers seen, no parts, no bright outlook.

"For some strange reason, known only to myself," Lewis explained, "I wrote Alfred Lunt and said I would like to see him. For a while, I didn't get any reply. But I continued to wait blissfully, entirely unconcerned over the fact that the usual thing was happening to me.

"One night, after an evening's bit of pleasure, I came home and found a message from Lunt, asking me to come to the theatre at eleven-thirty that night for an audition. Of course, I was too late. The same thing happened on two more occasions, and both evenings I was out. I should have stayed in and waited, I guess, but I couldn't conquer my social impulses.

"When I heard that Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne were leaving on May 4, 1938—I remember the date because it was a red letter day for me—for their European tour, with an amazing bit of cockiness, I wrote Lunt a letter and told him that I hoped I would be *able* to see them off. I hadn't been invited, of course, to attend the farewell party, but that didn't stop me. I did see them. They were very nice to me, and, as a result, they were influential in helping me to get a part in a summer stock presentation of *The Petrified Forest,* in which I played a walk-on, that of a leering gangster. As I look back on it now, I was certainly a disgustingly aggressive person."

Playing in summer stock is nice, but its returns are rather insignificant, to say the least. The only thing he remembers about the experience is studying his lines in an attic while the thermometer outside soared to 104.

Some time later, George Kaufman was preparing to produce his play, *The Fabulous Invalid,* the glorified epic of the theatre that did a none too glorified pratt fall in New York. It was artistic, yes, but people weren't sure whatinell it was all about, whether it dealt with a wealthy but cranky invalid—or what. Anyway, it died with its artistic prestige flowing in the wind.

When Lewis heard about the production, he sat down at his desk and wrote another letter. It read something like this:

"Dear Mr. Kaufman:

I have gone from manager's office to manager's office for some time now. I have seen none of them. I have suffered ignominiously when I have been asked, 'What experience have you had?' Suffered, because I've always had to reply to such a question with a vague and hesitant 'None.' Considering the fact that I have a vast storage of ambition encased within me, I would like to receive your permission to permit me to carry some sort of spear of any size in your play, *The Fabulous Invalid,* providing you're using spears.

Yours sincerely,
Lewis Howard."

THERE was no answer at first. But, finally, a letter arrived a month later from the casting directors, asking him to bring the ambition and report to the theatre via the stage door to present himself for approval.

He was accepted. He did eight parts altogether, two of which called for an impersonation of Alfred Lunt, and the crowning glory, of Orson Welles as the "savior" of the theatre.

"Mr. Pasternak, who was in the East at

[*Continued on page 90*]

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She Owes It All To Olivier

[*Continued from page 22*]

hit. So, for months, I was a total miss. There were some offers of small roles. But small roles—bit parts—would be a step backward. I had made up my mind to go forward or give up the stage. It had to be leads, or nothing. And it looked as if Nothing it was going to be.

"Failure is hard to take. It has a bitter taste. I had taken it day after day, for months on end. But I couldn't go on taking it indefinitely. My pride could stand only so much battering. And my purse could stand even less. My funds, small to start with, shrank to the point where I had to find employment of some kind. Before I had turned to acting, I had done advertising work—rather successfully. I supposed that offered more now than anything else I might do.

"I was in complete despair, and completely convinced that I should start making the rounds of the advertising agencies the next day, when I had dinner alone this particular evening at the University Club. A less theatrical atmosphere, you couldn't imagine."

GREER interrupted her narrative to accept a cup of tea from her colored maid.

"At a table across the room I noticed a woman—whom I didn't know—studying me. The consciousness that she was studying me made me vaguely uncomfortable all through the meal. Finally she rose and walked over to my table. 'I am Sylvia Thompson, the novelist,' she said. 'May I have coffee with you?'

"The thought flashed through my mind that she saw me as a possible type for a story, that she must be in search of 'local color.' I smiled warily, told her my name, suggested that she take the chair opposite.

"'I have been studying you,' she said. 'Are you, by any chance, an actress?'

"Surprised to be asked such a question at the University Club, of all places, I said, 'Why, yes, I am.'

"'I knew you were!' she exclaimed. 'I have written a play, which is about to be produced. We have been looking high and low for a young actress to play the feminine lead. You are the exact girl for the part. Could you find time to read the script?'

"I suppressed an involuntary gulp. I patted my back hair, pursed my lips with proper dubiousness—" Greer illustrated—"and said, 'Well, perhaps I could *make* time.'

"The next morning, she sent 'round the script. I devoured it. The part was everything I had dreamed of getting—a piano concerto in which I could touch every note on the piano. The girl was supposed to be American. That didn't dismay me. To the contrary, it intrigued me. Being Irish, I had an ear for—and a love for—dialects. Some months before, I had spent considerable time with a charming young American couple, and I had picked up their way of talking. I was sure I could do it.

"When I enthused about the part to Miss Thompson, she enthused right back, 'It should make you a young Gertie Lawrence.' Without ever having seen me act, she was completely convinced that I was the girl to do it. That led to interviews with the producer, who reluctantly signed me. Reluctantly, because he had wanted a 'name' for the part. And then I met the director. Who was none other than Laurence Olivier."

Greer, smiling reminiscently, paused to sip her tea.

"HE WAS also the male lead. I learned later that he had consented to do the play, only on condition that he could direct it. He had wanted the experience of directing. I also learned later that when he first heard that an unknown from the provinces was playing the feminine lead, he thought, 'So it's to be one of those things? Well, we should be able to get rid of *her* in about five days.'

"Five days after we started work, the producer came down to watch a rehearsal. He looked, listened—and doubted. 'Can we dare to put on an absolutely unknown actress?' he asked. The author and Laurence Olivier both said firmly, 'The girl stays. She is what we want in the part. If you don't like her, we'll get another producer.' And—they did get another producer.

"If they hadn't—if Mr. Olivier hadn't been as insistent as the author that I play the part—I probably wouldn't be acting today. If I had lost that part, I think I might have been cured of my footlight fever forever. I might have scurried, headlong, back into advertising.

"Mr. Olivier's insistence was the director coming out in him—in five days' time. He wanted the fun of putting over an unknown person."

That sounded rather as if she might have been *Trilby* to his *Svengali*.

Greer laughed gaily. "Oh, no, nothing like that. He helped me immeasurably—but without benefit of hypnotism. A director doesn't teach you how to act, any more than an orchestra conductor teaches the First Violinist how to play the fiddle. That analogy is very exact. A director 'orchestrates' a play—blends individual performances together to tell a connected story, decides the tempo, the changes from crescendo to diminuendo. . . .

"His help didn't end with his acting and his directing and his advice about make-up. On opening night, he brought me forward after the first curtain and said, 'It is a pleasure to introduce to you Miss Greer Garson, who is—I won't only say promising—but already a very polished young actress, who, tonight is making her London debut. You will, I am sure, be seeing a great deal of her.'

"The play was a flop, but there was a bit of hubbub about 'the new American actress, Greer Garson.' (How I fooled them into thinking I was actually American, I'll never know.) My name went up in lights. When the play closed, I was able to step into a starring spot in another, a whole succession of others, with only two weeks' vacation in three years.

"I WAS what the newspapers called 'an overnight success.' Actually, no success is ever achieved overnight. Behind every success are long, dreary years of preparation, struggle. I had my dreary years. I don't like to talk about them. There are pleasanter things to talk about. Such as how I finally got my big break."

Greer set her empty cup down on a near-by stand, took up a pile of dark blue knitting lying on the divan beside her: a scarf in the making for some unknown British sailor. And, wielding the needles with an amazing speed, as if to keep up with her rush of words—she talks both fast and animatedly—she continued:

"I am becoming superstitious about luck, and especially about its traveling in cycles.

Three times in my life, I have reached the point where I have lost all faith in my immediate future, and each time I have had an incredible break.

"That was the first time. The second time was when I met Mr. Mayer—of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"He was in London two years ago, and he didn't know that I existed. One night the members of his party had thought of going to a certain play, rather on the heavy side. He wasn't in the mood for it. He decided, instead, to see *Old Music*. And I happened to be in *Old Music*, playing a good-bad girl, against the background of the Crimean War. (I rather went in for colorful good-bad girls on the London stage.) He sent an emissary backstage, asking if I would join his party at the Savoy Grill after the play.

"I ACCEPTED on condition that I could come just as I was, wearing, among other things, a scarlet sport jacket—which, by the way, I still have. (I never give things to the moths.) In my outfit, I wasn't exactly a Glamor Girl. In fact, I must have looked a bit on the haggard side, after three years of work without rest. But the incredible happened: an offer to be a Hollywood star.

"The third time was after I had been here eleven months. I arrived in Hollywood all keyed up—a mustang, pawing the ground, anxious to go places. And nothing, absolutely nothing, happened. Month after month went by, and I had nothing to do. It was a shock to my whole system, after the pace I had been going all my life. I had a breakdown. Not a nervous breakdown—but a physical breakdown.

"It was a great lesson to me, learning how to rest and relax. Now look at me. I can even knit . . . I didn't know how to have fun, when I arrived in Hollywood. I had never had time for fun before. Since about the age of 11, I had worked. My mother had been a widow since I was three months old, and had never remarried. She and I lived, all through my childhood and adolescence, in a half-pathetic, genteel economy.

"Learning how to have fun was all right. But I was in Hollywood to work. They kept putting me off with: 'We're waiting to find just the right part for you, Miss Garson.' Finally, after eleven months, they said they had the part for me—*Mrs. Chips*—and shipped me back to England to play her. At the time, it looked like exile to Siberia. And I didn't share their enthusiasm about the part. I didn't think anybody would know *Mrs. Chips* was even in the picture, she was so mild and placid, such a contrast to the flamboyant redheads I had played on the stage.

"Strangely enough, my mother shared the studio's enthusiasm. It was the first time we had ever disagreed about a part for me. She said, 'I'm very pleased you are playing it. It will bring out a side of your nature that no other part has ever shown.' Whether it did or not, I'm not qualified to judge. I'd like to think—now—that *Kathie* and I had something in common.

"But whether or not I am like *Kathie* is not important. The important thing is that, just when I had lost all faith in the immediate future, the role of *Kathie* came along; an incredible break, as it turned out."

Hollywood regards with awe the girl who played *Kathie*; a girl so natural, in her first picture, that her performance was nominated for the Academy Award. I asked her how she explained her ease in front of the camera and the microphone.

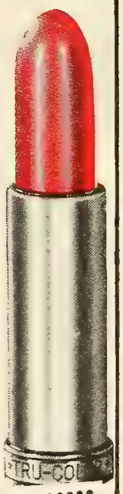
"I was almost the first actress to do Television in England, and I did it fairly regularly. Television is good training for movies, though some day I suppose that movies will be good training for Television."

LEARNING lines is no hardship for Greer. She has always been a great bookworm. "Studious. Ambitious. And, as a child, not very strong. But here's an amazing thing probably indicative of something about human nature: Once I got in the theatre, I became as strong as a horse—to keep from being shoved out of it again. So far on this picture, I've had one day off in ten weeks, and I've averaged fourteen hours a day."

She didn't look haggard. She looked alluringly hale, indeed.

She isn't marriage-minded—like witty *Elizabeth Bennet* in *Pride and Prejudice*, a tale of an era when the chief object in life of every girl was to marry advantageously. "Men should be glad that this is a totally different era. Nowadays, if a man woos a lady fair, and she accepts him, he can be reasonably sure that she loves him—as a man couldn't be in those days, when girls had no careers of their own, and their only ambition was to have husbands to provide for them. Life is much more interesting for women today, and women are more interesting. Men don't have to talk down to them, as to children, or as to cabbages."

Mrs. Chips did something else for Greer, besides giving her a hauntingly memorable screen debut. She spared Greer the business of having to go in for blatant sex appeal, such as bathing suit or leg art. She can be a little more subtle—and, you will notice, is.



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Ruddy ......☐	Brown ...☐	*If Hair is Gray check type above and here*☐
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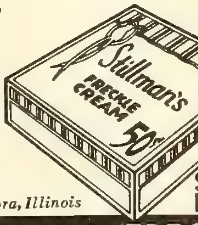

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"You Can Only Defeat Yourself"—Says Spencer Tracy

[*Continued from page 27*]

guessed he hadn't heard that come last January I'd made a resolution, just one, but unbreakable. It was that I'd never put a word in an actor's mouth, no, not even one syllable. I had resolved, I said, that if an actor said nothing during an interview, I would so report by just sending my editor a sheaf of blank pages. On the other hand, *whatever* the actor said I would report, faithfully, without any additions or frills whatsoever.

"Like now," I concluded, "like spending this afternoon with you, Spence. I'm going to tell the truth about it, the whole truth and nothing but the truth."

Spence said, "That's fine. I don't blame you."

Now what can you do with a man like that?

But somehow I wasn't stopped. I know Spencer can't dramatize himself, off the screen or on it. I know that if you depend on a voluble flow of Tracy words with which to ornament your note book, you go home with a sick headache.

But somehow or other, more by what he doesn't say than by what he does say, more by that look in his eyes than by the words from his mouth, just as that under-acting of his gives you a wallop in the solar plexus such as no other actor can give you, so he manages to kindle the imagination, to give you a reaction, emotional perhaps, call it what you will.

LIKE when I talked with him, months ago, about his characterization of *Manuel* in *Captains Courageous.* Did he give me the business about going down to the water-front to study the psychology of the common sailor? Not Spence. He brushed me off with a—"how d'ya like the Shirley Temple curls?" He grinned, "Say, here's a hot one. One day I was late on the set and I heard someone yelling, 'Hold it for Tracy, he's having trouble with his hair,' and I thought how my father, who paid salaries to dozens of truck-drivers with sweat for their make-up, would have turned over in his grave if he could have heard *that.* . . ." Yeah, he brushed me off, all right. I didn't get what I went after. But he didn't fool me, not for one minute.

It's *his eyes that give Spencer away.* And in his eyes was the tenderness of *Manuel* and for *Manuel,* plain as the pipe-stem he was biting on. . . .

And later, when I talked with him about *Boys Town,* what did he do? Did he give me a masterly analysis of the humanitarian soul of the good and great priest he was playing? He did not. He told me about a little kid who had hiked from Connecticut to Boys Town, in Omaha, a mangy cat clutched to his breast—and how the kid told Father Flanagan he'd stolen two quarts of milk on the way out—*for the cat.* And Spence said, "Makes you appreciate your vittles, a thing like that, doesn't it?" And I remember thinking, why, *that's how Father Flanagan would feel*—and then I thought, it's because Father Flanagan feels these things this way that he *is* Father Flanagan. And *it's because Spencer, too.* . . . Well, there I had it, see what I mean?

When I talked with him on the set of *Stanley and Livingstone,* just after he'd made his stirring speech to the Society of Geographers, I thought that he might really tuck his chin in this time, beetle his eyebrows and go "Harrummph" and give me the business. I had visions of doing a piece titled Tracy, The Silver-Tongued Orator At Home, or something.

What he said was, "Ever hear the one about the drunk who enters a saloon, sees another old soak, leaning against the bar, wobbles over to him through herds of pink elephants and little, green men, holds out a palsied hand and says, with great dignity, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' The only time in my life I ever had to do a scene several times," Spence laughed, "was the scene where I had to say, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' I'd remember stories like that one and I'd spoil the take by laughing."

WHEN he came back from location for *Northwest Passage,* and he wasn't any beaut', either, bearded and bronzed and bunged up, like he was, he didn't *have* to tell anyone that there hadn't been any cheating done about the hardships of *Major Robert Rogers.* But all he said was, "Young, Brennan and I wore out our Rangers uniforms in two days . . . pine branches, boulders, underbrush, swamp, mud, river rocks and things. . . ."

You'll appreciate the brushing-off as hardship more, now that you've seen Tracy in *Northwest Passage.* . . .

So when he talks about *Edison, the Man,* about his visit to Mrs. Edison, he says: "She was great to me." And when you ask him, as I did, whether he believes he and Thomas Edison are in any way similar, he grins, reddens and says, "He didn't sleep much, or well, and neither do I. And we liked the same songs, *Oh, That We Two Were Maying, Genevieve* and *I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.* . . ."

And then he talked for a full hour about the inventions of Edison and how he loves to hear about Great Men, likes to find out what they eat and what their hobbies are and their personal habits and all about them. . . .

It was at this point that I thought how useless to suggest that other people have the same, complimentary curiosity about *him.* For that would be to imply to Tracy that he, too, is great.

For even when you ask him how he works out some part he plays, how he achieved this or that effect, you have him down. Press him and he'll say, "Funny thing, but whenever people compliment me on some scene I've done, some special bit of business, I don't know what they're talking about because—*I didn't know I was doing it.*"

That's just what he did say. And I snatched at it like a famine victim at a lamb chop and suggested that there are two schools of acting, the Conscious and the Instinctive and that . . . "You belong to the Instinctive, Spence, wouldn't you say?" And he reddened again, to the very roots of his rough-brushed, reddish-brown hair, rubbed the back of his hand with two fingers of the other hand, a habitual Tracy mannerism and said, "Sure, sure, I guess so. . . ."

WHEN, last year, and for the second time, Spence won the Academy Award for *Boys Town,* what did he do? He said something about how the spirit of Father Flanagan was strong enough to shine "even through me." And did he take his Oscar and mount it on a pedestal in the best room at the Tracy ranch? You know he didn't. He sent it to Father Flanagan *"to whom it belongs."*

You can always have a little quiet fun with Spence, if you go about it the right way. Like a quickie questionnaire I pulled on him. . . .

"What was the first job at which you earned money? And what did you buy with it?" I asked.

"Selling newspapers in Milwaukee—a ham sandwich," he answered.

"What was the outstanding incident of your childhood?"

"When I tipped the ice-box over on my brother!"

"When do you want to retire from the screen? And what would you do then?" I riddled him.

"Tonight," he said, "that answers the first half of your question. Sleep and eat, eat and sleep, that answers the second half."

"Have you any special fears?" I gave him then.

"Yes. I'm afraid of Garbo. Put that down," he said.

"Have you ever been so discouraged that you contemplated abandoning your career? If so, when?"

"Yes. About fifteen minutes ago. Just after the last scene."

"What do you consider the most useless sport or pastime?"

"Staying awake."

"What is your favorite book?"

"Steinbeck's *Red Pony*."

"Your favorite flower?"

"A rose . . . aw, I don't care, put down anything, what the hell's the difference?"

SO, YOU see—words of one syllable and very few of those—and I couldn't help thinking what Bob Montgomery or Basil Rathbone would have done with these questions—what their nimble tongues would have given me.

But not Spence. And so how had I expected to get anywhere with my Code of An Actor? Yet, over the tea and cigarettes, between Edison inventions and words sort of dropped here and there which, surprisingly, form a pattern, *something whole began to emerge*.

There'd be a word here and there about how very little "knifing in the back" there is among actors; how little jealousy there is among actors. I was reminded how, when people said Bob Taylor would be "a second Gable, would take Gable's place," that "didn't prevent Gable from being a damn good friend of Taylor's." And how Cagney, O'Brien and Brent run neck and neck for parts and neck and neck as pals, too.

Then something was said about "the loyalty of actors" and their "generosity." And I learned how, when Spence was ill one time, Muni went on the air for him—on the Guild Show program, too, for which he didn't get a penny. I'm sure I heard him say, as he bit into a cookie, that "if loyalty and lack of jealousy and no lack of generosity don't make a code, what the hell does. . . ."

And then there was something about how the public is loyal, too, how no other fat man can "push Beery off the screen," how Gable, in spite of all contenders, "is still king, the big moose."

There was more to the effect that nothing can push an actor off the screen, nothing and nobody except bad stories or *himself*.

"You can only defeat yourself," Spence was saying, just as I came to with the realization that, though Spence hadn't said three connected sentences in as many hours, I had a pretty good idea of what he meant by what he hadn't said. That, once again, Spence had "under-acted" and had come through with a "performance" and that I had come through with a story though I'll never know exactly how I got it.

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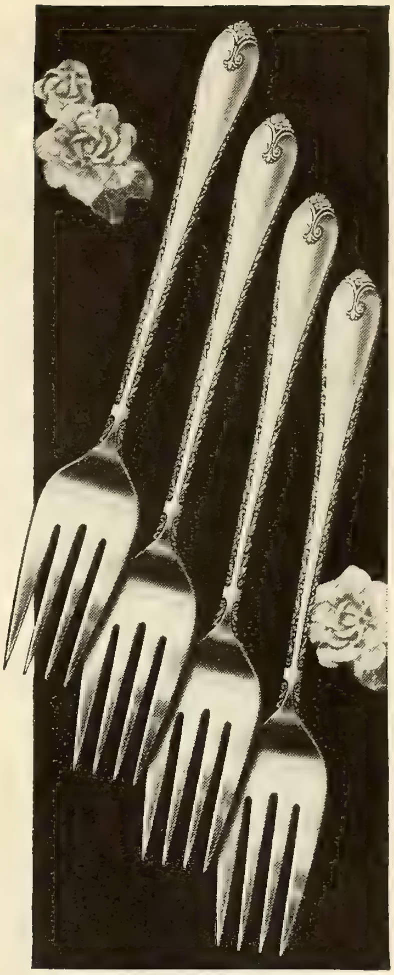

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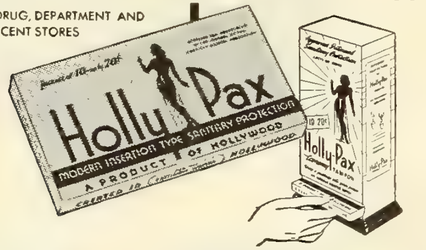

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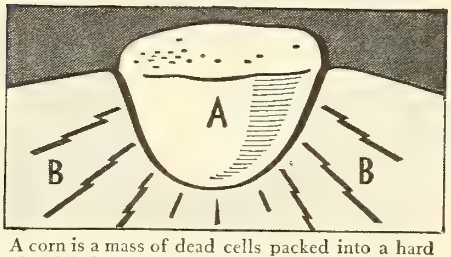

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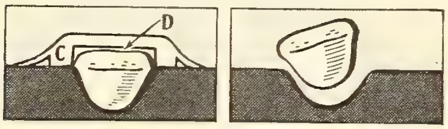

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BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

Shipwreck Me With Sheridan!

[*Continued from page 29*]

who are always being selected as ideal desert island mates—Hedy Lamarr, Dorothy Lamour, Madeleine Carroll, Vivien Leigh, Ilona Massey, Marlene Dietrich and a few more. Not only did I consider them, but I got the lowdown on their qualifications.

If it were a matter of seeking a charming companion for an hour, a day, a week-end, I wouldn't be able to choose among these luscious creatures, except by the "eeny, meeny, miney, mo" method. Blonde, brunette, red-head—ummm!

Many of them would intrigue me also, for much longer periods—in civilization. It's when you drop the chauffeur-cook-gardener-maid set-up, and push-button living, that the list begins to thin. For pagan existence on a desert island, long-term contract with no options, shipwreck me with Sheridan!

SHE has what any of the others have, plus. Take the outstanding quality your favorite glamor gal offers and I'll prove to you, as I did to a friend of mine, that Ann has it, too. My friend had remarked pityingly, "Ann's a charming girl, but could she hold you in her arms, lean back against a palm tree in her sarong, and sing hot, husky-voiced songs to you, like Dottie Lamour could?"

That evening Ann sang one of Dorothy's songs for him. "You win!" he told me.

Dorothy's hobnobbing with cannibals and cocoanuts on the screen may stamp her as the ideal island type. But give me Ann, to awe and subdue real-life savages. The red-headed Texas gal's ancestral mixture is fighting Cherokee Indian, fighting Irish, and fighting Highland Scotch. That's a brew I'll back against any brand of fuzzy-wuzzies.

Speaking of cannibals makes me think of stew, and the fact that some of the most intoxicating glamor lassies can't really cook. I'll have to admit that Marlene is a swell cook. La Dietrich wouldn't be at her best, however, away from electric roasters and mechanized onion-peelers.

But Ann—? Suppose, choking with admiration for her charms and gasping under the spell of her allure, you manage to whisper that old bromide, "Darling, if you could only cook!"

Ann sits straight up, a startled yet eager look in her eyes. "But I can cook!"

Then she rattles off forty or fifty little things she can whip up, with no trouble at all. Out you go to her barbecue pit. The electric range, it seems, would cramp her style. Certain foods aren't really cooked, she says, unless they sizzle over burning wood.

"Hey, don't light that gas thing to start the barbecue! Use kindling. Don't you know gas starters leave fumes?"

YES, if Ann were ever reduced to reaching a man's heart through his stomach—which God forbid!—it would be easy for her to do it. My pampered palate has tasted viands that famous chefs have tossed together, but Ann's barbecue offerings taste better to me. New Orleans this, Mexican that, Italian t'other. Sea food a la Creole, salad a la Whoosis, et cetera.

The mixture and quantity I ate on one such occasion suggests bicarbonate of soda. That brings to mind the fact that Ann is a good nurse. Once, before she decided to be a kindergarten teacher, torch singer and movie star, she thought she'd like to be a nurse, and began studying for it. Also, she has a Girl Scout medal proving she's expert at first aid!

It would be worth having an attack of jijiji fever, or even boogey-woogey fever, just so Ann could nurse you through it.

Ann herself is never ill. I've known quite a few hardy glamor girls, but none like her. Many a time, I've resented her glowing, unextinguishable health. For example, there was the morning after that big party, which lasted very late despite an early call some of us had for next day.

I was dozing on the set when Ann breezed in, shouting, "Hi ya," to the people who greeted her. Wearily, I pried open one eye to take a look at her.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" she cried, when she caught sight of me. "Mister, you look terrible!"

This couldn't be, but it was. There stood Ann, full of energy, ruddy with health, clear of eye, enjoying life just as though she hadn't been at that party. She even said it was a fine morning. I said, "Ugh!"

Presently, Ann conceded that she didn't really feel so well. "I guess it's because I had to hurry so, this morning, and didn't take time to eat all my breakfast," she remarked. "Hey, Rus!"

The assistant director hurried over. Ann ascertained from him that she wouldn't be needed for half an hour. So she grabbed me by the arm and said, "Come on, let's go to the cafe. What I need is a platter of ham and eggs, and you need a lot of black coffee."

"Ouch!" I groaned. But somehow I got my six feet and 185 pounds of ex-athlete in motion, and straggled along after her. Then tried not to see or smell the food she ate with such gusto—while I was downing a big, hearty fizzer.

AT HIGH-SCHOOL and North Texas Teachers' College, where Ann was Clara Lou Sheridan, she was a doughty member of varsity basketball, tennis and swim squads. After coming to Hollywood, she added little arts such as ice-skating, skiing and aqua-planing to her repertoire, and she's good at them. I mean, good. She is not the sort that calls skating, let's say, one of her accomplishments, before she can do any more than round the rink without falling.

When she first arrived in filmland, for example, she put in no claim with the casting department that she could ride horseback. Most newcomers claim they ride, whether they can or not.

Yet, one afternoon at Malibu, after we'd been riding a pair of nags into the surf—bareback, of course, and in our bathing-suits—Ann suddenly turned her cayuse up the beach. She rode away, hell-bent, along the hard-packed sand.

"How come you didn't list riding as an accomplishment?" I asked, some miles and many minutes up the beach.

"Because this Indian-style bareback stuff I learned as a little girl is all I know," she said. "I'm learning to ride, though, just in case they need me to do it for a picture."

Yeah—learning!

Speaking of learning, she's practicing surf-fishing and archery now. In preparation for island life, no doubt.

With all Ann's physical prowess, so desirable in the mate of a lazy man on a tropical isle, she is one of the most feminine girls I know. Robust but curvy; that's Ann. None of this mannish, woman-athlete build or manner about her.

So you see, I trust her implicitly to do her full share of chores, around our palm-thatched cottage.

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 18]

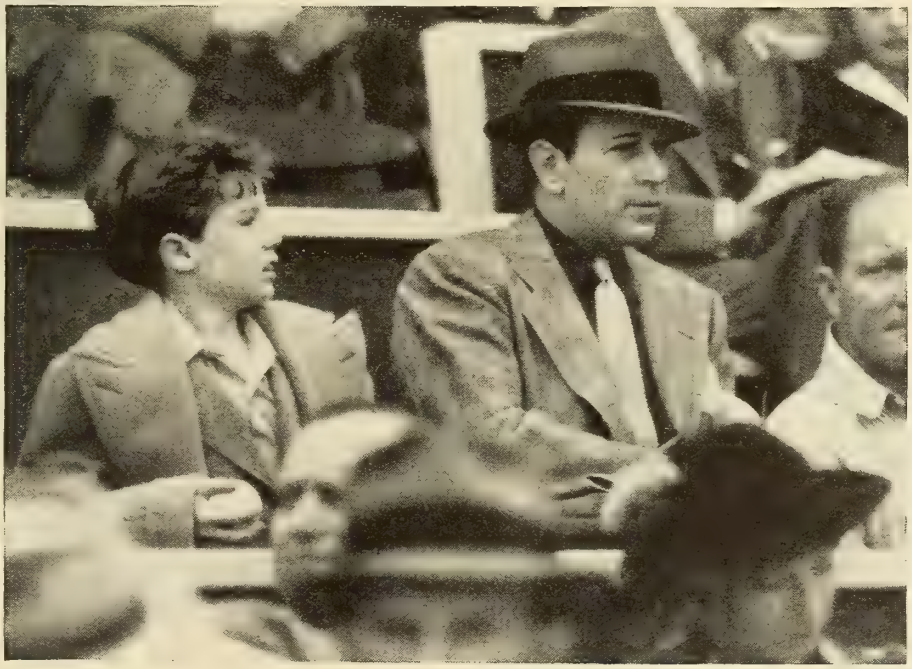
Just to prove that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are as madly in love with each other as when they were tied, they celebrate first anniversary with wedding cake

and her career, she says, she'll take Artie any time. And if she hops off to New York or other places, just to be with hubby (unless he stays in Hollywood), the chances are pretty good that she'll HAVE to take Artie, on account of there won't be any career left. It takes more than a Lana Turner to make a career; it takes a Lana Turner PLUS a studio's build-up.

◆

DON'T BE SURPRISED—if, by the time you read this, Anne Nagel is Mrs. Tom Brown, on account of his divorce

[*Continued on page* 80]



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How Does Gable Do It?

[*Continued from page* 63]

got the Academy Award for his work in it, besides tremendous added prestige and popularity.

While his uncompromising refusal to "conform" the Hollywood way has been a mighty factor in his success and durability, Clark's whole temperament and philosophy suit him for his job. In his nature are none of those jangling complexes that prey on so many actors.

"Nerves? Some people seem to have 'em, but what good are they?" he quipped one day. He wouldn't know, for his never trouble him.

He has too much aggressive courage to worry, too much healthy self-confidence to feel the mean pangs of professional jealousy. And he is a living contradiction to the old-fashioned belief that a fine actor must be high-strung, fragile in sensibility, full of "temperament." Or that a good trouper "on" must be a four-ring circus of exhibitionism, "off."

WITH all his solid qualities, Clark has quick intelligence, a keen sense of logic and reason, excellent judgment. You can't slip anything over on him. But his humor is double-acting; if the joke is on him, it's just as funny to him as though it were on someone else.

The humanness and unspoiled "realness" of Gable is revealed increasingly, the longer and better you know him. It is not too much to say that his earthiness, in the Hollywood glamor whirl, remains as unaffected as was Lincoln's in the White House.

Many a time, his huge and lusty enjoyment of simple things has annoyed the filmtown show-offs, just as Lincoln's simple tastes annoyed the pretenders at Washington.

"You're the oddest chap, Clark!" one noted actor exclaimed in my hearing as he watched Gable blissfully peeling and eating bananas, and gulping down milk directly from the quart bottle.

"How come?" the star asked.

"Instead of that stuff, you could lunch on champagne and caviar—"

"Sure, if I liked 'em," replied Gable. Then he added with a chuckle, "Maybe it's wrong to eat what I like instead of what's expensive, but I can't help it—I'm so nuts about bananas!"

His zest for farm life is another enigma to many, including even some stars who pose as "gentlemen farmers."

"What's the good of having a farm if you don't work on it?" Clark asks them. "I'll admit I didn't like farm work when I was a kid, because I had to do it then. Now I get fun out of it. The exercise, change and quiet seem to recharge my batteries. I come back to the studio, after a spell out at my place, with a lot more pep."

That may be true, but I have never seen Clark when he seemed to need battery recharging, or more abundant energy. His vitality and interest in life are revealed even during those deadly dull waiting periods between scenes, on some movie sets.

Every time I see Clark on a set, except when he is working or in rehearsal, he's in the middle of a lively group—most often a group of husky studio electricians, "grips," and so on. He is not a famous star among them, but by his unaffected geniality and enjoyment, becomes literally one of them. His hand smacks resoundingly on the shoulder of a burly stage carpenter. His guffaw, at someone else's quip, rings out loud and unrestrained. He gets up out of his canvas chair with a spring that is almost feline; sits down again to flow back into easy, tensionless relaxation.

Another famous male star I know spends the between-scenes period in jittery, hectic activity, keeping up his eternal off-stage act of pretended enjoyment, good-fellowship, pep. It rings as false as Gable's rings true, and one can see that it has worn the actor, himself, down to raw nerves.

A third male star I have often watched is dull, taciturn, glum. Between scenes, he mutters something about "taking a nap" or "studying dialogue," and disappears into his portable dressing-room. There he quaffs a quick one.

While both of the other actors are famous, neither is as successful as Gable. If other things were equal, Clark would win this superiority by his between-scenes manner.

I AM told by directors that Gable's acting style gives him another natural advantage over rivals, in that it is so easy, natural, and unaffected. The studious underplaying of Spencer Tracy, the highly technical work of Paul Muni both take more from their exponents. Yet Gable's work, at its best, is preferred by many in Hollywood to that of either of his fellow Academy Award winners.

If he can accomplish at least as much as they do, with less drain on the storehouse of his energy, that is one more "edge" Clark holds over his competitors. Just another factor in his unbelievable-but-true record of eight years in the first ten, three of them as leader, two as runner-up.

Gable calls himself a "ham," says his acting isn't art, and admires the Tracy style, but feels it is not for him.

"The only way I can be convincing is to do my acting in my own funny way," he remarked on one occasion.

Once I sat in on a casting conference at a certain studio. They wanted a skilled "name" actor to play the part of a typical, successful movie star. Freddie March, Leslie Howard and several others were mentioned favorably. Then someone said, "I think we might even get Gable, if you want to lay out the dough for him."

"Not at all the type!" cried the producer.

That was one occasion when I could "yes" a producer and mean it. Gable, one of the greatest movie actors of all time, certainly isn't the type I'd choose to play a typical movie actor.

The fact that he isn't the type has contributed to Gable's enduring greatness. Too many screen heroes fall into the typical Hollywood mould, or are remade to fit it.

EVERYBODY SINGS THEIR PRAISE
Chuckles
SPICED JELLY DROPS
Amend's
GOOD CANDY FOR ALL THE FAMILY

Spaghetti—Summer Specialty

[*Continued from page* 10]

weather dishes, and is good for lunch, for supper or for dinner.

Time and again during the vacation period, the family arrives home very tired, late, and not in the spirit of preparing any fussy or time-taking meal. Instead of hastily bolting a few cold cuts or making an inadequate sandwich, open a can of either macaroni in cream sauce with cheese, or spaghetti in savory tomato sauce. Two minutes to go for dinner—and yet there it is, hot, stimulating, with lots of carbohydrate energy value, and good appetite appeal—spaghetti, the one grand hot dish for summer!

AND by the way, this kind of "hot meal" need not be exclusively an emergency type of meal—not at all—the practical homemaker and hostess will see in all these foods adaptable materials out of which to build up delicious menus, simple or ritzy as she prefers. *These foods must be considered as cooking ingredients,* when combined with inexpensive meats, vegetables and other familiar materials of the kitchen. Here are several suggestions:

SPAGHETTI-STUFFED PEPPERS

4 large green peppers
1 can spaghetti in tomato sauce
1 cup chopped cooked left-over meat*
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon Worcestershire
4 tablespoons buttered crumbs

Cut tops from stem end of peppers, remove seeds, parboil 5 minutes, and drain. Combine spaghetti with meat and seasonings and stuff into pepper cups. Sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in moderate oven (375°F.) for 25 minutes. (Serves 4)

*Ham is particularly tasty as the meat; or use bacon drippings in the buttered crumbs; or use canned tuna fish to replace meat; or use macaroni in cream sauce as stuffing for large whole tomatoes, baked as above.

SPAGHETTI WITH KIDNEYS

6 lamb kidneys
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons butter
1 onion, finely minced
1 can condensed vegetable soup
½ can water
2 teaspoons celery salt
2 cans spaghetti in tomato sauce

Split kidneys, remove membrane and fat, and slice ¼ inch thick. Blend with lemon juice. Melt butter and saute onion until lightly browned. Add kidneys and saute, low heat, 5 minutes. Add soup, hot water, and celery salt, and blend. Add spaghetti and cook about 2 minutes or until thoroughly heated. (Serves 6)

AND here's an idea for a hearty salad mold for that just too—too melting evening—make the salad right after breakfast, store in the refrigerator to chill and develop hidden flavors, add a bit of melon or other fruit for a top-off, and there's your dinner!

SAVORY MACARONI SALAD

2 cans macaroni in cheese sauce
4 tablespoons chopped sweet pickle
1 cup finely minced cooked ham
1½ cups minced celery
1 small onion, minced
dash of salt and pepper
lettuce or Romaine

Combine all ingredients lightly together. Chill. Serve on lettuce. No dressing required. (Serves 6)

Here's another appetizing dish which the children especially will like because it includes their old pal—peanut butter! It's a good example of the quick *au gratin* or *scallop* dish to which all these good food pastes lend themselves admirably:

MACARONI PEANUT BUTTER AU GRATIN

2 cups elbow macaroni
2 cups medium white sauce
1 cup cubed soft Cheddar cheese
¼ cup peanut butter
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon onion juice
½ cup fine dry breadcrumbs

Cook macaroni in boiling salted water 9 to 12 minutes, drain, and rinse in cold water. In double boiler combine white sauce with cheese, peanut butter and seasonings, and stir to melt and blend thoroughly. Arrange in buttered glass casserole. Sprinkle with crumbs. Bake in moderate hot oven (375°F.) for 20 minutes. (Serves 6)

Then my family begs for a Macaroni-Pimiento-Picnic Loaf that makes a real picnic everytime it is served. Too bad that space won't allow me to include it here today. But you may secure not only this unusual novelty recipe, but a half dozen more featured dishes if you write for the new leaflet called "Short-Order Spaghetti Specials."

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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 77]

That there may be a wedding soon between Olivia de Havilland and Jimmy Stewart (even Winchell says so), take a gander at the love-glow in their eyes at Grove

from Natalie Draper's gonna be final, and that's all they're waiting for.

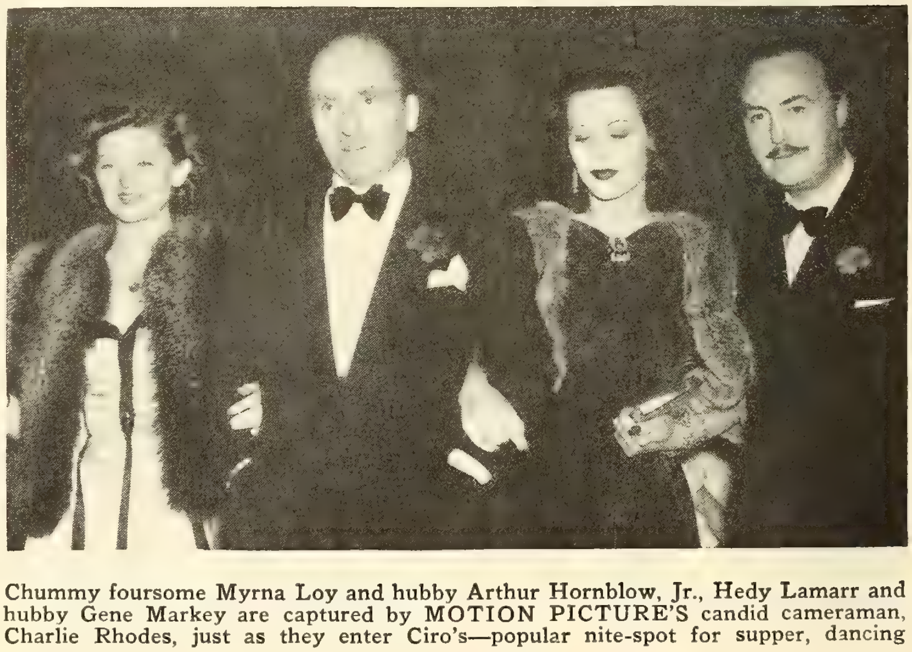
■

AND meantime, Natalie is still soooooooo that way about Randy Scott, and vice-versa. So don't be surprised if THAT ends in the wedding march, too.

■

CUPID'S COUPLET:
Donald Briggs and Marjorie Weaver—
It's all the fellar can do to leav'er!

[*Continued on page* 85]



Chummy foursome Myrna Loy and hubby Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Hedy Lamarr and hubby Gene Markey are captured by MOTION PICTURE'S candid cameraman, Charlie Rhodes, just as they enter Ciro's—popular nite-spot for supper, dancing

The Talk of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 49]

She's Not A Bird

■ FASTEST crack of the month—came from Starlet Kay Linaker's lips, the other night at Ciro's. . . .

Seems she was dining there. At the next table, Ken Murray was having himself a gargantuan steak dinner. So engrossed in the steak was Ken that in attacking it, he knocked over a salt cellar. Superstitious like all actors, he immediately picked up a pinch of salt between two fingers, and flipped it over his left shoulder. It landed on Kay. In fact, it landed on her back, and slid down. When it reached its logical resting-place, Kay gave out with the crack:

"Oh, no, Mister Murray—you can't catch ME that way!"

Nifty

■ Bob Hope's got a new word for maternity hospitals. He calls 'em: HEIR-ports!!!

Flynnuggets

■ As this is written, all is so-smooth in the turbulent Errol Flynn-Lili Damita menage that they're even giving each other gag presents. Lili started it. She went to the Farmers' Market to do some shopping the other day, and saw a live baby goat. She bought it and had it sent to Errol.

Errol came back two days later. Lili answered the door—and there was a man, delivering six live white turkeys!

And all Hollywood wonders whether this is a sign that the Flynns have really settled down—or whether they've found a new refinement of ways to annoy each other.

Incidentally, Errol is now preparing for a three-month's leave of absence, which he plans to spend in South America, Europe being what it is. While he's gone, Lili will live on their yacht, over at Catalina Island, spending most of her time denying rumors that they've split for keeps again.

From the proprietor of a big gambling establishment in South America, Flynn has already received an offer: $1,500 cash, just to sit in the place one night, and draw all the ladies. . . .!

Crush

■ What Madeleine Carroll wants most to know: THE NAME of the anonymous admirer who, for the past seven weeks, has been sending her a gardenia each day!

Windfall

■ Talk of Hollywood is the big inheritance John Payne is going to get. Most people, when the word spread that Payne really was the scion of a wealthy family, labelled it just a lot of press-agent balloon-juice. But the fact is that John and his two brothers, George and Ralph, will share the estate of their late father, George W. Payne, big real estate operator in the East. The property consists of realty including a theatre, hotel, markets and other structures—valued far above a million! Annual taxes alone run to more than $70,000!

John gets his share when he's 35—which is a bit over eight years from now. And meantime, gals, there's no use of going on the make for Payne and his inheritance. He's still married, and HAPPILY, to Anne Shirley.

Coogan Can Still Laugh

■ There's one thing Jackie Coogan has NOT lost—and that's his sense of humor. . . .

The other night, he was dining at Sardi's. In came Charlie Chaplin, taking another table. In a little while, the waiter came to Chaplin with a message from Coogan—in his hand was the watch Chaplin had presented to Jackie 'way back in 1919, when they made *The Kid* together. It's engraved "To Jackie, My Partner."

With it, Jackie had sent this note:

"The watch is still working. I WISH I WERE!"

More Eggsotic Now

■ Talk of Hollywood is: What's Come Over Garbo?—is it her diet, or Dr. Gaylord Hauser, who's done all this to her?

For, as a matter of fact, the Garbo has gone social in an unprecedented way. Not alone does she all but haunt the night spots (and usually with the Doc), but she even plays tennis IN PUBLIC. Those who know her of old can't reconcile the new, sparkling, smiling, chattering, gracious Greta with the "I want to be alone" Greta of only a few months ago. Today, she actually *flutters*!!! And when she was seen playing a foursome at tennis with Hauser as her partner, versus Spencer Tracy and man-about-towner Tim Durant, Hollywood's astonishment knew no bounds. . . .

Reasons given are (1)—Hauser's diet, and (2)—Hauser himself. Certain it is that the doc has been and is her constant companion.

One of the diet secrets for which Hauser is believed responsible, and which is believed to have pepped Greta up is this: daily she takes one raw egg—either mixed up in raw hamburger, or beaten up in a glass of milk.

And THAT ought to boom the egg market!

Would Take Two More Like Them

■ The other night, after the preview of *Rebecca* (which does for Joan Fontaine what *Gone With the Wind* did for sister Olivia de Havilland), producer David O. Selznick (referred to in Hollywood simply as "DOS") was stopped by Mrs. George Fontaine, mother of Olivia and Joan—

"Mr. Selznick," she cooed, "I want to thank you. You've been so kind to both my daughters."

"Not at all, not at all," shrugged DOS—"I only wish, madame, you had two MORE!"

Doesn't Spare Relatives

■ Most caustic of all John Barrymore's recent much repeated ad-libs during his stage plays was the one he pulled the other night—

In the middle of his role, he suddenly called for a wheel chair, and yelled:

"Tonight, I think I'll do Lionel!"

The crack went over big, of course. By now, everybody knows that while Lionel has spent much of his life looking after John during John's vagaries, the only thanks he's ever gotten has been John's wisecracking.

As a result, even Lionel expects John's acidulous cracks.

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Lucky Penny

[*Continued from page 37*]

an invalid. But she was plainly in rebellion against the role.

"I know I have my nerve, sitting up and taking notice so soon," she said, stretching to the right a bit, to look around the manicurist's elbow. "The more I think of that car coming toward us, and our helplessness, the more I realize how lucky we are to be alive.

"I've been doing a lot of thinking, lying here. Especially about luck. You know, lucky accidents have dotted my whole life. I'm beginning to wonder if there isn't something in superstition."

She was born with a caul. And superstition has it that anyone born with a caul will have a charmed life—so far as accidents are concerned.

Some time ago, a publicity man with a deceptively honest face told a columnist that Penny was from Heavener, Ga. The columnist told it to the world. The world may be staggered to learn the truth. Penny was born—on a September 15th—in South Philadelphia, Pa., which is to Philadelphia what Brooklyn is to New York. Another, and strange, world.

She was christened Mary Ann Dorothy McNulty. Her father, Bernard McNulty, worked on a succession of Philadelphia newspapers—the *North American,* the *Ledger* and the *Record.* Penny, in one of her early imaginative flights, told the neighborhood moppets that her father owned the *North American.* Some of the time he was a reporter, but usually he was a linotyper. Her mother, nee Mary Hassan, was head usher for the Shuberts.

That was the closest Penny came to having a theatrical background—except for her grandmother's sister, Fanny Durant, who was one of the original orphans in *Orphans of the Storm.* And her mother's cousin, "Uncle Johnny." He was in vaudeville. He tried out his acts on the family first, and Penny would imitate him. Once he brought home a funny little Englishman with whom he was working up an act, and Penny imitated both of them. The name of the funny little Englishman was Charlie Chaplin.

PENNY'S first appearance in front of footlights wasn't planned, even by herself. It was strictly an accident. She was 8, and she wanted some money to buy a birthday present for her mother. Simultaneously, the Plaza Theatre in South Philadelphia announced an Amateur Night, with money prizes for the winners. With the impulsiveness and the nerve of the Irish, Penny asked to sing.

The number she chose to render was, "They Called Her Frivolous Sal." She had barely opened her mouth when a wave of laughter from out front washed up on the stage and inundated her. She stopped singing. She bawled out the audience. Then she started over again . . . And at the end of the show, when the contestants had to step forward in turn for the audience to register its rating of them, the clapping was loudest for the spunky Irish kid with the freckles.

"I was homely-looking, and funny-looking," Penny explains, "a comedienne without knowing it."

Mrs. McNulty, overwhelmed by the present she received, but more overwhelmed by the way it had been purchased, was convinced that her daughter was destined for the stage. Shure, and anyone born with a caul was bound to be gifted. So Penny was sent to dancing school—the same dancing school attended (at the same time) by Jeanette MacDonald.

There she soon learned enough tap and ballet to be able, with her native ability to sing, to get in a succession of "kid acts" in Philadelphia and environs. A Mr. Greenberg, a local film distributor, happened to see her and—what was more important—remember her. Along came a movie entitled *A Child for Sale,* a tear-jerker starring Creighton Hale and Baby Peggy. Mr. Greenberg got hold of "the little McNulty kid" to tour locally with the picture, singing "Who Wants a Baby?" She would sing before the picture and again during it, in the saddest part.

She scored her greatest triumph in near-by Burlington, N. J. A farmer in the back of the theatre choked up over the pitiable appeal of her plea for parents to love her. "Stop!" he shouted, standing up in his seat. "I'll buy her!" They had quite a time with him. He was cold sober, too.

Young as she was, she haunted the Philadelphia booking agencies. That was how she got in an act called "The Coll Kids" and went on the road—like "Uncle Johnny."

SHE loved vaudeville. She still loves it, reminisces about it wistfully. "There was a camaraderie among vaudeville people that other people in show business never had," Penny says. "Even as kids, we were taught to share everything—especially good luck. Like Mrs. Farrow, who ran a theatrical boarding-house in Baltimore. When Mrs. Farrow's luck at the races wasn't so good, the meals weren't so good; but we didn't grumble because, when she made a killing at the track, we had chicken with all the trimmings. . . .

"We were taught to be thoughtful—especially of the acts that opened and closed a bill, because they worked under difficulties, with people walking in or out of a theatre. We kids used to rush out front after our own act to clap for the acrobats or the trained seals or whatever closed the bill . . . If anybody was sick, we would all cover up for whoever was ill . . . And I learned so much, watching other performers.

"I was smart enough to see that that was the only way I could get experience—and get ahead. For example, Charlie Mosconi, who was on the same bill one time, had a wonderful dance-step that stopped the show every time he used it. I watched him until I could do the same step—and it became a show-stopper for me, too . . . We copied from each other, yes. But we had our ethics. If we were ever on the same bill again with someone who originated a dance-step or a song arrangement, we wouldn't use that step or that arrangement that week—even if we thought we could do it better."

After the tour with "The Coll Kids," Penny thought she was ready to conquer larger worlds. She persuaded her father to take her over to New York, make the rounds of the booking agencies there. She landed in an act called "The Kiddies Kabaret," doing imitations of Joe Frisco and Eddie Leonard. She was still in it when it stranded in Newburgh, N. Y. She was just 12. Her mother had recently sent her a gold ring with a sapphire. It was her first and only piece of jewelry. She hocked it to get home.

Back in Philadelphia, she decided—or her parents decided—that she had had enough of "the road" for a while. She confined her talents to Philadelphia. Then Anatole Friedland came to town and advertised that he was forming a new kid act, with auditions to be held at the Keith Theatre. Penny showed up. Friedland asked what she could do. Her answer was: "What do you want me to do?" He watched her dance and hired her—to do a solo number.

The Friedland act was Big Time. It was good enough for New York, for the Riverside Theatre, one notch away from the Cathedral of Vaudeville, the Palace Theatre. Penny had visions of George Jean Nathan, Alan Dale and all the other first-string drama critics catching the act. In honor of the occasion, she bought some new dancing shoes. Nervous, intent on outdoing herself, she made one high kick extra-high. At the same moment, the other foot slipped—and over the footlights she went, landing with a terrific explosion on the bass drum in the orchestra, in what Penny calls "the most beautiful pratt fall you ever saw." The entire audience was startled to its feet, to see what had happened to her.

The audience saw a crimson-faced youngster who, after being pried out of the drum, said to the orchestra leader, "I'm all right. It's these new shoes. Let's start over again." She was helped back up on the stage. And to the accompaniment of almost continuous applause, she went on with her dance.

It's difficult to imagine a more cataclysmic New York stage debut. But it was the turning point for Penny. If the accident had never happened, she would have been just another youngster doing some fancy kicks and steps. The accident proved that she was a trouper. An exceptional trouper.

The drama critics weren't out front, but a scout for the Shuberts was. The next day, she was offered a Shubert contract—which her parents had to sign for her, since she was under age. And she became the soubrette, the leader of the chorus girls, in the road company of the Broadway hit, *Innocent Eyes*.

In Boston, the Geery Society caught up with her. They wanted to know how old she was. She said, "Sixteen." Where was her birth certificate? "I—I left it home," she said. They told her to send for it. When it arrived, it proved that she was only fourteen. Forthwith, she had to have schooling while working. (It was painful then, but she's grateful now.)

NINE months after starting on the road, the company played Toronto. J. J. Shubert, in person, went up to Toronto to look it over, change some things for the run in Buffalo the next week. A blizzard arrived simultaneously with J. J. About ten people comprised the audience that night. The prima donna chose that particular night to go temperamental. She was sulking in her dressing-room, waiting to be begged to go on with the show, and J. J. wasn't in a begging mood. Penny pleaded to be allowed to go on in her place. She had understudied the role (and every other role in the show). J. J. consented.

So Penny put on the prima donna's long velvet gown, which had to be pinned up in a variety of places to fit her, and the prima donna's high-heeled shoes, and armed herself with the huge green fan studded with rhinestones that the prima donna carried. As she stepped on the stage, at the beginning of the fan number, the high heels tripped her. "So help me," says Penny, "I fell flat on my face."

She picked herself up, went on with the number. She was supposed to hold the fan upright over her head. The weight of the rhinestones made her wrist limp. Every few moments, the fan would flop forward, down over her face. All of which was bad enough. But the wind-up of the number had the prima donna completely surrounded by statuesque chorines, and, though you could hear little Penny, you couldn't see her.

She was in tears. So was J. J., out front. He was in hysterics. He practically had to be carried backstage after the number. And, his eyes still moist from laughter, he said, "Dorothy, you're a natural-born comedienne. I'm going to take you back to Broadway, star you opposite Willie Howard in a Winter Garden show."

So she became the youngest dancing star on Broadway, and the first girl to do acrobatic tumbling in a Broadway show. She had a Dutch bob, and gave a little "Whoo" after every tumble, and audiences found her cute and comical, pert and different. After *Sky High*, she was in *Great Temptations* opposite Jack Benny for two years, then with Eddie Buzzell and Irene Dunne in another hit, *Sweetheart Time*. Other hits followed those.

And all because she was lucky enough to fall on her face on a stage in Toronto.

M-G-M brought her to Hollywood in 1930 under long-term contract. She made her movie bow in *Good News*, the screen version of the musical comedy in which she had starred. She was still operating under the name of Dorothy McNulty. She still had chestnut-brown hair.

She didn't like picture work—then. She didn't understand picture-making. And she didn't like herself on the screen. She went to Irving Thalberg and asked for her release from her contract. "I don't think I'm right for pictures," she told him. Thalberg, after vainly trying to persuade her to change her mind, gave her a release—on the understanding that M-G-M had first call on her future screen services.

She went back to Broadway musical comedy. But now, in her free time, she went in for appearances in drama in Little Theatres on the outskirts of New York. She couldn't go on dancing and singing forever, the way a dramatic actress could go on acting. So she was going to become a dramatic actress.

Howard Dietz, Eastern publicity chief of M-G-M, saw her in one of her Little Theatre performances—and persuaded her to have another try at pictures, this time in something dramatic. She came back as "the bad girl" in *After the Thin Man*. The date was 1936.

She attracted attention. She received offers of "bad girl" roles from every studio in town. She turned them all down. "And practically starved to death for a year," she says, "because I didn't want to get typed in Other Woman roles. I'm not sorry now."

George Jessel was her Good Samaritan. He knew her from Broadway, and he also knew of a role at Warners that Joan Blondell had turned down, which might be The Big Break. He took her over to Warners, introduced her. They asked, "Can you dance? Can you sing?" She didn't drag out her press clippings. She proved to them in person that she could dance and sing. They gave her the ingenue lead in *Swing Your Lady*, and she clicked in it.

She thought she was on her way now. But she couldn't seem to get anything better than leads in B pictures, or bits in A pictures. She was assigned a bit part as "a prissy secretary" in a George Brent-Kay Francis picture. She arrived on the set in a wig, spectacles and clothes reminiscent of 1906. "My God," said the director, "don't you want anybody to know you're in the picture?" That, Penny assured him, was the general idea.

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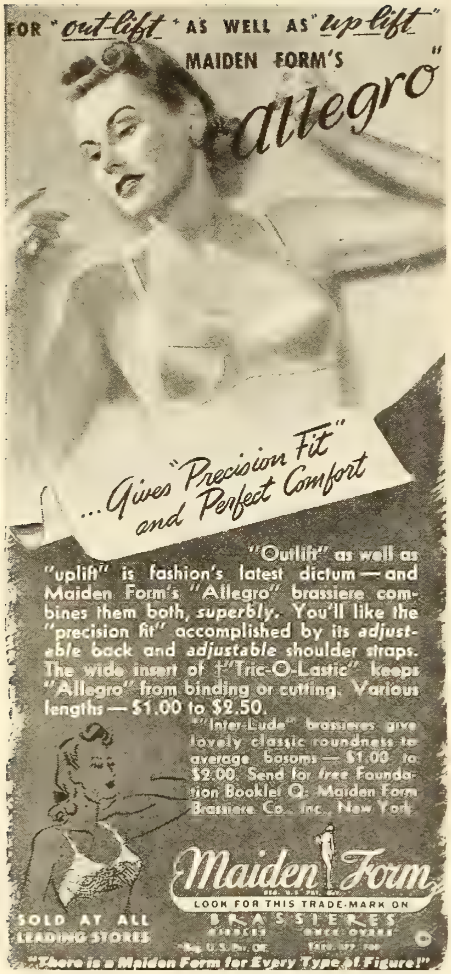
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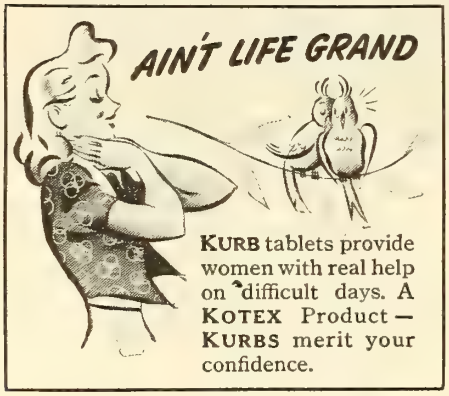
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BY THIS time, in the hope of improving her movie luck, she had changed her name to Penny Singleton. The "Penny" was a nickname she had had for years, derived from her habit of collecting pennies. The "Singleton" she acquired when she married Dr. Lawrence Scroggs Singleton, Los Angeles dentist, in 1937.

When it came time for Warners to pick up her option, she was due for a $50 raise—*if* they picked it up. She went to the Front Office and begged them to let her go. "If I'm not worth more than a $50 raise to you," she said, "I'm not worth what you're paying me now. Please let me go somewhere else. If I make good, I'll come back."

So Penny and Warners parted by mutual consent. She went to RKO for a small part in *The Mad Miss Manton.* It didn't lead anywhere. She was "at liberty" again. Her agent took her around to Columbia, which was searching for someone to play the title role of *Blondie,* based on the Chic Young comic strip. Producer Robert Sparks asked Penny if she had ever played a young housewife and mother. Her agent frantically signalled to her to say "Yes." She didn't know it at the time, but Sparks saw the signal. She said, "No, I haven't. But I think I could. That's what I am in real life." Sparks commented, "You're honest, at least. We'll give you a test."

Her hair still was chestnut-brown. And no one asked her to wear a wig for the test. Afterward, days passed, and she heard nothing—except that another actress, already blond, practically had the part. She wished the other girl luck, but she kept praying, personally. She never wanted anything as she wanted that role.

It was the morning of her birthday, September 15, 1938, that they phoned her and said, "You've got to change the color of your hair. From now on, you're to be *Blondie.*"

And *Blondie* she has been ever since—through five pictures, through week after week of radio broadcasts. "Dear Mrs. Blondie," to her fans, who are beginning to number in the millions. Everybody, it seems, likes *Blondie* or, if you prefer, Penny. It is impossible to think of *Blondie* without thinking of Penny, or vice versa.

SHE is so successfully married on the screen that she admits reluctantly and regretfully to two unsuccessful marriages in real life. The first one was a youthful mistake. "I disobeyed my mother, who knew best, and eloped." The second one (to Dr. Singleton) was a case of incompatibility, which ended in divorce court last December. Her little girl, Dorothy Grace—better known as Dee-Gee—is the product of her first marriage. She is a 4-year-old double for Penny, especially when she pouts, though she has brown eyes (Penny's are blue) and dark hair. They live in a small, charming house in San Fernando Valley, not unlike the Dagwood Bumstead abode. There the favorite caller of both Penny and Dee-Gee is now Producer Robert Sparks.

What has playing *Blondie* so much done for, or to, Penny herself?

"It has kept me on my feet, and my feet on the ground. It has kept me a homey person, helped me remember I am a mother. Other actresses are Glamor Girls on the screen, and people expect them to live up to the Glamor Girl billing off-screen. But people don't think of *Blondie* as a Glamor Girl, and they don't expect me to be one. She has given me a chance to be wholesome and natural. She has given me the chance to have a career and be myself."

Few girls are that lucky. But, then, few girls are born with cauls.

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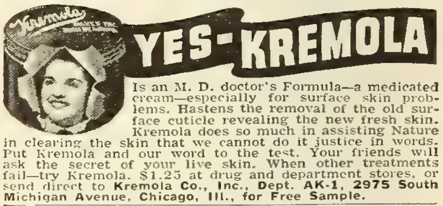
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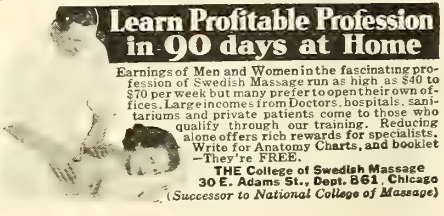
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THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 80]

John Payne and wifey Anne Shirley join the stepper-outers at Ciro's. The happy couple expect Stork to pay them a visit

At recent Warner Club party Bette Davis and Anatole Litvak were twosome. He directs her *All This, and Heaven Too*

H'MMMMMMMM—is it true that Gloria Swanson is going to try marriage once again — as Mrs. Gus Schirmer?

■

COUNT that month lost that doesn't see at least one columnist, more likely a half-dozen, publish the "exclusive" news that at long last, Mrs. George Raft is going to give him his long-wanted divorce. . . .

And count that month lost that doesn't see the rumor promptly negated by Mrs. George Raft's failure to do anything of the kind.

And what Hollywood wants to know is: Will Mrs. Raft's continued refusal to release George have the same effect on the Raft-Norma Shearer romance that it did on

[*Continued on page* 89]

Noah Beery, Jr., and Maxine Jones (Buck's daughter) cut wedding cake after marriage at Jones ranch. He's 26, she's 22

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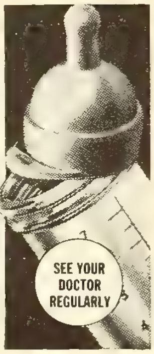

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Musical Maid Made Good

[*Continued from page* 34]

schedule and tackling other sequences. And then his plans were knocked into the well-known cocked hat by the soft, throaty voice of a girl standing just off the set.

"I'm . . . I'm sorry I'm late, Mr. Van Dyke," this girl said calmly enough. "The casting director just sent me over. I'm . . . I'm the girl who is to play the school-teacher part."

Director Van Dyke's eyes began to burn brighter and hotter than the tip of his cigarette. He was very hot under his choler, so to speak, and he wasted little, if any, time in "telling off" this young, soft-voiced—and beautiful—upstart still standing there cool, calm, and collected, no less than two paces away from the edge of the set.

"Oh, yeah!" he barked. "Well, let me tell you, young lady, I'm in no mood this morning for gags! And it's more than likely I won't be tomorrow morning or the morning after that! But don't mistake me. I like fun and I like gags, but I like 'em both at the proper place which isn't, believe me, on this here sound stage. So you go back to the smartie who put you up to this and tell him for me, mind you. . . ."

During this impassioned speech the director had been walking toward the girl and by the time he had reached his "mind you" he was standing right in front of her with his voice trailing off to end in an astonished gasp.

"Well," he went on, slightly flabbergasted, "if it isn't Helen Gilbert! The last time I saw you you were with the studio symphony orchestra. Remember? And here you are a party of the first part in a Hollywood gag. Now tell me, what's it all about?"

AND so, Helen, in that soft voice of hers, told him.

Told him how, a few months back, she'd been asked to leave her 'cello long enough to make a screen test. "A sequence or two from something called *Florian*, she said. "I never knew what disposition had been made of it until you started *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever* and then I was notified that I had been selected to play the school-teacher role. And so here I am. It's no gag, Mr. Van Dyke. And please don't blame me. I'd much rather be playing in the studio orchestra. I didn't ask for the test in the first place and in the second place I had nothing to do with this. Perhaps you'd better call up the casting director and find out what's what. Frankly, I'd be glad if you *could* get someone else."

Director Van Dyke gave the girl a good long look, smiled, and opined that he had the situation well in hand. He'd do no such thing as call up the casting director. "Besides," he told her, "I haven't got the time and moreover, if I'm any judge of acting talent, I think you'll do. And very nicely, indeed. I betcha we're going to surprise a lot of people, maybe including myself, before we're through, Helen."

And so it was, and with no more preparation than that, that Helen Gilbert laid aside her over-sized fiddle and broke into the movies! It would be a waste of words to tell you how well she acquitted herself in her screen debut because you've seen *Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever* and you've judged for yourself.

Personally, we thought her portrayal of the school-teacher was exceptional, everything considered, and like everybody else who attended the preview of the picture we won-

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dered who she was, where she came from and so on and we said: "ha, ha, now we'll tell one!" when the Metro publicity department tried to tell us she was a musician—and a studio musician at that!

Well, to settle the argument we accepted the department's challenge that we see the young lady and so obtain the low-down on the whole amazing affair. Which was what we did a few days later, and what you read from now on is authenticated and sworn to by the ex-'cellist herself.

"I couldn't blame Director Van Dyke," Helen told us right off the bat, "for thinking that my appearance on the sound stage that morning was a gag, because I half-way thought it was, myself, and I know that I would have been much happier if he had shooed me out of there. I'd been studying music since I was five years old and here I was, I feared, about to try my hand at something I knew absolutely nothing about.

"I CAN'T explain how I happened to do as well as I did that first day and all the others that followed except on the grounds that I was so completely dazed by it all that I couldn't have become self-conscious if I had tried. All the success I had in that picture is due entirely to Director Van Dyke who was patience personified. He deserves a long string of gold medals for the help he gave me and some day I'm going to see that he gets them.

"What was more amazing still, now that I've had time to think back to my fantastic experience, is the number of "one takes" he okayed of sequences in which I appeared. Credit for that should by all means go to his excellent coaching of which he gave me plenty. Lewis Stone, Mickey Rooney and all other members of the *Hardy* cast deserve special mention for their continual aid during the shooting and I give it to them gratefully."

Well, there you are. That's the kind of a girl Helen is. For the life of her she can't understand why so many nice words have been written and said about her since her screen debut. She's not an actress, but a musician, she insists and she hopes she will always be one.

She still dreams of the day to come when she'll be featured in a concert all her own in New York's Carnegie Hall and that dream may be fulfilled some day because she's rated as one of the very finest 'cellists in the country. Her fame as a concert artist has been well established enough to win her appearances with most of the great symphony orchestras in the United States.

But whatever plans she has in mind for a continuance of her music has been side-tracked by the studio which has her under a long-term contract. Metro's front office knew she was so good, even before *Andy Hardy* got his *Spring Fever* out of the way that she was selected to play the leading feminine role in *Florian*. She did so well in that picture that a special story was written for her. "As a picture," she says, "it isn't going to be a musical in the accepted Hollywood sense, but it is going to give me an opportunity to prove to screen audiences that I really am a musician—which is another reason why I have given up trying to understand movie-making.

"Here I am, for instance, playing the 'cello in the studio symphony orchestra a year ago and thoroughly enjoying it, and presto, somebody urges me to take a screen test and I find myself in a picture trying to prove that I'm an actress.

"Well, there's one thing certain about this role. I can prove to musicians, at least, that I'm not a phony when it comes to music. There'll be no looking around, no smiling and smirking at the audience when I'm playing the 'cello, I can assure you of that. Not unless I want to be the laughing-stock of the musical world! Those little tricks belong only to members of swing bands."

While we're on the subject of music, or while Helen is, rather, we might mention here that she's nothing if not frank about her fellow-artists.

"Musicians," she admits, "are more temperamental than actors. There's no explaining it other than that they live in a world apart. They're much less steady, too, than actors and are more difficult to get along with.

It may be, as Helen says, that musicians go off on these mental and nervous toots, but we doubt very much if she can be accused of doing so despite the fact that she was born on the Fourth of July, a day that surely prognosticates explosions of one kind or another. Looking at her, listening to her, you feel sure that she's always in control of herself and that it would take some unusual provocation to stir her up enough so that she'd drop her cloak of placidity and really go to it. She just isn't the type.

Helen was born in Warren, Ohio, and is the daughter of Vaughn Gilbert, a successful music publisher. Due, no doubt, to her musical environment, she took up the art from earliest childhood and displayed a natural aptitude toward its study.

"Because of intensive travel on the part of my family," she says, "I took trips all over the United States and lost so much time from school doing so that I had to study under private tutors. I specialized in music and finally adopted the 'cello as my favorite instrument, being inspired to this switch from piano and violin by a concert given by Pablo Casals.

"Shortly after beginning the study of the 'cello seriously my family moved to Philadelphia and by then I had made such progress that I was awarded a scholarship at the Curtis Institute where I studied under the English master, Felix Salmon."

Helen's "by then" needs a word or two of elaboration. She was twelve years of age when she won the Curtis award which may give you an inkling of just how good she was at this 'cello business.

After graduating from the school—with honors, of course—Helen appeared in concerts in New York, Boston, Chicago, Minneapolis and the Hollywood Bowl. Her fame as a concert artist spread to radio where she was featured as a guest soloist on many coast-to-coast broadcasts. Her chief objection to radio is that it's too impersonal. "I play better when I can see my audience," she says.

HELEN is five feet one-half inches in height, has blond hair, blue eyes, extremely fair skin and, so far as this writer's big ears are concerned, the most melodious speaking-voice of any girl in pictures. When not engaged in a film production she practices for hours on her 'cello and then tapers off by playing for hours on the piano.

If her movie career fails to jell, as she thinks it should, she'll forget it and go back to her music.

Only recently she developed a new source of income that promises to become important. Following the announcement that she had won the lead in *Florian* she received bids from three phonograph record firms asking that she play the 'cello for them and the platters she has made thus far have been big money-makers.

And that, ladies and gentlemen, concludes our scoring of Metro's Musical Maid, the only girl in Hollywood who has built herself two substantial careers in two different arts.

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Hollywood's *Trick Parties*

BIGGEST party-surprise of the YEAR—was supplied by the party-throwing champions of Hollywood, Basil Rathbone and wifie Ouida . . . The Rathbones, whose parties are given on the slightest pretext and are the fanciest parties in town, had their 14th wedding anniversary the other day . . . and celebrated it WITHOUT a party. They had a twosome dinner together!! . . . Swellest exploitation party of the month—was Republic Studios' shindig to honor the studio's new star, Judy Canova . . . The novelties started with the invitations, to each of which was attached a tiny brown jug, filled with "corn squeezins" and labelled "One hundred per-cent explosive . . . Good for wife beatin' and dandruff!" . . . The stage at the studio, where the party was held, was made up like an old-fashioned "gin mill" with mountain trimmings . . . It was signed: The Mountain Dew Inn . . . Judy made her grand entrance on the arm of Gene Autry while the orchestra played *Scatterbrain* . . . Rudy Vallee promptly christened her "The Jenny Lind of the Ozarks," and then danced cheek-to-cheek with her for the major part of the evening's dances . . . For Claire Trevor, there with her ma and a party of friends, it was a double celebration—for this was Claire's birthday, too . . . The Arturo Godoys (he's the babe who fought Joe Louis) gave an exhibition rhumba . . . Duncan Renaldo, Russ and Lucille Gleason, Smiley Burnette, Elsie Janis, John Wayne, June Storey and a couple hundred others, all dolled up in bandanas, overalls, big farm-type straw hats, and calico aprons and sunbonnets for the gals, helped Judy celebrate her Hollywood debut.

PICKFAIR, one-time royal palace of Hollywood, came to life again when Mary Pickford threw a typical old-time Pickfair party, in honor of her guests, the Frederick Frelinghuysens. . . . It was like a retake, in memory of the grand affairs that were thrown at old Pickfair when Douglas Fairbanks was Mary's husband, and they entertained royalty there. . . . Once again, there was Mary, queenlike and regal as ever—and the only discordant note was the absence of Doug (for the old-timers) or Buddy Rogers (for the younger set who don't quite remember Doug, but do know that Buddy is now Mister Mary Pickford, lord of Pickfair). . . . Buddy, away on professional tour, couldn't attend. . . . The party was formal. . . . Cocktails at eight. . . . Dinner at nine. . . . Cocktails were in the days of '49 playroom, with its bar that actually came around the Horn in the old pioneer days. . . . Master of ceremonies of the evening was Mary's cousin, Sonny Chalif. . . . After dinner, they put on the program—volunteer male choruses, dance numbers, including the boops-a-daisy, of ALL things . . . and done by such boopsers as Lili Damita, Jessica (Mrs. Dick) Barthelmess, Irene Dunne, Virginia Bruce! . . . Break of the evening came when Prime Hostess of Hollywood Elsa Maxwell arrived with a bus-load of her own guests, whom she was driving around on one of the progressive parties that Elsa goes for. . . . The bus was equipped with a bar, too!

JOAN CRAWFORD'S birthday party was an on-the-set affair at M-G-M—on the *Susan and God* stage . . . Unwarned, Joan was duly surprised when Director George Cukor called a sudden halt in the midst of production—and the prop department rolled onto the set a great table, with a gargantuan birthday cake, and heaps of gifts . . . Celebrators included the Fredric Marches, Rita Quigley, and the entire cast and crew of the picture . . . Gifts: from Director Cukor, a beautiful copper-and-pottery chafing-dish; from sister-in-law Kasha LeSeuer, a hat from Kasha's own shop; from the Marches, imported perfumes; from the crew of the picture, an electric-lighted mirror . . . Most novel party-entertainment of the month—was the screen feature that topped off the big preview party at Ciro's, to celebrate release of Deanna Durbin's newest success, *It's a Date* . . . Shown was a specially-compiled film, consisting of clips from every picture and test Deanna has ever made, showing her progress and development from her very first Hollywood efforts to today's top stardom . . . Christening party of the month—was thrown by Dagwood (Arthur Lake, to you) and his wife . . . To christen their new station-wagon . . . Not to be outdone by the Navy, the Lakes broke a bottle of champagne over the front bumper of the ritzy new vehicle—and then picked up a party of friends in it, for a picnic whoop-te-doo on a hilltop overlooking the ocean . . . There, to the sides of the new station-wagon, were affixed a row of those drive-in-cafe trick trays, and out of huge thermos jugs the Lakes dished up a hot picnic dinner . . . Celebrators included the Bill Henrys, the Jimmy Ellisons, Ken Murray, Gwen Kenyon, and of course, Penny Singleton, Dagwood's Blondie.

OLD-TIMERS' Party of the Month—was the brawl thrown by Mrs. Edward Lowe in honor of Marguerite Clark, ace film star of bygone days.

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HERE is the courageous story of a girl who dared to claim her love in the face of scandalous headlines that rocked the whole country. Once you read the gripping confession of this girl who was caught up in a maze of events too swift for her to combat, you will never forget it. Don't miss her dramatic story in the new issue of ROMANTIC STORY, now on sale.

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ROMANTIC STORY MAGAZINE

THE TALKIE TOWN TATTLER

[*Continued from page* 85]

Mr. and Mrs. Doug, Jr., are celebrating Blessed Event in becoming proud parents of Daphne Fairbanks, seven-pounder

the Raft-Virginia Peine romance? That affair is now as dead as Hitler's promises. In New York, Virginia is consoling herself with Broker Walter Hirshon, and the most heartsick one in the picture is Virginia's little girl Joan, who loved George Raft even more than her ma did, if that's possible.

Meantime, George and Norma are Hollywood's inseparable pair of the season, and Hollywood says of COURSE they'll get married—when and IF George ever gets the divorce.

Which is exactly what they said about George and Virginia, to be sure. . . .

■

HO, HO, hummmmmmmm, Eleanor Powell says she's engaged again. . . . This time, it's a fellow named Merrill Pye, studio art director. Hollywood advises you not to get too excited about it, because. . . .

You see, Hollywood DOES remember that Eleanor has been reported engaged to (1) Bandman Abe Lyman, (2) Nelson Eddy and (3) John Payne, and she's certainly not married to any of those, is she?

However, this time it's Eleanor, herself, who says she's engaged, but she can't marry until next year, because Pye won't have his final divorce until then from Mary Jane Halsey, who's a dancer, too.

■

LOOKS like Nancy Kelly just CAN'T make up her mind! Just when Hollywood had her all but married to Edmund O'Brien, that romance blew up higher than a kite, and before Hollywood could catch its breath, it learned that Nancy, instead of getting ready to be Mrs. O'Brien, was really planning to become Mrs. Irving Cummings, Jr.

As a matter of fact, they even started for Las Vegas to do it, but somewhere along the way, Cupid sat on a pin or something, because they came back still unmarried.

And NOW—believe it or not, Nancy and Irv have had a tiff, and Nancy stepped out with Bob Shaw, doing seven night spots in one evening! Wheeeeeeee.

So by the time you read this, she may be married to ANYbody—even maybe—we were going to say—George Jessel, but then he took Lois Andrews as his mate.

Patricia Morison, rapidly reaching stardom, has longer tresses than any other actress—more than a yard in length

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Deanna's Dates

[*Continued from page* 71]

the time and had already discovered Gloria Jean, caught a matinee of the show," Lewis said lightly. "He asked me to come to Hollywood for a test. But since the play hadn't closed yet, I decided to remain. When it did close, I had another call to go to Hollywood. However, I had the bad judgment to acquire pneumonia and spent the next nine weeks in bed. When I was well, I had another call. Twenty-four hours later, I was approaching the prospect of my first plane ride with trepidation and dripping hands. How I ever lasted until I reached Hollywood, I'll never know."

Most reporters always ask a newcomer what he thinks of Hollywood and how it compares to the stage. I was no exception.

"Hollywood intrigues me mainly because when I came here I expected to find morons running all over the place," Lewis answered. "That was what I was led to believe of the town. But instead, I found surprisingly brilliant people, with morons definitely inhabiting the outskirts.

"As for Broadway and Hollywood, there are advantages to both. An actor misses the feeling in Hollywood that an audience gives him on the stage, but if you're a ranting thespian on the legit, you can't walk down the street and see yourself playing in two theatres at once.

"However, I do want to go back to Broadway some day. At the moment, I'm peacefully content with my life as it is."

CHARACTERISTICALLY speaking, his life is a placid one here. He spends his spare hours writing. He's a prolific "turner-outer" of short stories and has written five plays, all blissfully unproduced. He has published privately—and financed privately—two volumes of his short stories.

His favorite diversion is driving a car. He never owned a car until he came to Hollywood, and he had never driven one before. His romantic concerns are few and far between. He is interested only in a "nice woman" as he quaintly puts it. In the meantime, however, he hops around from one charming girl to another.

He says he can never become conceited because whenever he looks in the mirror, he hates himself and simply can't believe what he sees. Uses the mirror to deflate himself when he gets to feeling cocky. He is tremendously witty and clever, and at times he reminds one of Orson Welles. His parents approve of his career now. They have to. He's 21. His next pictures are *Our City* with Loretta Young and Gloria Jean and *Seven Sinners* with Marlene Dietrich, in which he hopes he will play one of the sinners. And he is also quite a sketch artist. In fact he met Noel Coward through a sketch he did of him.

When he made his first appearance on earth, his Scotch nurse took one look at him and exclaimed, "That's some buster." So Buster he's been called ever since. He was born with a full head of hair, and from all indications, he's going to keep it.

His first public appearance and the first indication of the acting that lurked within was in a barber's chair. It took the barber and five people to hold him down while he had a haircut.

So, in a kaleidoscopic fashion, such is an analysis of the quirks, complexes, and characteristics of Lewis Howard.

Stack and Howard—two chaps who will definitely bear watching!

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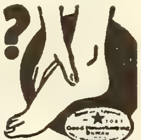

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Hollywood

5¢ AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

How To Win Back a Wife

[*Continued from page* 56]

others. His British reserve was broken down, and he consented to give us the following words of wisdom. So let's listen to him.

But first a few words of introduction for those who may not be familiar with the background of this story:

Ray hit Hollywood ten years ago, at the age of 22, a brash, British sophisticate with the right looks and plenty of masculine charm, who could outride and outshoot any actor in the business, and was also a dangerous foe in fencing and boxing. He won a studio contract in no time. Met and married a lovely American girl.

Then, as it happens quite often, his option wasn't renewed. This was the beginning of a series of economic and emotional difficulties. He returned to England, worked in a few British pictures, and as soon as he had saved some money, hastened back to Hollywood, where he found himself still unable to get a job.

We can imagine the hell he went through. The girl he still loved was here. He was dying to see her, but wouldn't, or she wouldn't let him. His savings were gone, he sold or pawned everything of value he had, and was reduced to eating at a drugstore on credit, swallowing his pride with his food.

"It was awful!" he recalled, running his fingers through his black hair, a painful expression in his eyes.

"I was striving so hard that something would happen, a miracle, and I would get a job, any kind of a job, as long as it was honest work. On my way to the drugstore I would step on all the cracks on the pavement, hoping in that way to change my luck for the better. When that didn't happen, I would just as carefully avoid them." He shook his head, thinking back on this unhappy phase of his life. "I had applied for a job at a gas-station. On the day they finally gave me the job, Paramount also offered me the second lead in *Bolero* with George Raft and Carole Lombard." It was a double stroke of miraculous good luck that broke the jinx.

HE LOST no time in going after his ex-wife, now that he had a studio contract, wooed her back, and they were re-married. Summing up, he said: "It was a case of stubborn willfulness and pride on my part. I was young, volatile, and couldn't see the other person's side. She didn't blame me at all. She said, 'you shouldn't have done it.' That's all. She was hurt, of course, but not a word of bitterness. That's the kind of girl she is."

His advice: "The man who wants to win his wife or fiancee back should figure out, honestly, why they quarreled and separated. They shouldn't have quarreled in the first place, but if they still mean anything to each other they should get together and talk it over. It happens quite often that a couple realizes how much they love each other after a separation and divorce. Of course the man should be big enough to admit his mistakes and take the initiative irrespective of whether he was right or wrong.

"People should solve a serious problem like this in a mature, civilized way. And, most important, with a sense of humor. You can laugh your way back to love. We did it—once I could laugh again! And when I laugh, I laugh like hell. They should put away childish notions and ideas, stop, definitely once and for all, blaming each other, going back to the old arguments and recriminations.

"The man should have self-respect and confidence, and respect the woman he wants to win back. Sincere respect, based on friendship. He is lost if he tries to assert himself at her expense, humiliate her by considering himself superior to her simply because he is a man. That's nothing but an inferiority complex.

"He should be big and manly enough to cooperate with her, reason things out with her, make concessions, see *her* side of the problem. That's what I didn't do when I was 24 or 25.

"THE woman must do her share, too, if she wants him back. Too many women, I think, never get over their girlhood dreams of being a princess constantly courted by a prince charming, who is always ready to flatter her and satisfy her every whim, even at the risk of his life. That's all very beautiful, but it happens only in fairy tales.

"So many girls who marry are emotionally still children, and remain children year after year, with the result that they don't give their husbands a chance to make them happy. Nobody could make them happy. I was very fortunate not to marry such a girl. She forgave me because she understood. There is a French proverb which says—to understand is to forgive."

Ray sucked at his cigarette, then crushed it out, and continued:

"I was too willful and proud because I didn't know any better. Money is important, sure, but it isn't everything. Some of the happiest marriages I know started with nothing but love. Poverty and struggles bring wife and husband closer together if they have the right attitude. But I was too young to realize that fact.

"When I went back to Mal, I had already learned my lesson. In those two years of our separation I had lived pretty nearly a lifetime. I was humble now, and more sensible. Of course, sending her flowers, taking her places, and all those little attentions which mean so much to women help when a man wants to win his wife back.

"But the important thing, the thing that will do the trick, is this inner growth and reformation I'm speaking about. In a way, I'm glad all this happened to me. It made me a better man. It made me stronger. I'm happier now than I could have been otherwise."

THE Millands live in their own small but elegant house in Beverly Hills. They have two servants. He drives a Ford; she drives a Cadillac. He wouldn't have it otherwise. He has learned the value of the dollar and is saving for a rainy day.

He likes acting. And with emphasis says: "It's a damn good profession." Prefers light comedy. When his acting days are over he hopes to direct. He doesn't care for night clubs any more. He has had his fill of them. He likes to get up early in the morning and you can't do that if you're night clubbing.

Such is Ray Milland, the only guy in Hollywood who won his wife back. And a most likeable guy, not in spite of but because of his "intolerance," stubbornness, willfulness, pride, perversity, moodiness, etc., etc.

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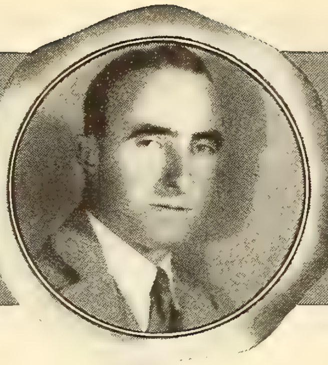

BETWEEN OURSELVES

HOLLYWOOD IMPRESSIONS

By LARRY REID

BLUE, green, red Neon signs the length of Hollywood Blvd. . . . competing with brilliant white lights of markets, which burn till midnight . . . Very noticeable the absence of black cars in Hollywood, stars like to set off togs and be seen driving snappy colored jobs . . . being in show business they have to put on a show . . . Amazing growth of San Fernando Valley towns . . . Open spaces over there. Plenty of space for hundreds of studios . . . Warners, Universal, Republic there now . . . Enough room to move Hollywood bodily and set it down in the Valley and still leave room for millions of swimming-pools and barbecue pits . . . Stars don't live in Hollywood any more, meaning the bigger names . . . They have moved into hide-out ranches in the Valley, or into hidden hilltop homes through the canyons like Ginger Rogers and Hedy Lamarr. Try and find Hedy's . . . Doug Fairbanks, an ocean commuter, lives down by the sea . . . It's a town of Drive-Ins. Western hospitality, you know, that wants to make you feel comfy and at home . . . Latest Drive-In is roller-rink with badminton, tennis, swimming, dancing on side . . . But don't drive in looking for work unless you can borrow enough jack to drive out home . . . That goes for any city, doesn't it? . . . Eastern steaks, Atlantic Seaboard fish—even fish from Florida and Great Lakes flown in daily . . . Florida and California do get together on something. It's fish . . . Eastern meat and fish make Easterners (middle West is East, too) feel at home . . . Pacific fogs make Londoners feel at home . . . Rocking-chair brigade on porch of Hollywood Hotel . . . porch brigade at Knickerbocker . . . Star-worshipping tourists scanning passersby . . . "Lookit, Jim, is that Garbo in that funny hat?" "Land sakes, ma, you reckon everyone you see is Garbo!" . . . No traveling salesmen with grips on these terraces . . . they need railroad tracks near by . . . No railroads in Hollywood . . . The oil derrick in middle of Cienega Blvd. still doing its stuff after twenty years. Dozens of derricks near by . . . Enough to make Hitler hopping mad . . . Stage-starved natives flocking to intimate revue, *Meet the People* and *The Drunkard.* Latter has been running since Shakespeare was an extra . . . Expansive estates of Harold Lloyd and Producer Winfield Sheehan. These are not called ranches . . . Ranches in Hollywood and Valley towns are the small plots owned by the small fry. Texas cowhand would say: "Be you-all callin' that a ranch?" . . . Olvara Street, the Mexican quarter of L. A.—where you can putter around the pottery. . . .

THE winding crooked S of Laurel Canyon Blvd.—like a Coney scenic ride . . . The cross-country trucks on open highways which carry their exhausts through skyward stacks in front of radiators to save roads . . . At a distance they loom up like freight engines which you think have jumped a track . . . Don't be caught swiping oranges off a tree anywhere, anytime. You'll be fined plenty . . . Kids don't swipe fruit from markets and run, and cops don't swipe and say— "Charge it"—if caught . . . The eucalyptus trees which serve as windbreakers to save citrus and walnut groves, and vineyards . . . The smudge-pots to save them from—tut, tut—an Eastern frost . . . Pomona in heart of citrus belt where Bob Taylor went to college . . . Chasen's restaurant on Sunset Strip, hang-out for New Yorkers sighing for Astor and Shubert Alley . . . Lucey's restaurant, meeting-place of Columbia, RKO and Paramount crowd . . . "Sorry, gentlemans, this is Mr. DeMille's table" . . . Vine Street Derby Bamboo Room at cocktail hour . . . Nervous chickens revolving before fires in windows of outlying eateries . . . Lupe Velez' huge star sapphire as big as mushroom on plate in the Derby . . . Cowboy extras waitin' for picture round-up at favorite corral on Gower . . . With egos at right of them and egos to left of them, stars not much interested in World War II . . . This doesn't apply to British colony or France's Boyer, Denmark's Hersholt, Norway's Henie, Sweden's Garbo and Bergman, Czechoslovakia's Lederer, who are all much perturbed . . . Ditto Germany's Albert Basserman fighting to stay here . . . Sam Goldwyn, no assassin of English. On contrary he knows the answers and can give them pithily and pointedly . . . Looks to me as if jokesters have been imposing on his good humor. . . . The town guessing over new man in Ginger Rogers' life . . . Those in know say he's not in the profession . . . Whole town talking about Joan Fontaine's magnificent performance in *Rebecca*—and Hitchcock's perfect handling of great story, faithful to last detail . . . whole town giving David O. Selznick plums for best entertainment in years—*Rebecca* and *Gone With the Wind* . . . But it's Fontaine who's causing most comment . . . The verdict up and down Vine and the Boulevards is "she had it all the time, it took 'Hitch' to bring it out." . . . The amazing Elsa Maxwell (how she does get around) adding to gayety wherever she is a guest—her mad tales and color she gives them . . . Incidentally, MOTION PICTURE carries a story on Elsa in the next issue . . . Her Business is Fun, but as champion party-thrower she finds time to debunk the ambitious debs . . .

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